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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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JANUARY, 1907

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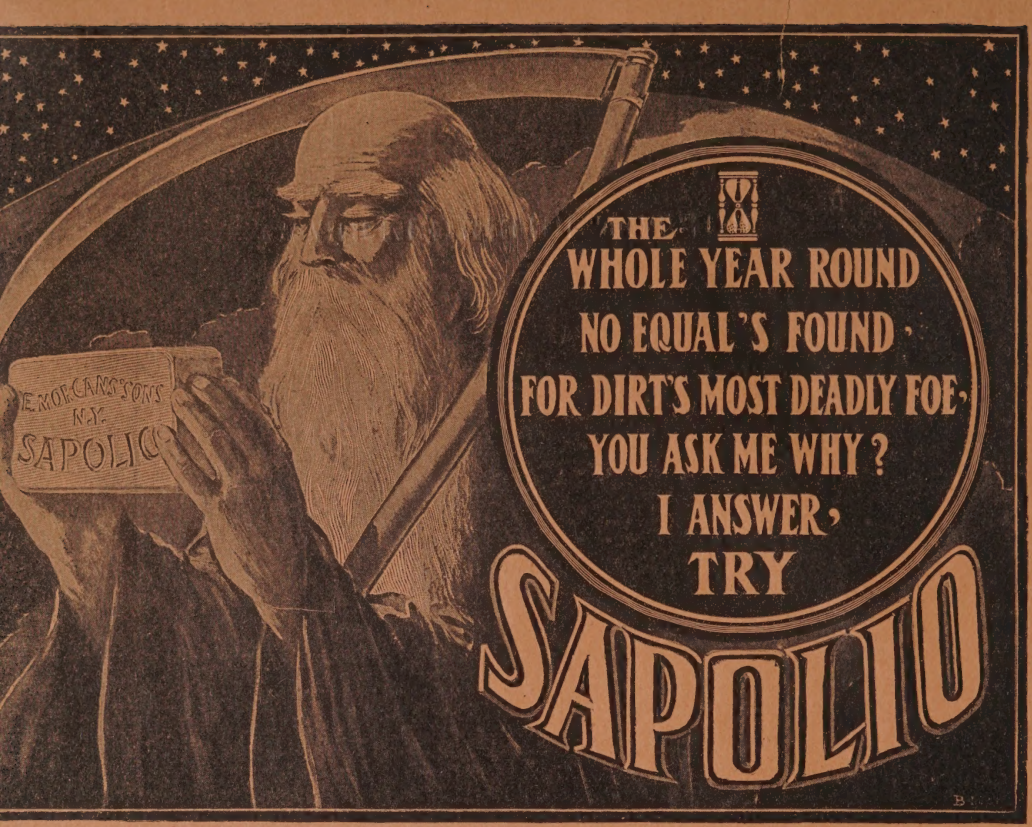

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

PERIODICAL ROOM

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1907

TURNING THE OLD LEAVES

THERE is too much said at New Year's — in the Toastmaster's opinion — about turning over a new leaf. Are the old leaves all so badly written that one must hasten to forget them? Is the blank whiteness of the untouched page more pleasant to the eye or more fortifying to the will than those closely-written, underlined, untidy, but familiar pages which make up the story of one's life? These pages of experience turn so easily in the hand! They open by themselves, almost, to so many passages worth remembering. Will the trim virgin pages of the New Year yield anything really more desirable? Doubtless there may be finer bread than is made of wheat, and a nobler fish than the salmon, and a better book than *Henry Esmond*, but we shall be lucky if we find them during 1907.

No, this annual counsel to turn over a new leaf is but a restless, dissatisfied injunction. One's old habits may not have been such bad habits, after all. Does the handwriting always improve with age and practice? Some of the old habits may be deemed actually good, even by the sharpest-visaged conscience that ever went peering about, like a meticulous housekeeper, on New Year's morning. And even if the old ways, hopes, and day's works were not all of the very first quality, the Toastmaster protests against that unmindful virtue that would turn them all out-doors at the end of December, to make room for the guests of the New Year. The new guests come, indeed, but the house seems empty.

Have any of the *Atlantic's* readers, in the course of one of those changes of residence so typical of our migratory race and epoch, ever sat perplexed before a packing-box, hesitating whether to keep or to throw away a bundle of old chequebooks? Hesitation is dangerous. If you once begin to turn over the stubs of those cheques long since drawn and cashed, the moments slip by unheeded. What an odd summary of experience is chronicled in those names and dates and figures! They are abstracts of duties and pleasures that had slipped quite down between the cracks of memory, yet here they are as fresh as yesterday's. Here are the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, with faces no longer blurred, for you, by dozens of their successors. You smile at this stub, and the next you turn hastily over; you find yourself angry still at the record of some ancient extortion on the part of plumber or tax-gatherer; you look ruefully at the figures representing some unwonted extravagance or folly; or you catch yourself in the act of pious approbation of some forgotten benevolence. That cheque, at least, ought to have been larger! A curious sense of reality takes possession of you, as you scan these laconic entries, they recall so much. The half-filled packing-box, the littered room, the confused misery of migration, all shift into dream-land; while you, through the magic wrought by a few dusty, outlawed slips of paper, seem to feel the touch of Life's very garment, — it is all so real! A great historian once sneered at that method of historical research which scrutinizes mediæval wash-lists in the hope of learning something about mediæval men and women. If he had ever looked over his own old chequebooks, he would have spared the sneer.

Some such intimate contact with the spirit of this magazine has the Toastmaster recently experienced, in turning the leaves of the earliest numbers. For 1907 is the *Atlantic's* jubilee year. The fiftieth anniversary falls in November. There is a historical sketch to be written, and there will be such decorous glorification as shall seem appropriate to a semi-centennial. But before beginning any formal record of the past, the Toastmaster, in temporary forgetfulness of new authors, new issues, and new subscribers, has been absorbed in re-reading the famous early *Atlantics*. Those were cheque-books indeed! What rich accounts of wit, of poetry, and of scholarship to draw upon, and how liberal were the drafts! And the readers of that day, eager for intellectual pleasures, for new information, for moral stimulus, indorsed so promptly the cheques drawn by the contributors! To each subscriber there must have come the excited consciousness of a largesse up to the very limit of his capacity for enjoyment. There were dull contributions now and then, and doubtless there was an unappreciative reader here and there, but if the subscriber of fifty years ago did not, in the course of a twelve-month, have his money's worth of pleasure, it was not the fault of Dr. Holmes and Professor Lowell and the other capitalists of wit and learning. These Autocrats, Biglows, and other Olympians drew the cheques lavishly, and the *Atlantic* subscribers might cash them if they wished.

It is all recorded in those bound volumes that stand upon the library shelves of so many of the older generation of *Atlantic* readers. There are the names and dates and subjects. Some of them are still vital, still a part of our national literature. Yet a large proportion of the pages in those files must necessarily seem of outworn value unless they are viewed as stubs in an old cheque-book. So read by the curious or pious, how full of significance they become for the interpretation of the last half-century of American letters and American history! The fading, outlawed leaves are once more coin of the realm of thought. Behind the dusty volumes rise troops of eager readers, — applauding, questioning, combative, — precisely like the subscribers of to-day. For that matter, the *Atlantic* is immensely proud that a long roll of names, first inscribed in 1857, are still upon its subscription lists. When two or three of this old guard take pains to write and say that a current article is good, the Toastmaster believes them. Only the other day one of these valiant souls wrote that she had just finished reading every volume from the beginning, except for a period of two years, when the magazine was unaccountably dull! The Toastmaster, who has the curiosity but not the courage to ask the date of those two lean years, congratulates his correspondent upon possessing the alchemy of an imagination which brings the old days back and still hears the old voices speaking with undiminished charm.

To most of us, lacking as we do that evoking imagination, the secret of literary vitality seems baffling, incommunicable. Why should it be that one poem or story, printed for good "journalistic" reasons in 1857, should be recognized a half century later as "literature," while its companion pieces have utterly vanished from memory? We have our private guesses, of course, and our triumphant public demonstrations of the presence of this or that antiseptic quality in the piece in question. But the explanations do not wholly explain. It is only the listening imagination that can divine the mystery, and distinguish the immortal from the transient voices.

In one sense, indeed, the changes wrought by the last half-century are apparent to the most careless eye that glances over those bound volumes of which we have been speaking. Since that panic year of 1857 — darkened by financial disaster and by the ever-nearing conflict over slavery — what political, social, and commercial developments

have altered the material aspect of the United States! The magazine writers who have striven to interpret these changes have been dealing with a shifting world. It is like photographing from a raft the waves of the sea. The writers themselves have often altered their convictions and purpose; they have gained or lost in talent or inspiration. Unknown to themselves, the magazine-reading public has reassessed them, decade after decade, at a lower, or perhaps at a higher figure. That public itself is constantly dropping away, and is as constantly renewed. It is necessarily fickle in its attachments, given to swift enthusiasms and long forgetfulness. "Who was that young fellow who went up and came down again like a rocket?" asked Frank Stockton of the Toastmaster, a year or two after *The Red Badge of Courage* had been published; "was it *William* Crane?" "Stephen," corrected the Toastmaster. There was a whimsical smile upon Stockton's dark, gentle, tired face, as if he meant to hint that all our little rockets will come down in time. And no doubt most of them do. There are already persons who ask "Who was Frank Stockton?" and the Toastmaster remembers dining at an American table with an accomplished and cultivated company, not one of whom, as it turned out, had ever read *Vanity Fair*.

Amid all this impermanence, it is no wonder that even a casual scrutiny of the *Atlantic* files should reveal editorial inconsistencies and partialities of vision. Here is the dusty record of unskillful literary prophecies, of Presidential "booms" that came to nothing, of social tendencies that sloped, as it proved, in unsuspected directions, and of Utopian rearrangements that still await the fit hour and the man. Some of the intrenched political and social abuses against which the *Atlantic's* writers have turned their heaviest guns seem as stoutly intrenched as ever, and likely to afford splendid shooting for another half-century. Many of the "big" articles which were expected to batter down these forts of folly are now recognized by the very office-boys as ill-aimed or premature. The best editorial devices for winning and holding readers often seem, in the retrospect, so illogical and naïve! Tramping through the Belgian Dinant one rainy evening last summer, the Toastmaster halted in admiration before the tent of some strolling French players, who were winning a harvest at a peasant's fair. The buxom mother of the family, perched, short-skirted and merry-eyed, upon a platform in front of the tent, harangued her audience of Ardennes peasants upon the merits of the representation that was about to be given. The oldest boy blew painfully at a bugle, while a younger boy — between bites of an apple — rang a brass bell. The half-grown daughter shook a tambourine coquettishly under the noses of the village youth. The father sold the admission tickets. And what was the programme that was packing the tent with honest Ardennes folk, at fifteen, thirty and fifty centimes a head, according to location?

I. Scenes from the Life of Moses

In Seven Tableaux
Beginning with the Bulrushes

II. The Sioux's Revenge

A Drama of Blood

III. The Sights of Paris

In Twelve Tableaux

In fact, the tent was already full, and the Toastmaster reluctantly turned up his coat-collar against the rain, and marched on. But what editorial instinct was revealed in that varied catalogue of dramatic delights! Many a time has the Toastmaster turned the leaves of certain back numbers of the *Atlantic*, especially remembered for their success or failure with the public, and tried to analyze the causes of their popularity or their ne-

glect. Yet it may have been time wasted. Could the Ardennes people have told whether it was Moses, the Red Indian, or the Boulevard — or the combination of the three — that lured their centimes from their pockets? Neither can the present-day critic infallibly decide whether it was too many — or not enough — Bulrushes, too much or too little of the Sioux's Revenge, which made or marred the fortunes of those well-remembered issues of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The one thing certain, among these accidents of short-lived glory and short-lived disappointment, these shiftings of scene and subject and tactics altered from decade to decade, is that after all there is something in the *Atlantic* which does not change. From the beginning, certain men have expressed in it unwavering ideals, an abiding vision of a better United States of America. Some of these writers happily survive. Others, later-born, have instinctively aligned themselves with them. No one who lingers, even at the New Year season, over the rows of bound volumes, can fail to perceive, beneath the altering fashions of speech, an *Atlantic* "body of doctrine," — an interpretation, at once sound and fine, of our American civilization. To this persistent faith in the things that are excellent is due the measure of permanence which the magazine has won. "They pounded and we pounded," explained the simple-hearted Duke after Waterloo, "but we pounded longest."

It is in no spirit of mere after-dinner compliment that the Toastmaster adds that this persistency is at once liked and demanded by the *Atlantic's* readers. To alter a little the terms of Carlyle's apothegm, a magazine is a sort of democracy which does succeed in rounding its Cape Horn by vote of the sailors as well as by will of the captain. To this loyal support, in good and bad weather alike, the owners and editors of the *Atlantic* have always been grateful. But, as Laurence Hutton used to be fond of saying, "there are only two sorts of persons in the world: those who remember to say 'Thank you' and those who don't." To be able to say "Thank you" to the *Atlantic's* guests is the Toastmaster's annual reward for thus getting, as it were, upon his feet, and stealing the first word of the New Year from the other speakers. He hopes that he is not too fond of reminding the *Atlantic* audience of their heritage from the past. One cannot live on the memory of old banquets, whether of sense or spirit. Nevertheless, with the fascination of those yellowing unsigned early pages fresh upon him, the Toastmaster's first greeting in 1907 shall be to the surviving writers and subscribers of 1857. To them, all thanks and honor, and to the rest, a Happy New Year!

B. P.

THE HELPMATE[1]

BY MAY SINCLAIR

I

It was four o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Walter Majendie still lay on the extreme edge of the bed, with her face turned to the dim line of sea discernible through the open window of the hotel bedroom.

Since midnight, when she had gone to bed, she had lain in that uncomfortable position, motionless, irremediably awake. Mrs. Walter Majendie was thinking.

At first the night had gone by her unperceived, black and timeless. Now she could measure time by the dull progress of the dawn. A slow, unhappy thing, born between featureless gray cloud and sea, it had traveled from the window, shimmered in the watery square of the looking-glass, and was feeling its way among the objects in the room. Her husband was sleeping. She tried not to hear the sound of his placid breathing. Only the other night, their wedding night, she had lain awake at this hour and heard it, and had turned her face toward him where he lay in the divine unconsciousness of sleep. The childlike, huddled posture of the sleeper had then stirred her heart to an unimaginable tenderness.

Now she had got to think, to adjust a new and devastating idea to a beloved and divine belief.

Somewhere in the quiet town a church clock clanged to the dawn, and the sleeper stretched himself. The five hour's torture of her thinking wrung a low sob from the woman at his side.

He woke. His hand searched for her hand. At his touch she drew it away, and moved from under her cramped shoulder the thick, warm braid of her hair. It tossed a gleam of pale gold to the risen light. She felt his drowsy, affectionate fingers pressing and smoothing the springy bosses of the braid.

The caress kindled her dulled thoughts to a point of flame. She sat up and twisted the offending braid into a rigid coil.

"Walter," she said, "*who* is Lady Cayley?"

She noticed that the name waked him.

"Does it matter now? Can't you forget her?"

"Forget her? I know nothing about her. I want to know."

"Have n't you been told everything that was necessary?"

"I've been told nothing. It was what I heard."

There was a terrible stillness about him. Only his breath came and went unsteadily, shaken by the beating of his heart.

She quieted her own heart to listen to it; as if she could gather from such involuntary motions the thing she had to know.

"I know," she said, "I ought n't to have heard it. And I can't believe it. — I don't, really."

"Poor child! What is it that you don't believe?"

His calm, assured tones had the force of a denial.

"Walter — if you'd only say it is n't true" —

"What Edith told you?"

"Edith? Your sister? No; about that woman — that you — that she" —

"Why are you bringing all that up again, at this unearthly hour?"

"Then," she said coldly, "it *is* true."

His silence lay between them like a sword.

She had rehearsed this scene many times in the five hours; but she had not prepared herself for this. Her dread had

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been held captive by her belief, her triumphant anticipation of Majendie's denial.

Presently he spoke; and his voice was strange to her as the voice of another man.

"Anne," he said, "did n't she tell you? It was before I knew you. And it was the only time,"

"Don't speak to me," she cried with a sudden passion, and lay shuddering.

She rose, slipped from the bed, and went to a chair that stood by the open window. There she sat, with her back to the bed, and her eyes staring over the gray parade, and out to the eastern sea.

"Anne," said her husband, "what are you doing there?"

Anne made no answer.

"Come back to bed; you 'll catch cold."

He waited.

"How long are you going to sit there in that draught?"

She sat on, upright, immovable, in her thin nightgown, raked by the keen air of the dawn. Majendie raised himself on his elbow. He could just see her where she glimmered, and her braid of hair, uncoiled, hanging to her waist. Up till now he had been profoundly unhappy and ashamed, but something in the inconquerable obstinacy of her attitude appealed to the devil that lived in him, a devil of untimely and disastrous humor. The right thing, he felt, was not to appear as angry as he was. He sat up on his pillow, and began to talk to her with genial informality.

"See here, — I suppose you want an explanation. But don't you think we 'd better wait until we 're up? Up and dressed, I mean. I can't talk seriously before I 've had a bath and — and brushed my hair. You see, you 've taken rather an unfair advantage of me by getting out of bed." (He paused for an answer, and still no answer came.)

"Don't imagine I 'm ignobly lying down all this time, wrapt in a blanket — I 'm sitting on my pillow. I know there 's any amount to be said. But how do you suppose I 'm going to say it if I 've got to stay here, all curled up like a blessed Buddha, and you 're planted away over there, like a monument of all the Christian virtues? Are you coming back to bed, or are you not?"

She shivered. To her mind his flippancy, appalling in the circumstances, sufficiently revealed the man he was. The man she had known and married had never existed. For she had married Walter Majendie believing him to be good. The belief had been so rooted in her that nothing but his own words or his own silence could have cast it out. She had loved Walter Majendie; but it was another man who called to her, and she would not listen to him. She felt that she could never go back to that man, never sit in the same room, or live in the same house with him again. She would have to make up her mind what she would do, eventually. Meanwhile, to get away from him, to sit there in the cold, inflexible, insensitive, to obtain a sort of spiritual divorce from him, while she martyrized her body which was wedded to him, that was the young, despotic instinct she obeyed.

"If you won't come," he said, "I suppose it only remains for me to go."

He got up, took Anne's cloak from the door where it hung, and put it tenderly about her shoulders.

"Whatever happens or unhappens," he said, "we must be dressed."

He found her slippers, and thrust them on her passive feet. She lay back and closed her eyes. From the movements that she heard, she gathered that Walter was getting into his clothes. Once, as he struggled with an insufficiently subservient shirt, he laughed, from mere miserable nervousness. Anne, not recognizing the utterance of his helpless humanity, put that laugh down to the account of the devil that had insulted her. Her heart grew harder.

"I am clothed, and in my right mind," said Majendie, standing before her with his hand on the window-sill.

She looked up at him, at the face she knew, the face that (oddly, it seemed to her) had not changed to suit her new conception of him, that maintained its protest. She had loved everything about him, from the dark, curling hair of his head to his well-finished feet; she had loved his slender, virile body, and the clean red and brown of his face, the strong jaw, and the mouth that, hidden under the short mustache, she divined only to be no less strong. More than these things she had loved his eyes, the dark, bright dwelling-places of the "goodness" she had loved best of all in him. Used to smiling as they looked at her, they smiled even now.

"If you'll take my advice," he said, "you'll go back to your warm bed. You shall have the whole place to yourself."

And with that he left her.

She rose, went to the bed, and slid on to her knees, supporting herself by the bedside.

Never before had Anne hurled herself into the heavenly places in turbulence and disarray. It had been her wont to come, punctual to some holy, foreappointed hour, with firm hands folded, with a back that, even in bowing, preserved its pride; with meek eyes, close-lidded; with breathing hushed for the calm passage of her prayer; herself marshaling the procession of her dedicated thoughts, virgins all, veiled even before their God.

Now she precipitated herself with clutching hands thrown out before her; with hot eyes that drank the tears of their own passion; with the shamed back and panting mouth of a Magdalen; with memories that scattered the veiled procession of the Prayers. They fled before her, the Prayers, in a gleaming tumult, a rout of heavenly wings that obscured her heaven. When they had vanished, a sudden vagueness came upon her.

And then it seemed that the storm that had gone over her had rolled her mind out before her, like a sheet of white-hot iron. There was a record on it, newly traced, of things that passion makes indiscernible under its consuming and aspiring flame. Now, at the falling of the flame, the faint characters flashed into sight upon the blank, running in waves, as when hot iron changes from white to sullen red. Anne felt that her union with Majendie had made her one with that other woman, that she shared her memory and her shame. For Majendie's sake she loathed her womanhood, that was yesterday as sacred to her as her soul. Through him she had conceived a thing hitherto unknown to her, a passionate consciousness and hatred of her body. She hated the hands that had held him, the feet that had gone with him, the lips that had touched him, the eyes that had looked at him to love him. Him she detested, not so much on his own account, as because he had made her detestable to herself.

Her eyes wandered round the room. Its alien aspect was becoming transformed for her, like a scene on a tragic stage. The light had established itself in the windows and pierglasses. The wall paper was flushing in its own pink dawn. And the roses bloomed again on the gray ground of the bed-curtains. These things had become familiar, even dear, through their three days' association with her happy bridals. Now the room and everything in it seemed to have been created for all time to be the accomplices and ministers of her degradation. They were acquainted with her and it; they held foreknowledge of her, as the pierglass held her dishonored and disheveled image.

She thought of her dead father's house, the ivy-coated deanery in the south, and of the small white bedroom, a girl's bedroom that had once known her and would never know her again. She thought of her father and mother, and was glad that they were dead. Once she wondered why their death had been God's will. Now she saw very clearly why. But why she herself should have been sent upon this road, of all roads of suffering, was more than Anne could see.

She, whose nature revolted against the despotically human, had schooled herself into submission to the divine. Her sense of being supremely guided and protected had, before now, enabled her to act with decision in turbulent and uncertain situations of another sort. Where other people writhed or vacillated, Anne had held on her course, uplifted, unimpassioned, and resigned. Now she was driven hither and thither; she sank to the very dust and turned in it; she saw no way before her, neither her own way nor God's way.

Widowhood would not have left her so abject and so helpless. If her husband's body had lain dead before her there, she could have stood beside it, and declared herself consoled by the immortal presence of his spirit. But to attend this deathbed of her belief and of her love, love that had already given itself over, too weak to struggle against dissolution, it was as if she had seen some horrible reversal of the law of death, spirit returning to earth, the incorruptible putting on corruption.

Not only was her house of life made desolate; it was defiled. Dumb and ashamed, she abandoned herself like a child to the arms of God, too agonized to pray.

An hour passed.

Then slowly, as she knelt, the religious instinct regained possession of her. It was as if her soul had been flung adrift, had gone out with the ebb of the spiritual sea, and now rocked, poised, waiting for the turn of the immortal tide.

Her lips parted, almost mechanically, in the utterance of the divine name. Aware of that first motion of her soul, she gathered herself together, and concentrated her will upon some familiar prayer for guidance. For a little while she prayed thus, grasping at old shadowy forms of petition as they went by her, lifting her sunken mind by main force from stupefaction; and then it was as if the urging, steadying will withdrew, and her soul, at some heavenly signal, moved on alone into the place of peace.

II

It was broad daylight outside. A man was putting out the lights one by one along the cold little gray parade. A figure, walking slowly, with downbent head, was approaching the hotel from the pier. Anne recognized it as that of her husband. Both sights reminded her that her life had to be begun all over again, and to go on.

An hour passed. Majendie had sent up a waitress with breakfast to her room. He was always thoughtful for her comfort. It did not occur to her to wonder what significance there might be in his thus keeping away from her, or what attitude toward her he would now be inclined to take. She would not have admitted that he had a right to take an attitude. It was for her, as the profoundly injured person, to decide as to the new disposal of their relations.

She was very clear about her grievance. The facts, that her husband had been pointed at in the public drawing-room of their hotel; that the terrible statement she had overheard had been made and received casually; that he had assumed, no less casually, her knowledge of the thing,—all bore but one interpretation: that Walter Majendie and the scandal he had figured in were alike notorious. It must have been in the papers. The marvel was that, staying in the town where he lived and was known, she herself had not heard of it before. A peculiarly ugly thought visited her. Was it possible that Scarby was the very place where the scandal had occurred?

She remembered now that, when she had first proposed that watering-place for their honeymoon, he had objected on the ground that Scarby was full of people whom he knew. Besides, he had said, she would n't like it. But whether she would like it or not, Anne, who had her bridal dignity to maintain, considered that in the matter of her honeymoon his wishes should give way to hers. She was inclined to measure the extent of his devotion by

that test. Scarby, she said, was not full of people who knew *her*. Anne had been insistent and Majendie passive, as he was in most unimportant matters, reserving his energies for supremely decisive moments.

Anne, bearing her belief in Majendie in her innocent breast, failed at first to connect her husband with the remarkable intimations that passed between the two newcomers gossiping in the drawing-room before dinner. They, for their part, had no clue linking the unapproachable strange lady on the neighboring sofa with the hero of their tale. The case, they said, was "infamous." At that point Majendie had put an end to his own history and his wife's uncertainty by entering the room. Three words and a look, observed by Anne, had established his terrible identity.

Her mind was steadied by its inalienable possession of the facts. She had returned through prayer to her normal mood of religious resignation. She tried to support herself further by a chain of reasoning. If all things were divinely ordered, this sorrow also was the will of God. It was the burden she was appointed to take up and bear.

She bathed and dressed herself for the day. She felt so strange to herself in these familiar processes that, standing before the looking-glass, she was curious to observe what manner of woman she had become. The inner upheaval had been so profound that she was surprised to find so little record of it in her outward seeming.

Anne was a woman whose beauty was a thing of general effect, and the general effect remained uninjured. Nature had bestowed on Anne a body strongly made and superbly fashioned. Having framed her well, she colored her but faintly. She had given her eyes of a light thick gray. Her eyebrows, her lashes, and her hair were of a pale gold that had ashen undershades in it. They all but matched a skin honey-white, with that even, sombre, untransparent tone that belongs to a temperament at once bilious and robust. For the rest, Nature had aimed nobly at the significance of the whole, slurring the details. She had built up the forehead low and wide, thrown out the eyebones as a shelter for the slightly prominent eyes; saved the short, straight line of the nose by a hairsbreadth from the tragic droop. But she had scamped her work in modeling the close, narrow nostrils. She had merged the lower lip with the line of the chin, missing the classic indentation. The mouth itself she had left unfinished. Only a little amber mole, verging on the thin rose of the upper lip, foreshortened it, and gave to its low arc the emphasis of a curve, the vivacity of a dimple (Anne's under lip was straight as the tense string of a bow). When she spoke or smiled Anne's mole seemed literally to catch up her lip against its will, on purpose to show the small white teeth below. Majendie loved Anne's mole. It was that one charming and emphatic fault in her face, he said, that made it human. But Anne was ashamed of it.

She surveyed her own reflection in the glass sadly, and sadly went through the practiced, mechanical motions of her dressing; smoothing the back of her irreproachable coat, arranging her delicate laces with a deftness no indifference could impair. Yesterday she had had delight in that new garment and in her own appearance. She knew that Majendie admired her for her distinction and refinement. Now she wondered what he could have seen in her, — after Lady Cayley. At Lady Cayley's personality she had not permitted herself so much as to guess. Enough that the woman was notorious, — infamous.

There was a knock at the door, the low knock she had come to know, and Majendie entered in obedience to her faint call.

The hours had changed him, given his bright face a tragic, submissive look, as of a man whipped and hounded to her feet.

He glanced first at the tray, to see if she had eaten her breakfast.

"There are some things I should like to say to you, with your permission. But I think we can discuss them better out of doors."

He looked round the disordered room. The associations of the place were evidently as painful to him as they were to her.

They went out. The parade was deserted at that early hour, and they found an empty seat at the far end of it.

"I, too," she said, "have things that I should like to say."

He looked at her gravely.

"Will you allow me to say mine first?"

"Certainly; but I warn you, they will make no difference."

"To you, possibly not. They make all the difference to me. I'm not going to attempt to defend myself. I can see the whole thing from your point of view. I've been thinking it over. Did n't you say that what you heard you had not heard from Edith?"

"From Edith? Never!"

"When did you hear it, then?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

"From some one in the hotel?"

"Yes."

"From whom? Not that it matters."

"From those women who came yesterday. I did n't know whom they were talking about. They were talking quite loud. They did n't know who I was."

"You say you did n't know whom they were talking about?"

"Not at first, — not till you came in. Then I knew."

"I see. That was the first time you had heard of it?"

Her lips parted in assent, but her voice died under the torture.

"Then," he said, "I am profoundly sorry. If I had realized that, I would not have spoken to you as I did."

The memory of it stung her.

"That," she said, "was — in any circumstances — unpardonable."

"I know it was. And I repeat, I am profoundly sorry. But, you see, I thought you knew all the time, and that you had consented to forget it. And I thought, don't you know, it was — well, rather hard on me to have it all raked up again like that. Now I see how very hard it was on you, dear. Your not knowing makes all the difference."

"It does indeed. If I *had* known" —

"I understand. You would n't have married me?"

"I should not."

"Dear, — do you suppose I did n't know that?"

"I know nothing."

"Do you remember the day I asked you why you cared for me, and you said it was because you knew I was good?"

Her lip trembled.

"And of course I know it 's been an awful shock to you to discover that — I — was *not* so good."

She turned away her face.

"But I never meant you to discover it. Not for yourself, like this. I could n't have forgiven myself, — after what you told me. I meant to have told you myself — that evening — but my poor little sister promised me that she would. She said it would be easier for you to hear it from her. Of course I believed her. There *were* things she could say that I could n't."

"She never said a word."

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly. Except — yes — she *did* say" —

It was coming back to her now.

"Do you mind telling me exactly what she said?"

"N-no. She made me promise that if I ever found things in you that I did n't understand, or that I did n't like" —

"Well — what did she make you promise?"

"That I would n't be hard on you. Because, she said, you 'd had such a miserable life."

"Poor Edith! So that was the nearest she could get to it. Things you did n't understand and did n't like!"

"I did n't know what she meant."

"Of course you did n't. Who could?

But I'm sorry to say that Edith made me pretty well believe you did."

He was silent a while, trying to fathom the reason of his sister's strange duplicity. Apparently he gave it up.

"You can't be a brute to a poor little woman with a bad spine," said he; "but I'm not going to forgive Edith for that."

Anne flamed through her pallor. "For what?" she said. "For not having had more courage than yourself? Think what you put on her."

"I did n't. She took it on herself. Edith 's got courage enough for anybody. She would never admit that her spine released her from all moral obligations. But I suppose she meant well."

The spirit of the gray, cold morning seemed to have settled upon Anne. She gazed sternly out over the eastern sea. Preoccupied with what he considered Edith's perfidy, he failed to understand his wife's silence and her mood.

"Edith 's very fond of you. You won't let this make any difference between you and her?"

"Between her and me it can make no difference. I am very fond of Edith."

"But the fact remains that you married me under false pretenses? Is that what you mean?"

"You may certainly put it that way."

"I understand your point of view completely. I wish you could understand mine. When Edith said there were things she could have told you, and that I could n't, she meant that there were extenuating circumstances."

"They would have made no difference."

"Excuse me, they make all the difference. But, of course, there 's no extenuation for deception. Therefore, if you insist on putting it that way — if — if it has made the whole thing intolerable to you, it seems to me that perhaps I ought, don't you know, to release you from your obligations" —

She looked at him. She knew that he had understood the meaning and the depth of her repugnance. She did not know that such understanding is rare in the circumstances, nor could she see that in itself it was a revelation of a certain capacity for the "goodness" she had once believed in. But she did see that she was being treated with a delicacy and consideration she had not expected of this man with the strange devil. It touched her in spite of her repugnance. It made her own that she had expected nothing short of it until yesterday.

"*Do* you insist?" he went on. "After what I've told you?"

"After what you 've told me — no. I'm ready to believe that you did not mean to deceive me."

"Does n't that make any difference?" he asked tenderly.

"Yes. It makes some difference — in my judgment of you."

"You mean you 're not, as Edith would say, to be too hard on me?"

"I hope," said Anne, "I should never be too hard on any one."

"Then," he inquired, eager to be released from the strain of a most insupportable situation, "what are we going to do next?"

He had assumed that the supreme issue had been decided by a polite evasion; and he, for his part, meant nothing more momentous than how were they going to spend the day that was before them, since they had to spend days, and spend them together. But Anne's tense mind contemplated nothing short of the supreme issue, that for her was not to be evaded, nor yet to be decided hastily.

"Will you leave me alone?" she said, "to think it over? Will you give me three hours?"

He stared and turned pale; for, this time, he understood.

"Certainly," he said coldly, rising and taking out his watch. "It 's twelve now."

"At three, then?"

They met at three o'clock. Anne had spent one hour of bewilderment out of doors, two hours of hard praying and harder thinking in her room.

Her mind was made up. However

notorious her husband had been, between him and her there was to be no open rupture. She was not going to leave him, to appeal to him for a separation, to deny him any right. Not that she was moved by a profound veneration for the legal claim. Marriage to her was a matter of religion even more than of law. And though, at the moment, she could no longer discern its sacramental significance through the degraded aspect it now wore for her, she surrendered on the religious ground. The surrender would be a martyrdom. She was called upon to lay down her will, but not to subdue the deep repugnance of her soul.

Protection lay for her in Walter's chivalry, as she well knew. But she would not claim it. Chastened and humbled, she would take up her wedded life again. There was no vow that she would not keep, no duty she would not fulfill. And she would remain in her place of peace, building up between them the ramparts of the spiritual life.

Meanwhile she gave him credit for his attitude.

"Things can never be as they were between us," she said. "That you cannot expect. But" —

He listened with his eyes fixed on hers, accepting from her his destiny. She reddened.

"It was good of you to offer to release me" —

He spared her.

"Are you not going to hold me to it, then?"

"I am not." She paused, and then forced herself to it. "I will try to be a good wife to you."

"Thank you. That is good of *you*."

III

It was impossible for them to stay any longer at Scarby. The place was haunted by the presence and the voice of scandalous rumor. Anne had the horrible idea that it had been also a haunt of Lady Cayley, of the infamy itself.

The week-old honeymoon looked at them out of its clouds with such an aged, sinister, and disastrous aspect that they resolved to get away from it. For the sake of appearances, they spent another week of aimless wandering on the east coast, before returning to the town where an unintelligible fate had decided that Majendie should have a business he detested, and a house.

Anne had once asked herself what she would do if she were told that she would have to spend all her life in Scale-on-Humber. Scale is prevailingly, conspicuously commercial. It is not beautiful. Its streets are squalidly flat, its houses meanly rectangular. The coloring of Scale is thought by some to be peculiarly abominable. It is built in brown, paved and pillared in unclean gray. Its rivers and dykes run brown under a gray northeastern sky.

Once a year it yields reluctantly to strange passion, and Spring is born in Scale; born in tortures almost human, a relentless immortality struggling with visible corruption. The wonder is that it should be born at all.

To-day, the day of their return, the March wind had swept the streets clean, and the evening had secret gold and sharp silver in its gray. Anne remembered how, only last year, she had looked upon such a spring on the day when she guessed for the first time that Walter cared for her. She was not highly endowed with imagination, still, even she had then felt dimly, and for once in her life, that sense of mortal tenderness and divine uplifting which is the message of spring to all lovers.

All that, which had been so intense for Anne Fletcher, was over and done with for Anne Majendie. Like some mourner for whom superb weather has been provided on the funeral day of his beloved, she felt in this young, wantoning, unsympathetic spring the immortal cruelty and irony of Nature. She was bearing her own heart to its burial: and each street that they passed, as the slow cab rattled heavily on its way from the station, was

a stage in the intolerable progress; it brought her a little nearer to the grave. From her companion's respectful silence she gathered that, though lost to the extreme funereal significance of their journey, he was not indifferent; he shared to some extent her mourning mood. She was grateful for that silence of his, because it justified her own.

They were both, by their diverse temperaments, absurdly and diversely, almost incompatibly young. At two and thirty Majendie, through very worldliness, was a boy in his infinite capacity for recoil from trouble. Anne had preserved that crude and cloistral youth which belongs to all lives passed between walls that protect them from the world. At seven and twenty she was a girl, with a girl's indestructible innocence. She had not yet felt within her the springs of her own womanhood. Marriage had not touched her spirit, which had kept itself apart, even from her happiness, in the days that were given her to be happy in. Her suffering was like a child's, and her attitude to it bitterly immature. It bounded her; it annihilated the intellectual form of time, obliterating the past, and intercepting any view of a future. Only, unlike a child, and unlike Majendie, she lacked the power of the rebound to joy.

"Dear," said her husband anxiously, as the cab drew up at the door of the house in Prior Street, "have you realized that poor Edith is probably preparing to receive us with glee? Do you think you could manage to look a little less unhappy?"

The words were a shock to her, but they did her the service of a shock by recalling her to the realities outside herself. All the courtesies and kindnesses she owed to those about her insisted that her bridal home-coming must lack no sign of grace. She forced a smile.

"I'm sorry. I did n't know I was looking particularly unhappy."

It struck her that Walter was not looking by any means too happy himself.

"It does n't matter; only, we don't want to dash her down, first thing, do we?"

"No — no. Dear Edith. And there's Nanna — how sweet of her — and Kate, and Mary, too."

The old nurse stood on the doorstep to welcome them. Interested faces appeared at the windows of the house opposite. At the moment of alighting Anne was aware that the eyes of many people were upon them, and she was thankful that she had married a man whose self-possession, at any rate, she could rely on. Majendie's manner was perfect. He avoided both the bridegroom's offensive assiduity and his no less offensive affectation of indifference. It had occurred to him that, in the circumstances, Anne might find it peculiarly disagreeable to be stared at.

"Look at Nanna," he whispered, to distract her attention. "There's no doubt about her being glad to see you."

Nanna grasped the hands held out to her, hanging her head on one side, and smiling her tremulous, bashful smile. Her fellow-servants, Kate and Mary, came forward, affectionate, but more self-contained. Anne realized with a curious surprise that she was coming back to a household that knew and loved her. In the last week she had forgotten Prior Street.

Majendie watched her anxiously. But she, too, had qualities which could be relied on. As she passed into the house she had held her head high, with an air of flinging back the tragic gloom like a veil from her face. She was not a woman to trail a tragedy up and down the staircase. Above all, he could trust her trained loyalty to convention.

The servants threw open two doors on the ground floor, and stood back expectant. On such an occasion it was proper to look pleased and to give praise. Anne was regal in her observance of each propriety as she looked into the rooms prepared for her. The house in Prior Street had not lost its simple old-world look in beautifying itself for the bride. It had put on new blinds and clean paint, and the smell of spring flowers was everywhere.

The rest was familiar. She had told Majendie that she liked the old things best. They appealed to her sense of the fit and the refined; they were signs of good taste and good breeding in her husband's family and in himself. The house was a survival, a protest against the terrible, all-invading soul of Scale upon Humber.

For another reason, which she could not yet analyze, Anne was glad that nothing had been changed for her coming. It was as if she felt that it would have been hard on Majendie if he had been put to much expense in renovating his house for a woman in whom the spirit of the bride had perished.

She turned to her husband with a smile that flashed defiance to the invading pathos of her state. Majendie's eyes brightened with hope, beholding her admirable behavior. He had always thoroughly approved of Anne.

Upstairs, in the room that was her own, poor Edith had indeed prepared for them with joy.

Majendie's sister lay on her couch by the window, as they had left her, as they would always find her, not like a woman with a hopelessly injured spine, but like a lady of the happy world, resting in luxury a little while from the assault of her own brilliant and fatiguing vitality. The flat, dark masses of her hair, laid on the dull red of her cushions, gave to her face an abrupt and lustrous whiteness, whiteness that threw into vivid relief the features of expression, the fine, full mouth, with its temperate sweetness, and the tender eyes, dark as the brows that arched them. Edith, in her motionless beauty, propped on her cushions, had acquired a dominant yet passionless presence, as of some regal woman of the earth surrendered to a heavenly empire. You could see that, however sanctified by suffering, Edith had still a placid mundane pleasure in her white wrapper of woolen gauze, and in her long lace scarf. She wore them with an appearance of being dressed appropriately for a superb occasion.

The sign of her delicacy was in her hands, smoothed and wasted with inactivity. Yet they had an energy of their own. The hands and the weak, slender arms had a surprising way of leaping up to draw to her all beloved persons who bent above her couch. They leaped now to her brother and his wife, and sank, fatigued with their effort. Two frail, nervous hands embraced Majendie's, till one of them let go, as she remembered Anne and held her, too.

Anne had been vexed, and Majendie angry with her; but anger and vexation could not live in sight of the pure, tremulous, eager soul of love that looked at them out of Edith's eyes.

"Dears," she said, "you had a wretched, shabby, skimpy honeymoon. Why did you go and cut it short like this? Was it — was it just because of me?"

In one sense it was because of her. Anne was helpless before her question; but Majendie rose to it.

"I say, — the conceit of her! No, it was n't just because of you. Anne agreed with me about Scarby. And we 're not cutting our honeymoon short, we 're spinning it out. We 're going to have another one, some day, in a nicer place."

"Anne did n't like Scarby, after all?"

"No, I knew she would n't. And she lived to own that I was right."

"That," said Edith, laughing, "was a bad beginning. If I 'd been you, Anne, whether I was right or not, I 'd never have owned that *he* was."

"Anne," said Majendie, "is never anything but just. And this time she was generous."

Edith's hand was on the sleeve of Majendie's coat, caressing it. She looked up at Anne.

"And what," said she, "do you think of my little brother, on the whole?"

"I think he says a great many things he does n't mean."

"Oh, you 've found that out, have you? What else have you discovered?"

The gay question made Anne's eyelids droop like curtains on her tragedy.

"That he means a great many things he does n't say? Is that it?"

Majendie, becoming restive under the flick of Edith's cheerful tongue, withdrew the arm she cherished. Edith felt the nervousness of the movement; her glance turned from her brother's face to Anne's, rested there for a tense moment, and then veiled itself.

At that moment they both knew that Edith had abandoned her glad assumption of their happiness. The blessings of them all were upon Nanna as she came in with the tea-tray.

Nanna was sly and shy and ceremonial in her bearing, but under it there lurked the privileged audacity of the old servant, and (as poor Majendie perceived) the secret, terrifying gayety of the hymeneal devotee. The faint sound of giggling on the staircase penetrated to the room. It was evident that Nanna was preparing some horrid and tremendous rite.

She set her tray in its place by Edith's couch, and cleared a side table she had drawn into a central and conspicuous position. The three, as if humoring a child in its play, feigned a profound ignorance of what Nanna had in hand.

She disappeared, suppressed the giggling on the stairs with a resounding "Hoo-sh," and returned, herself in jubilee let loose. She carried an enormous plate, and on the plate Anne's wedding-cake, with all its white terraces and towers, and (a little shattered) the sugar orange blossoms and myrtles of its crown. She stood it alone on its table of honor, and withdrew abruptly.

The three were stricken dumb by the presence of the bridal thing. Nanna, listening outside the door, attributed their silence to an appreciation too profound for utterance.

They looked at it, and it looked at them. Its veil of myrtle, trembling yet with the shock of its entrance, gave it the semblance of movement and of life. It towered in the majesty of its insistent whiteness. It trailed its mystic modesties before them. Its brittle blossoms quivered like innocence appalled. The wide cleft at its base betrayed the black and formidable heart beneath the fair and sugared surface. These crowding symbols, perceptible to Edith's subtler intelligence, massed themselves in her companions' minds as one vast sensation of discomfort.

As usual when he was embarrassed, Majendie laughed.

"It 's the very Spirit of Dyspepsia," he said. "A cold and dangerous thing. *Must* we eat it?"

"*You* must," said Edith; "Nanna would weep if you did n't."

"I don't think I can, — possibly," said Anne, who was already reaping the sowing to the winds of emotion in a whirlwind of headache.

"Let 's all eat it, — and die," said Majendie. He hacked, laid a ruin of fragments round the evil thing, scattered crumbs on all their plates, and buried his own piece in a flower-pot. "Do you think," he said, "that Nanna will dig it up again?"

Anne turned white over her tea, pleaded her headache, and begged to be taken to her room. Majendie took her there.

"Is n't Anne well?" asked Edith anxiously, when he came back.

"Oh, it 's nothing. She 's been seedy all day, and the sight of that cake finished her off. I don't wonder. It 's enough to upset a strong man. Let 's ring for Nanna to take it away."

He rang. When Nanna appeared Edith was eating her crumbs ostentatiously, as if unwilling to leave the last of a delicious thing.

"Oh, Nanna," said she, "that 's a heavenly wedding-cake!"

Majendie was reminded of the habitual tender perfidy of that saint, his sister. She was always lying to make other people happy, saying that she had everything she wanted, when she had n't, and that her spine did n't hurt her, when it did. When Edith was too exhausted to lie, she would look at you and smile, with the sweat of her torture on her forehead. He

knew Edith, and wondered how far she had lied to Anne, and what she did it for. He wanted to ask her, but was afraid of disturbing her first day.

It was Edith herself who disturbed it. There was nothing that she shrank from.

"I'm sorry for poor Anne," said she; "but it's nice to get you all to myself again. Just for once. Only for once. I'm not jealous."

He smiled, and stroked her hair.

"I was jealous, — oh, furiously jealous, just at first, for five minutes. But I got over it. It was so undignified."

"It did n't show, dear."

"I did n't mean it to. It would n't have been pretty. And now, it's all over, and I love Anne. But I don't love her as much as you."

"You must love her more," he said gravely. "She 'll need it, — badly."

Edith looked at him. "How can she need it badly, when she has you?"

"You 're a good woman, dear, and I'm a mere mortal man. She 's found that out already, and she does n't like it."

"Wallie, *dear*, what do you mean?"

"I mean exactly what I say. She 's found it out. She 's found *me* out. She 's found everything out."

"Found out? But how?"

"No matter how. Edie, why did n't you tell her? You said you would."

"Yes — I said I would."

"And you told me you had."

"No. I did n't tell you I had."

"What did you tell me, then?"

"I told you there was nothing to be afraid of, that it was all right."

"And of course I thought you 'd told her."

"If I had told her it would n't have been all right; for she would n't have married you."

Majendie scowled, and Edith went on calmly.

"I knew that, — she as good as told me so, — and I knew *her*."

"Well — what if she had n't married me?"

"That would have been very bad for both of you. Especially for you."

"For me? And how do you know this is n't going to be worse, — for both of us? It 's generally better to be straight, and face facts, however disagreeable. Especially when everybody knows that you 've got a skeleton in your cupboard."

"Anne did n't, and she was so afraid of skeletons."

"All the more reason why you should have hauled the horrid thing out and let her have a good look at it. She might n't have been afraid of it then. Now she 's convinced it 's a fifty times worse skeleton than it is."

"She would n't have lived with it in the house, dear. She said so."

"But I thought you never told her?"

"She was talking about somebody else's skeleton, dear."

"Oh, somebody else's, that 's a very different thing."

"She meant — if she 'd been the woman. I was testing her, to see how she would take it. Do you think I was very wrong?"

"Well, frankly, dear, I cannot say you were very wise."

"I wonder" —

She lay back wondering. Doubt of her wisdom shook her through all her tender being. She had been so sure.

Her firm mouth trembled.

"I wanted to help you, to make up for being a bundle and a burden. I weigh about a ton."

She kissed the hand he put over her mouth.

"I know, dear, you like your bundle, but, — think how dear and sweet Anne is. How would you have liked it if she 'd given you up and gone away, and you 'd never seen her again?"

His face said plainly that he would n't have liked it at all.

"Well, that 's what she 'd have done. I did what I thought best."

"Not what *I* thought best."

She shook her head, the head that would have been so wise for him. "You

did n't know, you did n't really. I'm not a fool, Wallie. *You* thought that, if Anne knew, she would n't mind so very much, that she'd marry you just the same, did n't you?"

"Well, I could n't conceive how, if she really cared" —

"I knew she would n't. And I knew that was why, — just because she cared."

"I can't understand that — really."

"Of course you can't. But — that's why I wanted her to marry you. Oh, how I wanted it!"

"Yes, but with her eyes open."

"No. Anne's one of those people who see best with their eyes shut."

"Well, they're wide enough open now, in all conscience."

"And of course she does n't see properly. But she will soon."

"I can't make her."

"Yes, you can."

"How?"

"By loving her."

Majendie laughed. "She does n't want me to — now. That's the worst of it."

"She does n't know how you *can* do it — yet. Nobody knows that but me."

He made an impatient movement. "You'd better not say too much about that."

"I shan't say anything about it. I shall leave that for her to find out, too. And when she does find out" —

"There's one thing she has n't found out. She does n't know how it happened. Can't you tell her? *I* can't. I told her there were extenuating circumstances; but of course I could n't go into them."

"What did she say?"

"She said no circumstances could extenuate facts."

"I can hear her saying it."

"I understand her state of mind," said Majendie. "She could n't see the circumstances for the facts."

"Our Anne is but young. In ten years' time she won't be able to see the facts for the circumstances."

"Well — will you tell her?"

"Of course I will."

"Make her see that I'm not necessarily an utter brute just because I" —

"I'll make her see everything."

"Forgive me for bothering you."

"Dear, — forgive me for breaking my promise and deceiving you."

He bent to her weak arms.

"I believe," she whispered, "the end will yet justify the means."

"Oh, — the end."

He did n't see it; but he was convinced that there could hardly be a worse beginning.

He went upstairs, where Anne lay in the agonies of her bilious attack. He found comfort, rather than gave it, by holding handkerchiefs steeped in eau de cologne to her forehead. It gratified him to find that she would let him do it without shrinking from his touch.

But Anne was past that.

IV

For once in his life Majendie was glad that he had a business. Shipping (he was a ship-owner) was a distraction from the miserable problem that weighed on him at home.

Anne's morning face was cold to him. She lay crushed in her bed. She had had a bad night, and he knew himself to be the cause of it.

His pity for her hurt like passion.

"How is she?" asked Edith, as he came into her room before going to the office.

"She's a wreck," he said, "a ruin. She's had an awful night. Be kind to her, Edie."

Edie was very kind. But she said to herself that if Anne was a ruin that was not at all a bad thing.

Edith Majendie was a loving but shrewd observer of the people of her world. Lying on her back, she saw them at an unusual angle, almost as if they moved on a plane invisible to persons who go about upright on their legs. The four walls of her room concentrated her vision in bounding it. She saw few women

and fewer men, but she saw them apart from those superficial activities which distract and darken judgment. Faces that she was obliged to see bending over her had another aspect for Edith than that which they presented to the world at large.

Anne Majendie, who had come so near to Edith, had always put a certain distance between herself and her other friends. While they were chiefly impressed with her superb superiority, and saw her forever standing on a pedestal, Edith declared that she knew nothing of Anne's austere and impressive attributes. She protested against anything so dreary as the other people's view of her. They and their absurd pedestals! She refused to regard her sister-in-law as an established solemnity, eminent and lonely in the scene. Pedestals were all very well at a proper distance, but at a close view they were foreshortening to the human figure. Other people might like to see more pedestal than Anne; she preferred to see more Anne than pedestal. If they did n't know that Anne was dear and sweet, she did. So did Walter.

If they wanted proof of it, why, would any other woman have put up with her and her wretched spine? Were n't they all, Anne's friends, sorry for Anne just because of it, of her? If you came to think of it, if you traced everything back to the beginning, her spine had been the cause of all Anne's trouble.

That was how she had always reasoned it out. No suffering had ever obscured the lucidity of Edith's mind. She knew that it was her spine that had kept her brother from marrying all those years. He could n't leave her alone with it, neither could he ask any woman to share the house inhabited, pervaded, dominated by it. Unsafeguarded by marriage, he had fallen into evil hands. To Edith, who had plenty of leisure for reflection, all this had become terribly clear.

Then Anne had come, the strong woman who could bear Walter's burden for him. She had been jealous of Anne at first, for five minutes. Then she had blessed her.

But Edith, as she had told her brother, was not a fool. And all the time, while her heart leaped to the image of Anne in her dearness and sweetness, her brain saw perfectly well that her sister-in-law had not been free from the sin of pride. (That came, said Edith, of standing on a pedestal. It was better to lie on a couch than stand on a pedestal; you knew, at any rate, where you were.)

Now, as Edith also said, there can be nothing more prostrating to a woman's pride than a bad bilious attack. Especially when it exposes you to the devoted ministrations of a husband you have made up your mind to disapprove of, and compels you to a baffling view of him.

Anne owned herself baffled.

Her attack had chastened her. She had been touched by Walter's kindness, by the evidence (if she had needed it) that she was as dear to him in her ignominious agony as she had been in the beauty of her triumphal health. As he moved about her, he became to her insistent outward sense the man she had loved because of his goodness. It was so that she had first seen his strong masculine figure moving about Edith on her couch, handling her with the supreme gentleness of strength. She had not been two days in the house in Prior Street before her memories assailed her. Her new and detestable view of Walter contended with her old beloved vision of him. The two were equally real, equally vivid, and she could not reconcile them. Walter himself, seen again in his old surroundings, was protected by an army of associations. The manifestations of his actual presence were also such as to appeal to her memory against her judgment. Her memory was in league with love. But when the melting mood came over her, her conscience resisted and rose against them both.

Edith, watching for the propitious moment, could not tell by what signs she would recognize it when it came. Her

own hour was the early evening. She had always brightened towards six o'clock, the time of her brother's home-coming.

To-day he had removed himself, to give her her chance with Anne. She could see him pottering about the garden below her window. He had kept that garden with care. He had mown and sown, and planted and weeded and watered it, that Edith might always have something pretty to look at from her window. With its green grassplot and gay beds, the tiny oblong space defied the extending grime and gloom of Scale. This year he had laid it out for Anne. He had set a hundred bulbs for her, and many hundred flowers were to have sprung up in time to welcome her. But something had gone wrong with them. They had suffered by his absence. As Edith looked out of the window he was stooping low, on acutely bended knees, sorrowfully preoccupied with a broken hyacinth. He had his back to them.

To Edith's mind there was something heartrending in the expression of that intent, innocent back, so surrendered to their gaze, so unconscious of its own pathetic curve. She wondered if it appealed to Anne in that way. She judged from the expression of her sister-in-law's face that it did not appeal to her in any way at all.

"Poor dear," said she, "he's still worrying about those blessed bulbs of mine, — of yours, I mean."

"Don't, Edie. As if I wanted to take your bulbs away from you. I'm not jealous."

"No more am I," said Edie. "Let's say both our bulbs. I wish he would n't garden quite so much, though. It always makes his head ache."

"Why does he do it, then?" asked Anne calmly.

Her calmness irritated Edith.

"Oh, why does Walter do anything? Because he's an angel."

Anne's silence gave her the opening she was looking for.

"You know, you used to think so too."

"Of course I did," said Anne evasively.

"And equally of course, you don't, now you've married him?"

"I have married him. What more could I do to prove my appreciation?"

"Oh, heaps more. Mere marrying's nothing. Any woman can do that."

"Do you think so? It seems to me that marrying — mere marrying — may be a great deal, about as much as many men have a right to ask."

"Has n't every man a right to ask for — what shall I say — a little understanding — from the woman he cares for?"

"Edith, what has he told you?"

"Nothing, dear, that I had n't seen for myself."

"Did he tell you that I 'misunderstood' him?"

"Did he pose as *l'homme incompris?* No, he did n't."

"Still — he told you," Anne insisted.

"Of course he did." She brushed the self-evident aside and returned to her point. "He does care for you. That, at least, you can understand."

"No, that's just what I don't understand. I can't understand his caring. I can't understand him. I can't understand anything." Her voice shook.

"Poor darling, I know it's hard, sometimes. Still you do know what he is."

"I know what he was — what I thought him. It's hard to reconcile it with what he is."

"With what you think him? You can't, of course." She smiled. "I suppose you think him something too bad for words?"

Anne broke down weakly.

"Oh Edith, why did n't you tell me?"

"What? That Wallie was bad?"

"Yes, yes. It would have been better if you'd told me everything."

"Well, dear, whatever I told you, I could n't have told you that. It would n't have been true."

"He says himself that everything was true."

"Everything probably is true. But then, the point is that you don't know the

whole truth, or even half of it. That's just what he could n't tell you. I should have told you. That's where I bungled it. You know he left it to me; he said I was to tell you?"

"Yes, he told me that. He did n't mean to deceive me."

"No more did I. If my brother had been a bad man, dear, do you suppose for a moment I'd have let him marry my dearest friend?"

"You did n't know. We don't know these things, Edith. That's the terrible part of it."

"Yes, it's the terrible part of it. But I knew all right. He never kept anything from me, not for long."

"But, Edith — how *could* he? How *could* he? When the woman — Lady Cayley — She *was* bad, was n't she?"

"Of course she was bad. Bad as they make them — worse. You know she was divorced?"

"Yes," said Anne, "that's what I do know."

"Well, she was n't divorced on Walter's account, my dear. There were several others — four, five, goodness knows how many. Poor Walter was a mere drop in the ocean."

Anne stared a moment at the expanse presented to her.

"But," said she, "he was in it."

"Oh yes, he was in it. The ocean swallowed him as it swallowed the others. But it could n't keep him. He could n't live in it, like them."

"But how did she get hold of him?"

"She got hold of him by appealing to his chivalry."

(His chivalry — she knew it.)

"It's what happens, over and over again. He thought her a vilely injured woman. He may have thought her good. He certainly thought her pathetic. It was the pathos that did it."

"That — did — it?"

"Yes. Did it. She hurled herself at his head — at his knees — at his feet — till he *had* to lift her. And that's how it happened."

Anne's spirit writhed as she contemplated the happening.

"I know it ought n't to have happened. I know Walter was n't the holy saint he ought to have been. But oh, he was a martyr!" She paused. "And — he was very young."

"Edith, — when was it?"

"Seven years ago."

Anne pondered. The seven years helped to purify him. Every day helped that threw the horror further back in time — separated it from her. If — if he had not been steeped too long in it. She wanted to know *how* long, but she was afraid to ask; afraid lest it should be brought nearer to her than she could bear. Edith saw her fear.

"It lasted two years. It was all my fault."

"Your fault?"

"Yes, my fault. Because of my horrid spine. You see, it kept him from marrying."

"Well, but —"

"Well, but it could n't have happened if he had married. How *could* it? How could it have happened if you had been there? You would have saved him."

She paused on that note, a long illuminating pause. The note itself was a divine inspiration. It rang all golden. It thrilled to the verge of the dominant cord in Anne. It touched her soul, the mother of brooding, mystic harmonies.

"You would have saved him."

Anne saw herself for one moment as his guardian angel, her mission frustrated through a flaw of time. That vision was dashed by another, herself as the ideal, the star he should have looked to before its dawn, herself dishonored by his young haste, his passion, his failure to foresee.

"He should have waited for me."

"Did you wait for him?"

A quick flush pulsed through the whiteness of Anne's face. She looked back seven years to her girlhood in the southern deanery, her home. She had another vision, a vision of a minor canon, whom she had loved with the pure worship of

her youth, a love of which somehow she was now ashamed. Ashamed, though it had then seemed to her so spiritual. Her dead parents had desired the marriage, but neither she nor they had had the power to bring it about.

Edith had never heard of the minor canon. She had drawn a bow at a venture.

"My dear," she said, "why not? It's only the very elect lovers who can say to each other, 'I have never loved any one but you.'"

"At any rate," said Anne, "I have never loved any one else well enough to marry him."

For in her fancy, the minor canon, being withdrawn in time, had ceased to occupy space; he had become that which he was for her girlhood, a disembodied dream. She could not have explained why she was so ashamed of him. What ground of comparison was there between that blameless one and Lady Cayley?

"Edith," she said suddenly, "did you ever see her?"

"Never," said Edith emphatically.

"You don't know what she was like?"

"I don't. I never wanted to. I daresay there are people in Scale who could tell you all about her, only I would n't inquire if I were you."

"Did it happen at Scarby?" She was determined to know the worst.

"I believe so."

"Oh, — why did I ever go there?"

"He did n't want you to. That was why."

"Where is she now?"

"Nobody knows. She might be anywhere."

"Not here?"

"No, not here. My dear, you must n't get her on your nerves."

"I'm afraid of meeting her."

"It is n't likely that you ever will. She is n't the sort one does meet, — now, poor thing."

"Who was she?"

"The wife of Sir Andrew Cayley, a tallow-chandler."

"Oh, how did Walter ever —"

"My dear, one meets all sorts of funny people in Scale. He was a very wealthy tallow-chandler. Besides, it was n't he that Walter did meet, naturally."

"How can you joke about it? It makes me sick to think of it."

"It made me sick enough once, dear. But I don't think of it."

"I can't help thinking of it."

"Well, whenever you do, when it does come over you, — it will, sometimes, — think of what Walter's life was before he knew you. Everything was spoiled for him because of me. He was sent to a place he detested, because of me, put into an office which he loathed, shut up here in this hateful house, because of me. And he was good to me, good and dear. Even at the worst he hardly ever left me if he thought I wanted him, — not even to go to *her*. But he was young, and it was an awful life for him. It *was*, you don't know how awful. It would have been bad enough for a woman. It was intolerable for a man. I was worse then than I am now. I was fretful, and I worried him. I think I drove him to her, — I know I did. He had to get away from it sometimes. Won't you think of that?"

"I'll try to think of it."

"And it won't make you not love him?"

"My dear, I loved him first for your sake, then I loved you for his, now I suppose I must love him for yours again."

"No — for his own sake."

"Does it matter which?"

"Not much, so long as you love him. He really is angelic, though you may n't think it."

"I think *you* are."

Edith was not only angelic, but womanly and full of guile, and she knew with whom she had to do. She had humbled Anne with shrewd shafts that hit her in all her weak places; now she exalted her. Anne had not her likeness in a thousand. She was a woman magnificently planned, of stature not to be diminished by the highest pedestal. A figure fit for a throne, a niche, a shrine. Edith could see

the dear little downy feathers sprouting on Anne's shoulder-blades, and the infant aureole playing in her hair.

"You're a saint," said Edith.

"I am not," said Anne, while her pale cheek glowed with the flattery.

"Of course you are," said Edith, "or you could never have put up with me."

Whereupon Anne kissed her.

"And I may tell Walter what you've said?"

It was thus that she spared Anne's mortal pride. She knew how it would shrink from telling him.

Anne went down to Majendie in the garden and sent him to his sister. They returned to the house by the open window of his study. A bright fire was burning in the room. He looked at her shyly and half in doubt, drew up an armchair to the hearth, and left her there.

His manner brought back to her the days of their engagement, when that room had been their refuge. Not that they had often been alone together. She could count the times on the fingers of one hand, the times when Edith was too ill to be wheeled into her room. It had been nearly always in Edith's room that she had seen him, surrounded by all the feminine devices, the tender trivialities that were part of the moving pathos of the scene. She had so associated him with his sister that it had been hard for her to realize that he had any separate life of his own. She felt that his love for her had simply grown out of his love for Edith, it was the flame, the flower of his tenderness. It was one with his goodness, and she had been glad to have it so. There was no jealousy in Anne.

It came over her now with a fresh shock, how very little, after all, she had known of him. It was through Edith that she really knew him. And yet it was impossible that Edith could have absorbed him utterly. Anne had not counted his business; for it had not interested her, and to say that Walter was a ship-owner did not define him in the very least. What remained over of Walter was a secret that this room, his study, must partially reveal.

She remembered how she had first come there, and had looked shyly about her for intimations of his inner nature, and how it was his pipe-rack and his boots that had first suggested that he had a life apart and dealings with the outer world. Now she rose and went round the room, searching for its secret, and finding no new impressions, only fresh lights on the old. If the room told anything it told her how little Majendie had used it, how little he had been able to call anything his own. The things in it had no comfortable look of service. He could not have smoked there much, the curtains were too innocent. He could not have sat in that armchair much, the surface was too smooth. He could not have come there much at any time, for, though the carpet was faded, there was no well-worn passage from the threshold to the hearth. As far as she could make out he came there for no earthly purpose but to change his boots before going upstairs to Edith.

The bookcase told the same story. It held histories and standard works inherited from Majendie's father; the works of Dickens and Thackeray and Hardy, read over and over again in the days when he had time for reading; several poets whom, by his own confession, he could not have read in any circumstances. One Meredith, partly uncut, testified to an honest effort and a balked accomplishment. On a shelf apart stood the books that he had loved when he was a boy, — the annuals, the tales of travel and adventure, and one or two school prizes gorgeously bound.

As she looked at them his boyhood rose before her; its dead innocence appealed to her comprehension and compassion.

She knew that he had been disappointed in his ambition. Instead of being sent to Oxford he had been sent into business, that he might early support himself. He had supported himself. And he had stuck to the business that he might the better support Edith.

She could not deny him the virtue of unselfishness.

She remembered one Sunday, three weeks before their wedding-day, when she had stood alone with him in this room at the closing of their happy day. It was then that he had asked her why she cared for him, and she had answered, "Because you are good. You always have been good."

And he had said (how it came back to her!), "And if I had n't always? Would n't you have cared then?"

She had answered, "I would have cared; but I could n't marry you."

And he had turned away from her, and looked out of the window, keeping his back to her, and had stood so without speaking for a moment. She had wondered what had come over him.

Now she knew. He had not been good. And she had married him.

At the recollection the thoughts she had quieted stirred again and stung her, and again she trampled them down.

She faced the question how she was going to build up the wedded life that her knowledge of him had laid low. She told herself that, after all, much remained. She had loved Walter for his unhappiness as well as for his goodness. He had needed her; and she had felt that there was no other woman who could have borne his burden half so well. Edith was too sweet to be thought of as a burden, but it could not be denied she weighed. In marrying Walter she would lift half the weight. Anne was strong, and she gloried in her strength. That was what she was there for.

How much more was she prepared to do? Keeping his house was nothing; Nanna had always kept it well. Caring for Edith was nothing; she could not help but care for her. She had promised Walter that she would be a good wife to him; and she had vowed to herself that she would live her spiritual life apart.

Was that being a good wife to him? To divorce her soul, her best self, from him? If she confined her duty to the preservation of the mere material tie, what would she make of herself? Of him?

It came to her that his need of her was deeper and more spiritual than that. She argued that there must be something fine in him, or he never would have appreciated *her*. That other woman did n't count; she had thrust herself on him. When it came to choosing, he had chosen a spiritual woman. (Anne never doubted that she was what she aspired to be.) And since all things were divinely ordered, Walter's choice was really God's will. God's hand had led him to her.

It had been a blow to Anne's pride to realize that she had married — spiritually — beneath her. Her pride now recovered wonderfully, seeing in this very inequality its opportunity. She beheld herself once more in a superb rôle, her spiritual opulence supplying Walter's poverty.

Their marriage, in this its new and spiritual consummation, would not be unequal. She would raise Walter. That, of course, was what God had meant her to do all the time. Never again could she look at her husband with eyes of mortal passion. But her love which had died was risen again; it could still turn to him a glorified and spiritual face; it could still know passion, a passion immortal and supreme.

But it was an emotion of which by its very nature she could not bring herself to speak. It would have meant nothing to Walter in his yet unspiritual state. She felt that when he came to her he would insist on some satisfaction, and there was no satisfaction that she could give to the claim he would make. Therefore she awaited his coming with nervous trepidation.

He came in as if nothing had happened. He sank with every symptom of comfortable assurance into the opposite armchair. And he asked no more formidable question than "How's your headache?"

"Better, thank you."

"That's all right."

He did not look at her, but his eyes

were smiling, as if at some agreeable thought or reminiscence. He had apparently assumed that Anne had recovered, not only from her headache, but from its cause. To Anne, tingling with the tension of a nervous crisis, this attitude was disconcerting. It seemed to reduce her and her crisis to insignificance. She had expected him to be tingling too. He had more cause to.

"Do you mind my smoking? Say if you really do."

She really did, but she forebore to say so. Forbearance henceforth was to be part of her discipline.

He smoked contentedly, with half-closed eyes; and when he talked, he talked of the garden and of bulbs.

Of bulbs, after what he had discussed with Edith upstairs. She would rather that he had asked his question, forced her to the issue. That at least would have shown some comprehension of her state. But he had taken the issue for granted, refused to face the immensity of it all. She had had her first taste of sacrificial flames, and her spirit was prepared to go through fire to reach him. And he presented himself as already folded and protected, satisfied with some inferior and independent secret of his own.

She felt that a little perturbation would have become him more than that impenetrable peace.

It would make it so difficult to raise him.

(*To be continued.*)

JAPAN AND THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

BY JAMES S. LE ROY

I

Discussing "Race Prejudice in the Philippines" in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1902, the writer expressed a belief that met with considerable ridicule in certain quarters as "unduly cheerful optimism." It was that, though the race prejudice displayed by Americans is today the chief obstacle to the success of our programme in the Philippines, yet in time the Philippine experience itself will tend to make us broader-minded and more tolerant in matters of race and color, both at home and abroad.

Just now we are receiving frequent reminders that our Pacific coast-line and our presence in the Philippines have brought us face to face with the necessity of revising our all too popular arrogance as to "white supremacy" or else of preparing for difficulties ahead. Once more, the writer may be exposing himself to the accusation of being a bland and youthful optimist; but he can only regard the disturbance over the Japanese in the San Francisco schools as a tempest in a teapot, and view it as of significance chiefly in an educational way, compelling our own people to face squarely the question of our relations with the Orient and its brown and yellow peoples. We have evaded this question hitherto, practically affronting Chinese sensibilities, but all the while formally protesting that there was nothing of race-feeling in our attitude.

The time has now come, or soon will come, when we can no longer dodge this question. Self-interest, enlightened self-interest surely, plainly indicates the folly of letting ourselves be guided by the prejudice of race, or frightened by the bugaboos which ignorant and malicious selfishness will conjure forth. But were this not so, are we willing to admit that

an appeal to the American people on the broader grounds of human charity and brotherhood will no longer succeed? The writer, for one, is not willing to admit it, any more than he is willing to regard our performance of a troublesome task in the Philippines since 1898 as any indication that the nation has surrendered itself to Imperialism.

We have heard of late, and shall continue to hear, much "jingo" talk about Japan and the Philippine Islands and Japan's monopoly of Oriental trade. The political agitation in California for the exclusion of Japanese laborers, and the more recent diplomatic inquiry as to the exclusion of Japanese pupils from San Francisco schools, are evidence that prejudice and narrow-mindedness (the two are really synonyms) are active among us. Against such forces it is of no use to thunder editorially — even if the pulpits of our periodical press are quite unanimous in pointing out both the wrong and the *loss of profits* involved in shortsighted treatment of the Japanese. Ignorance, prejudice, and narrow-mindedness cannot suffer the contact with facts. What we want to combat them with is information, and information at once accurate and incontestable. The busy prophets of the "yellow peril" should be faced with a demand for facts, not fancies; for proofs, not the fears and suspicions of credulous children.

It is no proof that we of the West should begin to shudder over the "yellow peril" to show that the sense of nationality is growing in China and elsewhere in the Orient. The fact that the Filipinos look forward to being free of American overlordship, and that the people of India are gaining a new assertiveness and independence, is not in itself a sign of unqualified hatred for the Western rulers, nor evidence that these Oriental countries, if they could, would expel all Occidentals and things Occidental. Why should not the West, wherein the sentiment of nationality has been one of the most powerful forces for progress in the recent centuries, welcome such developments in the Orient? Why assume that fraternity of the East and West, wherein neither dominates, wherein both receive material and spiritual benefit, is an impossible ideal for the future?

Narrowing the question simply to the dollars and cents question, — getting down to the plane of the nervous "vested interests" of our Western trade with the Orient, — has the aggressive, vigorous, individualistic and materialistic Westerner come to such a pass that he must needs tremble at the awful spectre conjured up of future competition at the hands of the passive, dreamy, idealistic Easterner, even with machines and modern transportation facilities in his control? In the lands where the teachings of modern political economists have so freshly been placed on the shelves of every town-library, is the highly paid but still more highly efficient laborer to become panic-stricken over competition from the poorly paid and poorly nourished laborer? Is it not a truism of world-wide experience that cheap labor is always dear?

II

In view of all that has been said about Japan wresting the Philippines from us, it will be of interest to review the relations of Japan with those islands in the past. This is negative evidence, to be sure, as bearing on what Japan's attitude may be in the future; and those who delight in warning us, in lectures, books, and reviews (always in a sort of mysterious "aside" as if they really had information they must not reveal), against "Oriental duplicity," will not pause from their task because of any recitation of past history. But at least it may arouse an apparently dormant sense of humor in some of our bugaboo-manipulators to compare the Spanish "scares" about Japan with some of our own more recent alarms, — so like they are in details.

Even before the Dutch and English had fairly begun to establish themselves

in the Far East, this danger was pointed out by Spanish observers to their home authorities. Exploring Spaniards and Portuguese, especially Jesuit missionaries, were saying before the end of the sixteenth century that the millions of China could not be subjugated by mere force alone, and were reënforcing thus their arguments for a proselyting campaign accompanied by a policy of diplomacy and insinuation, even of alliance with Chinese and Japanese rulers. All through the seventeenth century the Spaniards in Manila lived in dread of an invasion by Chinese, and two bloody massacres of Chinese residents (charged with rebellion and conspiracy) marked that century. Already, in 1574–75, a great Chinese pirate had almost captured Manila and had for a time successfully maintained himself in a position on the west coast of Luzon; and a century later another great Chinese adventurer, who for a time maintained headquarters on the island of Formosa and defied the newly established Manchu dynasty in Peking, again seriously threatened the frail Spanish dominion in the Philippine Islands.

Japan, which had triumphed over Korea, was a yet more imminent source of dread to the Spaniards in Manila during the early part of the seventeenth century, and though no actual invasion of the Philippines was attempted, Japan's haughty shoguns adopted a high tone toward the pretensions of Spain in the Orient, and executed Spanish missionaries and their converts with open threats against the Western nation which had dared to encroach upon their preserves. With the decay of Spanish and Portuguese power in the Orient, and the rise first of the Dutch, then of the English, and later the entry of the Russians into this imperial competition, Japan still remained, as is well known, almost untouched in her insular isolation; and down to the middle of the last century China was accessible — as at the beginning of the European discoveries — only in trading-posts on the fringes of her empire.

To go no farther back than to the victory of the Japanese over the Chinese in 1895, the present talk of a "yellow peril" is, in Europe at least, but a revival of that of 1895–96; it is only intensified by the demonstration of Japan's prowess against a European power, on a much more impressive scale than in her easy victory over China. The United States did not actively, or even passively, share in the discussion of 1895–96, for it had no territorial possessions in the Orient. But Spain, though already out of the rank of those countries commonly implied by the term "powers of Europe," shared with her neighbors all the alarm created by the talk of threatened Japanese aggressiveness.

There is a curious analogy between the Spanish predictions of 1895 and the warnings of certain Americans in 1905 that Japan cherishes unholy designs regarding the Philippine Islands. Moreover, the insistence of the Japanese in taking Formosa (itself once occupied by the Spaniards), Luzon's nearest neighbor to the northward, and the known weakness of Spain's naval power in the Orient, gave more real point to Spanish fears than Japan's greater victories of 1904–05 can reasonably inspire in the United States, toward which country the Japanese profess the greatest friendliness and upon whose institutions they have so largely drawn for help in achieving their recent progress.

Already, in 1891, there had been a flutter of excitement in Madrid over a mere rumor to the effect that the Japanese had taken possession of three islets bordering on the Marianne group, which the Spanish government immediately proclaimed officially as belonging to that group. Early in 1895, before the *dénouements* which led to European interference with Japan in her attempt to grasp the fruits of her sudden victory over China, the *Correo Español* published a letter from a correspondent in Manila, bearing date of January 23 of that year, in which, after recounting the filibustering propaganda

then being secretly conducted among the Filipinos, it was stated: —

"News has been received from Hongkong that the Japanese expect to come and take possession of these islands. It is certain that a commissioner of the Japanese government was here, dressed as a Jew, afterward reported to be colonel of the General Staff of Japan, that he was entertained in the town of Santa Maria, in Bulakan, and spent money lavishly, without objecting to any price that was asked of him, but that he required of every one a receipt, undoubtedly in order to vouch for his expenses before the authority that commissioned him.

"Now, this subject was entertained in the house of a Christian Japanese residing in that town and married to a native woman, and the supposed colonel made every day lengthy trips on horseback, drew up plans by night, and in the morning sent them to the Japanese consul in Manila, who some time back left here.

"Moreover, in the province of Pangasinan there is a port called Sual, perhaps the safest in these islands, and above all very central and extremely easy to fortify. A short time ago there visited this place a man who was said to be a Chinese bonze, but whom I suspect to have been a Japanese, and who made a plan of the port and then went to Lingayen, the capital of the province, to the house of a *mestizo* who is said to be the owner of a lofty esplanade that dominates the whole port. He showed the latter his plans and asked him to sell that ground. This was not done, because it would have been necessary to get the permission of central authority."

It is hardly necessary to point out that a secret commissioner of Japan would hardly have shown his plans, supposing him to have made such, to any casual owner of land, nor that the private ownership of this land would scarcely have benefited Japan in seizing possession of the Philippines; moreover, Sual, which the Spaniards opened as a port for foreign commerce for a time in the middle of the last century, was never improved, and has a bar which forbids the entrance of large ships, being in fact a coast town of no importance. The other rumor might well have been connected with the visit of some Japanese who desired to find out about the extent and value of the iron deposits in the hills of eastern Bulakan, which were, to some extent, worked before the arrival of the Spaniards and which have never been really developed up to date. Santa Maria, an inland town, is of no strategic value.

Later in the year, as European attention became centred on the Far East, talk of this sort became very common in the press of Spain, though rarely based on rumors having even the importance of the above. Of course, there were Spaniards who protested against such indefinite suspicions. Señor Dupuy de Lome, whose name has not been forgotten in the United States, and who, before coming to Washington, had seen some diplomatic service in the Orient, published a book on the situation in the Far East, in which he counseled the cultivation of friendship and the arrangement of a good understanding with Japan, as the rising power of the East. Whatever their views as to Japan's intentions, all Spanish periodicals alike made light of the military power of Japan, and were very free to remark that to conquer a decrepit force like China was a very different thing from combating with Spain. Some of the comments read rather curiously to-day: —

"In default of a real enemy, the Japanese army has only proved itself to be a machine that is a good imitation of the best over here, and that would not play a bad rôle in autumn manœuvres, or even in those of winter. But there remains the doubt (for him who holds it) about what would happen to this machine if it should meet a resistance like that of St. Privat, in which the Germans lost 6000 or 8000 men in less than half an hour, and conquered nevertheless. Coming nearer home, we do not know if the Oyamas and Yamagatas would have been capable of

making the assaults of Somorrostro, less yet of resisting them. . . . I do not imagine that it has occurred to the imagination of any Japanese, even of the best-varnished [with civilization], to try to expel from Asia and Oceania the whites, who are meat-eaters. However vain they may be, they will compare their campaign with that of the French and English in 1860, and will comprehend the difference there is between race and race, or perhaps between species and species. It is one thing to scratch the coasts of China, and another to invade inland territory where there are Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians, or Spaniards." [1]

"As for Japan, who doubts that she is in process of regeneration and is making herself worthy of consideration? But we have not yet become convinced in Europe that she is so much a power of the first rank as some declare. There is in Japan's new dress much that is just fastened up with pins. Besides, her attempts to play a man's part have been made against a country that is wofully decadent and in no small degree sunk in corruption, — China, not the Yesterday, but the everlasting Day Before Yesterday of History. . . . Let certain precautions be taken in the face of these new neighbors who are going to install themselves in Formosa; let some more battalions of troops from the peninsula and some more boats be sent to our great colony; let our government, by itself and in union with the other powers, address certain precautionary words to Japan. All this is well. But, for the Lord's sake, don't let us make a bugaboo, like those which frighten children, out of the Japanese army and navy. Suppose they have routed and so thoroughly trodden upon the Chinese? Don Quixote, too, routed with his lance thousands of sheep. So the victorious Japanese must know that those who have just fought and conquered in Mindanao, against a savage race and in savage jungles, would not let themselves be conquered so easily as the cowardly hordes of Yalu and Wei-Hai-Wei." [2]

Nevertheless, the Spanish government did send out several fresh battalions of troops before the Filipino insurrection of 1896 began, troops which were, however, needed in pursuing the campaign under General Blanco against the Lake Lanao Moros. Some new rifles were also sent out, and the long projected work toward the construction of a naval station at Olongapó in Subig Bay was given a fresh, though rather feeble, start. The government at Madrid concluded a treaty with Tokyo defining the limits of the possessions of Spain and Japan in the western Pacific. This treaty was condemned by some of the Japanese newspapers, not on the ground that it pledged Japan against a campaign of aggression toward the Philippines, but on the ground that it tended to restrict the liberty of action of Japan in any contingency which might arise. The *Mainichi Shimbun* suggested that, if Spain wished really to keep her Philippine Islands, she might better ally herself with Japan, which was only looking for peace in the Orient, so as better to guarantee that peace against the powers which were ready to disturb it and eager to grasp more territory in those quarters. Said this paper: "The statesmen of Spain would be employing their time better in the task of reforming the administration of the Philippines, where things are in considerable confusion, and in restoring order in Cuba, where anarchy rules." The criticisms of the Tokyo press drew from *La Política de España en Filipinas* this spiteful comment: —

"But yesterday Japan was an array of tribes, and to-day, thanks to the war with the Chinese, the Japanese *señores* enter-

[1] Jenaro Alas, a well-known Spanish writer on military affairs.

[2] From *La Política de España en Filipinas*, the fortnightly conducted at Madrid for seven years by W. E Retana, as the organ of the friar and reactionary party in the campaign against the concession of reforms to the Philippines.

tain stupendous pretensions. Civilization has gone to their heads!"

The Japanese bugaboo was revived again in Spain after the Tagalog revolt of 1896. Never, from beginning to end, was anything revealed indicating, in the least degree, that the authorities of Japan gave any ear to the plots of the Tagalog propagandists, or had given the Spanish government the least pretext for protest in their dealings with the Filipinos, or with regard to the Philippine Islands. Yet the Spanish newspapers, and the Spanish books which treated of the insurrection of 1896–97, dwelt with querulousness on the many childish rumors regarding Japanese complicity with the Katipunan plot and the propaganda of more educated Filipinos which preceded it. A story about the officers of a Japanese cruiser having met with the Katipunan leaders in a private room above the Japanese bazar in Manila simmered down, upon investigation, to the fact that certain Filipinos of no consequence one way or the other had looked up some subordinate Japanese officers who were visiting the bazar one day, had exchanged polite phrases with them, and had later on sent out to the cruiser a dozen melons, which the Japanese commander had the courtesy to pronounce very good! The Katipunan leaders spread the tale through all the provinces that Japan was to furnish arms for the uprising. Yokohama had become, during several years preceding 1896, somewhat such a resort for Filipinos who fled in fear of deportation as Hongkong had long been. The Katipunan organ, *Ang Kalayaan* (Liberty), which appeared for but one issue, bore Yokohama on its date-line; but it was in fact printed on a clandestine revolutionary press in Manila. The Filipinos who had escaped to Yokohama, several of them (one being Felipe Agoncillo) bearing considerable funds of money, raised in part by subscriptions among the propagandists of property in the islands, sent back enthusiastic assurances that they had arranged for active intervention by Japan in favor of the Filipinos, had interviewed or were about to interview the leading statesmen of Tokyo, etc.; but there was no more truth in this talk than there was in the tales which Agoncillo sent from Europe to his brethren who were fighting at home in 1899, to the effect that he had seen the German emperor in person, that a coalition of all the powers of Europe was on the eve of formation for the purpose of ousting the Americans from the Philippines, etc.

The probabilities are that the Filipino revolutionists did not even succeed in buying for cash any rifles in Japan, much less secure the loan of them from the Japanese government, and a cruiser to land them on the coasts of Luzon, as was reported to Governor-General Primo de Rivera and Admiral Montojo. If the government or the responsible men of Japan ever departed in the least from the attitude of strictest correctness toward Spain, no proof to that effect has ever come to light.

The same stories of arms bought in Japan and landed on the east coast of Luzon disturbed the military authorities in Washington and Manila occasionally during the years 1899 to 1901, and had no more foundation than the similar stories which had a few years before excited the Spanish authorities. The Filipinos never obtained more than two (and perhaps only one) small shipments of rifles from abroad, namely, those sent in 1898 from Hongkong; practically all their arms were obtained from the surrendered or captured Spanish troops, and from the Filipino volunteers into whose hands rifles had been given in the early months of 1898, intended for use against the American newcomers.

The same rumors were also circulated as to the intervention of Japan in behalf of the Filipinos and against the United States, as had previously been circulated about Japan's interference with Spain. Probably they had the same origin, namely, the desire of Filipino chieftains in the

field to hearten their followers with stories of speedy assistance from abroad, and also the desire of the Filipinos in Japan to represent themselves as being in confidential contact with Japanese government officials. There was simply, as there had been in the years 1892 to 1898, and as there is still, some social relationship between the small Filipino colonies in Tokyo and Yokohama and certain "anti-foreigner" Japanese, fond of discussing with them the theme "the Orient for Orientals." But such conversations did not carry Japanese rifles to the Philippines, nor imply that the Japanese government ever treated with Filipino emissaries or considered the project of going to war with the United States in behalf of the Filipinos.

In December, 1900, General MacArthur cabled from Manila to Washington that among the captured papers of General Trias (then Aguinaldo's lieutenant-commander for southern Luzon) there had been found a Filipino account of an interview held by Trias a few months before with the Japanese consul in Manila, who had apparently gone to a remote part of Cavite province for the purpose. This consul was represented as advising the Filipinos to seek "voluntary contributions" of arms and other aid in Japan, and as asserting that Japan would find compensation for aiding the Filipinos in some naval stations, etc. Assuming the correctness of this report (and it was probably prepared with a view to circulation among the Filipinos just before the election of 1900, in order to make it appear that foreign assistance was at hand), it is yet to be said that this Japanese in question was merely a clerical employee, though for the time being in charge of the Japanese consulate in Manila. This man would quite certainly not have been authorized by his government to treat of a matter of such seriousness.

Most recently there has been the story cabled from Manila (whence other news of first-class importance fails regularly to reach us by cable) about a Japanese officer arrested while sketching the Manila "fortifications." Save the mark! If Manila city is meant, the fortifications are not even so formidable as when the walled city lay at the mercy of Dewey's light cruisers; for breaches have been made in the walls to enlarge the gates. They are of interest to antiquarians only, and the whole world, military and civil, knows it. As for the entrance to Manila harbor, we have not yet begun to fortify it, as every one may know who reads the *Congressional Record*, wherein the general plans of fortification have been many times alluded to in the reports of debates. Just why any one should become excited if the whole Japanese General Staff began taking notes and plans in the Philippines is not apparent; there is nothing there to conceal, and no harbor or other navigation data which they could not learn from our public documents without stirring from home.

There is no doubt at all that Japanese consuls and others have, under both Spanish and American rule in the Philippines, studied the resources and topography of the islands, looked over the prospective coal and iron deposits, and otherwise gained information with a view to possible contingencies. But it is not necessary to see anything unnatural or improper in this. Before 1898, the Japanese were certainly shrewd enough to foresee that Spanish dominion in the Orient was rotting of itself; it was perfectly natural that they should look into the question of forestalling Germany or some other European nation in this rich archipelago so nearly neighbor to them. The most casual follower of American politics knows that the permanent rule of the United States in the Philippines is not, and by the very nature of our institutions cannot be, a closed question. Japan, both on territorial and on economic grounds (for the products she needs and the possible outlet for her laboring men), is more vitally interested in the Philippines than the United States can be. What offense,

therefore, need we take from the fact that the Japanese preserve an active interest in those islands?

III

Why need any one suppose that the Japanese are not clever enough to see (and to have seen and understood ever since 1898) that the United States must inevitably be the chief factor in any future determination as to the fate, internationally, of the Philippine Islands? It would seem clear that it is now a cardinal point of Japanese foreign policy to cultivate most assiduously that friendship for themselves which was manifested in the late war: indeed, to endeavor to maintain such an active friendship and informal good understanding between the two peoples as will make the United States a sort of informal ally of theirs in case of future difficulties. Prominent statesmen of Japan have repeatedly given public expression to views which indicate such a policy of cultivating our country as a sort of "third ally," a passive ally, to be sure, but one whose sympathy they hope would be not the less active and potent internationally. A tangible evidence of the stress which is laid by Japanese officialdom upon the cultivation of friendship with America was afforded by the reception given to the "Taft party" last year.

When that party was just leaving the shores of Japan for the Philippines in 1905, the writer asked Secretary Taft if the Japanese officials had discussed with him the future of the Philippines. The reply was that there had been some talk about those islands in an informal way (for no political conferences were held by the Secretary of War in Tokyo, in spite of what has been said to the contrary), and Mr. Taft said without reserve, —

"It can be stated positively that the Japanese do not want the Philippine Islands, nor do they propose to do anything that would interfere with American friendship for them."

There is good reason to suppose that the government of the United States has been given formal assurances of this sort with regard to the Philippine Islands by the government of Japan.

Under another phase, however, the talk of Japan coveting the Philippines has been for six months agitating the Filipinos. Immediately after it was announced that Governor-General Wright would not return to Manila but would go as the first American ambassador to Tokyo, some British reporter in Washington or New York cabled to London the rumor that negotiations were under way for the sale of the Philippines to Japan. This rumor was transmitted to Manila, and had been stirring up Filipino political circles for several days before it was even heard of in the United States. Most American readers first heard it when Governor-General Ide cabled to Secretary Taft that it was greatly disturbing the Filipinos. In spite of the fact that the latter immediately cabled a positive and authoritative denial, and characterized it as not only false but "absurd," it continues to furnish the Filipinos with material for heated discussion. The Filipinos do not understand American political institutions and American government by discussion well enough to know that secret treaties are with us an impossibility, that such a measure would have to be fully threshed out in the forums of public opinion before it could or would be undertaken, and that, to say nothing more, the corps of American newspaper men in Washington would probably get hold of such a piece of news, if there were any foundation for it, at least as early as their British brethren.

The matter is treated as a live topic, an imminent possibility, in the Filipino press, and not a day passes without some reference to it, one Filipino newspaper maintaining in its columns a symposium of opinions upon it. Out in the provinces, provincial and municipal delegations have met and forwarded their protests against the transfer to Japan in lengthy

manifestoes to the government at Manila, requesting that they be cabled immediately to Washington, in order to stop the negotiations. In some degree, of course, the opportunity is merely improved by certain radicals to "agitate" and to create a feeling of resentment against the United States, some of their comments being most bitter.[1] There is no doubt, however, that the matter is taken most seriously in the provinces, and among a good many in Manila. Secretary Taft's vehement denial is utterly disregarded in this connection, or is spoken of as a merely "diplomatic evasion," as a statement which might be literally true when he made it, but which may cover secret designs for a transfer some time in the future.

IV

The significant thing about this agitation in the Philippines is not, however, the fact that the Filipinos are ignorant of the workings of American public affairs and distrustful of American intentions toward them. The real thing of significance that has been brought out by the whole Filipino discussion to date is that the Filipinos prefer American rule to rule by Japan, or probably by any other nation. Some of our American anti-imperialists appear to be much surprised by the turn which the discussion has taken in the Filipino press, and at finding that even the Filipino radicals are bitterly opposed to any such transfer. The anti-imperialists have lately, accepting as authentic all the criticisms of Messrs. Ireland, Willis, and others, denounced the present government in the Philippines as inefficient, burdensome, oppressive, and even tyrannical; and they were apparently sure that the Filipinos would turn to any way out of it as a sovereign remedy. But the Filipinos, even the most unreasonable of their radicals, know in their hearts that they are enjoying to-day a more efficient government, greater personal liberties and political privileges and in every way better opportunity for progress, than ever before. Hence, their protest against a transfer to Japan was immediate and spontaneous.

Of course, the protest of the Filipino radicals against this transfer arises in part from a natural objection to their country and people being disposed of without having a word in the matter. It is precisely in this respect that they misjudge and wrong the American people; for it is safe to say that public opinion with us would not consent to such a disposition of the Filipinos being made without their having an opportunity to express themselves, or in face of their plain disapprobation. It is also true that the attitude of these Filipinos arises in large part from the desire for early political independence. Even so, their attitude plainly indicates that they think their chance is better under America than under Japan; if they would rather rely upon the American people than upon the Japanese government for their future independence, it is plain that they prefer American rule to Japanese rule, even with a view only to political rights and privileges. And if they knew better Japan's programme in Formosa and Korea, their attitude in this respect would undoubtedly be strengthened.

This episode, moreover, serves as another indication of the fact that the Filipinos are in many respects a people unique in the Orient. The Filipinos do not feel themselves identified with the Orient and with other Orientals. It may strike some as strange, but it is a fact nevertheless, that the Filipinos look down upon the Japanese; nurtured and schooled in the religious feelings and prejudices of the oldest established form of Christian worship and organization, the Filipinos look upon the Japanese as "pagans."

[1] *El Renacimiento*, Manila, May 18, 1906, has a cartoon wherein Ambassador Wright is represented holding a Filipino in the air, with a hammer in his other hand, auctioning off the Filipino before Japan, Germany, Great Britain, and Russia. Germany and Japan vie in the bidding, which Uncle Sam, swinging a policeman's stick, urges on.

They have, in some degree, a European point of view, because in past centuries their outlook upon people and politics and societies in the world at large was through Spanish and Roman Catholic spectacles.

Of course, there is great admiration on the part of the Filipinos for Japan's achievements, — admiration mixed sometimes with a little awe, and lately, as we have seen, with fear. One catches now and then, too, the note that indicates some feeling of identity with the Japanese, some sense of a special pride in their achievements in the war with Russia, because they were the achievements of other Orientals, other "brown men;" a sense of racial identity, as it were, though still rather vague. And, too, it is an interesting question how far the Europeanized outlook of the educated Filipinos unfits them to be called fairly representative of the ignorant masses of their people, — the question will arise whether, after all, the Christianity of the latter, and the social customs it has brought with it, are more than nominal and superficial, and underneath there remains a really unchanged Oriental. If this be true, the educational opportunities now being extended to the Filipino youth *en masse* will, in the course of time, "let him out," and there will come to light the "real Filipino," just as there will be born the "real Filipino nation," where to-day there is only a sense of identity of aims on the part of the few who can communicate across the breadth of the archipelago, and merely a racial feeling on the part of the many who know nothing beyond their own community.

When that time comes, we may find the Filipinos turning more naturally and cordially toward the Japanese and seeking affiliation with them. But, if this should occur, it would be in no small part because both these peoples were semi-Europeanized, the one under the long-continued tutelage of foreign rule, the other as a voluntary pupil. And who can suppose that the message they would bear to other Oriental peoples, by precept and example, would be simply that of hatred to Europe? That idea, that feeling, lurk in the minds and hearts of many Orientals without doubt, but the force of events is against them, just as we have seen how the very Filipinos of revolutionary tendencies have just now been rejecting the sentiment of unity with Japan that was expressed by one of their number in the heat of the war against the United States (in a contribution to *Columnas Volantes*, a revolutionary periodical printed at Lipa, Batangas, June 18, 1899): —

"The sun of the genuinely European modern culture is to-day at its zenith; later it will set in the West and to-morrow it will appear again, brilliant and luminous, in the East. Unquestionably the peoples of the East are called upon, as instruments of Providence, to perform in coming centuries the great deeds which are to startle posterity. The Malay race has taken the forefront and the initiative in this great work of the social and political regeneration of peoples apparently buried in the most abject barbarity. Japan, our elder brother, if the phrase be permitted, the representative of this race having most authority and prestige, begins to cause uneasiness because of her eagerness to put herself upon the level in modern culture of the old nations of Europe, who foresee but too early the danger that threatens them. Her navy, which, at the end of three years, when the modern boats she is building are finished, will be as powerful as that of France or that of Germany, and her determination to attract to herself the Chinese Empire and lead it in the same road to regeneration that she herself has begun to travel, indicate plainly her plans for the future: the union and alliance of the two races, Mongolian and Malayan, and for herself the hegemony. The haughty nations of the West tremble at the mere idea of such a union, which will produce a great revolution in the world, a revolution with which the French Revolution, mother of modern liberties, will not compare. The

gigantic volcano of the East will vomit its glowing lava over the fields and plains of the West and destroy it all; and over the ruins of its cities and towns others will rise, — only the memory and the history of the former remaining behind them.

"By the inexorable laws of fate, the other peoples of the Malay and Mongolian race, the other races inhabiting the old, and yet the newest, world will follow the course pointed out to them by the Japanese along the road of civilization. Each people, like each race, has its historic destiny; each empire, like each civilization, has its downfall in history. Providence has reserved for the yellow and colored race the empire of the future."

Here is the outburst of a young revolutionary enthusiast in the days when hatred of things American, as of things Spanish, was zealously preached. Yet the very diction of it is borrowed from the Spanish, a language so rich and oratorical that it easily degenerates into bombast. More yet are the ideas it expresses those of a political reform, of a social "regeneration," of a "civilization" itself, simply borrowed from Europe. This is no such turning of the East upon the West, and upon all things Western, as has been preached to us as bound to come. Even the race-feeling expressed is based upon the ignorant supposition that the Malay and Mongolian can be entirely identified, — and they by no means always lie down together in peace and harmony. If the East can indeed take the ideas and the institutions of the West, and blend them with those of the East itself to make a superior product, something better in civilization, in religion and thought and life, than the world has yet seen, then does the East deserve to rise again over the West. But here is an honorable rivalry in which the West may well vie, — incidentally learning, it may be, quite as much from the East as it shall impart.

Our nation has stood for Japanese and Chinese nationality and for the integrity of Chinese territory in the past. Our attitude in the Philippines to-day, in its broader aspect, as looking toward "leading out" the Filipino people as a whole, is one in entire sympathy with Oriental nationality. We shall be wise, merely on selfish grounds, — on which grounds national policy is still supposed to rest, — if we continue to cultivate our traditional position as "best friend" of the Oriental peoples, Filipinos, Japanese, Chinese, or others. If some day, in that future which no man can foresee for the Far East, something like a Japanese protectorate should suit the Filipinos (perhaps they would prefer to call it "alliance"), and Japan should emerge as the leader of a little group of Oriental nations, it is hard to see why, on all grounds of national policy, we ourselves should not be suited with such an outcome of the "Philippine problem." But that is mere guessing about a problematical future condition of affairs in the Far East. To-day the Filipinos do not want it, certainly not on any terms that would imply Japanese military rule, which is "thorough" in a way they well know American rule is not. Nor does the task we have undertaken in the Philippines permit us, with honor, to drop it in such a way.

TO ONE IMPATIENT OF FORM IN ART

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

I

Chide not the poet that he strives for beauty,
If still forthright he chants the thing he would, —

If still he knows, nor can escape, the dire
Necessity and burden of straight speech;

Not his the fault should music haunt the line,
If to the marrow cleaves the lyric knife.

Who poured the violent ocean, and who called
Earthquake and tempest and the crash of doom,

He spread the sea all beautiful at dawn,
And curved the bright bow 'gainst the black, spent storm, —

He framed these late and lovely violets
That under autumn leaves surprise the heart.

Blame not the seeker of beauty if his soul
Seeks it, in reverent and determined quest,

And in the sacred love of loveliness
Which God the all-giver gave — and satisfies;

Fearing lest he match not life's poignant breath
And the keen beauty of the blossoming day.

II

No poet he who knows not the great joy
That pulses in the flow and rush of rhythm

(Rhythm which is the seed and life of life,
And of all art the root, and branch, and bloom),

Knows not the strength that comes when vibrant thought
Beats 'gainst the bounds of fixéd time and space;

For law unto the master is pure freedom,
The prison-house a garden of delight.

So doth the blown breath from the bugle's walls
Issue in most triumphant melody;

So doth the impassioned poet's perfect verse,
Confined in law eterne, outshine the stars.

THE TALL MAN

BY S. CARLETON

THERE were two thoughts in my head as I let the marten out of the trap.

One was that Louis and I must part; the other that God has made his creatures very brave, — that marten had whisked off into the woods as coolly as if he had four good legs. I, who could not go where I wanted to, and was no longer brave, went home to find Louis: I would not go on being defied by him, and that was all there was about it.

Curiously enough, it was the disregard of my law against trapping that rankled in me; not the other — and bigger — order that Louis would not obey. Yet when I came upon him, chopping lightwood behind our camp, the rough words on my tongue stayed there. If I sent off Louis, what would become of me? For the small things I could still see on that November morning cut into me, as the smell of the cooking breakfasts in a careless town might cut into a man going through it to the scaffold: they were not for me any more; I was no longer concerned with them; unless Louis — I would make one more try with Louis before I told him to go where he pleased and let me start on my last journey alone.

While I stood, the yellow sunshine dazzled me — as it would not dazzle me long — where it glinted from the silver stems of the stunted birches, and turned topaz through the stubborn banners of the few last leaves. But if there were beauty abroad it did not warm me. Over the noise of Louis's chopping I spoke angrily. His axe rose and fell as if I did not exist.

I had never seen him sullen before; but I was more sullen myself, and with a better reason. I had prayed all the prayers I knew, to a God who must have known them better than I did, for He said nothing in answer. I did not speak as I had meant to about the marten: I was in a worse trap myself, and there was not a human soul but Louis to help me out of it. It was that thought which made me ask an unquiet question quietly.

"Louis, why won't you take me through the woods to Caraquet?"

Indian like, he never turned. He said, "Must catch eels for winter. Going out to Spider Lake."

Now my friendship with Louis, as outcasts together, had not had many lies in it; and this one was a lie for a fool. There had been no rain for two months of the driest autumn I ever saw, and the eels were of course in the mud, and uncatchable.

"I never knew you afraid to go anywhere before," I retorted, and it was only a cheap sneer to match his lie; the thought had never entered my head. I was thoroughly astounded when he turned round on me.

"All my brothers are dead excepting me alone," he said violently. "Why should I go over that country?" — he swept his axe eastward. "I have no wish to go — I am not a fool! No white man ever came out of there alive, hardly any Indian. You can go the other way, and I will lead you to the railway. When there is a railway why must you walk? Walk!" — He spat. But it was the way he pitched his axe from him that sobered me. The man was beside himself. He never even looked at me as he flung off into the woods. I heard him long after he was out of sight, and the sound of his going was too like a bull moose in autumn to be pleasant.

"Well!" said I, because the thing was not well at all. Louis and I live farther out in the wilderness than most people, for in this country only the coast is used.

Between Caraquet mines and our camp a whole province runs out to sea sharply and at length. To go down to the sea and follow along the shore by the sparse settlements would mean nearly four hundred miles of walking; the train that Louis was so glib with is an ore train running into Caraquet from the mines; there may be thirty miles of track for it, certainly no more. And Caraquet, straight across the province, lay in round numbers but ninety miles from my own door — without allowing for the possible rise and fall of the country between. And on just that country was my mind set.

It was, of course, unexplored, as all the inland parts are; but that was the only thing I knew against it. I pay no attention to the stories of stray trappers who have to be entertaining in return for whiskey, and the legends of the huge timber wolves that infested the interior were the usual legends; the fable that no Indians could live there had arisen because the narrators had happened on no Indians. I had never heard anything of the country that was really daunting — I did not care two straws for the statement that it was impossible for a white man; while there were only plain rocks and trees and animals, and I had two good legs, it would not be impossible for me — except alone. I could not travel alone, there or anywhere else. I was, even out in the sunlight, nearly blind. And the day before there had reached me a scrawl from Caraquet saying there was an eye doctor at the mines, and that if I came at once there might be my eyesight. There is no sense in trying to tell any one what it meant to a half-blind man to read that letter in a haze and twilight. I had to go; and Louis would not take me except by the coastwise journey that would make me too late. If I was angry with him, you can close your eyes and see for yourself what your life means without them.

I sat down where Louis had left me, since I had nothing to do but sit, and stared in front of me because I should not have long to stare. It was low down in the Indian willows by the frozen brook that I first thought I saw a shadow. If there had been leaves on the willows it might have been natural; but it was not natural now. I shut my eyes to clear them, and when I looked again the shadow was gone. It was in the birch scrub, and nearer.

I might have thought it the shadow of a man, only there was no rustling as it moved. It was a minute or two before I realized that the gray bar under the trees must be in my eyes — and I could not bear the fright of it. I shut them hard and fast, and began to gabble some of my threadbare prayers again; I felt too old and sick and blind to be looking at shadows, and Louis had gone away. I must have been an abject sight enough if there had been any one watching me, but I had not time to think of that when I heard a man call.

As I looked up I saw him. It was the last time I ever did see him — but I saw him then. He was a tall man, dressed in such leather as I had never laid eyes on, and through the softness of it there showed the easy movement of a man still young. His face was not so young, and it puzzled me. The skin of it was clear and pleasant, the lips sweet, but — he was not an Indian like any Indian I had ever known, let alone the different fashion of his clothes. He was very tall indeed; I saw that as he dropped silently down beside me. I had given him no invitation, but I was too startled to think of manners. Anyhow he had watched me, had stolen on me furtively. I made no attempt to be civil.

"Louis 's out," I said, "and I'm nearly blind. What do you want?"

He looked at me. The glance was not repellant, but it repelled me. "I do not want, —" he spoke in the Indian that I had used, but with an astounding finish, — "it was you who wanted! I know the way across that country," he pointed east, towards Caraquet; "I was passing, and you spoke out very loud." ("You

sounded out your desire" was what he said, literally.)

Now I had said nothing to Louis that any stranger could make sense of,—not that morning; this man must have been in our neighborhood for a day past,—but neither of those things came to me then. If there were even the chance of taking a short cut to Caraquet I wanted to hear of it; wanted to light my pipe that I could still see the smoke from, and talk of it at long length, rolling the sudden hope that had come to me as I rolled my tobacco in my palms. My hand shook as I fumbled for a match, yet it was not altogether with my pleasure; there was something peculiar about the man. I do not think I spoke, but I know that he answered me.

"No, my head is right! But I am an outdweller — of the wilderness — and I know the ways of it. Do you wish to go through?"

"I do not see many strangers." I did not mean to apologize, but I did it. "I was — Did you ever know what it was to be helpless? You might have: you don't look young."

"Perhaps not." I do not know whether he answered the question or the assertion. He sat looking quietly in front of him, and I remembered I had once been a man at whose camp every one was welcome.

"Come in," I said, "and talk. Louis 's away, but there is dinner on the fire."

"*Welaalin*, I have eaten; but I will take tobacco from you." He spoke as a prince might have spoken, but I was past surprise. I handed him the tobacco.

He took out a queer-looking pipe, wonderfully cut and carved. I should have liked to put out my hand for it, but this was no ordinary Indian. When I gave him a light he took a long draw of smoke, wiped the mouthpiece carefully, and handed the pipe to me. I have no fancy for other men's pipes, and certainly I should never have known my own tobacco; under the flavor of it was an odd taste, flat and cold, like the smell.

"*Kwedumei*, I smoke," I said: it means something like a wish for good health over a drink. But three whiffs were enough for me. I held out the pipe.

"It is a gift!" he said quickly; his dark hand was very clean and delicate as he pushed it back to me. "When are you ready to go with me?"

"To-morrow." I would have started then, but I had some decency. Louis had gone off in a passion; but I could not leave him without a word. "Is your camp far out?"

"Sometimes," the tall man returned indifferently.

His aloofness annoyed me. "You can't care for visitors!"

"The wolf is my brother," he answered, neither simply nor admittingly.

There came to me vaguely that I had once heard talk of an Indian who was called brother to a wolf. I was going to say so; but the man put it out of my head with a sudden question.

"How much of the ground do you know?"

"Very little." There was no sense in saying none at all.

"It is no matter." Once more his eyes were on mine, and once more that queer half-repulsion went through me, though I do not say they were startling eyes. "You can keep straight out to the north for a day's journey, and I will meet you. But to-morrow is too soon: it will not take as long as you think to get to Caraquet. In two days you can start. I will bring food for myself."

"Stay here! We can start together," — and it was not altogether to show Louis that he was not the only man on earth: I wanted to get over a certain feeling about my visitor to which I could not put a name.

He answered something about things to do. I remembered that I did not know who he was, nor the terms on which he was to guide me to Caraquet.

"Who I am? Oh — Martin!" I thought he laughed, but the smoke had stung my eyes and I was not sure. "And

money — you have been kind sometimes to people who could not repay you — that is a thing I have heard! If you come with me I shall get my satisfaction out of it. I am a man very used to the woods. But you are not to bring that servant of yours."

"He would n't go with you." I did not like the order. "I'm only going because I have to. It's bad country."

"And I am a stranger."

It was so point-blank that I touched the knife in his belt, and let my despair come out of me. "It takes longer to go blind," I mumbled.

This time there was no doubt about the man's laughter. He stood up. "Your own food," he said, "and your own knife; it will be handier than a gun, and not so heavy. And in three days I will meet you — one day's journey north."

"But it should be east — to Caraquet!"

"Oh yes, afterwards!" he agreed lightly. He wished me, not *adiou*, but a word of farewell I had never heard. There was no doubt that he was used to the woods, for he never even rustled the frosted leaves as he trod through them, and some live thing that I imagined to be my marten friend of the morning did not move till he was close on it. He was very quick on his feet.

I called after him: "God give you good weather!" but he must have been out of hearing; anyhow, he did not answer. I puzzled my brains as to what I had ever done that he had heard of, and all I could come to was that he must be some relation of Louis's, — there was no one else I had ever been kind to, and assuredly Louis was not paying back anything of that sort for himself.

In the sunshine I peered at the pipe the stranger had given me. It was bone, well carved, — probably an heir-loom; but I would have been driven before I put my good tobacco into it: the after-taste of the smoke from it was in my mouth still. I thought I put it down, but I must have shoved it into my pocket as I got up to shout for Louis. I had an absurd feeling that I did not want to be alone.

It was a feeling I had time to get used to: sundown, and sunrise and sundown again came, and no Louis. Of course he was only an Indian and not worth caring for; but, as I stood in that quiet camp on the morning of the third day, and put my things together to start due north to meet the tall man, I felt sick and lifeless, and careless even of my eyes.

When I got well out, I realized how very bad they were. Though I kept my direction better than I had thought possible, there was all manner of rough going that Louis could have spared me; Louis, who did not care whether I were blind or dead, — and as I thought it I heard a man running. I never heard a man run like that. Before I could even turn there was a crash in the bushes, and Louis seized me by the shoulder.

"We find the way," he burst out in his English, "we been gone two days, but we find the way! We very much 'fraid when we seen you gone. This very bad country. You go here alone, you die; both of us go, p'raps we die too, — but you good man to me, we go with you past this country. Oh," he let out his breath with a queer laugh, "my heart 'way up on a long pole when we think you go this country alone, and you most blind! You wrong already; this place long way north. We best start east right away."

"We can't! There's Martin."

"Who?"

I told him. I had my hand on his arm for the comfort of it, and I felt the muscle jar under my fingers.

"Small little man?" he asked swiftly.

"No," — I had somehow a difficulty in describing the stranger because of that thing in his eyes that had repelled me. "Tall. Oh, just an Indian!"

"Just one very big liar," said Louis angrily, yet I felt something else under his voice. "That not Martin; some one make laugh of you. North — what for we go north?" he flung it out as though it were another word for damnation.

"Because I said I would! But we'll just meet the man, and I'll tell him I don't want him." I got my stiff eyelids open, and saw that if I had spoken to ease a decent jealousy my pains were wasted. Louis's head was up as though he listened — and not to me.

"Best start," he said quietly, — "must go slow, you know. This hard traveling for you."

I had found that out for myself. The sun hurt, and the dazzle hurt, and the wind was torture. There is no sense in trying to keep back how low I fell; I let Louis tie a string round his waist, and I followed on the end of it like a dog. He did not go what I called slowly; but I got along somehow, with my eyes shut. It was the feel of the afternoon sun on my back that made me stop.

"You're going east!" I said angrily.

He grunted. "Must go round some big rock. We go north all right!"

Perhaps we did, — till sundown. Then I could not see the stars well enough to know which way Louis led me, even if he had not begun to travel as though I were a man who could see. I bawled at him to stop, and he went faster.

"Not yet," he put his hand behind him and jerked at my string; "we make hurry now;" and perhaps we might have, if I had not fallen down for the twentieth time. It must have been then that I lost my knife, but I did not think of it.

"Better camp," I panted, where I sat sick and shaken. "I can't make any time here, Louis!"

"We got to," said Louis rudely. He hauled me to my feet and began to flee through the night again, as if I had been the dog I felt. Some kind of a second wind had come to me when he stopped, so short that I nearly fell over him. "You hear anything?" he whispered.

"No! We have n't come far enough to hear Martin."

"Oh, that man! We don't ever hear that man. We mean a noise!"

At that moment I thought I did. When I said so Louis only hurried me on again. Presently he said a word which was certainly one of relief, stopped, and lugged me into some sort of shelter. I felt round the place, and it was a shelter helped with hands, if some part of it were natural rock. The back and sides were solid, but the roof was a strong man's roof: I had a sudden knowledge of Louis's doings in that absence he had not explained. I was so full of wonder that I said something foolish about Martin. Louis commented harshly that Martin would not be waiting at all; if he were it did not matter; it was the way men died in this country, going out to meet strangers they did not know where. His voice shook over it, and I was quiet. After all, the tall man was the friend of a day: he might be waiting and he might not. Louis ate in silence. It was the sound of his breathing that made me speak to him.

"What's wrong with this country?"

"It is forbidden," he said unwillingly, in the Indian I had thought so polished till I heard the tall man speak the same tongue. "What you call 'reserved,' by one of former days."

"Do you mean it's haunted?" The word he used meant an Indian of old time, not an Indian dead and gone, and it puzzled me.

"I mean —" he hesitated; chose his words palpably, and said them with a rush. "I am afraid of One who was angry and went away to live here. To come where *he* has forbidden! Well, God is merciful, an Easy Man, supposed to forgive us our mistakes; this one is different! I told you it was not good to cross — his — country, but you would not listen; so I have done what I thought best for you. My brothers crossed before you, and are dead."

"How?"

"How do I know?" — and I was not prepared for the quick stiffening of his lax body. "As for me, I have avenged them," he cried furiously, "and I am a dead man now if I go north. I lied to you to-day. We never went north; we came east, due east! I am a man of low char-

acter, and cunning; those nights I was away from you I found a way to skirt the Country of the Waiting. This camp I make, and another one day's journey on — good camps, safe! And in one day and one night we are clear of — *his* — country. You think it is for my fear I do it, — it is for you. No white man has ever set foot there alive, and why should you? It is not *my* fear! I heard nothing, I saw nothing those days I was away: why should I fear? Besides, for all I know it is a lie that he who waits here never forgives, and that he can bring the dead out of their graves to call you to him. Why do you suppose I trapped and trapped at your camp when you forbade me? It was my vengeance: they say the beasts are all *his* servants, the marten most of all; that it is they who call to you with dead men's voices. But I believe that is a lie, too!" He leaned suddenly over me. "Why do you laugh?" he demanded.

I had not made a sound, but I answered as I saw fit: the man was worn out with his three days' running in my service. I could make no sense of his rigmarole — not then; but there was no doubt that he was afraid; all day I had known that he thought some one followed us. I had heard nothing, but after he slept I listened. I was satisfied that there was no sound anywhere when Louis spoke in his sleep.

"Continually he screams behind me!" he cried in Indian. I heard him move toward the door, and as I clutched him he trembled with the shock of waking. I was sorry to have startled him, but it was no place for a blind man to be alone in; and I took the string that was round his waist and tied it to my waist as it had been tied all day. It was Louis's fingers on the hitch in the cold of morning that woke me. When we started I was stone blind. I asked if it were snowing, for there was a cold dampness on my face.

"Frost fog! Kind of dark," Louis answered absently. I felt him lean forward, look, and listen. But I had never been in such quiet woods; not a stick cracked nor a branch creaked. Through that silence we moved, the frosty crush of our steps loud on dead bracken, then on stiffened swamp, then on rising ground; and we moved slowly. It went through me that Louis was fumbling, but just as I would have given the world and all to be able to see he spoke confidently: "Almost we miss our trail, but we find it now!" And apparently we did, for we made as good going for some hours as was possible to the blind and the leader of the blind. It was afternoon when Louis checked so sharply that I ran hard against him. "He cries to me in the daytime!" he shrieked.

"Who cries?" I caught his hand, and felt him loosening my string.

"My brother that was younger than I!'

I dragged him round to face my blindness. "He's dead," I said brutally. "How could he be here?"

"You ask me. I tell you." He shook under my hand, but that was all he said. Perhaps he was ashamed, for he went on quietly.

The weather had not cleared as the sun arched; it kept thick and chill against my face, and in the thickness I felt Louis alter his direction three times. But it was not till I could not take another step that he owned he was lost. There was nothing to fuss about: either the sun or the stars would show in time, and we had plenty of food; yet I should have been happier if Louis had been troubled. He made a scratch sort of camp just where we happened to be standing, and last night's fear had dropped from him like a garment and left a different Louis bare. He was all ears and waiting, and, being blind, it worried me a little in a silent place where there was nothing to wait for. Besides, he did not eat; and when I asked him how he had missed his second camp he said he had not looked for it, because all he told me the night before was stuff and nonsense; and he untied my string and threw it away. I said roughly that I wished I had stuck

to Martin, but the jealousy had gone out of Louis. He laughed. From somewhere behind the camp came a cold echo, and it took me out into the dark. On my hands and knees I found we were in the gully of a dead river, close under a low cliff, and bare stones, big and little, ran past us like the paving of a road. A small cold wind sighed up the valley of it, and shale dropped now and then from the crumbling sides.

It was not a cheerful place to make camp. I asked Louis if he had crossed it on that survey journey of his, and he said carelessly that he did not know. I was cold and tired and angry; Louis lay down and slept. And if last night had been silent, this night was not. There were sudden whisperings round us, like the rustling in thick underbrush, — and the place was all stones. I got to an uneasy sleep at last, and it may have been midnight when it woke me. I say *it*, because I have no mind to own what I thought. The darkness did not make the difference to me that it does to people who can see: I caught hold of Louis.

"He walks beside me," he said very softly; and struck me in the face. He was gone before I could get up off the ground.

I went out after him, calling myself hoarse. There was nothing to hold a track, even if I could have followed one without my eyes. I was afraid to leave the camp, yet when I heard something I went to it. There was not much sense in a blind man choosing a place to die in, and one would be the same as another to me if Louis abandoned me.

"Louis!" I shouted; and a voice too close to me said something. I knew it; and I may as well tell the truth. When I heard the pat of moccasins on those stones I tried to feel relief, and was aware of senseless dread.

"You have been a long time coming," said the tall man coolly. "I was afraid you had missed the way."

"We got lost!" I made a step to him, but he must have receded; I did not touch him. "Why did you run out of my camp just now?"

"It was not I."

I had known it was not when I asked him, but I answered obstinately, "Louis went out with some one! You must have seen him, even if it were not you."

"No;" and the voice held no interest whatever.

"He said his brother came into the camp. I mean" — the start the man had given me was natural enough. I began to get hold of myself, the more easily that I could not see his eyes; and I stopped some foolishness that was on my tongue. "Louis says his dead brother has been calling him all day," I substituted. "I don't know why, unless he's crazy. And now he's left me. Put me in my camp and look for him."

"You should not have brought him; I said not." And an uncalled-for comprehension in the answer put me in a rage. "My camp is near; we will go to it. Perhaps he may come there."

"If I wait here till the last day I will wait *here!*" I did not care if the man were angry or not. "Louis would not go near your camp; he said you were a liar, and your name was not Martin at all. He was afraid of this country, and it is because of me that he strayed into it. He says it is haunted."

"Haunted?"

"Reserved, was what he said."

"I live here," commented the cold voice; in the silence I knew its owner was laughing. And over the laugh, quite close to me, some one screamed. The cry was baffled in the gully, beaten to and fro against the sides of it; but it was Louis's cry. I thought it would never stop. The ungovernable terror of a soul unbridled, it stiffened the hair on my head. I began to run, and knew I should be too long on the road.

"Go, man; for God's sake!" I ordered. I felt for my knife and could not find it. "You know this place, and I'm blind. Go!"

"Why? He is a man of low character, and cunning; he is not afraid."

I had to hear Louis call for the help that was not coming, but there was no reason I should listen to mockery. I sprang at the man, and him I did not touch; my hand closed by a miracle on the knife he carried. As he clutched the air for me I was on all fours with it in my hand, crawling to that sound. There was more than a scream now, and it guided me; if it were a death struggle it guided me. I touched suddenly what I knew was Louis, and he lay still; touched, too, something else — and God knows I cut at it, and I cut well; but I was late. The tall man's knife went to the hilt in loose gravel, and something no bigger than a marten scuttered up the falling shale of the gully side. There was, literally and absolutely, nothing else. I said to myself that it was my blindness, and Louis's madness, and the Indian devil in the gully laughing at both of them, that made me afraid; but I knew it was the foolish inadequacy of the marten coming on top of that cry.

"Dead men's voices," said I, "and a marten," — and knew I was clutching at my sanity. I meant to swear at Louis, and instead felt furiously for the life in him; the sweat of panic was on my hands when I heard the quick feet of the tall man beside me. I listened — for reasons of my own — till he stopped to make sure that Louis was dead; but instead he touched me on the shoulder. It was as if virtue came out of him; I can find no other phrase. I know that I dropped his knife.

"So the smoked pipe goes for nothing, with you!" he said softly. The changed voice sucked the murder out of me till I was slack as Louis, who would have been alive if I had not wanted my miserable eyesight. It was some satisfaction to me to stammer out what he had been to me, even if I had to do it in jerks as I tried to rouse him. But the tall man put me suddenly aside.

"You have, several times, given me back my servants — I can perhaps do as much for you," he said unexpectedly. His laugh was different, just as I knew his eyes were if I could have seen them, and then there dawned on me what I had been a fool not to know from the first. This man was a chief; able to keep up his state in this outlying country; with perhaps twenty captains under him. I did not remember any of his men, I had no hope he would put his hand to squaw's work for Louis, — but I moved aside.

What he did I do not know: I might not even if I had had my sight. But I felt Louis move; I suppose that he opened his eyes; and I know that the strange chief spoke to him in words that I could not understand. All I gathered was that his name was not Martin, who was a small man and a servant, and perhaps known to Louis. But Louis turned on his face and groveled; I could hear his hands claw and scratch on the stones of that place as he answered:

"*Aooledalume, 'Nsakumam!*" He might have been praying, but I knew better, though it was "Lord have mercy on me" that he said.

It was plain that the two knew each other, with bad blood between them; but all I cared for was that the strange chief had chosen to wipe it away. It was none of my business what his real name was; many Indians have several; besides, I was in the darkness of the blind, and I was sick with weariness. It was by no choice of mine that the tall man took my hand and led me all the next day, while Louis, stone silent, walked behind; but I was, quite suddenly, very happy with him. I say he led me; and we talked as friends talk — it was that which made me ask his name.

"It is one I keep silence on," he answered quietly; and once more I was conscious of that aloofness, that domination that had repelled me. "And so will you, O white man I have met in peace!"

I do not know why I could not answer him as he said good-by with that word that lacked the name of God in it. I held

out his knife, but he would not take it. He was gone so abruptly that I staggered for want of his hand.

It was when I could see again, and was still thanking the good God for it, that I found Father Moore looking at the tall man's knife. He was holding it over an old sack of painted leather and Louis was glowering at him when I came in on the pair of them.

"Where did you dig up this stone knife?" cried the priest eagerly. "It's very old — very good!"

I nodded. I had got over my amazement at the stone blade.

"I did n't find it; a man gave —" my glance rested on the painted sack in joyful astonishment. On it were picture after picture of the tall man; his outlandish clothing; his splendid bearing; the unforgotten, once-seen outline of his face. "Why, that 's the man —" I began, and the priest cut me off dryly.

"Those are pictures, three hundred years old, of the Indians' demi-god and hero, their Glooscap, who left them because the whites came, and is still alive — or they dare to believe so! They say he will return when his hour comes, but till then he keeps silence and will have no man pry after him, or kill on his land. It is rank heresy, but I cannot cure them of it, and almost I —" he checked himself hastily, and tapped the picture-writing. "That pipe and knife," he said irritably, "don't you see what a treasure they are? That they are here?"

"Glooscap!" I stood in a whirl of tardy memories — of the tall man's eyes, of Glooscap whose brother was King of the Wolves, whose servant was the Marten — and my mouth opened foolishly. "It could n't have been!" I babbled. "The knife belonged to a man who guided me here. He was a tall man, a — a chief —"

Louis interrupted me smoothly, if I had not seen his face before he smiled at the priest.

"The master has had those things for a long time, ever since I knew him. He was very sick and blind coming here, and talked much to himself. There never was any tall man!"

I looked at the things lying on the table, from the priest to the Indian; and I remembered that word concerning silence. Then:

"I suppose there never was," said I.

THE CRIMINALOID

EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

The Edda has it that during Thor's visit to the giants he is challenged to lift a certain gray cat. "Our young men think it nothing but play." Thor puts forth his whole strength, but can at most bend the creature's back and lift one foot. On leaving, however, the mortified hero is told the secret of his failure. "The cat — ah! we were terror-stricken when we saw one paw off the floor; for that is the Midgard serpent which, tail in mouth, girds and keeps up the created world."

How often to-day the prosecutor who tries to lay by the heels some notorious public enemy is baffled by a mysterious resistance! The thews of Justice become as water; her sword turns to lath. Though the machinery of the law is strained askew, the evildoer remains erect, smiling, unscathed. At the end, the mortified champion of the law may be given to understand that like Thor he was contending with the established order; that he had unwittingly laid hold on a pillar of society, and was therefore pitting himself against the reigning or-

ganization in local finance and politics.

The real weakness in the moral position of Americans is not their attitude toward the plain criminal, but their attitude toward the quasi-criminal. The shocking leniency of the public in judging conspicuous persons who have thriven by anti-social practices is not due, as many imagine, to sycophancy. Let a prominent man commit some offense in bad odor and the multitude flings its stones with a right goodwill. The social lynching of the self-made magnate who put away his faded, toil-worn wife for the sake of a soubrette, proves that the props of the old morality have not rotted through. Sex righteousness continues to be thus stiffly upheld simply because man has not been inventing new ways of wronging woman. So long ago were sex sins recognized and branded that the public, feeling sure of itself, lays on with promptness and emphasis. The slowness of this same public in lashing other kinds of transgression betrays, not sycophancy, or unthinking admiration of success, but perplexity. The prosperous evildoers that bask undisturbed in popular favor have been careful to shun — or seem to shun — the familiar types of wickedness. Overlooked in Bible and Prayer-book, their obliquities lack the brimstone smell. Surpass as their misdeeds may in meanness and cruelty, there has not yet been time enough to store up strong emotion about them; and so the sight of them does not let loose the flood of wrath and abhorrence that rushes down upon the long-attainted sins.

The immunity enjoyed by the perpetrator of new sins has brought into being a class for which we may coin the term *criminaloid*.[1] By this we designate such as prosper by flagitious practices which have not yet come under the effective ban of public opinion. Often, indeed, they are guilty in the eyes of the law; but since they are not culpable in the eyes of the public and in their own eyes, their spiritual attitude is not that of the criminal. The law-maker may make their misdeeds crimes, but, so long as morality stands stock-still in the old tracks, they escape both punishment and ignominy. Unlike their low-browed cousins, they occupy the cabin rather than the steerage of society. Relentless pursuit hems in the criminals, narrows their range of success, denies them influence. The criminaloids, on the other hand, encounter but feeble opposition, and, since their practices are often more lucrative than the authentic crimes, they distance their more scrupulous rivals in business and politics and reap an uncommon worldly prosperity.

Of greater moment is the fact that the criminaloids lower the tone of the community. The criminal slinks in the shadow, menacing our purses but not our ideals; the criminaloid, however, does not belong to the half-world. Fortified by his connections with "legitimate business," "the regular party organization," perhaps with orthodoxy and the *bon ton*, he may even bestride his community like a Colossus. In his sight and in their own sight the old-style, square-dealing sort are as grasshoppers. Do we not hail him as "a man who does things," make him director of our banks and railroads, trustee of our hospitals and libraries? When Prince Henry visits us, do we not put him on the reception committee? He has far more initial weight in the community than has the arraigning clergyman, editor, or prosecutor. From his example and his excuses spreads a noxious influence that tarnishes the ideals of ingenuous youth on the threshold of active life. To put the soul of this pagan through a Bertillon system and set forth its marks of easy identification is, therefore, a sanitary measure demanded in the interest of public health.

The key to the criminaloid is not evil impulse but moral insensibility.

The director who speculates in the

[1] Like *asteroid*, *crystalloid*, *anthropoid*, etc. "Criminaloid" is Latin-Greek, to be sure, but so is "*sociology*."

securities of his corporation, the banker who lends his depositors' money to himself under divers corporate aliases, the railroad official who grants a secret rebate for his private graft, the builder who hires walking delegates to harass his rivals with causeless strikes, the labor leader who instigates a strike in order to be paid for calling it off, the publisher who bribes his textbooks into the schools, these reveal in their faces nothing of wolf or vulture. Nature has not foredoomed them to evil by a double dose of lust, cruelty, malice, greed, or jealousy. They are not degenerates tormented by monstrous cravings. They want nothing more than we all want,—money, power, consideration,—in a word, success; but they are in a hurry and they are not particular as to the means.

The criminaloid prefers to prey on the anonymous public. He is touchy about the individual victim, and if faced down, will even make him reparation out of the plunder gathered at longer range. Too squeamish and too prudent to practice treachery, brutality, and violence himself, he takes care to work through middlemen. Conscious of the antipodal difference between doing wrong and getting it done, he places out his dirty work. With a string of intermediaries between himself and the toughs who slug voters at the polls, or the gang of navvies who break other navvies' heads with shovels on behalf of his electric line, he is able to keep his hands sweet and his boots clean. Thus he becomes a consumer of custom-made crime, a client of criminals, oftener a maker of criminals by persuading or requiring his subordinates to break law. Of course he must have "responsible" agents as valves to check the return flow of guilt from such proceedings. He shows them the goal, provides the money, insists on "results," but vehemently declines to know the foul methods by which alone his understrappers can get these "results." Not to bribe, but to employ and finance the briber; not to lie, but to admit to your editorial columns "paying matter;" not to commit perjury, but to hire men to homestead and make over to you claims they have sworn were entered in good faith and without collusion; not to cheat, but to promise a "rake-off" to a mysterious go-between in case your just assessment is cut down; not to rob on the highway, but to make the carrier pay you a rebate on your rival's shipments; not to shed innocent blood, but to bribe inspectors to overlook your neglect to install safety appliances: such are the ways of the criminaloid. He is a buyer rather than a practitioner of sin, and his middlemen spare him unpleasant details.

Secure in his quilted armor of lawyer-spun sophistries, the criminaloid promulgates an ethics which the public hails as a disinterested contribution to the philosophy of conduct. He invokes a pseudo-Darwinism to sanction the revival of outlawed and by-gone tactics of struggle. Ideals of fellowship and peace are "unscientific." To win the game with the aid of a sleeveful of aces proves one's fitness to survive. A sack of spoil is Nature's patent of nobility. A fortune is a personal attribute, as truly creditable as a straight back or a symmetrical face. Poverty, like the misshapen ear of the degenerate, proves inferiority. The wholesale fleecer of trusting, workaday people is a "Napoleon," a "superman." Labor defending its daily bread must, of course, obey the law; but "business," especially the "big proposition," may free itself of such trammels in the name of a "higher law." The censurers of the criminaloid are "pin-headed disturbers" who would imitate him if they had the chance or the brains.

The criminaloid is not anti-social by nature.

Nation-wide is the zone of devastation of the adulterator, the rebater, the commercial free-booter, the fraud promoter, the humbug healer, the law-defying monopolist. State-wide is the burnt district of the corrupt legislator, the cor-

poration-owned judge, the venal inspector, the bought bank-examiner, the mercenary editor. But draw near the sinner and he whitens. If his fellowmen are wronged clear to his doorstep he is criminal, not criminaloid. For the latter loses his sinister look, even takes on a benign aspect, as you come close. Within his home town, his ward, his circle, he is perhaps a good man, if judged by the simple old-time tests. Very likely he keeps his marriage vows, pays his debts, "mixes" well, stands by his friends, and has a contracted kind of public spirit. He is ready enough to rescue imperiled babies, protect maidens, or help poor widows. He is unevenly moral: oak in the family and clan virtues, but basswood in commercial and civic ethics. In some relations he is more sympathetic and generous than his critics; and he resents with genuine feeling the scorn of men who happen to have specialized in other virtues than those that appeal to him. Perhaps his point of honor is to give bribes but not to take them; perhaps it is to "stay bought," or not to sell out to both sides at once.

The type is exemplified by the St. Louis boodler, who, after accepting $25,000 to vote against a certain franchise, was offered a larger sum to vote for it. He did so, but returned the first bribe. He was asked on the witness-stand why he had returned it. "Because it was n't mine!" he exclaimed, flushing with anger. "I had n't earned it."

Seeing that the conventional sins are mostly close-range inflictions, whereas the long-range sins, being recent in type, have not yet been branded, the criminaloid receives from his community the credit of the close-in good he does, but not the shame of the remote evil he works.

Sometimes it is *time* instead of *space* that divides him from his victims. It is to-morrow's morrow that will suffer from the patent soothing-syrup, the factory toil of infants, the grabbing of public lands, the butchery of forests, and the smuggling in of coolies. In such a case the short-sighted many exonerate him; only the far-sighted few mark him for what he is. Or it may be a social interval that leaves him his illusion of innocence. Like Robin Hood, the criminaloid spares his own sort and finds his quarry on another social plane. The labor grafter, the political "striker," and the blackmailing society editor prey upward; the franchise grabber, the fiduciary thief, and the frenzied financier prey downward. In either case the sinner moves in an atmosphere of friendly approval, and can still any smart of conscience with the balm of adulation.

It is above all the political criminaloid who is social. We are assured that the king of the St. Louis boodlers is "a good fellow, — by nature, at first, then by profession." "Everywhere big Ed went, there went a smile also and encouragement for your weakness, no matter what it was." The head of the Minneapolis ring was "a good fellow — a genial, generous reprobate," "the best-loved man in the community," "especially good to the poor." "Stars-and-Stripes Sam" was the nickname of a notorious looter of Philadelphia, who amassed influence by making "a practise of going to lodges, associations, brotherhoods, Sunday-schools and all sorts of public and private meetings, joining some, but making at all speeches patriotic and sentimental." The corrupt boss of another plundered city is reported to be "a charming character," possessing "goodness of heart and personal charm," and loved for his "genial, hearty kindness." He shrank from robbing anybody; was equal, however, to robbing everybody. Of this type was Tweed, who had a "good heart," donated $50,000 to the poor of New York, and was sincerely loved by his clan.

It is now clear why hot controversy rages about the unmasked criminaloid. His home town, political clan, or social class, insists that he is a good man maligned, that his detractors are purblind or jealous. The criminaloid is really a

borderer between the camps of good and evil, and this is why he is so interesting. To run him to earth and brand him, as long ago pirate and traitor were branded, is the crying need of our time. For this Anak among malefactors, working unchecked in the rich field of sinister opportunities opened up by latter-day conditions, is society's most dangerous foe, more redoubtable by far than the plain criminal, because he sports the livery of virtue and operates on a Titanic scale. Every year that sees him pursue in insolent triumph his nefarious career raises up a host of imitators and hurries society toward moral bankruptcy.

The criminaloid practises a protective mimicry of the good.

Because so many good men are pious, the criminaloid covets a high seat in the synagogue as a valuable private asset. Accordingly he is often to be found in the assemblies of the faithful, zealously exhorting and bearing witness. Onward thought he must leave to honest men; his line is strict orthodoxy. The upright may fall slack in devout observances, but he cannot afford to neglect his church connection. He needs it in his business. Such simulation is easier because the godly are slow to drive out the open-handed sinner who eschews the conventional sins. Many deprecate prying into the methods of any brother "having money or goods ostensibly his own or under a title not disapproved by the proper tribunals." They have, indeed, much warrant for insisting that the saving of souls rather than the salvation of society is the true mission of the church.

The old Hebrew prophets, to be sure, were intensely alive to the social effect of sin. They clamor against "making the ephah small and the shekel great," falsifying the balances, "treading upon the poor." "Sensational," almost "demagogic," is their outcry against those who "turn aside the stranger in his right," "take a bribe," "judge not the cause of the fatherless," "oppress the hireling in his wages," "take increase," "withhold the pledge," "turn aside the poor in the gate from their right," "take away the righteousness of the righteous from him." No doubt, their stubborn insistence that God wants "mercy and not sacrifice," despises feast days, delights not in burnt offerings, will not hear the melody of viols, but desires judgment to "run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream," struck their contemporaries as extreme. Over against their antiquated outlook may be set the larger view that our concern should be for the sinner rather than the sinned against. He is in peril of hell fire, whereas the latter risks nothing more serious than loss, misery, and death. After all, sin's overshadowing effect is the pollution of the sinner's soul; and so it may be more Christian not to scourge forth the traffickers from the Temple, but to leave them undisturbed where good seed may perchance fall upon their souls.

Likewise the criminaloid counterfeits the good citizen. He takes care to meet all the conventional tests, — flag worship, old-soldier sentiment, observance of all the national holidays, perfervid patriotism, party regularity and support. Full well he knows that the giving of a fountain or a park, the establishing of a college chair on the Neolithic drama or the elegiac poetry of the Chaldæans, will more than outweigh the dodging of taxes, the grabbing of streets, and the corrupting of city councils. Let him have his way about charters and franchises, and he zealously supports that "good government" which consists in sweeping the streets, holding down the "lid," and keeping taxes low. Nor will he fail in that scrupulous correctness of private and domestic life which confers respectability. In politics, to be sure, it is often necessary to play the "good fellow:" but in business and finance a studious conformity to the *convenances* is of the highest importance. The criminaloid must perforce seem sober and chaste, "a good husband and a kind father." If in this

respect he offend, his hour of need will find him without support, and some callow reporter or district attorney will bowl him over like any vulgar criminal.

The criminaloid therefore puts on the whole armor of the good. He stands having his loins girt about with religiosity and having on the breastplate of respectability. His feet are shod with ostentatious philanthropy, his head is encased in the helmet of spread-eagle patriotism. Holding in his left hand the buckler of worldly success, and in his right the sword of "influence," he is "able to withstand in the evil day and having done all, to stand."

The criminaloid plays the support of his local or special group against the larger society.

The plain criminal can do himself no good by appealing to his "Mollies," "Larrikins," or "Mafiosi," for they have no social standing. The criminaloid, however, identifies himself with some legitimate group, and when arraigned he calls upon his group to protect its own. The politically influential Western land thieves stir up the slumbering local feeling against the "impertinent meddlers" of the forestry service and the land office. Safe behind the judicial dictum that "bribery is merely a conventional crime," the boodlers denounce their indicter as "blackening the fair fame" of his state, and cry, "Stand up for the grand, old commonwealth of Nemaha!" The city boss harps artfully on the chord of local spirit and summons his baliwick to rebuke the up-state reformers who would unhorse him. The law-breaking saloonkeeper rallies merchants with the cry that enforcement of the liquor laws "hurts business." The labor grafter represents his exposure as a capitalist plot and calls upon all Truss Riveters to "stand pat" and "vindicate" him with a reëlection. When a pious buccaneer is brought to bay, the Reverend Simon Magus thus sounds the denominational bugle:—"Brother Barabbas is a loyal Newlight and a generous supporter of the Newlight Church. This vicious attack upon him is, therefore, a covert thrust at the Newlight body and ought to be resented by all the brethren." High finance, springing to the help of self-confessed thieves, meets an avenging public in this wise: "The integrity trust not only seeks with diabolical skill a reputation to blast, but, once blasted, it sinks into it wolfish fangs and gloats over the result of its fiendish act;"—and adds, "This is not the true American spirit."

Here twangs the ultimate chord! For in criminaloid philosophy it is "un-American" to wrench patronage from the hands of spoilsmen, "un-American" to deal Federal justice to rascals of state importance, "un-American" to pry into arrangements between shipper and carrier, "un-American" to fry the truth out of reluctant magnates.

The claims of the wider community have no foe so formidable as the scared criminaloid. He is the champion of the tribal order as against the civil order. By constantly stirring up on his own behalf some sort of clannishness—local, sectional, partisan, sectarian, or professional clannishness—he rekindles dying jealousies and checks the rise of the civic spirit. It is in line with this clannishness that he wants citizens to act together on a personal basis. He does not know what it is to rally around a principle. Fellow-partisans are "friends." To scratch or to bolt is to "go back on your friends." The criminaloid understands sympathy and antipathy as springs of conduct, but justice strikes him as hardly human. The law is a club to rescue your friends from and to smite your enemies with, but it has no claim of its own. He expects his victims to "come back" at him if they can, but he cannot see why everything may not be "arranged," "settled out of court." Those inflexible prosecutors who hew to the line and cannot be "squared" impress him as fanatical and unearthly, as monsters who find their pleasure in making trouble for others. For to his

barbarian eyes society is all a matter of "stand in."

So long as the public conscience is torpid, the criminaloid has no sense of turpitude. In the dusk and the silence the magic of clan opinion converts his misdeeds into something rich and strange. For the clan lexicon tells him that a bribe is a "retaining fee," a railroad pass is a "courtesy," probing is "scandal-mongering," the investigator is an "officious busybody," a protest is a "howl," critics are "foul harpies of slander," public opinion is "unreasoning clamor," regulation is "meddling," any inconvenient law is a "blue" law. As rebate-giver he is sustained by the assurance that "in Rome you must do as the Romans do." As disburser of corruption funds he learns that he is but "asserting the higher law which great enterprises have the right to command." Blessed phrases these! What a lint for dressing wounds to self-respect! Often the reminiscent criminaloid, upon comparing his misdeeds with what his clansmen stood ready to justify him in doing, is fain to exclaim with Lord Clive, "By God, sir, at this moment I stand amazed at my own moderation!" When the revealing flash comes and the storm breaks, his difficulty in getting the public's point of view is really pathetic. Indeed, he may persist to the end in regarding himself as a martyr to "politics," or "yellow journalism," or the "unctuous rectitude" of personal foes, or "class envy" in the guise of a moral wave.

The criminaloid flourishes until the growth of morality overtakes the growth of opportunities to prey.

It is of little use to bring law abreast of the time if morality lags. In a swiftly changing society the law inevitably tarries behind need, but public opinion tarries behind need even more. Where, as with us, the statute has little force of its own. the backwardness of public opinon nullifies the work of the legislator. Every added relation among men makes new chances for the sons of Belial. Wider interdependencies breed new treacheries. Fresh opportunities for illicit gain are continually appearing, and these are eagerly seized by the unscrupulous. The years between the advent of these new sins and the general recognition of their heinousness are few or many according to the alertness of the social mind. By the time they have been branded, the onward movement of society has created a fresh lot of opportunities, which are, in their turn, exploited with impunity. It is in this gap that the criminaloid disports himself. The narrowing of this gap depends chiefly on the faithfulness of the vedettes that guard the march of humanity. If the editor, writer, educator, clergyman, or public man, is zealous to reconnoitre and instant to cry aloud the dangers that present themselves in our tumultuous social advance, a regulative opinion quickly forms and the new sins soon become odious.

Now, it is the concern of the criminaloids to delay this growth of conscience by silencing the alert vedettes. To intimidate the moulders of opinion so as to confine the editor to the "news," the preacher to the "simple Gospel," the public man to the "party issues," the judge to his precedents, the teacher to his text-books, and the writer to the classic themes — such are the tactics of the criminaloids. Let them but have their way, and the prophet's message, the sage's lesson, the scholar's quest, and the poet's dream would be sacrificed to the God of Things as They Were.

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE

BY FRANCIS C. LOWELL

In the discussion of this subject, which has lately attracted so much attention, there is danger that popular interest will be concentrated upon the wrong-doing of individuals, without regard to the defects inherent in the existing system of mutual life insurance. The detection of crime, and the punishment of individual criminals, is a good thing; so is the recovery from guilty directors of the money which they have taken from their corporations; even more desirable is an improved moral sentiment concerning any important kind of business. We gravely mistake, however, if we think that the scandals in mutual life insurance companies are altogether the result of the individual wickedness of the men who manage them. Some of the evils are found in some large enterprises of every sort; other evils are due to the nature of the business, and can neither be understood nor be cured until the nature of that business is carefully considered, both by itself and in comparison with other enterprises. The importance of life insurance makes such consideration worth while. Mr. Brandeis has shown that these companies collect from the public $500,000,000 a year, and have assets of $2,500,000,000. What are the functions of a mutual life insurance company? How does it differ from other corporations generally, and how does it resemble them? What is the relation of its operations to those of a stock fire insurance company, for example?

A mutual life insurance company is a very large aggregate of property. In this respect it resembles some railroad companies and the steel trust; but its property is not used in carrying on its own business. It is free capital, which can be employed in any enterprise, now in one way and now in another. In so far as the policies written are mutual, this property belongs to the policy-holders. It is made up of the premiums which they have paid in, as increased by investment. If the policy entitles the holder to participate in the earnings, they are proportionally his. If the company is a mutual company, no one shares the earnings with him except other policy-holders. His rights may be concealed by the fiction of a small stock company which issues mutual policies, or by varied, unintelligible, and fantastic forms of policy, which purport to give him varying rights in the company's property. Notwithstanding these complications, where the policies issued are mutual, the property of the company belongs to the policy-holders. That the company — representing them all — has promised to pay any one of them a given sum of money on his death, affects his rights as against his companions, but does not deprive the policy-holders, taken together, of the ownership of the corporate property as a whole. They own it as the stockholders own a railroad.

Unlike a railroad company, a mutual life insurance company is not governed by those to whom the property belongs. In a railroad company, the control of the owners, or stockholders, is imperfect, indeed, but it is made considerably effectual through the knowledge and effort of a few large owners. These persons, indeed, sometimes abuse the power given them by their holdings. Sometimes they do not deal fairly with the smaller stockholders; but in general they have time and interest to concern themselves with the affairs of the railroad, and they allow the smaller stockholders, by grouping around them, to have an appreciable

share in the management. That the policy-holders do not control the management of a mutual life insurance company is abundantly clear, and that they cannot, a little reflection makes equally evident. Real control implies a real choice of acts or agents. The choice may be wise or foolish; but if the electors do not choose with some understanding of the alternatives before them, their control is nominal only, and not real. The ordinary policy-holder has not this understanding. No one has an interest in the property comparable to that of some large stockholders in every railroad and manufacturing corporation. And in a railroad or in the steel trust, the control of the stockholders would also be nominal, were it not for the large stockholdings of a few.

A bank resembles a mutual life insurance company in that most of its funds belong to persons who do not manage it or elect its directors; but, as the depositors can and do withdraw their money at pleasure, they largely control the corporate property, and can at any time, without considerable loss, separate themselves and their money from the corporation in which they have deposited it. The holder of a policy of life insurance, on the other hand, can withdraw only by a surrender of his policy. Surrender may forfeit the claim to dividends and accumulations. Reinsurance may be difficult. The immense property, larger in some cases than that of any bank in existence, must remain in the company's control for a long time. A mutual life insurance company, therefore, involves a very large amount of free capital, necessarily controlled by those who do not own it, which the real owners, depositors, or policy-holders, find it hard to withdraw or to realize upon.

It may be answered that there is nothing noteworthy in the fact that a mutual life insurance company is not a railroad or a bank. It deals with insurance, quite a different subject. How does it compare with a fire insurance company? A policy of fire insurance is a contract wherein, upon consideration of a small sum, the company agrees to pay a large sum on the happening of an unlikely event. The consideration or premium is paid wholly in advance for a term of years, not more than five. Here the transaction commonly ends, and nothing more is done on either side until the term runs out, when new insurance is purchased, in the same company or in another, at the choice of the insured. In the unlikely event of a fire, the loss is made good. Moreover, the surrender value attached to a fire insurance policy ordinarily enables the holder to cease his connection with one company and to insure with another at any time, and at trifling cost. Even if, through the embarrassment of the company, or for other cause, he is unable to obtain proper surrender value, nevertheless he can take out new insurance in a company satisfactory to him, losing at the most only the unearned premium on his old policy, unless his building has been destroyed before the new insurance is effected. His property at risk in the management of the fire insurance company is considerable indeed, but small, even though the policy be a mutual one, as compared with his property invested in a policy of mutual life insurance.

In the latter case, he commonly pays a large annual premium to obtain a large payment in the future. This future payment is as certain as death; the amount payable is a fixed sum, to be increased by dividends; the time of payment is in doubt. The total amount payable should equal the earnings of the premiums paid during an average life. In a life policy, the premium is large. In a fire policy, the premium is small, and, though the amount payable may be stated somewhat as it has been stated for a life policy, yet the resemblance is in word rather than in reality. A man will die; the building probably will not burn. In a life policy, the sum risked by the insured in the management of the insurance company equals the sum of all premiums and interest thereon, somewhat increased or

diminished by the time at which death occurs. Until a fire has actually happened, the sum risked by the insured in the management of a fire insurance company is only the unearned part of the premium last paid, usually a small sum. In a life policy, surrender ordinarily involves considerable loss; the insured cannot ordinarily reinsure himself on the same terms; the annual premium payable on the policy he surrenders has been uniform, and, upon reinsurance, he will find that premium considerably increased by reason of his increased age. In the case of a fire policy, on the other hand, surrender ordinarily involves no considerable loss, and reinsurance is a simple matter.

Mutual life insurance, then, is a joint enterprise, wherein a great number of people deposit large sums of money for investment, which sums, with their accumulations, are to be paid out again to them, not altogether in proportion to the amount of their individual deposits, but in part, so that the longer lived get less for their money than do those who die first. The enormous accumulated deposits of these policy-holders are managed by persons who have no interest in the property by way of ownership. That a few of the managers may happen to be policy-holders is unimportant. Their proportionate ownership is insignificant.

Some of these managers are paid large salaries. The salaries are not deemed commissions upon property managed, but are without certain basis of computation, and are fixed by the recipients. By various devices, such as the fictions of corporate existence and of corporate stock, the fictitious resemblance of life insurance to other kinds of insurance, and the confusion caused by the variety of policies issued, these managers have come to be looked upon as the owners of the depositors' property. In truth, they are but the agents of the policy-holding owners in its management. Much of the confusion has arisen from an imperfect use of terms, and from a failure to perceive the true relations of the parties involved. In some cases, the founders of mutual life insurance companies have shown great skill in inducing people to invest their savings in the manner described. This fact does not entitle their relatives and connections to large salaries for all future generations; and yet, without interest in the property managed, the founders of an insurance company choose their successors, and thus perpetuate the control in their family and friends for generations.

Not all those who are concerned in the company's management receive salaries. Most of the directors receive no salaries, as such, for their fees gained by punctual attendance at directors' meetings may be neglected, they are so small. Some directors have used their position, which involves the control of great sums of money, to obtain financial favors for themselves as individuals; to get into syndicates, for example, to borrow from their corporation in aid of their private speculation. True, they repay what they have thus borrowed, but they are on both sides of the dealing with their company, and this position tries unduly a man's impartiality. When speculating with their company on joint account, they have occasionally skimmed the cream for themselves.

Let us look at the matter for a moment from the director's point of view. He is a man of financial importance and skill. He has no considerable pecuniary interest in the company. If he is to make no profit from his directorship, why should he give to it his valuable time? The director of a railroad gives time and thought to its management because he owns a considerable part of the property managed. The time which he gives is given to the management of his own property, and so, in effect, he is paid; but it has been shown that the director of a mutual life insurance company does not, and cannot, own the property which he manages, and so he is without that means of payment for time spent which an ordinary corporate director pos-

sesses. If the insurance director makes nothing out of his position, he gives of his charity to an enormously rich corporation.

But the loss to the policy-holders caused by payment of excessive salaries and by the pickings of directors has been small compared to other losses almost neglected by the newspapers. In the large concerns with which we are dealing, the excessive salaries of a few people do not impose a very heavy burden upon the large property involved, and the clerks and subordinate employees of insurance companies are not generally overpaid. Most of the directors have been men of generally good intentions, working for the company's profit as well as for their own, more or less misled by the same fictions which have misled the public. The risks which they have taken in syndicate investments and the like have usually been profitable. These have broadened the basis of corporate investment, and, upon the whole, have very likely increased the percentage of return on the money invested, though this cannot be proved. The direct cause of the policy-holders' chief loss is not here.

The situation is this: On the one hand are the executive officers and directors. They are interested in the gross amount of business done, of deposits received. The more money on deposit in the company, the larger will be the president's salary, the greater a director's financial influence. The amount of insurance written is regarded as almost the only test of corporate success. No other test is obvious, such as the dividends of other corporations. There is no effectual competition in rates. As has been said, the method of writing the policies and of making returns obscures the result of corporate operations, and bewilders the policy-holder, generally a man of not much experience or capacity. The notion that the business is chiefly one of insurance, rather than of the investment of savings with an insurance feature added, obscures the true nature of the enterprise. Mere size is aimed at by everybody, and the policy-holder thinks himself the gainer.

On the other hand is the insurance agent, whose livelihood, often scanty, depends upon the gross insurance written. So long as men can be induced to buy life insurance, he has no interest in the price paid for it, unless perhaps that the price be high on which his commission is based. Officers, directors, and agents alike are thus interested in the insurance written, the premiums paid, the gross deposits, and in nothing else. The agent cares nothing for corporate economy, so long as he gets his commission. The management cares nothing about the size of his commission if the gross business is increased. What interest has the policy-holder, property-owner, or depositor in the matter? It is to be borne in mind that the property in the company's hands at any time belongs to those who are policy-holders at that time, not to those who may take out policies in the future. And the policy-holders or depositors at a given time have no more interest in an increase of the deposits than have the depositors in a savings-bank. If the insurance company be well established, they have no interest whatsoever. Let us come to particulars:

The John Hancock Insurance Company, of moderate size, believed to be managed with honesty, holds about $37,000,000, conservatively invested. There is no evidence of excessive salaries, or of directors' misconduct. This company, with pride, and by way of advertisement, sets out its operations of 1905 as follows:

Premiums received	$15,031,141.56
Interest, rents, etc.	$ 1,504,397.97
Total receipts	$16,535,539.53

Of this sum, it paid to policy-holders $5,786,362.52; for expenses, including agents' commissions, $5,696,827.52; and it carried to surplus $5,052,349.49. Thirty-five per cent of the annual receipts,

about fourteen per cent on the assets permanently invested, was thus spent in the management of the property, and three fourths of this sum, four and a quarter million dollars, was paid to agents, apart from other kinds of advertising.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, with a moral record not as good as that of the John Hancock, in nearly forty years of existence (through 1904) received in premiums $418,729,463, and from other income $33,551,623. Total $452,281,086. It paid to policy-holders $149,330,965, and had left as assets $128,094,315, while it spent $178,843,319. The methods of this company may be illustrated by an argument it made before the Armstrong Committee. It gravely contended that its policies which lapsed in the first year of their existence, policies on which the insured paid considerable premiums and got absolutely nothing in return, were yet a source of loss to the company by reason of the commissions paid to its agents. Though the insured got nothing in return for the premiums he paid, yet, in order to receive these premiums, the company disbursed nearly three times their amount. The insured lost his deposit, and yet the company also lost by the operation. The company paid its agents for extracting money from the insured, and the insured paid the agents for extracting money from the company. What would be thought of a savings-bank which allowed its agent to keep all deposits of a certain class, and in addition paid him two dollars for every dollar so kept. Waste can no farther go. On the lapsed policies of that year, the premiums received amounted to $417,435. For this payment the insured got nothing, yet the company, by reason of its payments to its agents, figured that it lost over $1,000,000 besides.

The Prudential Company in less than thirty years (through 1904) received

from premiums	$290,091,973 and
from other sources	$ 20,789,916
in all	$310,881,889

In the same time it paid its policy-holders $92,989,397. It had on hand assets of $88,511,955, and had expended $133,464,841, — over forty-one per cent of its receipts, more than six times its income from investments.

It will be answered that the insurance companies above mentioned are industrial companies, and that the cost of managing an industrial company is necessarily large. Its agents are paid, not only for getting new business, but also for collecting weekly premiums upon policies in force. The ordinary mutual life insurance company, such as the New York, the Mutual, or the Equitable, does not show this condition of affairs. There is some force in the answer, but it remains true that, if an industrial insurance company sold its insurance at cost to those persons who applied for it and who were ready without solicitation to keep up their premium payments, the cost of the insurance so provided would be not more than two thirds of what it has actually been. The waste can be shown in another form of statement. The management of property is generally recompensed by a percentage of the income. These two companies received over $700,000,000 of deposits, on which there accrued over $50,000,000 of income, — a very small return. All the income was spent in cost of management, and over $250,000,000 of principal besides. Industrial insurance is the insurance of the poor, who thus paid in these two companies alone over $300,000,000 for the care of their savings. The economic waste is almost inconceivable, yet most of the recipients of the $300,000,000 got little more than a living wage.[1] The vice of the system is illustrated by the practice of one of these same companies, which paid its president a percentage on new business. This is as if the owner of property should pay his agent a com-

[1] In *Collier's Weekly* for September 15, Mr. Brandeis has made a detailed statement of the operations of the industrial companies, with full comparison of figures.

mission upon money thrown away by the latter.

Let us next consider the case of the ordinary mutual life insurance company, not industrial. A summary of the operations of thirty-two of the principal companies in the United States for the year 1904 was prepared for the Armstrong Committee. Some of these companies are managed with scrupulous honesty, and with economy so far as the business permits. From this summary it appears that $50,000,000 was spent in getting new business, most of which, though not the whole, was spent on mutual insurance. What benefit, if any, accrued to the policy-holders or property-owners from this expenditure? We have seen that the property of a mutual insurance company at any time belongs to the existing policy-holders, and in it those persons who thereafter may desire to take out insurance have no interest. It follows, speaking generally, that this expenditure of $50,000,000 was without benefit to the owners of the corporate property. An increase in the corporate business is commonly of no benefit to the existing policy-holders. Doubtless it costs a larger percentage of the income to manage and invest $10,000 than it does to manage and invest $100,000, and the cost of managing $100,000 is proportionately greater than is the cost of managing $1,000,000. After several million dollars are in hand, however, the proportionate diminution in the cost of management is insignificant. If a mutual life insurance company could be supposed to cease altogether the writing of new policies, no appreciable loss to existing policy-holders would be involved.

The amount paid for new business did not profit the prior depositors. It may be said that in so far as the new business thus obtained paid the agents' commissions, the prior depositors did not suffer; and, if subsequent depositors like to pay agents for insuring them, they may have their way. The argument is without much force. Some of the new depositors had no conscious preference for wasting their money. A man who wishes to put his savings into economical life insurance should not be compelled to pay the cost of wheedling his unwilling neighbor to do likewise. The man so persuaded may lose or gain from the agency system; the man who is ready to buy his insurance over the counter is bound to lose. Why should not the person who desires insurance, and knows what he wants, be allowed to deal with the company direct, to pay his premium out of his own pocket, and thus escape from paying his share of the enormous cost of advertising which is needed only for an increase of business in no way profitable to him?

But the new business and the new depositors paid less than half the cost of coaxing them into insurance. Of the $50,000,000 spent to get new business, over $30,000,000 was paid, not by those who were induced in this way to take out insurance, but by those who had already taken it out and could under no circumstances be interested in the new business.

In order to put life insurance upon a proper economic basis, the elimination of the insurance agent is the great reform needed. All other reforms are relatively unimportant. A mutual life insurance company as at present administered, although its managers be honest, frugal, and public-spirited, poorly paid and scrupulous, and although its agents be of the same character, yet, by reason of the system itself, is a concern which annually wastes millions of its depositors' money. The Armstrong Committee estimated the economies resulting from the reformed organization of the Mutual Company of New York at upwards of $1,000,000 a year. How much of this sum was saved in the salaries and commissions of agents is not stated; but it is to be observed that the company took from its depositors, in order to obtain new business, $7,000,000 a year. Until that leak is stopped talk of retrenchment is idle.

What then is the true nature of mutual life insurance as economically administered? What other kind of company does a mutual life insurance company most resemble? Plainly a savings-bank. From the point of view of the corporations, the business is almost exactly the same. Both have received money on deposit which they invest and return to the depositors. The only considerable difference is found in the method of keeping accounts. In a mutual life insurance company the amount due and payable to a given depositor is not, as in a savings-bank, his individual deposit and interest thereon, but a share of the fund based in part upon other conditions. These conditions of death and survivorship are deemed advantageous by the depositors, and are agreed to by them. They are simple, and the insurance company has only to carry them out. Their calculation depends upon but two elements, — the expectation of life and the rate of interest. If these elements are known, only an arithmetical computation is needed. The expectation of life is fixed by the mortality tables, which are approximately accurate, and only approximation is needed. To determine what will be the rate of interest twenty or thirty years hence is a more difficult matter, but in a mutual company an excessive original estimate of the premium needed may be corrected by subsequent dividends to the policy-holders. If the dividends are payable with reasonable frequency, no great harm will be done. A mutual life insurance company is essentially a corporation for the management of property deposited with it, having characteristic, but comparatively unimportant peculiarities related to insurance.

If this be recognized, the reform needed is easier to discover. Throughout this country the management of savings-banks has been successful. Here and there have been both failure and abuse, but upon the whole, the administration has been honest and economical. It is probable, therefore, that reform in life insurance will be brought about most surely by the adoption of savings-bank methods.

Thus far, the Armstrong Committee is the body which has most seriously considered the problem. Let us look at some of its recommendations.

1. Control of the property by the policy-holders. This, as has been shown, is not so much unwise as impossible; at most it will be a mere pretense. Except perhaps in some long advertised crisis, the policy-holders are too numerous and too widely scattered to have any real capacity to elect their officers. From disingenuous pretenses life insurance has already suffered too much. But a nominal control by the policy-holders is worse than a necessarily disingenuous pretense. Few policy-holders can ordinarily take part in an election. A violent change of management will thus be within the power of a small body of men, if they can conceal their scheme until the moment of election. What would the deposits in our savings-banks be worth if the depositors elected the directors? To avoid a sudden raid, the management would be compelled to keep proxies on hand, and to existing evils would be added the constant risk of an unintelligent struggle for the control of enormous property. The struggle would necessarily be decided by the vote of those ignorant of business affairs, without the ballast afforded in other corporations by the interest and knowledge of large stockholders. A vote of small owners by proxy or by postal ballot is not to be trusted, as experience has shown. The management of the Mutual Life, a company in which the policy-holders go through the form of electing the directors, is not better than that of companies otherwise organized. Of half a million electors about two hundred vote, and the management has 20,000 proxies on hand for use in an emergency.

Yet the present form of management is bad, and some change must be made.

The analogy of savings-banks affords a safe suggestion. For each company a small body of disinterested persons must be formed, charged with the duty of choosing directors. The names of these corporate members will be published and known; their tenure will be permanent; their vacancies will be filled by themselves, — or here some voice may be allowed the policy-holders by way of nomination, as vacancies occur from time to time. Above all, no one of these persons should receive any compensation whatsoever. The directors whom they choose will also serve without salary. will elect the executive officers, and will fix their salaries. Even so. these salaried officers will considerably control the corporate management; but independent and unpaid directors and corporate members will afford a real check.

More important than statutory reform is the reform of reason and moral sentiment. We must come to consider unpaid officers who, without pecuniary interest, give their time to the management of great affairs, as persons making a charitable contribution to the welfare of the community. The corporate members and the directors of an insurance company, like the corporate members and directors of a savings-bank, must consider themselves, and must be considered by others, to be engaged in a work of public charity. A savings-bank, indeed, is supposed to receive the savings of the poor. though the supposition is not always true; while a life insurance company receives the savings of some persons well-to-do, or even rich. Charitable or public service, however, may be rendered, even where some beneficiaries are able to pay for the service. Where the well-being of the community, or of many of its members, requires great service rendered alike to rich and poor, those fitted to render it may be asked to give their labor without pay, if, for any reason, that is more convenient. This is the rule with colleges and libraries, art museums and hospitals. Directors of the right sort will not serve, and cannot be expected to serve, if their continuance in office is at the mercy of a group of policy-holders, assembled by chance or design. A self-respecting man, engaged in charity, will not ordinarily fight for his place.

2. The Armstrong Committee recommended that companies called mutual should be made really mutual, that the form of the policy written should correspond to the reality. This is to be desired. No fiction of corporate stock should be permitted. A stock insurance company selling non-participating policies may be allowed, if the community thinks the business a beneficial one. In that case, the stockholders take the risk, and are entitled to such profits as they can make; but confusion is so easy that the law should limit a given company either to mutual policies, or to those wherein the holders are barred from all participation in the earnings. The form of policy should be simple. Half a dozen sorts will suffice, in place of the hundreds now in vogue. A standardization of the form of policy is a reform more far-reaching than at first appears.

3. The Armstrong Committee proposed to limit the kind of investments allowed to insurance companies, as in the case of savings-banks. Such a limitation will tend to honesty by removing temptation from the corporate managers, and will prevent some loss which would otherwise occur. Nothwithstanding these considerations, a limitation of investments may so lower the rate of interest on the investments permitted that the direct result of the restriction will be a loss of income by the policy-holders. The profit on purchase of stocks has often been large. A limitation to bonds and mortgages, and a prohibition of investment in stocks, has sometimes led trustees to buy insecure bonds and mortgages rather than the safest stocks. Nevertheless, some reform like that proposed is needed. The risks of the exist-

ing system are moral as well as financial, and they are probably too great. But the change should be cautiously made. A careful tabulation shows that only about six per cent of the property held by insurance companies is now invested in stocks, and this fact indicates that the disarrangement caused by the proposed limitation would not be dangerous. Some syndicate operations and the like are, however, probably concealed in the above-mentioned table.

4. The Armstrong Committee declared that the corporations are now too large, and this is undoubtedly the case. To limit directly corporate size is difficult, but if mutual life insurance companies are managed like savings-banks, and are prevented from paying commissions to agents, and from other expense in advertising their wares, a limitation of size will naturally occur, and the matter will probably take care of itself. The corporations will tend to become more local, and this is distinctly desirable, as it will bring greater publicity. That which goes on near home is better known than that which happens abroad. A fire insurance company must be extended. The risk of a local catastrophe, as experience has shown, can be met only by insurance in distant companies. But a serious catastrophe for the business of life insurance is out of the question, and a local company, not too small or too narrowly confined, will do business more safely and more economically than a large and extended company writing risks in many countries.

5. Political contributions and the employment of lobbyists have been the occasion of much scandal. By reason of this expenditure the policy-holders have lost little money directly. The political contributions have been of insignificant sums, and the amount paid for lobbying has not been large. If these proceedings are to be forbidden, the prohibition will be imposed in the interest of the community rather than in the interest of the policy-holders. The higher moral ideals which are now sought in public life require that political contributions by corporations, once unobjectionable, should cease. As to the employment of lobbyists, a mutual life insurance company stands like a railroad or an industrial corporation. Legislatures are what they are. Dishonest members will levy blackmail upon those who are willing to pay it. If the victim always chose death rather than ransom, the trade of a brigand would nowhere flourish; but the counsel of self-sacrifice may bear hardly upon the individual held for ransom. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the employment of lobbyists to escape from real brigandage passes over by imperceptible degrees into the employment of lobbyists to obtain unfair advantage.

6. Expenses must be reduced. This was seen by the Armstrong Committee, though it failed to point out clearly the root of the evil. Commissions paid to agents cause most of the loss suffered by policy-holders, probably at least four-fifths of it, though the proportion cannot be stated accurately. This loss must be stopped. The safety of the policy holder is to limit or to forbid advertising. A savings-bank which spent appreciable sums in advertising would be in disgrace. A savings-bank paying a commission on deposits is almost inconceivable. A savings-bank which refused to receive deposits except upon payment of a commission to a middleman would be an institution impossible to characterize adequately. Even if some commission is still to be allowed an agent for wheedling a man, otherwise unwilling, into taking out a policy, the compensation must be derived wholly from the person so wheedled, and his more intelligent neighbor must have full opportunity to obtain a policy from the company without the payment of any commission whatsoever. This, which should be the right of every depositor, has hitherto been allowed only as an unjust favor to some corporate officers. The adoption of

a plan like this would probably soon put an end to the commission agency, would limit the size and somewhat restrict the locality of the corporate operations, and would tend to cure nearly all evils.

7. A closer supervision and inspection by authority of the state or the nation is recommended. That some supervision is necessary every one knows. Some supervision exists to-day. Whether it should be exercised by state or by national authority is a matter which I do not propose to discuss at this time; but no inspection or supervision is of any particular value until the end sought thereby is made pretty clear. If inspection is directed to prevent political contributions and excessive payment to lobbyists, for example, it will save little money for the policy-holders.

In conclusion, the community will gain by making the business of life insurance an honest one, carried on in the face of the public, and without discrimination in favor of anybody. The community is interested in securing this honesty in every kind of business. As members of the community, the policy-holders also are interested in this same honesty, but, while their money is wasted, however honestly, in the payment of agents' commissions, no change of officers and no elaboration of inspection will give much relief to their pockets. Their pecuniary safety lies in a complete change of system.

LOUISE:

AN EPISODE IN LONDON CHAMBERS

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

I AM beginning to think, since Louise came to our chambers, that not even in a circulating library are there greater possibilities of romance than in one's kitchen. Not that I engaged her to supply me with romance. On the contrary, the one service I asked of her was to attend to my household work, and, as a rule, the more that is kept to plain prose, the better I am pleased.

Her coming at all was the merest chance. For the third time since we had moved into chambers, I happened to be servantless. My first experiment, with a young Englishwoman, had, in a month, very nearly finished in the police court; my second, with an elderly Englishwoman, had sent her in four years, poor soul! to the grave; and now I could not summon up courage to face for the third time the scorn which the simple request for a "general" meets in the English Registry Office. That was what sent me to try my luck at a French *Bureau* in Soho where, I was given to understand, it was possible to inquire for, and actually obtain, a good *bonne à tout faire* and escape without insult. The result was Louise.

She was announced one dull November morning, a few days later. I found her waiting for me in our little hall, — a woman of about forty, short, plump, with black eyes and blacker hair and a smile that was a recommendation in itself. But after my experience with the young English "general," the powder on her face, the sham diamonds in her ears, seemed to hang out danger signals, and my first impulse was to show her the door. It was something familiar in the face under the powder, above all in the voice when she spoke, that made me hesitate. "Provençale?" I asked. "Yes, from Marseille," she answered, and I showed her instead into my room.

I had often been "down there" where

the sun shines and skies are blue, and her Provençal accent came like a breath from the south through the gloom of the London fog, bringing it all back to me, — the blinding white roads, the gray hills sweet with thyme and lavender, the towns with their "antiquities," the little shining white villages, — M. Bernard's at Martigues, and his dining-room, and the Marseillais who crowded it on a Sunday morning, and the gayety and the laughter, and Désiré in his white apron, and the great bowls of Bouillebaisse. . . . It was she who recalled me to the business of the moment. Her name was Louise Sorel, she said; she could clean, wash, play the lady's maid, sew, market, cook — but cook! *Té — au mouins*, she would show Madame, and, as she said it, her smile was enchanting. I have never seen such perfect teeth in woman or child; you knew at a glance that she must have been a radiant beauty in her youth. A Provençal accent, an enchanting smile, and the remains of beauty, however, are not precisely what you engage a servant for, and, with a sudden access of common sense, I asked for references. Surely, Madame would not ask the impossible, she said reproachfully. She had but arrived in London, she had never gone as *bonne* anywhere; how then could she give references? She needed the work and was willing to do it: was not that sufficient? I got out of it meanly by telling her I would think it over. At that she smiled again, — really, her smile on a November day almost warranted the risk. I meant to take her; she knew; Madame was kind.

I did think it over, — while I interviewed frowsy English "generals" and stray Italian children, dropped upon me from Heaven knows where, while I darned the family stockings, while I ate the charwoman's chops. I thought it over indeed, far more than I wanted to, until, in despair, I returned to the Soho *Bureau* to complain that I was still without a servant of any kind. The first person I saw was Louise, disconsolate, on a chair in the corner. She sprang up when she recognized me. "Had she not said Madame was kind?" she cried. "Madame had come for her." I had done nothing of the sort. But there she was, this charming creature from the south; at home was the charwoman, dingy and dreary as the November skies. To look back now is to wonder why I did not jump at the chance of having her. As it was, I did take her, — no references, powder, sham diamonds, and all. But I compromised. It was to be for a week. After that, we should see. An hour later she was in my kitchen.

A wonderful week followed. From the start we could not resist her charm, though to be on such terms with one's servant as to know that she has charm, is no doubt the worst possible kind of bad form. Even William Penn, the fastidious, was her slave at first sight, — and it would have been rank ingratitude if he had not been, for, from the ordinary London tabby average people saw in him, he was at once transformed into the most superb, the most magnificent of cats! And we were all superb, we were all magnificent, down to the snuffy, tattered old Irish charwoman who came to make us untidy three times a week, and whom we had not the heart to turn out because we knew that if we did, there could be no one else foolish enough to take her in again.

And Louise, though her southern imagination did such great things for us, had not overrated herself. She might be always laughing at everything, as they always do laugh "down there," — at the English she could n't understand, at "Mizé Boum," the nearest she came to the charwoman's name, at the fog she must have hated, at the dirt left for her to clean. But she worked harder than any servant I have ever had, and to better purpose. She adored the cleanliness and the order, it seemed, and was appalled at the dirt and slovenliness of the English, as every Frenchwoman is when she comes to the land that has not ceased to

brag of its cleanliness since its own astonished discovery of the morning tub. Before Louise, the London blacks disappeared as if by magic. Our wardrobes were overhauled and set to rights. The linen was mended and put in place. And she could cook! Such *risotto!* — she had been in Italy — Such *macaroni!* Such *bouillebaisse!* Throughout that wonderful week, our chambers smelt as strong of *ail* as a Provençal kitchen.

In the face of all this, I do not see how I brought myself to find any fault. To do myself justice, I never did when it was a question of the usual domestic conventions. Louise was better than all the conventions — all the prim English maids in prim white caps — in the world. Just to hear her talk, just to have her call that disreputable old "Mizé Boum" *ma belle*, just to have her announce as *La Dame de la Bouillebaisse* a friend of ours who had been to Provence and had come to feast on her masterpiece and praised her for it, — just each and every one of her charming southern ways made up for the worst domestic crime she could have committed. I admit to a spasm of dismay when, for the first meal she served, she appeared in her petticoat, a dishcloth for apron, and her sleeves rolled up above her elbows. But I forgot it with her delightful laugh at herself when I explained that, absurdly it might be, we preferred a skirt, an apron, and sleeves fastened at the wrist. It seemed she adored the economy too, and she had wished to protect her dress and even her apron.

These things would horrify the model housewife; but then I am not a model housewife, and they amused me, especially as she was so quick to meet me, not only half, but the whole way. When, however, she took to running out at intervals on mysterious errands, I felt that I must object. Her first excuse was *les affaires;* her next, a friend; and, when neither of these would serve, she owned up to a husband who, apparently, spent his time waiting for her at the street corner; he was so lonely, *le pauvre!* I suggested that he should come and see her in the kitchen. She laughed outright. Why, he was of a shyness Madame could not figure to herself. He never would dare to mount the stairs and ring the front doorbell.

In the course of this wonderful week, there was sent to me, from the Soho *Bureau*, a paragon of a Swiss girl with as many references as a Colonial Dame has grandfathers. Even so, and despite the inconvenient husband, I might not have dismissed Louise, — it was so pleasant to live in an atmosphere of superlatives and *ail*. It was she who settled the matter with some vague story of a partnership in a restaurant and work waiting for her there. Perhaps we should have parted with an affectation of indifference had not J. unexpectedly interfered. Husbands have a trick of pretending superiority to details of housekeeping until you have had all the bother, and then upsetting everything by their interference. She had given us the sort of time we had n't had since the old days in Provence, he argued; her smile alone was worth double the money agreed upon; therefore double the money was the least I could, in decency, offer her. His logic was irreproachable, but housekeeping on such principles would end in domestic bankruptcy. However, Louise got the money, and my reward was her face when she thanked me — she made giving sheer self-indulgence — and the *risotto* which, in the shock of gratitude, she insisted upon coming the next day to cook for us.

But, in the end, J's indiscretion cost me dear. As Louise was determined to magnify all our geese not only into swans, but into the most superb, the most magnificent swans, the few extra shillings had multiplied so miraculously, by the time their fame reached the *Quartier*, that Madame of the *Bureau* saw in me a special Providence appointed to relieve her financial difficulties, and hurried to claim an immediate loan. Then, her claim being disregarded, she wrote to call my attention to the passing of the days and the

miserable pettiness of the sum demanded, and to assure me of her consideration the most perfect. She got to be an intolerable nuisance before I saw the last of her.

We had not realized the delight of having Louise to take care of us, until she was replaced by the paragon — an industrious, sober, well-trained woman, with all the Swiss stolidity and Swiss surliness, and as colorless as a self-respecting servant ought to be. I was immensely relieved when, after a fortnight, she found the work too much for her. It was just as she was on the point of going that Louise reappeared, her face still white with powder, the sham diamonds still glittering in her ears, but somehow changed, — I could not quite make out how. She had come, she explained, to present me with a ring of pearls and opals and of surpassing beauty, at the moment pawned for a mere trifle — here was the ticket; I had but to pay, add a smaller trifle for interest and commission, and it was mine. As I never have worn rings, much though I should have liked to oblige Louise, I did not care to begin the habit by gambling in pawn tickets. Her emotion when I refused seemed so out of proportion, and yet was so unmistakably genuine, that it bewildered me.

But she pulled herself together almost at once and began to talk of the restaurant which, I learned, was marching in a simply marvelous manner. It was only when, in answer to her question, I told her the *Demoiselle Suisse* was marching not at all and was about to leave me, that the truth came out. There was no restaurant, there never had been — except in the country of Tartarin's lions; it was her delicate invention to spare me any self-reproach I might have felt for turning her adrift at the end of her week's engagement. She had found no work since. She and her husband had pawned everything. *Tiens*, — and she emptied before me a pocketful of pawn tickets. They were without a sou. They had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours. That was the change. I began to understand, — she was starving, literally starving, in the cold and gloom and damp of the London winter, she who was used to the warmth and sunshine, to the clear blue skies of Provence. If the aliens who drift to England, as to the Promised Land, could but know what awaited them!

Of course, I took her back. She might have added rouge to the powder, she might have glittered all over with diamonds, sham or real, and I would not have minded. J. welcomed her with joy. William Penn hung rapturously at her heels. We had a *risotto*, golden as the sun of the *Midi*, fragrant as its kitchens, for our dinner.

There was no question of a week now, — no question of time at all. It did not seem as if we ever could manage again, as if we ever could have managed, without Louise. And she, on her side, took possession of our chambers and, for a ridiculously small sum a week, worked her miracles for us. We positively shone with cleanliness, London grime no longer lurked, the skeleton in our cupboards. We never ate dinners and breakfasts more to our liking, never had I been so free from housekeeping, never had my weekly bills been so small. Eventually, she charged herself with the marketing, though she could not, and never could, learn to speak a word of English; but not even the London tradesman was proof against her smile. She kept the weekly accounts, though she could neither read nor write, — in her intelligence, an eloquent witness to the folly of general education. She was, in a word, the most capable and intelligent woman I have ever met, so that it was the more astounding she should also be the most charming.

Most astounding of all was the way, entirely, typically Provençale as she was, she could adapt herself to London and its life and people. Though she wore in the street an ordinary felt hat, and in the house the English apron, you could see that her hair was made for the pretty

Provençal ribbon, and her broad shoulders for the Provençal fichu. *Té*, *Vé*, and *au mouins* were as constantly in her mouth as in Tartarin's. Provençal proverbs forever hovered on her lips. She sang Provençal songs at her work. She had ready a Provençal story for every occasion. Her very adjectives were Mistral's, her very exaggerations Daudet's. And yet she did everything as if she had been a "general" in London chambers all her life. Nothing came amiss to her. After her first startling appearance as waitress, it was no time before she was serving at table as if she had been born to it, and with such a grace of her own that every dish she offered seemed a personal tribute. Even people who had never seen her before would smile back involuntarily as they helped themselves. It was the same no matter what she did. She was always gay, however heavy her task. To her even London, with its fogs, was a *galéjado*, as they say "down there." And she was so appreciative. We would make excuses to give her things for the pleasure of watching the warm glow spread over her face and the light leap to her eyes. We would send her to the theatre for the delight of having her come back and tell us about it. All the world, on and off the stage, was exalted and transfigured as she saw it.

But frank as she was in her admiration of all the world, she remained curiously reticent about herself. "As my poor grandmother used to say, you must turn your tongue seven times in your mouth before speaking," she observed to me once; and I used to fancy she gave hers a few extra twists when it came to talking of her own affairs. Some few facts I gathered, — that she had been, at one time, an *ouvreuse* in a Marseille theatre; at another, a tailoress, — how accomplished, the smart appearance of her husband in J's old coats and trousers was to show us; and that, always, off and on, she had made a business of buying at the periodical sales of the *Mont de Piété* and selling at private sales of her own. I gathered also that they all knew her in Marseille; it was Louise here, Louise there, as she passed through the market, and everybody must have a word and a laugh with her. No wonder! You could n't have a word and a laugh once with Louise and not long to repeat the experience. But to her life when the hours of work were over, she offered next to no clue.

Only two or three figures flitted, pale shadows, through her rare reminiscence. One was the old grandmother whose sayings were full of wisdom, but who seemed to have done little for her save give her, fortunately, no schooling at all, and a religious education that bore the most surprising fruit. Louise had made her first communion, she had walked in processions on feast days. *J'adorais ça*, she would tell me, as she recalled her long white veil and the taper in her hand. But she adored every bit as much going to the Salvation Army meetings, — the lassies would invite her in, and lend her a hymn-book, and she would sing as hard as ever she could, was her account. Her ideas on the subject of the Scriptures and the relations of the Holy Family left me gasping. But her creed had the merit of simplicity. The *Boun Diou* was intelligent, she maintained; *il aime les gens honnêtes*. He would not ask her to hurry off to church and leave all in disorder at home, and waste her time. If she needed to pray, she knelt down where and as she was, and *le Boun Diou* was as well pleased. He was a man like us, was n't he? Well then, He understood.

There was also a sister. She occupied a modest apartment in Marseille when she first dawned upon our horizon, but so rapidly did it expand into a palatial house in town and a palatial villa by the sea, both with cellars of rare and exquisite vintages and stables full of horses and carriages, that we looked confidently to the fast-approaching day when we should find her installed in the Elysée at Paris. Only in one respect did she never vary by a hair's breadth: this was her hatred of Louise's husband.

Here, at all events, was a member of the family about whom we learned more than we cared to know. For if he did not show himself at first, that did not mean his willingness to let us ignore him. He persisted in wanting Louise to meet him at the corner, sometimes just when I most wanted her in the kitchen. He would have her come back to him at night; and to see her, after her day's hard work, start out in the black sodden streets, seldom earlier than ten, often as late as midnight; to realize that she must start back long before the sun would have thought of coming up, if the sun ever did come up on a London winter morning, made us too uncomfortable. It was a question not of her physical well-being, but of our peace of mind. The husband, however, was not to be moved by our messages, — he was too shy to grant an interview; he would n't hear of doing without her; he would rather starve; he could n't get along without her. We did not blame him: we could n't either. That was why, after several weeks of discomfort to all concerned, it occurred to us that we might invite him to make our home his; and we were charmed by his condescension when, at last, conquering his shyness, he accepted our invitation. The threatened deadlock was thus settled, and M. Auguste, as he introduced himself, came to us as a guest for as long as he chose to stay. There were friends — there always are — to warn us that what we were doing was sheer madness. What did we know about him, anyway? Precious little, it was a fact, — that he was the husband of Louise, neither more nor less. We did not even know that, it was hinted. But if Louise had not asked for our marriage certificate, could we insist upon her producing hers?

It may have been mad, but it worked excellently. M. Auguste as a guest was the pattern of discretion. I had never had so much as a glimpse of him until he came to visit us. Then I found him a good-looking man, evidently a few years younger than Louise, well-built, rather taller than the average Frenchman. Beyond this, it was weeks before I knew anything of him except the astonishing adroitness with which he kept out of our way in our small chambers. He quickly learned our hours and arranged his accordingly. After we had begun work in the morning, he would saunter down to the kitchen and have his coffee, the one person of leisure in the establishment. After that, and again in the afternoon, he would stroll out to attend to what I take were the not too arduous duties of a horse-dealer with neither horses nor capital, — for as a horse-dealer he described himself when he had got so far as to describe himself at all. At noon, and at dinner time, he would return from Tattersall's, or wherever his not too exhausting business had called him, with a small paper parcel supposed to contain his breakfast or his dinner, our agreement being that he was to supply his own food. The evenings he spent with Louise. I could discover no vice in him except the, to us, disturbing excess of his devotion to her. You read of this sort of devotion in French novels and do not believe in it. But M. Auguste, in his exacting dependence on Louise, left the French novel far behind. As for Louise, — though she was no longer young, and beauty fades early in the south, I have never met, in or out of books, a woman who made me understand so well the reason of the selfishness some men call love.

M. Auguste's manners to us were irreproachable. We could only admire the consideration he showed in so persistently effacing himself. J. never would have seen him, if on feast days — Christmas, New Year's, the 14th of July — M. Auguste had not, with great ceremony, entered the dining-room at the hour of morning coffee, to shake hands and wish J. the compliments of the season. With me, his relations grew less formal. for he was not slow to discover that we had one pleasant weakness in common. Though the modest proportions of that brown paper parcel might not suggest it, M. Auguste knew and liked what was

good to eat; so did I. Almost before I realized it, he had fallen into the habit of preparing some special dish for me, or of making my coffee, when I chanced to be alone for lunch or for dinner. I can still see the gleam in his eyes as he brought me in my cup and assured me that he, not Louise, was the artist, and that it was something of extra — but of extra! — as it always was. Nor was it long before he was installed *chef* in our kitchen on the occasion of any little breakfast or dinner we might be giving. The first time I caught him in shirtsleeves, with Louise's apron flapping about his legs and the bib drawn over his waistcoat, he was inclined to be apologetic. But he soon gave up apology. It was evident there were few things he enjoyed more than cooking a good dinner, — unless it was eating it, — and his apron was put on early in the day. In the end, I never asked any one to breakfast or dinner without consulting him, and his *menus* strengthened the friendliness of our relations.

After a while he ran my errands and helped Louise to market. I found that he spoke and wrote very good English, and was a man of some education. I have preserved his daily accounts, written in an unusually neat handwriting, always beginning "Mussy: 1 penny;" and this reminds me that not least in his favor was his success in ingratiating himself with William Penn, — or "Mussy" in Louise's one heroic attempt to cope with the English. M. Auguste, moreover, was quiet and reserved to a degree that would not have discredited the traditional Englishman. Only now and then did the *Midi* show itself in him, — in the gleam of his eye over his gastronomic masterpieces; in his pose as horsedealer and the scale on which the business he never did was schemed, — Mademoiselle, the French dressmaker from Versailles, who counted in tens and thought herself rich, was dazzled by the way M. Auguste reckoned by thousands, — and once, luckily only once, in a frenzied outbreak of passion.

He was called to Paris, I never understood why. When the day came he was seized with such despair as I had never seen before, as I trust I may never have to see again. He could not leave Louise, he would not. No! No! No! He raved, he swore, he wept. I was terrified, but Louise, when I called her aside to consult her, shrugged her shoulders. "We play the comedy in the kitchen," she laughed, but I noticed that her laughter was low. I fancy when you played the comedy with M. Auguste, tragedy was only just round the corner. With the help of Mademoiselle she got him to the station; he had wanted to throw himself from the train as it started, was her report. And in three days, not a penny the richer for the journey, he had returned to his life of ease in our chambers.

Thus we came to know M. Auguste's virtues and something of his temper, but never M. Auguste himself. The months passed, and we were still conscious of mystery. I did not inspire him with the healthy fear he entertained for J., but I cannot say he ever took me into his confidence. What he was when not in our chambers; what he had been before he moved into them; what turn of Fate had stranded him, penniless, in London with Louise, to make us the richer for his coming; why he, a man of education, was married to a woman of none; why he was M. Auguste while Louise was Louise Sorel — I knew as little the day he left us as the day he arrived. J. instinctively distrusted him, convinced that he had committed some monstrous crime and was in hiding. This was also the opinion of the French Quarter, as I learned afterwards. It seems the *Quartier* held its breath when it heard he was our guest, and waited for the worst, only uncertain what form that worst would take, — whether we should be assassinated in our beds, or a bonfire made of our chambers. M. Auguste, however, spared us and disappointed the *Quartier*. His crime, to the end, remained as baffling as the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask, or the secret of Kaspar Hauser.

That he was honest, I would wager my own reputation for honesty, even if it was curious, the way his fingers gradually covered themselves with rings, a watch-chain dangled from his waistcoat pocket, a pin was stuck jauntily in his necktie. Her last purchases at the *Mont de Piété*, pawned during those first weeks of starving in London, and gradually redeemed, was Louise's explanation; and why should we have suspected M. Auguste of coming by them unlawfully when he never attempted to rob us, though we gave him every opportunity? He knew where I kept my money and my keys. He was alone with Louise in our chambers, not only many a day and evening, but once for a long summer.

We had to cycle down into Italy, and William Penn could not be left to care for himself, nor could we board him out without risking the individuality of a cat who had never seen the world except from the top of a four-story house. Louise and M. Auguste, therefore, were retained to look after him, which, I should add, they did in a manner as satisfactory to William as to ourselves. Every week I received a report of his health and appetite from M. Auguste, in whom I discovered a new and delightful talent as correspondent. "Depuis votre départ," said the first, "cette pauvre bête a miaulé après vous tous les jours, et il est constamment à la porte pour voir si vous ne venez pas. Il ne commence vraiment a en prendre son parti que depuis hier. Mais tous ces soucis de chat [for that charming phrase what would one not have forgiven M. Auguste?] mais tous ces soucis de chat ne l'empêchent pas de bien boire son lait le matin et manger sa viande deux fois par jour." Nor was it all color of rose to be in charge of William. "Figurez-vous," the next report ran, "que Mussy a dévoré et abîmé complètement une paire de bas tout neufs que Louise s'était achetée hier. C'est un vrai petit diable, mais il est si gentil qu'on ne peut vraiment pas le gronder pour cela." It was consoling to hear eventually that William had returned to normal pursuits. "Mussy est bien sage, il a attrapé une souris hier dans la cuisine — je crois bien que Madame ne trouvera jamais un aussi gentil Mussy." And so the journal of William's movements was continued throughout our absence. When, leaving J. in Italy, I returned to London, — met at midnight at the station by M. Auguste with flattering enthusiasm, — Mussy's condition and behavior corroborated the weekly bulletins. And not only this. Our chambers were as clean as the proverbial new pin; everything was in its place; not so much as a scrap of paper was missing. The only thing that had disappeared was the sprinkling of gray in Louise's hair, and for this M. Auguste had volubly prepared me during our walk from the station: she had dyed it with almost unforeseen success, he told me, so triumphantly that I put down the bottle of dye to his extravagance.

If I know M. Auguste was not a thief, I do not think he was a murderer. How could I see blood on the hands of the man who presided so joyously over my pots and pans? If he were a forger, my trust in him never led to abuse of my cheque book; if a deserter, how came he to be possessed of his *livret militaire*, duly signed, as my own eyes are the witness; how could he venture back to France, as I know he did, for I received from him letters with the Paris postmark? An anarchist, J. was inclined to believe. But I could not imagine him dabbling in bombs and fuses. To be a horse-dealer, without horses or money, was much more in his line.

Only of one thing were we sure: however hideous or horrible the evil M. Auguste had worked "down there," under the hot sun of Provence, Louise had no part in it. She knew, — it was the reason of her curious reticences, of her sacrifice of herself to him. That he loved her was inevitable. Who could help loving her? She was so intelligent, so capable, so graceful, so gay. But that she should love M. Auguste would have been in-

comprehensible, were it not in the nature of woman to love the man who is most selfish in his dependence upon her. She did all the work, and he had all the pleasure of it. He was always decently dressed, there was always money in his pocket, though she, who earned it, never had a penny to spend on herself. No matter how busy and hurried she might be, she had always the leisure to talk to him, to amuse him when he came in, always the courage to laugh, like the little Fleurance in the story. What would you? She was made like that. She had always laughed, when she was sad as when she was gay. And while she was making life delightful for him, she was doing for us what three Englishwomen combined could not have done so well, and with a charm that all the Englishwomen in the world could not have mustered among them.

She had been with us about a year when I began to notice that, at moments, her face was clouded and her smile less ready. At first, I put it down to her endless comedy with M. Auguste. But, after a bit, it looked as if the trouble were more serious even than his histrionics. It was nothing, she laughed when I spoke to her; it would pass. And she went on amusing and providing for M. Auguste and working for us. But by the time the dark days of November set in, we were more worried about her than ever. The crisis came with Christmas.

On Christmas Day, friends were to dine with us, and we invited Mademoiselle, the French dressmaker, to eat her Christmas dinner with Louise and M. Auguste. We were very staid in the dining-room, — it turned out rather a dull affair. But in the kitchen, it was an uproarious feast. Though she lived some distance away, though on Christmas night London omnibuses are few and far between, Mademoiselle could hardly be persuaded to go home, so much was she enjoying herself. Louise was all laughter. "You have been amused?" I asked, when Mademoiselle, finally and reluctantly, had been bundled off by J. in a hansom.

"Mais oui, mais oui," M. Auguste cried, pleasure in his voice. "Cette pauvre Mademoiselle! Her life, it is so sad, she is so alone. It is good for her to be amused. We have told her many stories, — et des histoires un tout petit peu salées, n'est-ce pas? pour égayer cette pauvre Mademoiselle?"

It was the day after the feast that Louise had to give in. She confessed she had been in torture while she served our dinner and Mademoiselle was there. She could hardly eat or drink. But why make it sad for all the world because she was in pain? and she had laughed, she had laughed!

We scolded her first. Then we sent her to a good doctor. It was worse than we feared. The trouble was grave, there must be an operation without delay. The big tears rolled down her cheeks as she said it. She looked old and broken. Why, she moaned, should this sorrow come to her? She had never done any harm to any one: why should she have to suffer? — Why indeed? Her mistake had been to do too little harm, too much good to others, — to think too little of herself. Now, she had to pay up for it as one almost always does pay up for one's good deeds. She worried far less over the pain she must bear than over the inconvenience to M. Auguste when she could no longer earn money for him.

We wanted her to go into one of the London hospitals. We offered to take a room for her where she could stay after the operation until she got back her strength. But — we must not think her ungrateful — the mere idea of a hospital made her desperate. And what would she do in a room *avec un homme comme ça?* Besides, there was the sister in Marseille, — and, in the hour of her distress, her sister's horses and carriages multiplied like the miraculous loaves and fishes, the vintages in the cellar doubled in age and strength. And she was going to die; it was queer, but one knew those

things; and she longed to die *là-bas*, where there was a sun and the sky was blue, — where she was at home. We knew she had not a penny for the journey. M. Auguste had seen to that. Naturally, J. gave her the money. He would not have had a moment's comfort if he had not, — the drain upon your own emotions is part of the penalty you pay for having a human being and not a machine to work for you, — and he added a little more to keep her from want on her arrival in Marseille, in case the sister had vanished or the sister's fortunes had dwindled to their original proportions. He exacted but one condition: M. Auguste was not to know there was more than enough for the journey.

Louise's last days with us were passed in tears, — poor Louise! who until now had laughed at Fate. It was at this juncture that M. Auguste came out strong. I could not have believed he had it in him. He no longer spent his time dodging J. and dealing in visionary horses. He took Louise's place boldly. He made the beds, cooked all our meals, waited on us, dusted, opened the door, while Louise sat, melancholy and forlorn, in front of the kitchen fire. On the last day of all — she was not to start until the afternoon Continental train — she drew me mysteriously into the dining-room, she shut the door with every precaution, she showed me where she had sewed the extra sovereigns in her stays. M. Auguste should never know. "Je pars pour mon long voyage," she repeated. "J'ai mes pressentiments." And she was going to ask them to let her wear a black skirt I had given her, and an old coat of J.'s she had turned into a bodice, when the time came to lay her in her coffin. Thus something of ours would go with her on the long journey. How could she forget us? How could we forget her? she might better have asked. I made a thousand excuses to leave her; Louise playing "the comedy" had never been so tragic as Louise in tears. But she would have me back again and again, and again, to tell me how happy she had been with us.

"Why, I was at home," she said, her surprise not yet out-worn. "J'étais chez moi et j'étais si tranquille. I went. I came. Monsieur entered. He called me. 'Louise.' — 'Oui, monsieur.' — 'Voulez-vous faire ceci ou cela?' — 'Mais oui, monsieur, de suite;' and I would do it and Monsieur would say, 'Merci, Louise,' and he would go off. — And me, I would run quick to the kitchen or upstairs to finish my work. J'étais si tranquille!" The simplicity of the memories she treasured made her story of them pitiful as I listened. How little peace had fallen to her lot that she should prize the quiet and homeliness of her duties in our chambers.

At last it was time to go. She kissed me on both cheeks. She gave J. one look, — then she flung herself into his arms and kissed him too on both cheeks. She almost strangled William Penn. She sobbed so, she could n't speak. She clutched and kissed us again. She ran out of the door and we heard her sobbing down the three flights of stairs into the street. J. hurried into his workroom. I went back to my desk. I don't think we could have spoken either.

Two days afterwards, a letter from M. Auguste came to our chambers so empty and forlorn without Louise. They were in Paris. They had had a dreadful crossing, — he hardly thought Louise would arrive at Boulogne alive. She was better, but must rest a day or two before starting for the *Midi*. She begged us to see that Mussy ate his meals *bien régulièrement*, and that he "made the dead" from time to time, as she had taught him; and, would we write? The address was "Mr. August, Horse-dealer, Hôtel du Cheval-Blanc, Rue Chat qui pèche à la Ligne, Paris."

Horse-dealer! Louise might be at death's door, but M. Auguste had his position to maintain. Then, after ten long days, came a post-card, also from Paris: Louise was in Marseille, he was on the

point of going, once there he would write. Then — nothing. Had he gone? Could he go?

If I were writing a romance, it would, with dramatic fitness, end here. But if I keep to facts, I must add that, in about eight months, Louise and M. Auguste reappeared, that both were in the best of health and spirits, M. Auguste a mass of jewelry; that all the sunshine of Provence seemed let loose in the warmth of their greeting; that horse-dealing for the moment prospered too splendidly for Louise to want to return to us, — or was this a new invention, I have always wondered, because she found in her place another Frenchwoman who wept at the prospect of being dismissed to make room for her?

Well, anyway for a while, things, according to Louise, continued to prosper. She would pay me friendly visits and ask for sewing, — her afternoons were so long, — and tell me of M. Auguste's success, and of Provence, though little enough of her recent visit there; there were the old reticences. By degrees, a shadow fell over the gayety. I fancied that "the comedy" was being played faster than ever in the Soho lodgings. And, of a sudden, the fabric of prosperity collapsed like a house of cards. She was ill again, and again an operation was necessary. There was not a penny in her pockets nor in M. Auguste's. What happened? Louise had only to smile, and we were her slaves. But this time, for us at least, the end had really come. We heard nothing more from either of them. No letters reached us from Paris, no postcards. Did she use the money to go back to Marseille? Did she ever leave London? Did M. Auguste's fate overtake him when they crossed the Channel? Were the Soho lodgings the scene of some tremendous *crime passionel?* For weeks I searched the police reports in my morning paper. But neither then nor to this day have I had a trace of the woman who, for over a year, gave to life in our chambers the comfort and the charm of her presence there. She vanished.

I am certain, though, that wherever she may be, she is mothering M. Auguste, squandering upon him all the wealth of her industry, her gayety, her unselfishness. She could n't help herself, she was made that way. And the worst, the real tragedy of it, is that she would rather endure every possible wrong with M. Auguste than, without him, enjoy all the rights women not made that way would give her if they could. She has convinced me of the truth I already more than suspected: — it is upon the M. Augustes of the world that the Woman Question will eventually be wrecked.

THE TYRANT

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

I MADE a covenant with Time. He spake:
"O braggard brain, presumptuous heart of dust,
Brief energy, dost fret at moth and rust?
Think'st thou to mend the laggard pace I take?
Behold, the hills — the baubles that I make —
Bow down before me: verily thou must!
Then grudge not, stint not, brave the world's distrust,
Wait and stand steadfast while I make and break: —
Then see how generous old Time can be!
Then rest, and be his darling! Ho, the sheaves
These hasty folk snatch from my granary,
Then, startled at my shadow, drop like thieves!
I chuckle as I lay them by for thee,
Mellow as sunlight in autumnal eves!"

THE NUDE IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY W. A. GILL

I HEARD the other day from a friend, who was very much excited over the news, that a certain great author, now engaged in writing his own life, has decided to reject the usual concealments and pretenses of autobiographers and to tell the whole naked truth about himself.

My friend is one of those metaphysically-minded men who feel lonely because it is so hard to get to know people, even in the closest relationships of life, with an absolute and complete knowledge. He is sure that the open part in his acquaintances (of which he seldom takes much advantage) is nothing compared with the unexplored "hinterlands;" and though chary of landing on the accessible coast, he is forever longing to penetrate into the interior, where he imagines sweet oases or romantic horrors. The report about the great author had set him thinking of St. Augustine, Cellini, Rousseau, and the rest of that heroical little band who have stripped off all their protections against social chills and presented an unflinching buff. He was even hoping — rather inconsiderately, I thought — that the new member with his modern advantages would beat the band and achieve an unparalleled self-exposure. Dazzled by the prospect, he exclaimed enthusiastically that here was a chance of really getting to know some one.

In expecting this much of candid — not candied — autobiography, my friend is apparently not peculiar. The thing is rare, and a rare value is attached to it. In the ordinary peacock memoirs it is common enough for a man to tell the whole truth about his noble side, and

perhaps a trifle more. But how if we meet with a brave exception, who dares reveal the other side also? What limit to intimacy will there be if an autobiographer discloses all those facts of his life which people generally hide through interest or shame, and which may by analogy be called "the nude"?

This is the question I wish to glance at here. It may have some pertinence in "this autobiographical age of ours," for though Carlyle's age is past, his phrase still receives support from publishers' catalogues, especially if we count in the modern essayist who makes his mark by telling us more about himself than about his subject. Even though there be no very widespread danger of autobiographers turning "the other side" to us, there is some danger of our demanding it of them and feeling cheated if they do not give it. "Let us have all the facts," Mr. John Morley exclaims in reference to an autobiography, — "the pathological as well as the others; for they are the first thing, and the second, and the third also." There may even be a danger of a sensitive-souled self-portraitist here and there feeling false and cowardly for withholding the other side. But, if his aim be to create as true an impression of himself as possible, does the fulfillment of that aim really demand of him, does it even permit, the revelation of the nude?

By way of illustration I will take Rousseau's *Confessions*, which, if it is a fair example, should suggest some common and perhaps necessary characteristics of such self-exposures. First, then, a word as to the fairness of this example.

Rousseau's introduction of the nude is, by general consent, daring and thorough, and also sincere in purpose. Here are opinions on these points from two critics, different in temperament and representing two important classes of readers, — Lord Brougham, who takes a black view of Rousseau, and Mr. Morley, who can see more than one shade. Mr. Morley has written the most judicious and careful account of Rousseau and his opinions published in any language; and though Lord Brougham's contribution is slight in form, it is noteworthy because it reflects a frequent estimate, and because it comes from one who had a thorough knowledge of Rousseau's times, and who, as a learned jurist and a statesman, may be expected to have weighed his words.

Mr. Morley says, "To write memoirs of one's own life was a fashion of the times, but like all else it became in Rousseau's hand something more far-reaching and sincere than a passing fashion. Others gave descriptions of their outer lives amply colored with romantic decorations. Rousseau, with unquailing veracity, plunged into the inmost depths, hiding nothing which might make him either hateful or ridiculous."

Lord Brougham says, "The manifest truth and sincerity of the narrative are attested at every step by the fullness of the humiliating confessions."

As further evidence of sincerity it may be noted that Rousseau's boldness was not confined to paper. As he wrote, so he always acted, without minding what was thought of him. His adoption of the Armenian costume — for hygienic reasons; his sitting at his street-door making lace, — to relax himself from other work without being idle, — are trifles indicating the current. When his *Narcisse*, produced anonymously at the Théâtre Français, fell flat, he went across to the Café de Procope, where the critics were assembled, and declared himself the author of the play, — reminding one of M. de Blowitz's brag about his adoption of French citizenship at the end of the Franco-Prussian war: "Je me suis naturalisé vaincu." When his gay operetta, *Le Devin du Village*, had triumphed, and a considerable prince asked him if he might pay him a compliment on it, "Yes, if it be short," replied Rousseau. When this Swiss upstart had made his way into fashionable society in Paris, become a courted author *à la mode*, and

so on, he threw up a well-paid post, turned his back on social consideration and more lucrative prospects, and set out to earn a scanty living as a copyist of music, in order to preserve his integrity and independence as a thinker and writer.

But, however bold and sincere, a man might still fail to show much of himself in a memoir, unless he was otherwise fitted for the task by his disposition and turn of mind. Seeley makes this remark in noting Stein's failure in autobiography, which he puts down to his lack of interest in himself and his doings. Rousseau certainly did not suffer from any such lack. He was a great, though not a mean, egotist, and as truly "his own dear protagonist" as Pepys himself.

Rousseau had another valuable quality for our present purpose; he was incredibly open — not only on paper, but in life — in displaying his feelings, which he partly explains by saying that he did not lose his natural child-confidence in people till after forty. The trait was so marked in him that Lord Brougham, puzzled to explain the warm friendships that he inspired in people of undoubted worth, supposes that his "infantine openness" must have touched their pity.

And then, of course, he had the artistic power to give effect to these qualities. He combined the gifts of concrete imagery and philosophical generalization to an extent unequaled in modern times by any one but Goethe. Some critics place it first among his distinctions that he was a great describer. He had at least enough of that faculty to start a powerful stream in literature.

Altogether, it does not appear that any other aspirant to the public confessional has been better fitted for the place than Rousseau.

There is nothing indirect in his manner of approaching his task. The *Confessions* begin with these words: "I am undertaking a work which is without precedent and which will have no imitators. I intend to show my fellow-mortals a man in all the completeness of nature, and that man shall be myself." And afterwards he often assumes that he is showing himself thus completely. At the end of the fourth book, for instance, he speaks of "telling the reader simply *all* that has befallen me, — all that I have done, thought or felt."

Nor was Rousseau uncertain as to the chief difference between the ordinary autobiographer and himself. He definitely puts forward his introduction of the nude as the distinguishing trait of his work. In the alternative commencement of the *Confessions* found in the Neuchâtel library he writes, "When a man writes his life, he generally makes a defense of it. The most truthful are truthful only in what they tell, while they lie by their reticences. In telling only a part of the truth they tell nothing, so intimately affected by the part suppressed is that revealed. I put Montaigne at the head of these falsely-sincere people, who try to deceive by telling the truth. He shows himself with faults, but they are all amiable. There is no man who has not hateful faults. He paints himself merely in profile. How might our idea of him be altered, could we see the blemish on the averted cheek!" It is because he has broken through these "reticences," and shown the "hateful faults," — "the blemish on the averted cheek," — that Rousseau claims to have produced "a book precious to philosophers; an illustrative study of the human heart, *and the only one which exists.*"

Rousseau assumes then that, unlike other autobiographers, who only give part, he has completed the circle by adding that ordinarily-missing segment, the nude. Hence the great emphasis he lays on this disclosure; it enables him, he supposes, to show the whole of himself.

If that were so, the insertion of the nude would be obligatory on every honest autobiographer. But even with this addition, is Rousseau really giving us the whole of himself? How can he be

telling us "all that has happened to me —all that I have done, thought or felt?" Though he had begun writing his *Confessions* as soon as he could spell, instead of when he was past fifty, and never stopped till a probably premature death overtook him, how could he have included more than an infinitesimal part of his experience? Enough happens in any hour of consciousness to fill a volume.

This objection is so obvious that it may seem unimportant. But Rousseau assumes that he is giving the entire contents of his life for a definite reason. Here is the reason: "In thus telling the reader everything, I cannot mislead him. It is not for me to estimate the importance of the facts; I must give them all. It is the reader's province to select from them, to put the elements together and decide what kind of being they compose. The judgment must be his. Were I to do this work and say: 'Such is my character,' he might think I was deceiving him, or at all events that I was deceiving myself." He makes the assumption in order to escape the charge of self-judgment. If he does not give all, but merely chooses out a set of specimens, he sees that he might be suspected of having chosen a set from which only one inference could be drawn.

I am far from thinking that Rousseau, though he does give only a set of specimens, has tried to deceive his readers thereby. But that point does not greatly concern us now. It is enough to note that he does not present the whole of himself, and that therefore the special importance he attributes to the nude, as the completing element, must be disallowed. The nude must take a lower place. Indeed, when once it is recognized that we are dealing with a mere selection out of a vast material, the question changes its aspect.

> "In Nature's infinite book of secrecy
> A little I can read."

The question is how we can best secure that little. Will the autobiographer show more, or less, of himself by including in his selection this or that element? In answering this, it must be remembered that the introduction of any one element will displace something else, the selection being limited, and will also alter the "values" of the rest, as happens in the juxtaposition of colors.

If the selection is to be representative of the whole from which it is taken, it is evident that it must repeat among its elements the *proportions* existing in the whole. How else can the autobiographer by means of a few specimens give a faithful idea of "all the completeness of his nature"? Now, the nude has a peculiar and perhaps incalculable faculty of destroying proportion. Because it is usually concealed, it leaps forward very boldly when for once it is let out. It "thumps," as painters say of a too glaring light. Even when it is not intrinsically shocking, the revelation of it is shocking. Few readers distinguish one shock from the other, and when the two are conjoined, the effect may be stunning.

An autobiographer is not well-placed for studying the proportions of his subject. How can he stand back from himself to get the necessary general view? The artist who paints his own likeness has an objective model in a mirror. But where is the autobiographer's mirror? Yet, if he does not reproduce the proportions of the whole, his selection must be false. Let him bring the nude in, with its innate protrusiveness, and the difficulty will be immeasurably increased.

This is well illustrated in Rousseau. No one perhaps has been better qualified than he was to succeed in autobiography, and yet in the event we find that he has produced as obscure and confused a portrait as was ever executed. Something of its confusion may be inferred from the readiness of some critics to regard it as the work of a madman. Mr. Morley justly protests against this no-explanation of insanity; but his own far less superficial estimate only bears stronger testimony to the obscurity.

"In no other instance," he says, "is the common eagerness to condense all predication about a character into a single, unqualified proposition so fatally inadequate. If it is indispensable that we should be forever describing, naming, classifying, at least it is well, in speaking of such a nature as his, to enlarge the vocabulary beyond the pedantic formulas of unreal ethics, and to be as sure as we know how to make ourselves that each of the sympathies and faculties which together compose our power of spiritual observation is in a condition of free and patient energy. Any less open and liberal method . . . leaves [him] . . . in a cloud of blank incomprehensibility."

This insistence on the need of a very special method of approach, if we are to find in the picture anything except "a cloud of blank incomprehensibility," is certainly right. But Mr. Morley's remarks require one comment. He does not seem to have studied Rousseau's work from the point of view of its technical composition. He has never apparently looked at the *Confessions* as a work of art involving certain laws of proportion and perspective, any violation of which must necessarily result in some distorted effect. Rousseau himself of course did not look at his work in that light. He thought he was not giving a portrait at all, but merely raw material — "all the facts" — for Mr. Morley and others to construct a portrait out of. But he was mistaken. His book is, in fact, an artificial composition; and as such it evidently transgresses some of the laws proper to its kind. In short, Mr. Morley does not sufficiently recognize, in dealing with the entanglements of Rousseau's character, how much of the confusion belongs, not to the character itself, but to the presentation of it.

How large the nude parts of the *Confessions* bulk in our general idea of that work! Yet, chronologically, they are not so very extensive. The *Confessions* cover some sixty years. The nude falls chiefly within the first twenty; it is almost entirely restricted to the first twenty-five. This fraction preoccupies some critics so that they are hardly able to see the rest of the picture for it. And there is some excuse for this preoccupation, for if the first half is to be taken literally, on its "face value," the rest of the book, as portraiture, must, to a large extent, be rejected as contradictory.

For instance, Rousseau up to twenty-one appears as an "almost sordid" miser, a liar and a thief; while the mature Rousseau was distinguished by an extremely rare disregard for money, and by what Mr. Morley calls "a minute financial probity." Allusion has been made to his resigning a well-paid post and lucrative prospects. The same spirit appears in his strict rule to accept no presents, which he pushed so far on one occasion as to refuse a small gift of game from the Prince de Conti, causing his wise and close friend, Madame de Boufflers, to warn him against laying himself open to any charge of affectation, which might obscure "the real brightness" of his virtue. But Rousseau did not refuse trifles only. The offer of a house and garden, with his "small necessaries," from Frederick the Great was rejected just as firmly. We find him making a loan to a begging adventurer, with the gratuitous information: "I never exact nor count on repayment." When Malesherbes suggested a republication of one of his works for the author's benefit, Rousseau refused to assent, on the ground that it might prejudice the interests of his original publisher.

The idea is consecrated that the youth should commit errors, and the man reform and show no sign of them. But there must be limits to this discord, if the boy is to be father of the man. "When we hear of a man being cured of some glaring defect," says Hazlitt, "we may conclude that he never had it." That is fairly applicable to this case, — either that, or else Rousseau's subsequent virtue was unreal. But there would be too many of these unrealities. "Rousseau never showed

the substantial quality of his mind — and without this quality he could never have written as he did — more surely and unmistakably than in controversy. He had such gravity, such austere self-command, such closeness of grip." "We feel the ever-inspiring breath of seriousness and sincerity. This was because Rousseau's ideas lived in him, and were truly rooted in him. He did not merely say that he craved reality in human relationships. These ideas were actually his mind."

These appreciations of Mr. Morley's are undoubtedly true. Contrast them, and all they imply, with the other picture of the mean, deceitful poltroon. The contradiction is irreconcilable within the limits of human nature.

In truth, however, this flat contradiction is an optical delusion. It does not reside in the character itself, but in the portrait. It is a case of false perspective. Rousseau had these infirmities, as every one else has them, in a way, but not in the proportions suggested by the picture. And this falsity of suggestion is due to the "thumping" power of the nude.

For it is to be observed that the nude does not only "thump" the reader's mind, — it thumps the author's as well. In disclosing it he will be self-conscious, and the higher his character is, the baser such flaws will seem to him, and the blacker he will paint them. So that, in this instance, the better a man is, the worse he will appear. Compare St. Augustine's *Confessions* with Casanova's *Mémoires*. What is a mote to the latter is a mountain to the saint. These are extreme cases, and we may be ready to discount the self-accusations of a St. Augustine. But let the haloless beware of too humble a candor! Even the few who perceive your exaggerations may refrain from pointing them out to the vulgar through fear of condoning evil or of being suspected of like infirmities themselves. Such has been Rousseau's fate. He continually exaggerates against himself, but very few critics allow for this. Lord Brougham admits the general tendency in a paltry and dubious instance: Rousseau says he never had a thorough knowledge of Latin; whereas, cries Lord Brougham, he made an excellent translation of Tacitus's *Histories!* The inference is very disputable. But when it comes to moral shortcomings, Lord Brougham forgets his general admission that Rousseau magnifies his defects as much as his qualities. Worse than that, when Rousseau himself tries, as he sometimes does, to modify his own exaggerations, Lord Brougham sternly rules the modifications out. And in this attitude he is probably typical of nine readers out of ten. Confess a crime, and you will be believed. Palliate your share in it, and your plea, though true, will be rejected. Thereby again the nude is likely to mislead.

Rousseau, in fact, puts in the charges against himself in the heaviest type. His "self-slanders," as Lord Brougham inconsistently calls them, are massed in damning patches. He shouts his confessions to make sure of our hearing, and to reassure himself that he is not afraid to tell. Such modifications as he has to offer he whispers afterwards. He sifts them in scatteringly, after the mass has chained the eye. Many readers overlook them, or at all events do not trouble to collect them and see "what kind of being they compose." Thus, to return to the illustration given above, his "almost sordid avarice" proves on closer scrutiny to have been merely a prudent attention to expenditure. "Abhorring dependence above all things, and money being the instrument of independence, I was careful of what I had, though not coveting more." "I consider money as so valueless that, when I have none, I never seek to get any, and when I have some, let a convenient opportunity arise, and I empty my purse with the utmost freedom." By his own choice he seldom had more than was necessary for bare subsistence. But avarice does not begin till the subsistence-line has been passed.

His thievishness, again, so alarmingly asserted, must be regarded in the light of the following modifications: (1) "My thefts were confined to trifles which it was easier to take than to ask for;" (2) "I never remember having robbed any one of a coin in my life;" (3) "I do not recollect ever casting a wishful glance at any money or valuables within my reach."

And how distorting are his disclosures on the score of gallantry! Here the falsification arises not so much through the author exaggerating, as through the reader's sensibilities being "thumped." In these matters one touch of nude makes the whole world shocked, and Rousseau's account of, for instance, his freedom from licentiousness in Venice has done his reputation far more harm than a discreet suggestion of the opposite has done in some other men's cases. He was an affluent talker of sentiment and disagreeably vain as a philanderer. When that has been said, the foundation (excepting one other matter) of his notoriety on this side has been indicated. He passes in popular esteem for a Don Juan. Never was a vainer legend! He is included in disreputable "Galleries of Celebrated Lovers." He might as well be included in a gallery of celebrated misers. In his central relation towards the other sex, his union with Thérèse Le Vasseur, he behaved well. And this is how he comments — self-defensively, be it remarked — on one of his sporadic courtships: "Those who read this will not fail to laugh at my gallantries, and to observe that after the most promising preliminaries my most forward adventures ended with a kiss on the hand. But be not deceived, O reader, in your estimate of my enjoyments! I have perhaps tasted more real pleasure in my affairs which ended thus, than you will ever do in yours which at least begin there." The fashion of the times almost requiring a man to cut some figure in this direction, Rousseau has to apologize more than once, not for having been so gallant, but for not having been more so. If we keep to his acts, and bear in mind the difference between French and Anglo-Saxon standards and between those days and these, we shall find no closer resemblance in him to a Don Juan than to a Saint Anthony.

The matter excepted above is this: Rousseau gives some physiological details about himself, which are perhaps as "thumping" as anything in his book. The insertion of them has been praised by Mr. Morley on the grounds that we want all the facts, and that an autobiography should be a history of a body as well as of a mind. Doubtless, an autobiography which presented a full, scientific history of a body parallel to that of a mind, and demonstrated the correlation between the two at every step, would be of supreme utility. But how far from such an ideal are a few mentions of physical phenomena, observed on himself by an amateur in pathology, with what exactness may be imagined, and which neither he nor any one else can correlate definitely with his moral life! It may elucidate a man's character for us to know that he was consumptive; but further details of the disease would not increase our insight into his qualities. The comprehension of psycho-physical contacts has not yet reached that stage of minuteness; far from it. All we can say of such details at present is that they are very apt to mislead us, as they have surely done in Rousseau's case.

Well then, what compensation is there to offset the risk, attendant on the introduction of the nude, of distorting the total effect of the picture? Will these disclosures really throw much light on particular portions of it?

It is natural of course to expect a great deal from such unusual openness. But there may be something delusive about the expectation. Because a thing is only exceptionally revealed, it does not follow that it is exceptionally significant. The parts of the body usually covered are not the most significant, but the face, which is bare. And hidden things are not

necessarily unknown. There are "secrets de Polichinelle." The general form of the draped part of one's body is familiar to everyone, and even of its details people can guess far more than they could of the face's, were that veiled and the rest revealed. The bodily analogy may be pertinent in another way. Where our human nature approaches our animal side, individuality diminishes rapidly. Rousseau has been praised as one "who did not dissemble his kinship with the four-footed." In fact, some of his "nudes" carry us away from the individual to the *species*, and beyond that to the *genus*, informing us about man as animal, but not at all about Jean Jacques as Jean Jacques.

But, apart from this, do even the more personal "nudes" yield very much information as to Jean Jacques? Less than might be expected, perhaps, for the following reason. Legally there are abstract actions, but not morally. If a man tells me, "I have committed murder," the bare statement will not enable me to estimate his character. All men are, or should be, capable of killing in some conditions. I must know the concrete circumstances, — the motive, provocation, and so on. But when these data are supplied by the agent, they are subject to doubt. In matters involving their own interest or shame the sincerest cannot be trusted to judge accurately. Involuntary delusions interfere. So, if the agent himself speaks, we shall be uncertain; and if he says nothing, what does the abstract deed tell us? It may be said, we shall interpret it for ourselves by the rest of his character. But is this really practicable in detail, where the case is at all complex? Let me take an illustration from Rousseau.

One of his most celebrated "nudes" is the false charge he made when, as a wandering lad, he was a domestic servant at Turin. His mistress died, and in the confusion attending the break-up of the household he took a "little, old piece of pink-and-silver ribbon," which pleased his fancy, and, thinking no harm of the act, did not try to conceal it. The ribbon belonged to a person who probably had sentimental associations with it and therefore raised a hue and cry. The culprit was quickly detected. Asked before a crowd of people how he came by it, he said it had been given him by a fellow-servant, Marion, a young innocent girl. Brought to confront him, Marion denied the charge, but Rousseau stuck to it. At last, the person questioning them, too busy to reach the bottom of the matter, sent the pair off without deciding which was guilty.

Rousseau says he does not know what became of Marion, and it is not certain that she suffered any material damage through his lie. But he very properly vituperates himself violently for this ugly deed. He even says that it was largely the desire of relieving his conscience in some measure of this burden which prompted him to write his autobiography. These penitential floods forty years after the event tell us nothing about Rousseau at sixteen. At last, however, he adds some account of his contemporary state of mind. "When I accused the unhappy girl, it is strange but strictly true that my friendship for her was the cause of it. She was present to my thoughts, and I took my excuse from the first idea which occurred to me. I accused her of doing what I meant to have done. Having meant to give her the ribbon, I said she had given it to me. Then I was in an agony, but the presence of so many people kept me from recanting. I did not fear punishment; but I dreaded the shame of exposure worse than death. . . . Had I been taken aside by myself, I am convinced I should have told the truth in a moment."

This explanation has produced reams of comment, mostly unfavorable to Rousseau. It is not inconsistent with the rest of his character as given in his book. Yet Lord Brougham, while accepting the sin of course, rejects the explanation as "refined, false and absurd," and ad-

vances another of his own, contradicting it flatly in its two main points. Rousseau pleads that he did not accuse the girl deliberately, but by a lapse of thought, and that it was not fear of punishment, but dread of shame before so many people, which kept him from correcting the lapse. Lord Brougham says that he did accuse her deliberately, and that it was physical cowardice which prompted him. What ground has Lord Brougham for this charge? Rousseau's general character is certainly against it on the first point at least. The fact is, Lord Brougham is palpably "thumped" by the nude all through the *Confessions*. Such revelations shock him, apart from the intrinsic shockingness of the things revealed, and his judgment succumbs to the blows. When he wrote his own autobiography he was careful to exclude anything of the kind from it. To say the least, we cannot accept his interpretation as certain; nor yet Rousseau's, nor any other. And yet the uninterpreted deed has no definite significance.

Then is it worth while introducing these "nudes," if they cause so much confusion and, on the other hand, yield so little compensating information? Sainte Beuve remarks on Rousseau's feat — "singular perhaps but not useful." It can hardly be doubted that, if the nude were altogether omitted from the *Confessions*, our idea of the author would be far clearer and truer than it is now.

These objections imply, no doubt, something further — a distrust of autobiography altogether as a means of revealing a personality. In life we do not get our clearest insight into a man when he is telling us about himself, but when we see him acting without any thought of us. More can be learned in this kind by overhearing than by hearing. When Rousseau is writing about other people, he throws a light on his personality, which is turned off when he is writing about himself. Dryden's epigram is almost true about the autobiographer: "Every word a man says about himself is a word too much." And it is hardly a paradox to say that he who is least autobiographical will be most so.

Believers in direct self-revelation seem to imagine a man's personality as a well from which he alone can draw up the contents in a confessional bucket. A truer simile might be that of a blind man holding a biased bowl. No one else can handle it; he alone can feel it; surely he must be the best judge of its bias? No, that will be seen by others, not by him, as soon as he acts and sends the bowl careering along the turf.

THE QUIET WOMAN

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

THE dusk was wiping out the colors of the world, spreading over the tender greens and pale pinks an indefinite nameless color more beautiful than any we know. The apple-trees loomed up, great masses of bloom, and their sweetness drifted to Katherine mingled with the smell of young leaves and spring, — it was as if all the souls of the myriad growing things had breathed themselves forth into the night.

The dusk deepened and then grew blonder; the moon was coming up. One could see again that the trees were green, one could see the small flowers in the lawn. The white trees cast deep shadows on the young grass. Everything was very still; Katherine thought that the beating of her own heart was too loud for the miracle of the night. Everything — the trees and sky and hills — gave her the sense that something wonderful was about to happen; surely they were only the setting for some greater miracle. Then there came over her an appalling sense of desolation. It was terrible that on this most lovely night she must be so alone; that there should be no kind hand anywhere to meet hers. Katherine's need of companionship grew more poignant; the beauty of the night weighed on her as too great a burden to be borne alone; but she listened in vain for the sound of a human voice mingled with the voices of the night. The neighboring houses turned blank, unlighted faces to her; Katherine was as solitary as if she had been adrift on some unknown sea.

Then, in the garden on the slope of the hill below a white shadow moved; it flitted about, unsubstantial, unreal, now stopping as if to look at the night, now moving on slowly, then lost to sight among the flower-laden shrubs. At last it stood out in a little open space, attentive, even reverent, in its attitude. Without realizing what she did, Katherine trailed through the wet grass toward the motionless figure, her shawl hanging loose around her; it was as if one white spirit went forth to meet another like itself. She made her way through the loosely planted shrubbery which divided one garden from the other, and was near the other woman before she turned her head toward Katherine. She greeted Katherine quietly as if she had been waiting for her. They stood a moment in silence, then the woman said:

"I could not have stayed out here alone —" she stopped shyly and turned toward Katherine to see if she were understood, and Katherine wondered if here was some one as terribly alone as herself, as in need as she of sympathy. They looked at the night together, as silent as old friends who do not need to talk to one another; they did not know each other's names, and yet already they had ceased to be strangers; the fellowship of spring had brought them together.

A voice called from somewhere beyond a screen of white apple-trees, a man's voice, gay, mocking, jovial:

"Mother! mother! Where are you? Mother, you 'll be *moonstruck*."

The woman turned gravely to Katherine.

"My son is calling me," she told her. "Good-night, I am glad you came." Then she added wistfully, "This is the first time in many years that I have had a friend by me as I looked at the night."

With the sound of the man's voice and his gay, chaffing "Mother, you 'll be *moonstruck*," the mirage of the night had vanished; the frail, subtle tie that a mo-

ment before seemed to bind the two women into friendship had snapped. They hurried their several ways a little ashamed of themselves, — for what, they did n't know exactly.

Next morning, when Katherine came out, there was a woman working in the garden below. Katherine made no doubt that it was her friend of the moonlight and made her way towards her.

"I am your new neighbor, Katherine Paine," she said.

The older woman smiled at her, greeting her in silence; but it was a silence with a more enfolding welcome than any words Katherine had ever heard, and she knew that they had gone on with their friendship begun so oddly the night before, for all they ignored their first meeting as something too apart from the ordinary events of life to be discussed in broad daylight.

They walked several paces through the lovely garden before the older woman said, "I don't know whether you know my name or not — it 's Eunice Gaunt." Her voice had none of the New England aggressiveness; it was indeed singularly sweet; it had a shy little note of hesitation very charming to listen to; and she chatted away about her garden as if to an old friend.

From the house there came the same jovial voice of the night before: "Mother, mother! Oh, there you are!" and a man swung down the path. He stared at Katherine in a way that was just short of disconcerting. It was almost as if he had said, "Yes, on the whole, I think you 're a very pretty girl." He looked bold, stubborn, domineering; but one forgave him all that, — there was a large gayety about him that went to one's heart. As he put his hand on his mother's shoulder with an air of assured ownership, it flashed over Katherine that all the same this dark bold man was an odd sort of son for the delicate, sweet little lady to have mothered.

She was saying, "This is our new neighbor, Miss Paine —"

"Mr. Gaunt?" Katherine murmured in acknowledgment of his formal greeting.

"His name is Wetherill," Eunice Gaunt corrected tranquilly.

"Why in the world did you think my name was Gaunt?" he demanded. The stand-and-deliver tone of his question and the little lurking amusement in his voice embarrassed Katherine; before she could answer, his mother explained:

"I told her my name was Eunice Gaunt — and so of course —"

He burst out into loud, gay laughter. "Could n't you," he asked, "for respectability's sake, add a 'Wetherill' ?"

Mrs. Wetherill smiled gently at him. She seemed to have abstracted herself from the scene; it was as if she had actually walked away from them and left them together alone, as she replied, —

"I think of myself, I suppose, as 'Eunice Gaunt.'"

"She 's only had forty years to get used to 'Wetherill,' Miss Paine." He turned a humorous eye on his mother, who kneeled down to examine a plant; she had ceased to have any connection with them.

"Well," said Wetherill, "I must go. I 'm delighted to have met you, Miss Paine; it 's nice you 're our near neighbor, — I 'm especially glad that you and my mother have made friends so soon. Good-by. Good-by 'Eunice Gaunt.' Please don't work too hard." He bent over her and drew her toward him. "*Promise* me you won't work too hard. — She does a man's work in this garden every day, Miss Paine. — You 'll go in and lie down like a good girl. — Yes? and you 'll call Ezra if you 've anything heavy to lift. — Yes?" He kissed his mother, and with a pleasant nod to Katherine, was off.

"Come," Mrs. Wetherill said, "I want you to see my daffodil border under the hedge;" she took up the conversation where her son had broken it, quite as if he had not been there at all. "Do

you mind my asking you," she continued, "what wind blew you here?"

"I always took care of my mother," Katherine answered; "she had been ailing for years. She died not long ago, — and I wanted a quiet place to rest."

Katherine had told the whole story of her uneventful life. It had left her at twenty-six with the eyes of a young girl.

For a moment Mrs. Wetherill looked at Katherine kindly, sweetly, as a sister might. Then, as if brooding over what she read in the girl's face, "How we eat up one another's lives!" she said.

Katherine had gone out that morning with an empty heart, and she came back with it filled. "Eunice Gaunt" had some way taken her in, opened the door of her heart to her; and Katherine wondered how she had passed by all the boundaries of reserve. She wondered again, as she had the night before, if her friend was perhaps as lonely as she; if, like herself, she needed so greatly the touch of a friendly hand; then she put that from her as absurd; there was a spiritual quality about the older woman, a sweet content that made the idea of her needing anything impossible, and companionship least of all.

Katherine had rented the house for the summer from an old friend of her mother's; so during the first few weeks of her stay a procession of ladies came to call, as they had evidently been asked to do by the owner of the house.

Mrs. Carling was the first to put the inevitable question, "How do you like Thornton?"

"Very much," Katherine answered, and added that she found her neighbor charming.

"Your neighbor?" Mrs. Carling wondered.

"Mrs. Wetherill," Katherine explained.

"Why, has *she* been up here?" asked the other.

"She 'runs in,'" said Katherine; "I think I 'ran in' first;" and Mrs. Carling gave forth an astonished,

"Well, well!" To Katherine's look of inquiry, she explained, "She 's a very quiet woman and rarely goes anywhere, and when she does, — never a word out of her! Not a bit like her son. Henry's sociable enough."

She went away, leaving Katherine with the impression that Mrs. Wetherill's "running in" on her, which she had so taken as a matter of course, was for Mrs. Wetherill something very much out of the common. The other ladies of the village, as they called one after another, made this certain. The news of Mrs. Wetherill's neighborliness had gone forth, — had been discussed, it was evident; and Katherine became very well acquainted with two people whom she amused herself by calling Mrs. Wetherill and Eunice Gaunt. One she knew only by hearsay. She was a silent woman, but so kindly that in the hard little New England village she was well beloved. Though she was no recluse and attended club meeting, doing her share of work in the village, she seldom opened her lips; and as for strangers, — why, Mrs. Wetherill never went to see *them*. Of Mrs. Wetherill, Katherine was sure that she had never had so much as a glimpse; she could n't in the least identify her with Eunice Gaunt. Eunice Gaunt for all her shy, hesitating manner had plenty to say — to Katherine anyway; companionship with her had a significance far beyond any companionship Katherine ever had. There was a certain freshness to all her words, as if her very silence had kept her mind young. Her thoughts came out clear and shining, minted quite fresh. How different the two, the Mrs. Wetherill of Thornton and her friend Eunice Gaunt were, Katherine could gauge by the curiosity their friendship excited. How alone Eunice Gaunt had been, she saw only too plainly by the subdued, almost tremulous eagerness with which she gave Katherine her friendship.

She could n't help wondering why her friend was shut so closely in the house of

herself,—Eunice Gaunt could n't indeed have been more separated from the world around her had there been question of locks and keys.

"The house of herself," was Eunice Gaunt's own word.

"We all of us keep the real 'me' locked up in the house of ourself," she had said once to Katherine. "Sometimes it is self-consciousness that turns the key, and sometimes shyness, and more often circumstances." Then she added wistfully, "Some happy people come in and out at will." They walked side by side toward the little wood. Then Eunice Gaunt put her hand on the younger woman's with an indescribable gesture of tenderness. "You open the door for me, my dear," she said.

They stood face to face, silent in the contentment of perfect understanding, and Katherine went home, to wonder again why this loving, lovable woman should live so aloof from her fellows. How aloof this was, she found out the first time they went out together; it was a party at Mrs. Carling's, and not only, as Mrs. Carling said, was there "not a word out of Mrs. Wetherill," but no promise of words or anything else. A diffident, smiling little old lady was all she seemed, who, as Mrs. Carling had put it, "would n't say 'Boh' to a goose;" one would as soon have expected treasures of companionship and understanding from the tufted chair on which she was sitting. As they left the house Henry Wetherill joined them.

"Well, mother," he chaffed, "did you tell them how to raise strawberries as good as yours?"—and without waiting for an answer, "Mother, you know," he explained, "is forever telling people how to raise things like hers; but *I* always have thought she was like the housekeepers who leave out the important thing when they give away their receipts."

There was a little edge of patronizing sarcasm in his tone, a mere suggestion only, so imperceptible that Katherine thought she must be mistaken. Mrs. Wetherill had n't noticed it. She smiled absently at her son, and absently she left on Katherine the burden of keeping up a conversation,—which she did not unwillingly. She liked Henry Wetherill, even if his abrupt way of asking questions disconcerted her to dumbness.

Mrs. Wetherill turned in at her own gate, saying good-by to Katherine with the same gentle formality she had shown in taking leave of the other ladies.

"I 'll walk over with Miss Paine," Henry announced; and Mrs. Wetherill replied with a smiling, aloof, "Very well, dear," and "Good-by, Katherine."

Once at Katherine's gate, "I think I 'll come up and sit on your piazza," he said,—"if you 'll let me, I mean." He might have been asking permission smilingly of a child of twelve. He arranged himself comfortably in a big piazza chair, and from his attitude a passer-by would have gathered that he was a daily visitor, so much at home he seemed.

He stared at Katherine in his embarrassing way; and when she felt herself flushing and caught a twinkle of a smile in his eyes, she had an unreasoning impulse to run away and lock the door in the face of this man, who stared one into self-consciousness and then smiled tolerantly over one's confusion.

There was, however, no hint of the smile in his voice as he said, "You don't know how glad I am that you and mother are such friends. I'm like my father,—I hate a gadding, gossiping woman; but I think mother goes too far the other way."

Katherine warmed to him over his concern for his mother, and for a while they chatted together. To Katherine's shy invitation to come again,—"As often as you like," he answered warmly.

When he left, Katherine felt that her house was empty, his large radiant personality had so filled it. This was not to be the last she saw of him that day. Later, as she made her way through the shrubbery in search of his mother, she heard Wetherill's voice saying, "Why don't

you put them where Mrs. Wetherill told you to?"

His voice was not raised beyond his usual tone, but it cut like a knife. One could n't call it bullying; it was a finer and more wounding way of getting what one wanted. "Why"— he continued in exactly the same pitch — "don't you answer me?"

Katherine knew he could continue indefinitely on the same insulting key. Through the bushes she could see the old gardener grubbing away at a flower-bed, Wetherill standing over him. While the old man did not answer or pause in his work, every outline of his old, bent figure expressed indignant protest. Mrs. Wetherill stood a few paces distant, trowel in hand; she was gazing off at the distant horizon, calm-browed, apparently unconscious of everything around her.

"*Why* did n't you put them where you were told? You think you know everything about a garden,— but you 're here, are n't you, to do what Mrs. Wetherill says?"

Katherine had gained the open lawn and was only a few steps away from her friends.

"Why —" Henry began again.

The old man jumped to his feet, his brown face red under the tan.

"I *be* doin' what she told me," he cried angrily. Then, appealing to Mrs. Wetherill, "Ain't I settin' them plants where you said?"

It seemed to Katherine that Mrs. Wetherill brought herself back as from a distance, and that it was an effort for her to realize what was going on.

"Why of course you are, Ezra," she answered, "why not?" She looked with surprise at the angry faces of the two men; then she saw Katherine. "Why, my dear child," she cried joyously, and stopped herself abruptly.

"Do you mind telling me," Henry asked his mother politely, "why in the world you let me sail into Ezra as I've been doing on your behalf, when after all he was doing what you said?"

She looked at him mildly. "I did n't hear what you were saying, Henry," she replied. Henry threw out his hands despairingly.

"Did you ever see such a pair, Miss Paine? I was perfectly sure Ezra was planting those roses where I heard mother tell him not to. I go for him loud enough to be heard across the street, and there she stands and, perfectly unruffled, lets me maul him. Actually she has n't heard a word!"

He turned to his mother. "Where were you anyway? I never saw such an absent-minded woman! I talk and talk to her and I might as well be at the other side of a plate-glass window. Ezra, you old fool, why did n't you tell me sooner?"

Henry was entirely restored to good-humor now, and his question to Ezra was almost an apology; but the old man did not answer or take any notice of him beyond hunching an offish shoulder.

"Look at them, Miss Paine," Henry exclaimed. "They never speak! Sometimes I think I'll buy a parrot for company!" He had put a large arm around his mother's neck and lifted her face up toward him like a child's. "Why don't you listen when I talk to you?" he demanded with savage affection.

"You're so like your father, dear," she replied irrelevantly.

Henry Wetherill hastened to fulfill his promise of coming often to see Katherine. Indeed he formed a pleasant habit of "dropping in" for a few moments' chat, and while he was there he would not take his eyes from her. She resented this at first; in the end she liked it, in much the fearsome way she liked Henry Wetherill. She was filled with a sense of excitement when she was with him. Conversation with him was an adventure. She could never tell when he would swoop down on her and extinguish her. What he did to give her this impression she could not for the life of her have told; but with him she felt she had to fight for her life or cease to be; the irritating part

of it was that he was largely and serenely unaware of the effect he produced, and it is a humiliating thing to be fighting for life with a force which does n't even realize that there is a fight.

So, between her companionship with the mother and her friendship with the son, — for that, in spite of everything, was what it was coming to be, — Katherine found her life very full. She turned her face resolutely from that blank time when she would have to go away, — after her tenancy had finished there was really no good excuse to keep her in a snowbound New England village, — and when one day Henry Wetherill abruptly asked her what her plans for the winter were, she told him promptly, —

"Oh, I 'll go South, I suppose."

At that moment Mrs. Carling came in, and when, in a few minutes, Henry Wetherill left, Mrs. Carling hardly waited for his broad shoulders to be turned before she raised significant eyebrows at Katherine, and followed it up with a surprised, "Well, you *have* done it — to be sure!"

"Done it!" Katherine wondered.

"Mother and son both! Well I declare," her visitor pursued with relish.

Evenly, but with inward annoyance, Katherine turned the subject. Mrs. Carling, however, had given her a clue to something that had mystified her. For the past few weeks Henry's mother, in some indescribable fashion, had seemed to slip away from her. There had been nothing one could put one's finger on; one could only say in the good old phrase that "things were different." There had been a mute appeal in her friend's eyes that Katherine now thought she understood.

"I must stop his coming here so much," Katherine decided; but in the bottom of her heart she knew how powerless she was to stop Henry Wetherill in anything that he wanted to do.

As he came up the path next day Katherine noticed that his brows were drawn in a sombre line. But as he saw her on the piazza waiting for him, he smiled at her brilliantly, and Katherine felt as if the sun had come out in the midst of a thunderstorm.

"Do you know," he began without preamble his eyes looking directly into hers, "what I was thinking about when I came up the walk? I was wondering what would become of us all when you went. You don't know, I suppose, what you mean to me — I 'm as lonely in a way as mother. Until you came I did n't know there was any other way to be — " He faltered a moment; and there was something very appealing in his hesitation: after all, he needed companionship and affection as do the weaker people of the world, and this touched Katherine to the quick. They stood facing each other, troubled and embarrassed, Katherine's heart beating fast. Now she knew: yesterday's absurdity had become the reality of to-day.

"You see how it is, — you can't go away; you must n't. I've *got* to have you." Then, as Katherine would have spoken, — for it seemed to her that for all his tone of eager pleading she was being swept down the swift-flowing stream of his desire, and she wanted very much to tell him the truth, which was that she did n't love him in the very least, — he stopped her.

"I know what you want to say. You want to tell me you don't care for me. I know that. But you don't hate me — you like me even, and after we 're married I 'd be a poor sort of a fellow if I could n't make you care."

He cared; that was the principal thing after all, his manner seemed to say.

"It 's all so right, don't you see," he pleaded eagerly. "You so belong to us."

The "It 's all so right" was what won her. What if she did n't love him? It *was* all so right. The "us" touched her too. His constant thought for his mother was one of the things that drew her most to him.

"How would your mother feel about it?" Katherine asked shyly.

His mother's attitude in the matter had evidently never occurred to him. He looked at her blankly. "Why should n't she like it?" he demanded with a touch of anger. It was as if he had said, "Let her not like it and she'll see what she'll get;" and the little vague terror that he had given her from the first came over her; but it vanished as he laughed his loud boyish laugh.

"What an idea!" he shouted; "why, I can't remember mother's not liking anything I've done since I was grown up. She likes *everything* I do," he repeated with serene assurance. "What made you think she would n't like it, — my marrying you?" he persisted.

"Why, it 's seemed to me that the more I saw of you the less I saw of her; the better I got to know you the more she withdrew herself," Katherine faltered.

He looked at her, a tender glow in his eyes. "Don't worry about that," he assured her lightly. "Mother 's only part there most of the time; she 's the most absent-minded woman in the world — always in the clouds."

And Katherine forbore telling him how much "Eunice Gaunt" was "there" when her son was n't. He evidently was not aware of her curious smiling aloofness. Katherine longed to ask him if he never got behind it, never saw the other side; but she only insisted, "I don't think she'll like it."

"What a funny girl you are," he said, smiling. "We'll find mother and ask her, and then —"

"And then," Katherine interrupted, "if she does n't like it — I love her so dearly I could n't for the world —"

"You'll see," Henry Wetherill repeated. There was not a shadow of doubt in him; if there was anything he was sure of, it was his mother.

They found Mrs. Wetherill in the garden. "Mother," he called to her joyously, "this foolish girl thinks you would n't like me to marry her." His tone was gay, happy, assured. There was a certain finality in it also, as if she already belonged to him, as he added, "Tell her you think she'll be a good wife to me."

For a fraction of a second, Mrs. Wetherill stared at them wide-eyed. Then, "She would make the best wife in the world for any one," she cried warmly, and kissed Katherine.

"You see," Henry triumphed, and Katherine wondered if he actually had not noticed that his mother had turned white at his words; if he could not see how her hands trembled as she smiled her little vague smile at him.

"I'll leave you to talk things over," he told them. Mrs. Wetherill stood watching him until he disappeared beyond the tawny lilies into the house.

"Now tell me the truth," Katherine said gently, taking both her friend's hands in her own.

Mrs. Wetherill raised her troubled, sombre face to hers; her mouth quivered pitifully; slow tears gathered in her eyes.

"You don't need to say anything," Katherine went on still more tenderly. "I can understand. He 's your only son —"

But as Henry Wetherill's mother whispered under her breath, "Oh, I can't live it all over again," Katherine understood that here was more than a mother who finds it hard to give up her dear son.

"You're so near me," Mrs. Wetherill went on, so low that it was as if she were afraid to hear her own words, "that I can't let you suffer what you would have to. You're so near me that you seem to me like my own child —"

In this moment they passed beyond the door of friendship. They stood for the moment closer than it is often possible for one human being to come to another. They were at the very threshold of Eunice Gaunt's hidden life. For Katherine's sake she had opened a door that such women keep closed even against themselves.

"I hoped," she went on, "that you would see for yourself, — you see so many things other people don't —"

"You don't think I'd be happy with Henry," Katherine suggested gently. She was beginning to read the riddle of her friend's life, — her curious relation with her son; her attitude toward the world began to have a new meaning.

"Men like Henry don't know how they hurt women like us," Henry's mother said gently. It was an apology, not an accusation. "Henry's like his father," she went on in the same gentle tone. "All the Wetherill men are alike. They crush the weaker people around them out of existence; they don't mean to, — they don't even know they do it." While she told what her son was, she had to cry out in the same breath, "It's not his fault." With a gesture of unfathomable motherliness, as if Katherine were really her daughter, she put her hand on the girl's head and gazed long into her eyes.

"My dear," she asked, "do you *love* Henry? Your face is the face of a little girl, as it was when I first saw you"—

"He said," Katherine faltered, "that it did n't matter, — that he would make me like him."

"Poor Henry," said his mother; "if you had loved him — there would n't have been anything to say. I should have lived over through you all that has been hard in my life. It would have been like having my own at war with my own. I should have had to know that no day of yours went by without its humiliation, without its bruise. I should have known that it was my son's fault. He could n't help doing it, — and you could n't help him. You would try and try, and then you would see that neither patience nor submission nor love could change him."

All the things Katherine had failed to understand fitted in together like parts of a puzzle. Now she knew why her friend was as she was. Henry's father and Henry had shut her into the "house of herself" with their noisy wounding anger, with their wounding laughter. She had a sharp vision of Henry's bullying tenderness, of his mocking laugh, of the glimpse she had had of his insatiable irritation; and a fear of him came over her, the fear of the weaker animal for the stronger. She meditated over what she saw, and Eunice brooded over her own past; at last she cried out, — it was her only moment of bitterness, —

"They are the men with no woman in them. They are the ones who first created our meannesses and weaknesses and then laughed and scolded and sneered at us for being as they made us." Her voice softened. "They can't help themselves for their unconscious abuse of power," she said.

This was her final judgment of the two men who had made up her life — her husband and her son. It was her only revolt, her only outward sign of discontent. Now she stood upright, as immovable as a figure of justice, and in her Katherine saw more than a woman telling the long tragedy of her life. It was as if through the voice of her friend she heard the immemorial cry of all the weaker creatures who have suffered through the strong. Without passion or anger she put in words woman's world-old quarrel with man. Bits of it would come to Katherine long afterwards.

"They are the sort of men who make cowards and liars of women," was one.

"I understood the meannesses of women when I had been married a few years."

"Often I have seen on a woman's face a look of anger or fear or cunning, and I knew that here was another of me. There are more of us than you think, and we use in self-defense guile, or flattery, or affection, or submission, according to our natures."

"There are few women who have n't been sneered at and reproached for being women."

She told her story, a few sentences at a time; and unconsciously she showed Katherine her final victory, her acceptance of life as it was, the conquest of her own inward peace. She told how she had borne their unconscious brutality, first with tears, then with smiling aloof-

ness; her road to escape had been a withdrawal from them and from every one, for she had left no point where they could hurt her.

"How did you bear it all?" Katherine asked at last.

Her friend looked at her in gentle surprise. "I loved both of them dearly always," she said. "And I knew they loved me even more dearly. Love goes deeper than understanding. We've lived our lives, Henry and Henry's father and I, talking different languages; but I have always been upheld by their love for me and, curiously enough, by their dependence on me. If you — had cared —" she did not finish, but smiled at Katherine, all tenderness in her eyes. Then Katherine knew that the secret of her inner content was more than self-mastery; she had always had them, whatever else had been lacking; mysteriously they had made up to her for all the pain they had all unconsciously given her.

She had no time to answer, for Henry was bearing down on them, gay and confident. At the two women's serious aspect, "Well?" he asked, raising his eye-brows in question.

"I have been telling Katherine not to marry you," his mother said steadily.

He stared aghast. "You have been telling her *what?*" he repeated; his tone was low, there was in every word the concentration of anger. "What does she mean?" he demanded of Katherine. "Answer me."

"There's no use asking her," Mrs. Wetherill told him simply. "I'm sorry, Henry, I had to do it. You could never have made Katherine happy."

She had told him everything he could understand.

"Let her speak for herself," Wetherill commanded sternly. "Katherine, will you marry me?" The entreaty in his voice, his anger, his very lack of understanding, went to Katherine's heart. She was nearer loving him that moment than she had ever been. Had they been alone she realized that she must have promised whatever he wished, — and then run away. With her friend's protecting arm around her she managed to falter forth,

"No, oh no!"

He turned on his mother.

"You've made mischief between us!" Anger vibrated in his low voice. "You've dared, *you*, *you*, to judge whether I could make her happy! *You* know whether this means anything to me! *You* know whether I've ever cared for any one else. — The first woman I care for — Oh!" — he was white with the rage and despair of it. The creature on earth he loved most had turned on him, treacherously. His world had gone to pieces under his feet, and he raged at it. It was the man's side of it, old as time; and like the first man betrayed by his faithful servant, he raged against the faithlessness of women.

There was nothing mean in his anger; it did n't occur to him to try and control it because of Katherine; such as he was he showed himself. He resorted to no trick of gentleness to win her. Like his kind he had got everything through the brute force of his will, as his ancestors had got everything by might of arm. If all the protest of women from all time against the unconscious abuse of power had been his mother's story, all man's rancor against woman was in his denunciation. As his anger spent itself, he stood before the two women in very despair at his impotence. He did n't understand them; he did n't understand anything. There was not one of the many questions he put himself that he could answer. His own had turned on him. Why? He could n't tell. The woman he loved had all but given herself to him, and then turned from him. Why? He did n't know. All he knew was the common knowledge of the men of his kind, that women were the enemies of men, creatures one could n't understand, moved by irrational impulse, untrustworthy and fickle. And as his mother watched him she understood, she trembled for him in a very anguish of pity.

He stood before them, a tragic, lonely figure, suffering as a child suffers without knowing why; then he turned from them abruptly and left them. Katherine threw her arms around her friend.

"You shan't stand it," she cried. "Come away with me. You must n't live with him any longer."

But Eunice Gaunt did not hear her. She watched Henry out of sight while slow tears gathered in her eyes. She breathed so low that Katherine barely heard her, —

"Oh, my poor son!" and again "My poor son!" and then, — "Oh, how could I hurt you so much?"

THE COUNTRY EDITOR OF TO-DAY

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

Eulogies and laudatory paragraphs, alternating with sneers, ridicule, and deprecations, long have been the lot of the country editor. Pictured in the comic papers as an egotistic clown, exalted by the politicians as a mighty "moulder of public opinion," occasionally chastised by angry patrons, and sometimes remembered by delighted subscribers, he has put his errors where they could be read of all men and has modestly sought a fair credit for his merits.

At times he has rebelled — not at treatment from his constituency but at patronizing remarks of the city journalist who sits at a mahogany desk and dictates able articles for the eighteen-page daily, instead of writing local items at a pine table in the office of a four-page weekly. Thus did one voice his protest: "When you consider that the country weekly is owned by its editor and that the man who writes the funny things about country papers in the city journals is owned by the corporation for which he writes, it does n't seem so sad. When you see an item in the city papers poking fun at the country editor for printing news about John Jones' new barn, you laugh and laugh, — for you know that on one of the pages of that same city daily is a two-column story in regard to the trimmings on the gowns of the Duchess of Wheelbarrow. And it is all the more amusing because you know the duchess does not even know of the existence of the aforesaid city paper, while John Jones and many of his neighbors take and pay for the paper which mentioned his new barn. Don't waste your pity on the country newspaper worker. He will get along."

Little money is needed to start a country paper. There be those who claim that it does not require any money, — that it can be done on nerve alone, — and they produce evidence to support the statement. True, some of the editors who have the least money and the poorest plants are most successful in their efforts to live up to the conception developed by the professional humorist; but it is not fair to judge the country editor by these — any more than it would be fair to judge the workers on the great city dailies by the publishers of back-street fake sheets that exist merely to rob advertisers; or to judge the editors of reputable magazines by the promoters of nauseous monthlies whose stock in trade is a weird and sickening collection of mail-order bargains and quack medicine advertisements.

The country editor of to-day is far removed from his prototype of two or three decades ago. It would be strange if an age that gives to the farmer his improved self-binder, to the physician his

X-ray machine, and to the merchant his loose-leaf ledger, had done nothing for the town's best medium of publicity. The perfection of stereotype plate manufacture by which a page of telegraph news may be delivered ready for printing at a cost of approximately twenty cents a column, and the elaboration of the "ready print," or "patent inside," by which half the paper is printed before delivery, yet at practically no expense over the unprinted sheets, have been the two great labor-savers for the country editor. Thereby he is relieved, if he desire, of the tedious and expensive task of setting much type in order to give the world's general news, and the miscellaneous matter that "fills up" the paper. His energies then may be devoted to reporting the happenings of his locality and to giving his opinions on public affairs. By his doing of these, and by his relations toward the public interests, is he to be judged.

After all, no one man in the community has so large an opportunity to assist the town in advancement as the editor. It is not because he is smarter than others, not because he is wealthy,—but because he is the spokesman to the outside world.

He is eager to print all the news in his own paper. Does he do it? Hardly. "This would be a very newsy paper," explained a frank country editor to his subscribers, "were it not for the fact that each of the four men who work on it has many friends. By the time all the items that might injure some of their friends are omitted, very little is left."

"I wish you would print a piece about our schoolteacher," said a farmer's wife to me one afternoon. "Say that she is the best teacher in the county."

"But I can't do that — two hundred other teachers would be angry. You write the piece, sign it, and I'll print it."

"What are you running a newspaper for if you can't please your subscribers?" she demanded — and canceled her subscription.

So the country editor leaves out certain good things and certain bad things for the very simple reason that the persons most interested are close at hand and can find the individual responsible for the statements. He becomes wise in his generation and avoids chastisements and libel suits. He finds that there is no lasting regard in a sneer, no satisfaction in gratifying the impulse to say things that bring tears to women's eyes, nothing to gloat over in opening a wound in a man's heart. If he does not learn this as he grows older in the service, he is a poor country editor.

His relations to his subscribers are intimate. There is little mystery possible about the making of the paper; it is as if he stood in the market-place and told his story. Of course, the demands upon him are many and some of them preposterous. Men with grafts seek to use the paper, people with schemes ask free publicity. The country editor is criticised for charging for certain items that no city paper prints free. The churches and lodges want free notices of entertainments by which they hope to make money; semi-public entertainments prepared under the management of a traveling promoter ask free advertising "for the good of the cause." Usually they get it, and when the promoter passes on, the editor is found to be the only one in town who received nothing for his labor.

It is characteristic of the country town to engage in community quarrels. These absorb the attention of the citizens, and feeling becomes bitter. The cause may be trifling: the location of a schoolhouse, the building of a bridge, the selection of a justice of the peace, or some similar matter, is enough. To the newspaper office hurry the partisans, asking for *ex parte* reports of the conditions. One leader is, perhaps, a liberal advertiser; to offend him means loss of business. Another is a personal friend; to anger him means the loss of friendship. The editor of the only paper in the town must be a diplomat if he is to guide safely through the channel. In former

times he tried to please both sides and succeeded in making enemies of every one interested. Now the well-equipped editor takes the position that he is a business man like the others, that he has rights as do they, and he states the facts as he sees them, regardless of partisanship, letting the public do the rest. If there be another paper in town, the problem is easy, for the other faction also has an "organ."

Out of the public's disagreement may come a newspaper quarrel — though this is a much rarer thing than formerly. The old-time country newspaper abuse of "our loathed but esteemed contemporary" is passing away, it being understood that such a quarrel, with personalities entangled in the recriminations, is both undignified and ungentlemanly. "But people will read it," says the man who by gossip encourages these attacks. So will people listen to a coarse street controversy carried on in a loud and angry tone, — but little is their respect for the principals engaged. Country editors of the better class now treat other editors as gentlemen, and the paper that stoops to personal attacks is seldom found. Many a town has gone for years without other than kindly mention in any paper of the editors of the other papers, and in such towns you will generally find peace and courtesy among the citizens.

Of course, there are politics and political arguments, but few are the editors so lacking in the instincts of a gentleman as to bring into these the opposing editor's personal and family affairs. It has come to be understood that such action is a reflection on the one who does it, not on the object of his attack. This is another way of saying that more real gentlemen are running country newspapers to-day than ever before. This broadening of character has broadened influence. The country paper is effecting greater things in legislation than are the county conventions.

"The power of the country press in Washington surprises me," said a middle West congressman last winter. "During my two terms I have been impressed with it constantly. I doubt if there is a single calm utterance in any paper in the United States that does not carry some weight in Washington among the members of Congress. You might think that what some little country editor says does not amount to anything, but it means a great deal more than most people realize. When the country editor, who is looking after nothing but the county printing, gives expression to some rational idea about a national question, the man off here in Congress knows that it comes from the grass-roots. The lobby, the big railroad lawyers, and that class of people, realize the power of the press, but they hate it. I have heard them talk about it and shake their heads and say, 'Too much power there!' The press is more powerful than money."

This was not said in flattery, but because he had seen on congressmen's desks the heaps of country weeklies, and he knew how closely they were read. The smallest editorial paragraph tells the politician of the condition in that paper's community, for he knows that it is put there because the editor has gathered the idea from some one whom he trusts as a leader, — and the politician knows approximately who that leader is. So the country editor often exerts a power of which he knows little.

But politics is only a part of the country editor's life. The social affairs of the community are nearest to him. The proud father who brings in a cigar with a notice of the seventh baby's arrival (why cigars and babies should be associated in men's minds I never understood), the fruit farmer who presents some fine Ben Davis apples in the expectation that he will get a notice, are but types. The editor may have some doubts concerning the need of a seventh child in the family of the proud father, and he may not be particularly fond

of Ben Davis apples; but he gives generous notices because he knows that the gifts were prompted by kind hearts and that the givers are his friends.

When joy comes to the household, it is but the working of the heart's best impulses to desire that all should share it. The news that the princess of the family has, after many years of waiting, wedded a prosperous merchant of the neighboring county, brings the family into prominence in the home paper. Seldom in these busy times does the editor get a piece of wedding-cake, but nevertheless he fails not to say that the bride is "one of our loveliest young ladies and the groom is worthy of the prize he has won." The city paper does not do that. Here and there a country editor tries to put on city airs and give the bare facts of "social functions," without a personal touch to the lines. But unfrequently does he succeed in reaching the hearts of his readers, and somehow he finds that his contemporary across the street, badly printed, sprinkled with typographical errors and halting in its grammar, but profuse in its laudations, is getting an unusual number of new subscribers. Even you, though you may pretend to be unmindful, are not displeased when on the day after your party you read that the guests "went home feeling that a good time had been had."

The time has not yet come for the country paper to assume city airs; nor is it likely to arrive for many years. The reason is a psychological one. The city journal is the paper of the masses; the country weekly or small daily is the paper of the neighborhood. One is general and impersonal; the other, direct and intimate. One is the market-place; the other, the home. The distinction is not soon to be wiped out.

And when sorrow comes! Into the home of a city friend of mine death entered, taking the wife and mother. The family had been prominent in social circles, and columns were printed in the city papers, columns of cold, biographical facts — born, married, died. But the news went back to the small country town where in their early married life the husband and wife had spent many happy years, and in the little country weekly was quite another sort of story. It told how much her friends loved her, how saddened they were by her passing away, how sweet and womanly had been her character. The husband did not send the city papers to distant acquaintances; he sent copy after copy of the little country weekly, the only place where, despite his prominence in the world, appeared a sympathetic relation of the loss that had come to him.

Week after week the country paper does this. From issue after issue clippings are stowed away in bureau drawers or pasted in family Bibles, because they picture the loved one gone. It may not be a very high mission; but no part of the country editor's work has in it more of satisfaction and recompense.

After the funeral comes the real test of the editor's good-nature. Long resolutions adopted by lodges and church organizations are handed in for publication, each bristling with the forms of ritual or creed, and each signed with the names of the committee members upon whom devolved the task of composition. A few country editors are brave enough to demand payment at advertising rates for these publications; generally they are printed without charge.

Nor is there a halt at this step in the proceeding. One day a sad-faced farmer, with a heavy band of crape around his battered soft hat, accompanied by a woman whose heavy veil and black dress are sufficient insignia of woe, comes to the office.

"We would like to put in a 'card of thanks,'" begins the man, "and we wish you would write it for us. We ain't very good at writing pieces, and you know how." Does the editor tell them how bad is the taste that indulges the stereotyped card of thanks? Does he haughtily refuse to be a party to such violation of

form's canons? Scarcely. He knows the formula by heart and "the kind friends and neighbors who assisted us in our late bereavement," comes to him as easily as the opening words of a mayor's proclamation.

Occasionally there is literary talent in the family, and the "card" is prepared without the editor's assistance. Here is one verbatim as it came to the desk:—

"We extend our thanks to the good people who assisted us in the sickness and death of our wife and daughter: The doctor who was so faithful in attendance and effort to bring her back to health, the pastor who visited and prayed with her and us, the students who watched with us and waited on her, the neighbors who did all they could in helping care for her, the dormitory students, the faculty, the literary societies and the A.O.U.W. who furnished such beautiful flowers, we thank them all. Then the undertaker who was so kind, the liveryman and other friends who furnished carriages for us to go to the cemetery — yes, we thank you all."

Doubtless he feels that he should do something toward conserving the best taste in social usage, and that the "card of thanks" should be ruthlessly frowned down; but he sees also the other side. It is unquestionably prompted by a spirit of sincere gratitude and survives as a concession to a supposed public opinion. Like other things that are self-perpetuating, this continues — and the country editor out of the goodness of his heart assists in its longevity. In no path is the progress of the reformer so difficult as in that of social custom; and this is as true on the village street as on the city boulevard.

The past half-decade has brought to the country editor a new problem and a new rival, — the rural delivery route. Until this innovation came, few farmers took daily papers. The country weekly, or the weekly from the city, furnished the news.

Out in the Middle West the other morning, a dozen miles from town, a farmer rode on a sulky plough turning over brown furrows for the new crop. "I see by to-day's Kansas City papers," he began, as a visitor came alongside, "that there is trouble in Russia again." "What do you know about what is in to-day's Kansas City papers?" "Oh, we got them from the carrier an hour ago."

It was not yet noon, but he was in touch with the world's news up to one o'clock that morning — and this twelve miles from a railroad and two hundred miles west of the Missouri River! In that county every farmhouse has rural delivery of mail; and one carrier makes his round in an automobile, covering the thirty miles in four hours or less.

The country editor has viewed with alarm this changing condition. He has feared that he would be robbed of his subscribers through the familiar excuse, "I'm takin' more papers than I can read." But nothing of the kind has happened. Although the rural carriers take each morning great packages of daily papers, brought to the village by the fast mail, the people along the routes are as eager as ever for the weekly visit of the home paper. If by accident one copy is missing from the carrier's supply on Thursday, great is the lamentation. It is doubtful if a single country paper has been injured by the rural route; in most instances the reading habit has been so stimulated as to increase the patronage.

This it has done: it has impressed on the editor the necessity of giving much attention to home news and less to the happenings afar. This is, indeed, the province of the country paper, since it is of the home and the family, not of the market-place. This feature will grow, and the country paper will become more a chronicle of home news and less a purveyor of outside happenings, for soon practically every farmer will have his daily paper with the regularity of the sunrise. On the whole, instead of being

an injury this is helpful to the rural publisher; it relieves him of responsibility for a broad field of information and allows him to devote his energy to that news which gives the greatest hold on readers,—the doings of the immediate community. With this will come more generally the printing of the entire paper at home and the decline of the "patent inside," now so common, which has served its purpose well. If it exist, it will be in a modified form, devoted chiefly to readable articles of a literary rather than of a news value.

The city daily may give the telegraph news of the world in quicker and better service, the mail-order house may occasionally undersell the home merchant, the glory of the city's lights may dazzle; but, at the end of the week, home and home institutions are best; so only one publication gives the news we most wish to know,—the country paper. The city business man throws away his financial journal and his yellow "extra," and tears open the pencil-addressed home paper that brings to him memories of new-mown hay and fallow fields and boyhood. Regardless of its style, its grammar, or its politics, it holds its reader with a grip that the city editor may well envy.

In these times the country editor is, like the publisher of the city, a business man. Scores of offices of country weeklies within two hundred miles of the Rockies (which is about as far inland as we can get nowadays) have linotypes or type-setting machines, run the presses with an electric motor, and give the editor an income of three thousand dollars or more a year for labor that allows many a vacation day. The country editor gets a good deal out of life. He lives well; he travels much; he meets the best people of his state; and, if he be inclined, he can accomplish much for his own improvement. Added to this is the joy of rewarding the honorable, decent people of the town with good words and helpful publicity, and the satisfaction of seeing that the rascals get their dues, — and get them they do if the editor lives and the rascals live, for in the country town the editor's turn always comes. It may be long delayed, but it arrives. If he use his power with honesty and intelligence, he can do much good for the community.

In the opinion of some this danger threatens: the increased rapidity of transportation, the multitude of fast trains, and the facilities for placing the big city papers within a zone of one hundred miles of the office of publication, means the large representation of particular localities or even the establishment of editions devoted to them. The city paper tries to absorb the local patronage through the competent correspondent who practically edits certain columns or pages of the journal. In the thickly settled East this is more successful than in the West, where distance helps the local paper. But the zone is widening with every improvement in transportation of mails, and soon few sections of the country will be outside the possibilities of some city paper's enterprise in this direction.

When this happens, will the local weekly go out of existence and its subscribers be attached to the big city paper whose facilities for getting news and whose enterprise in reaching the uttermost parts of the world far outstrip the slow-going weekly's best efforts? It is not likely. The county-seat weekly to-day, with its energetic correspondent in the town of Centreville, adds to its list in that section because it gives the news fully and crisply — but it does not drive out of business the Centreville *Palladium*, whose editor has a personal acquaintance with every subscriber and who caters to the home pride of the community. It is probable that the *Palladium* will be more enterprising and will devote more attention to the doings of the dwellers in Centreville in order to keep abreast with the competition; but it cannot be driven out, nor its editor forced from his position by dearth of business.

The life of a forceful paper is long. One such paper was sold and its name changed eighteen years ago; yet letters and subscriptions still are addressed to the old publication. A hold like that on a community's life cannot be broken by competition.

The evolution of the country weekly into the country daily is becoming easier as telephone and telegraph become cheaper, and transportation enables publishers to secure at remote points a daily "plate" service that includes telegraph news up to a few hours of the time of publication. The publishing of an associated press daily, which twenty years ago always attended a town's boom and generally resulted in the suspension of a bank or two and the financial ruin of several families, has become simplified until it is within reach of modest means.

Instead of the big city journals extending their sway to crush out the country paper, it is more probable that the country papers will take on some of the city's airs, and that, with the added touch of personal familiarity with the people and their affairs, the country editor will become a greater power than in the past. For it is recognized to-day that the publication of a paper is a business affair and not a matter of faith or revenge. If the publication be not a financial success, it is not much of a success of any kind.

The old-time editor who prided himself on his powers of vituperation, who thundered through double-leaded columns his views on matters of world-importance and traded space for groceries and dry goods, has few representatives to-day. The wide-awake, clean-cut, well-dressed young men, paying cash for their purchases and demanding cash for advertising, alert to the business and political movements that make for progress, and taking active part in the interests of the town, precisely as though they were merchants or mechanics, asking no favors because of their occupation, are taking their places. This sort of country editor is transforming the country paper and is making of it a business enterprise in the best sense of the term, — something it seldom was under the old régime.

This eulogy is one often quoted by the country press: "Every year every local paper gives from five hundred to five thousand lines for the benefit of the community in which it is located. No other agency can or will do this. The editor, in proportion to his means, does more for his town than any other man. To-day editors do more work for less pay than any men on earth."

Like other eulogies it has in it something of exaggeration. It assumes the country editor to be a philanthropist above his neighbors. The new type of country editor makes no such claim. To be sure, he prints many good things for the community's benefit, — but he does it because he is a part of the community. What helps the town helps him. His neighbor, the miller, would do as much; his other neighbor, the hardware man, is as loyal and in his way works as hard for the town's upbuilding. In other words, the country editor of to-day assumes no particular virtue because his capital is invested in printing-presses, paper, and a few thousand pieces of metal called type. He does realize that because of his avocation he is enabled to do much for good government, for progress, and for the betterment of his community. Unselfishly and freely he does this. He starts movements that bring scoundrels to terms, that place flowers where weeds grew before, that banish sorrow and add to the world's store of joy, — but he does not presume that because of this he deserves more credit than his fellow business men. He is indeed fallen from grace who makes a merit of doing what is decent and honest and fair.

It is often remarked that the ambition of the country editor is to secure a position on a city paper. I have had many city newspapermen confide to me that

their fondest hope was to save enough money to buy a country weekly in a thriving town. At first thought it would seem that the city journalist would fail in the new field, having been educated in a vastly different atmosphere and being unacquainted with the conditions under which the country editor must make friends and secure business. But two of the most successful newspapers of my acquaintance are edited by men who served their apprenticeship on city dailies, and finally realized their heart's desire and bought country weeklies in prosperous communities. They are not only making more money than ever before, but both tell me that they have greater happiness than came in the old days of rush, hurry, and excitement.

So long as a country paper can be issued without the expenditure of more than a few hundred dollars, so long as the man with ambition and money can satisfy his desire to "edit," the country paper will be fruitful of jocose remarks by the city journalist. There will be columns of odd reprint from the backwoods of Arkansas, and queer combinations of grammar and egotism from the Egypt of Illinois. The exchange editor will find in his rural mail much food for humorous comment, but he will not find characterizing the country editor a lack of independence, nor a lack of ability to look out for himself. The country editor is doing very well, and the trend of his business affairs is in the direction of better financial returns and wider influence. He is a greater power now than ever before in his history, and he will become more influential as the years go by. He will not be controlled by a syndicate, nor modeled after a machine-made pattern, but will exert his individuality wherever he may be.

The country editor of to-day is coming into his own. He asks fewer favors and brings more into the store of common good. He does not ask eulogies nor does he resent fair criticisms; he is content to be judged by what he is and what he has accomplished. As the leader of the hosts must hold his place by the consent of his followers, so must the town's spokesman prove his worth. Closest to the people, nearest to their home life, its hopes and its aspirations, the country editor is at the foundation of journalism. Here and there is a weak and inefficient example; but in the main he measures up to as high a standard as does any class of business men in the nation,—and it is as a business man that he prefers to be classed.

TO GIACOMO LEOPARDI

BY T. STURGE MOORE

Cold was thy thought, O stricken son
Of Italy, cold as the moon
That naked, barren, frozen, on
This fertile earth, the boon
Of silver light
Sheds by night, —
Touching the million shaken leaves
That crown our woods; while every fold
Of buttressed Alp soft charm receives,
Till near things look like lands far sought.
Yes, thy thought ached, it was so cold;
And winsome movement, and choice sound,
In harmonies divinely wrought,
Could they be born of that profound
Despair which they so clearly taught?
Nay, suffering, like a nightmare still,
Turned all thy youth's warm radiance chill,
As yon dead moon turns the sun's beams
Aside in cold yet lucid streams,
Whose loveliness from farther came
Than that dead planet's cratered side:
A globe of glory all one flame
Is in their brightness still implied.
So in the beauty of thine odes
Man's glowing eager spirit shines,
While yet its strange deflection loads
With added charm their play, refines
Their luminous force, till they,
Fair as moonlight,
Infuse the night
Of our roused sorrow, sadness, and
Remembered pain, where they expand
Brilliance, both solemn and serene,
Grand as the presence of Night's queen.

A MOTOR-FLIGHT THROUGH FRANCE

BY EDITH WHARTON

II

FROM ROUEN TO FONTAINEBLEAU

(Continued)

By Vernon, with its trim lime walks *en berceau*, by Mantes with its bright gardens, and the graceful over-restored church which dominates its square, we passed on to Versailles, forsaking the course of the Seine that we might have a glimpse of the country about Fontainebleau.

At the top of the Route du Buc, which climbs by sharp windings from the Place du Château at Versailles, one comes upon the great arches of the aqueduct of Buc — one of the monuments of that splendid folly which created the "Golden House" of Louis XIV, and drew its miraculous groves and gardens from the waterless plain of Versailles. The aqueduct, forming part of the extravagant scheme of irrigation of which the Machine de Marly and the great canal of Maintenon commemorate successive disastrous phases, frames, in its useless lofty openings, such charming glimpses of the country to the southwest of Versailles, that it takes its place among those abortive architectural experiments which seem, after all, to have been completely justified by time.

The landscape upon which the arches look is a high-lying region of wood and vale, with châteaux at the end of long green vistas, and old flowery villages tucked into folds of the hills. At the first turn of the road above Versailles the well-kept suburbanism of the Parisian environ gives way to the real look of the country, — well-kept and smiling still, but tranquil and sweetly shaded, with big farmyards, quiet country lanes, and a quiet country look in the peasants' faces.

In passing through some parts of France one wonders where the inhabitants of the châteaux go to when they emerge from their gates — so interminably, beyond those gates, do the flat fields, divided by straight unshaded roads, reach out to every point of the compass; but here the wooded undulations of the country, the friendliness of the villages, the recurrence of big rambling farmsteads — some, apparently, the remains of fortified monastic granges — all suggest the possibility of something resembling the English rural life, with its traditional ties between the park and the fields.

The brief journey between Versailles and Fontainebleau offers — if one takes the longer way, by Saint Rémy-les-Chevreuse and Etampes — a succession of charming impressions, more varied than one often finds in a long day's motor-run through France; and midway one comes upon the splendid surprise of Dourdan.

Ignorance is not without its æsthetic uses; and to drop down into the modest old town without knowing — or having forgotten, if one prefers to put it so — the great castle of Philip Augustus, which, moated, dungeoned, ivy-walled, still possesses its peaceful central square — to come upon this vigorous bit of mediæval arrogance, with the little houses of Dourdan still ducking their humble roofs to it in an obsequious circle — well! to taste the full flavor of such sensations, it is worth while to be of a new country, where the last new grain-elevator or office building is the only monument that receives homage from the surrounding architecture.

Dourdan, too, has the crowning charm of an old inn facing its *château-fort* — such an inn as Manon and des Grieux dined in on the way to Paris — where, in a large courtyard shaded by trees, one may feast on strawberries and cheese at a table enclosed in clipped shrubs, with dogs and pigeons amicably prowling for crumbs, and the host and hostess, their maid-servants, ostlers and *marmitons* breakfasting at another long table, just across the hedge. Now that the demands of the motorist are introducing modern plumbing and Maple furniture into the uttermost parts of France, these romantic old inns, where it is charming to breakfast, if precarious to sleep, are becoming as rare as the mediæval keeps with which they are, in a way, contemporaneous; and Dourdan is fortunate in still having two such perfect specimens to attract the attention of the archæologist.

Etampes, our next considerable town, seemed by contrast rather featureless and disappointing; yet, for that very reason, so typical of the average French country town — dry, compact, unsentimental, as if avariciously hoarding a long rich past — that its one straight gray street and squat old church will hereafter always serve for the *ville de province* background in my staging of French fiction. Beyond Etampes, as one approaches Fontainebleau, the scenery grows extremely picturesque, with bold outcroppings of blackened rock, fields of golden broom, groves of birch and pine — first hints of the fantastic sandstone scenery of the forest. And presently the long green aisles opened before us in all the freshness of spring verdure — tapering away right and left to distant *ronds-points*, to mossy stone obelisks — and leading us toward sunset to the old town in the heart of the forest.

IV

THE LOIRE AND THE INDRE

Fontainebleau is charming in May, and at no season do its countless glades more invitingly detain the wanderer; but it belonged to the familiar, the already-experienced part of our itinerary, and we had to press on to the unexplored. So after a day's roaming of the forest, and a short flight to Moret, mediævally seated in its stout walls on the poplar-edged Loing, we started on our way to the Loire.

Here, too, our wheels were still on beaten tracks; though the morning's flight across country to Orléans was meant to give us a glimpse of a new region. But on that unhappy morning Boreas was up with all his pack, and hunted us savagely across the naked plain, now behind, now on our quarter, now dashing ahead to lie in ambush behind a huddled village, and leap on us as we rounded its last house. The plain stretched on interminably, and the farther it stretched the harder the wind raced us; so that Pithiviers, spite of dulcet associations, appeared to our shrinking eyes only as a wind-break, eagerly striven for and too soon gained and passed; and when, at luncheon-time, we beat our way, spent and wheezing, into Orléans, even the serried memories of that venerable city endeared it to us less than the fact that it had an inn where we might at last find shelter.

The above wholly inadequate description of an interesting part of France will have convinced any rational being that motoring is no way to see the country. And that morning it certainly was not; but then, what of the afternoon? When we rolled out of Orléans after luncheon, both the day and the scene had changed; and what other form of travel could have brought us into such delightful communion with the spirit of the Loire as our smooth flight along its banks in the bland May air? For, after all, if the motorist sometimes misses details by going too fast, he sometimes has them stamped into his memory by an opportune puncture or a recalcitrant "magneto;" and if, on windy days, he has to rush through nature blindfold, on golden afternoons

such as this he can drain every drop of her precious essence.

Certainly we got a great deal of the Loire as we followed its windings that day: a great sense of the steely breadth of its flow, the amenity of its shores, the sweet flatness of the richly gardened and vineyarded landscape, as of a highly cultivated but slightly insipid society; an impression of long white villages and of stout conical towns on little hills; of old brown Beaugency in its cup between two heights, and Madame de Pompadour's Ménars on its bright terraces; of Blois, nobly bestriding the river at a noble bend; and farther south, of yellow cliffs honeycombed with strange dwellings; of Chaumont and Amboise gallantly crowning their heaped-up towns; of *manoirs*, walled gardens, rich pastures, willowed islands; and then, toward sunset, of another long bridge, a brace of fretted church-towers, and the widespread roofs of Tours.

Had we visited by rail the principal places named in this itinerary, necessity would have detained us longer in each, and we should have had a fuller store of specific impressions; but we should have missed what is, in one way, the truest initiation of travel, the sense of continuity, of relation between different districts, of familiarity with the unnamed, unhistoried region stretching between successive centres of human history, and exerting, in deep unnoticed ways, so persistent an influence on the turn that history takes. And after all — though some people seem to doubt the fact — it is possible to stop a motor and get out of it; and if, on our way down the Loire, we exercised this privilege infrequently, it was because, here again, we were in a land of old acquaintance, of which the general topography was just the least familiar part.

It was not till, two days later, we passed out of Tours — not, in fact, till we left to the northward the towered pile of Loches — that we found ourselves once more in a new country. It was a cold day of high clouds and flying sunlight: just the sky to overarch the wide rolling landscape through which the turns of the Indre were leading us. To the south, whither we were bound, lay the Berry — the land of George Sand; while in the northwest, low acclivities sloped away toward the Beauce, with villages shining on their sides. One arrow of sunlight, I remember, transfixed for a second an unknown town on one of these slopes: a town of some consequence, with walls and towers that flashed far-off and mysterious across the cloudy plain. Who has not been tantalized in travelling, by the glimpse of such cities — unnamed, undiscoverable afterward by the minutest orientations of map and guide-book? Certainly, to the uninitiated, no hill-town is visible on that particularly level section of the map of France; yet there sloped the hill, there shone the town — not a moment's mirage, but the companion of an hour's travel, dominating the turns of our road, beckoning to us across the increasing miles, and causing me to vow, as we lost the last glimpse of its towers, that next year I would go back and make it give up its name.

But now we were approaching a town with a name — a name so encrusted and overgrown with associations that it was undeniably disappointing, as we reached its outskirts, to find Châteauroux — aside from its fine old château on the Indre — so exactly like other dull French towns, so provokingly unconscious of being one of the capital cities of literature. And it seems, in fact, literally as well as figuratively unaware of its distinction. Fame throws its circles so wide that it makes not a ripple near home; and even the alert landlady of the Hôtel Sainte Catherine wrinkled her brows perplexedly at our question: "Is one permitted to visit the house of George Sand?"

"*Le château de George Sand?* (A pause of reflection.) *C'est l'écrivain, n'est-ce pas?* (Another pause.) *C'est à Nohant,*

le château? Mais, Madame, je ne saurais vous le dire."

Yet here was the northern gate of the Sand country — it was here that, for years, the leaders of the most sedentary profession of a sedentary race — the *hommes de lettres* of France — descended from the Paris express, and took diligence on their pilgrimage to the oracle. When one considers the fatigue of the long day's railway journey, and the French dread of *déplacements*, the continual stream of greatness that Paris poured out upon Nohant gives the measure of what Nohant had to offer in return.

As we sat at breakfast in the inn dining-room we irreverently pictured some of these great personages — Liszt, Sainte-Beuve, Gautier, Dumas fils, Flaubert — illustrious figures in the queer dishabille of travel, unwinding strange *cache-nez*, solicitous for embroidered carpet-bags, seated in that very room over their coffee and omelette, or climbing to the coupé of the diligence outside. And then we set out on the same road.

Straight as an arrow, after the unvarying fashion of the French government highway, it runs southeast through vast wheatfields, past barns and farmhouses grouped as in the vanished "drawing-books" of infancy — now touching, now deserting the Indre banks, as the capricious river throws its poplar-edged loops across the plain. But presently we began to mount insensibly; till at length a sharp turn, and an abrupt fall of the land, brought us out on a long ridge above the plain of the Berry, with the river reappearing below, and far, far south a blue haze of mountains.

The road, after that, descends again by gentle curves, acquainting one gradually with the charming details of the foreground — pale-green copses, fields hedged with blossoming hawthorn, long lines of poplars in the plain — while, all the way, the distant horizon grows richer, bluer and more mysterious. It is a wide lonely country, with infrequent villages — mere hamlets — dotting the fields; one sees how the convivial Dudevant, coming from the livelier Gascony, might have found it, for purposes of pot-house sociability, a little thinly-settled. At one of these small lonely villages — Vicq — just where the view spreads widest, the road loses it again by a gradual descent of a mile or so; and at the foot of the hill, among hawthorn and lilac hedges, through the boughs of budding trees, a high slate roof shows to the left — the roof of a solitary plain-faced, fawn-colored house, the typical *gentilhommière* of the French country-side.

No other house is in sight: only, from behind the trees, peep two or three humble tiled cottages, dependencies of the larger pile. There is nothing to tell us the name of the house — nothing to signalize it, to take it out of the common. It stands there large, placid, familiarly related to the high-road and the farm, like one side of the extraordinary woman it sheltered; and perhaps that fact helps to suggest its name, to render almost superfluous our breathless question to the pretty goose-girl knitting under the hedge.

"*Mais oui, Madame — c'est Nohant.*"

The goose-girl — pink as a hawthorn-bud, a "kerchief" tied about her curls — might really, in the classic phrase of sentimental travel, have "stepped out" of one of the novels written yonder, under the high roof to which she pointed: she had the honest savor of the *terroir*, yet with that superadded grace that the author of the novels has been criticised for bestowing upon her peasants. She formed, at any rate, a charming link between our imaginations and the famous house; and we presently found that the happy miracle which had preserved her in all her 1830 grace had been extended to the whole privileged spot, which seemed, under a clear glass bell of oblivion, to have been kept intact, unchanged, like some wonderful "exhibit" illustrative of the extraordinary history lived within it.

The house faces diagonally toward the road, from which a high wall once screened it; but it is written in the *Histoire de ma vie* that M. Dudevant, in a burst of misdirected activity, threw down several yards of this wall, and filled the opening with a hedge. The hedge is still there; and thanks to this impulse of destruction, the traveller obtains a glimpse of grass terraces and stone steps, set in overgrown thickets of lilac, hawthorn and acacia, and surmounted by the long tranquil front of the château. On each side, beyond the stretch of hedge, the wall begins again; terminating, at one corner of the property, in a massive old cow-stable with a round pepper-pot tower; at the opposite end in a charming conical-roofed garden-pavilion, with mossy steps ascending to it from the road.

At right angles to the highway, a shady lane leads down past the farm buildings; and following this, one comes, around their flank, upon a large pleasant untidy farm-yard, full of cows and chickens, and divided by the long range of the *communs* from the entrance-court of the château. Farm-yard and court both face on a small grassy place — what, in England, would pass for a diminutive common — in the centre of which, under an ancient walnut-tree, stands a much more ancient church — a church so tiny, black and shrunken, that it somehow suggests a blind old peasant-woman mumbling and dozing in the shade. This is the parish church of Nohant; and a few yards from it, adjoining the court of the château, lies the little walled graveyard which figures so often in the *Histoire de ma vie*, and where she who described it now rests with her kin. The graveyard is defended from intrusion by a high wall and a locked gate; and after all her spirit is not there, but in the house and the garden — above all, in the little cluster of humble old cottages enclosing the shady place about the church, and constituting, apparently, the whole village of Nohant. Like the goose-girl, these little houses are surprisingly picturesque and sentimental; and their mossy roofs, their clipped yews, the old white-capped women who sit spinning on their doorsteps, supply almost too ideal an answer to one's hopes.

And when, at last, excitedly and enchantedly, one has taken in the quiet perfection of it all, and turned to confront the great question: Does a sight of Nohant deepen the mystery, or elucidate it? — one can only answer, in the cautious speech of the New England casuist: *Both.* For if it helps one to understand one side of George Sand's life, it seems actually to cast a thicker obscurity over others — even if, among the different sides contemplated, one includes only those directly connected with the place, and not the innumerable facets that reflected Paris, Venice, Fontainebleau and Majorca.

The first surprise is to find the place, on the whole, so much more — shall one say? — dignified and decent, so much more conscious of social order and restraints, than the early years of the life led in it. The pictures of Nohant in the *Histoire de ma vie* are unlike any other description of French provincial manners at that period, suggesting rather an affinity with the sombre Brontë background than the humdrum but conventional and orderly existence of the French rural gentry.

When one recalls the throng of motley characters who streamed in and out of that quiet house — the illegitimate children of both sides, living in harmony with one another and with the child of wedlock, the too-intimate servants, the peasant playmates, the drunken boon companions — when one turns to the Hogarthian pictures of midnight carouses presided over by the uproarious Hippolyte and the sombrely tippling Dudevant, while their wives sat disgusted, but apparently tolerant, above stairs, one feels one's self in the sinister gloom of Wildfell Hall rather than in the light, temperate air of a French province. And

somehow, unreasonably of course, one expects the house to bear, even outwardly, some mark of that dark disordered period, — or, if not, then of the cheerful but equally incoherent and inconceivable existence led there when timid Madame Dudevant was turning into the great George Sand, and the strange procession which continued to stream through the house was composed no longer of drunken gentlemen-farmers and left-handed peasant relations, but of an almost equally fantastic and ill-assorted company of ex-priests, naturalists, journalists, Saint-Simonians, riders of every conceivable religious, political and literary hobby, among whom the successive tutors of the adored Maurice — forming in themselves a line as long as the kings in *Macbeth!* — perhaps take the palm for oddness of origin and adaptability of conduct.

One expected the scene of these confused and incessant comings and goings to wear the injured *déclassé* air of a house which has never had its rights respected — a house long accustomed to jangle its dinner-bell in vain, and swing its broken hinges unheeded; and instead, one beholds this image of aristocratic well-being, this sober edifice, conscious in every line of its place in the social scale, of its obligations to the church and cottages under its wing, its rights over the acres surrounding it. And so one may, not too fancifully, recognize in it the image of those grave ideals to which George Sand gradually conformed the passionate experiment of her life; may even indulge one's self by imagining that an old house so marked in its very plainness, its conformity, must have exerted, over a mind as sensitive as hers, an unperceived but persistent influence, giving her that centralizing weight of association and habit which is too often lacking in modern character, and standing ever before her as the shrine of those household pieties to which, inconsistently enough, but none the less genuinely, the devotion of her last years was paid.

V

NOHANT TO CLERMONT

There happened to us, on leaving Nohant, what had happened after Beauvais: the quiet country house by the roadside, like the mighty Gothic choir, possessed our thoughts to the exclusion of other impressions. As far as La Châtre, indeed — the little town on the Indre, where young Madame Dudevant spent a winter to further her husband's political ambitions — we were still within the Nohant radius; and it was along the straight road we were travelling that poor old Madame Dupin de Francueil — *si douillette* that she could hardly make the round of the garden — fled in her high-heeled slippers on the fatal night when her son, returning from a gay supper at La Châtre, was flung from his horse and killed at the entrance to the town. These scenes from the *Histoire de ma vie* are so vivid, they live so poignantly in memory, that in reliving them on the spot one feels, with Goncourt, how great their writer would have been had her intrepid pen more often remained *dans le vrai*.

La Châtre is a charming town, with a remarkably picturesque approach, on the Nohant side, across an old bridge out of which an old house, with a steep terraced garden, seems to grow with the conscious pleasure of well-grouped masonry; and the streets beyond have an air of ripe experience tempered by gaiety, like that of those ironic old eighteenth-century faces wherein the wrinkles are as gay as dimples.

Southward from La Châtre, the road runs through a beautiful hilly country to Montluçon on the Cher: a fine old border town, with a brave fighting past, and interesting relics of Bourbon ascendancy; but now deeply, irretrievably disfigured by hideous factories and long grimy streets of operatives' houses. In deploring the ravages of modern industry on one of these rare old towns, it is hard to remember that they are not museum

pieces, but settlements of human beings with all the normal desire to prosper at whatever cost to the physiognomy of their birthplace; and Montluçon in especial seems to have been a very pelican to the greed of her offspring.

We had meant to spend the night there, but there was a grimness about the inn — the special grimness of which the commercial travellers' hotel in the French manufacturing town holds the depressing monopoly — that forbade even a glance at the bedrooms; and though it was near sunset we pressed on for Vichy. We had, in consequence, but a cold twilight glimpse of the fine gorge of Montaigut, through which the road cuts its way to Gannat, the first town to the north of the Limagne; and night had set in when we traversed the plain of the Allier. On good French roads, however, a motor-journey by night is not without its special compensations; and our dark flight through mysterious fields and woods terminated, effectively enough, with the long descent down a leafy lamp-garlanded boulevard into the inanimate white watering-place.

Vichy, in fact, had barely opened the shutters of its fashionable hotels: the real season does not begin till June, and in May only a few premature bathers — mostly English— shiver in corners of the marble halls, or disconsolately peruse last year's news in the deserted reading-rooms. But even in this semi-chrysalis stage the town presented itself, the next morning, as that rarest of spectacles — grace triumphant over the processes of the toilet. Only a pretty woman and a French *ville d'eau* can look really charming in morning dishabille; and the way in which Vichy accomplishes the feat would be a lesson to many pretty women.

The place, at all seasons, is an object-lesson to less enlightened municipalities; and when one finds one's self vainly wishing that art and history, and all the rich tapestry of the past, might somehow be brought before the eyes of our self-sufficient millions, one might pause to ask if the sight of a well-kept, self-respecting French town, carefully and artistically planned as a setting to the amenities of life, would not, after all, offer the more salutary and surprising example.

Vichy, even among French towns, stands out as a singularly finished specimen of what such municipal pride can accomplish. From its spacious plane-shaded *promenade*, flanked by bright-faced hotels, and by the long arcades of the Casino, to the park on the Allier, and the broad circumjacent boulevards, it wears, at every turn, the same trim holiday air, the rouge and patches of smooth gravel, bright flower-borders, gay shops, shady benches, inviting cafés. Even the cab-stands, with their smart vis-à-vis and victorias drawn by plump cobs in tinkling harnesses, seem part of a dream-town, where all that is usually sordid and shabby has been touched by the magic wand of trimness; or where some Utopian millionaire has successfully demonstrated that the sordid and shabby need never exist at all.

But, to the American observer, Vichy is perhaps most instructive just because it is not the millionaire's wand which has worked the spell; because the town owes its gaiety and its elegance, not to the private villa, the rich man's "show-place," but to wise public expenditure of the money which the fashionable bathers annually pour into its exchequer.

It was, however, rather for the sake of its surroundings than for the study of its unfolding season, that we had come there; and the neighboring country offered the richest return for our enterprise. From the plain of the Limagne the hills slope up behind Vichy in a succession of terraces divided by joyous streams and deeply-wooded glens, and connected by the interlacing of admirable roads that civilizes the remotest rural districts of France.

Climbing by gradual heights to the hill-village of Ferrières, we had, the day after our arrival, our first initiation into what the near future held for us — a glo-

rious vision, across the plain, of the Monts Dore and the Monts de Dôme. The blue mountain haze that had drawn us steadily southward, from our first glimpse of it on the heights of the Berry, now resolved itself into a range of wild volcanic forms, some curved like the bell-shaped apses of the churches of Auvergne, some slenderly cup-like, and showing the hollow rim of the spent crater; all fantastic, individual, indescribably differentiated in line and color from mountain forms of less violent origin. And between them and us lay the richest contrasting landscape, the deep meadows and luxuriant woodlands of the Allier vale, with here and there a volcanic knoll lifting on its crest an old town or a Rhenish-looking castle. The landscape, thus viewed, presents a perplexing mixture of suggestions, recalling now the brown hill-villages of Umbria, now the robber castles of the Swiss Rhineland; with a hint, again, of the Terra di Lavore in its bare mountain lines, and the prodigal fertility of their lower slopes; so that one felt one's self moving in a confusion of scenes, romantically combined, as in the foreground of a Claude or a Wilson, for the greater pleasure of the eclectic eye.

The only landscape that seems to have been excluded from the composition is that of France; all through Auvergne, we never felt ourselves in France. But that is, of course, merely because the traveller's France is apt to be mainly made up of bits of the Ile-de-France and Normandy and Brittany; and not till one has explored the central and southwestern provinces does one learn of the countless Frances within France, and realize that one may find one's "Switzerland, one's Italy" without crossing the Alps to reach them.

We had, the next day, a closer impression of the scene we had looked down on from Ferrières; motoring first along the high ridge above the Limagne to the ancient black hill-town of Thiers, and thence descending again to the plain. Our way led across it, by the charming castled town of Pont-de-Château, to Clermont-Ferrand, which spreads its swarthy mass at the base of the Puy de Dôme, — that strangest, sternest of cities, all built and paved in the black volcanic stone of Volvic, and crowned by the sinister splendor of its black cathedral. It was Viollet-le-Duc who added the west front and towers to this high ancient pile; and for once his audacious hand was so happily inspired that, at the first glimpse of his twin spires soaring above the roofs of Clermont, one forgives him — for the moment — the wrong he did to Blois, to Pierrefonds and Carcassonne.

(To be continued.)

BRAWN AND CHARACTER

BY ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

When Robert Louis Stevenson was asked what lack in life caused him the keenest pain, he answered, "The feeling that I'm not strong enough to resent an insult properly, — not strong enough to knock a man down."

With civilization at a point where the resort to elemental weapons is practically obsolete, it might seem that there was something antiquated and unreal, more imaginary than genuine, in this complaint of the frail-bodied Stevenson; probably in all his life, as in the lives of most gentlemen nowadays, he was never confronted with the alternative of knocking a man down or accepting a wound to his pride. If the occasion ever arose and he had to charge to the feebleness of his body his failure to sustain his dignity, the recollection might indeed tinge him with bitterness; but it is difficult to believe that the gentle and lovable Stevenson argued from an actual experience of humiliation.

Yet it is not alone the painful memories or the logical apprehensions of ill which awaken the most sensitive realization of defenselessness and fill the soul with the haunting dread of incompetence. From a clouded childhood such a distrust is usually derived, rather than from the isolated blunders or failures, however monumental, of later years. Stevenson, the petted and fragile child at home, went finally to school; and it hardly needs a biographer to tell us how the high-spirited, imaginative boy, who liked to shine, met with repression from the stalwart, obstinate young Scots. In their rough sports he was never a leader; that was mortification enough to one of his spirit; and it was not the full measure of his mortification. With his imperious outbursts, his flashing temper, his physical weakness, he afforded some of them rare sport. His school days were miserable to him, and miserable school days are likely to affect permanently a man's outlook. Perhaps not any one bullying episode of which he may have been an impotent victim, not any one instance where he stood solitary to one side, while the school acclaimed their champion, remained to give a special vengefulness to that longing of his mature years: "If I were only strong enough to knock a man down!" But the feeling of inferiority lingered in him after he had passed the period when inferiority of that particular kind ceases to be reckoned important; in this one respect his standard remained that of the immature boy.

Weaker than his fellows and high-spirited, he came to be reckless of such strength as he had; with bravado and imagination he recompensed himself for the niggardliness of nature. The weak who are poor-spirited and without bravado do not disguise that they are timorous or furtive, subservient or cringing; and weakness does very often impose poverty of spirit. In its attenuation there may be a sharpening of wits and hence a success in life — of a kind — achieved by craft or duplicity or deviousness, and guarded by a suspicious vigilance; the man of spirit scorns a success so won and so preserved. If, like Stevenson, he was born a weakling, his path is indeed laborious and must be hewn out of the very rock of adversity.

But the man of great bodily vigor, who in his boyhood was of conspicuous strength among his fellows, — how does he ever fail of leadership and eminence in whatever career he chooses? The early self-confidence that he has developed must be tremendous, — the discovery that in all the affairs of boyhood

which are truly accounted of moment he is without a peer, — able to overthrow any one in wrestling, to swim longer, to run faster, to bat a ball farther than any of his comrades, — this gradual unfolding of his powers must cause such a youth to tread the earth with a conscious greatness. Why should he ever be afraid? and what is it but fear that withholds any of us from large achievement? His imagination does not implant in him doubt and distrust, his mediocre rank at school and his dullness at his books cause him no misgivings, for at his time of life excellence in these matters is esteemed parrotlike, and distinction in them is contemptuously awarded to the weak. It might be expected that the self-confidence acquired in early years through a mastery of all one's contemporaries could never quite forsake the most unlucky; that a man with such a history would rise from each overthrow stronger like Antæus for having touched the earth, — with courage undiminished and some gain in wisdom. Yet for every Antæus there is perhaps also a Goliath. Whence to these unhappy giants come their Davids?

Only part of the truth may be furnished by the most obvious reply, — that a man whose principal regard has been to maintain physical supremacy over his fellows finds himself less well equipped for the struggle as it becomes less and less manual. Accustomed to a rudimentary enforcement of his boyish personality, he often has no great readiness in adapting himself to the subtler methods employed by the aging world. The weaker and more studious among his contemporaries are able now to match craft and knowledge against his ignorance, — and he can no longer retaliate by a triumphant demonstration of his superior weight.

Such an attempt to account for the clenching of the humble clerical pen in the fist, discouraged at forty, that had been redoubtable at fifteen, for the languid dullness of the eye that once had overawed a little world, for the sluggish gait and the shabby dress of him who in days past had stepped alert with the champion's zest in life, will perhaps be rejected by the philosopher as inadequate — at least as comprehended in a larger cause. Nowadays lack of preparation does not sufficiently explain failure; the most ill-equipped business man or professional man, if he has a genial assertiveness and a willingness to represent shoddy wares and spurious talents as genuine, need not despair of attaining a meretricious success. Self-confidence is older brother to an easy conscience and a tendency to "bluff;" and these imply a facility in amassing riches. Yet almost daily I pass on the street a giant of sixteen stone who can still put the shot and throw the hammer, who in figure and bearing seems designed for one of life's larger destinies, and who would gladly embrace success, however ignoble, instead of posing for a pittance as an artist's model.

Young men and boys of great bodily strength are usually more intent on exercising their power than on accomplishing a purpose. In the habit of mind and action so engendered lies the great impediment which in after life may balk them of the fruits promised by their early victorious self-confidence. The easy display of their prowess wins them such admiring regard that achievement seems superfluous and unprofitable; they attain to eminence by methods which do not tax their effort and which are as ephemeral as play. Meanwhile, their more feebly constituted contemporaries, seeking for distinction, have to occupy themselves with less spectacular action; the office, the library, and the laboratory claim increasingly the interest of those who are ambitious; and already purpose is shaping itself in their minds, — purpose of accomplishment and not mere purpose of competition; books are germinating, steam engines and electric motors are being devised, law and medicine and architecture have begun to awaken some constructive thought. Yet building,

however hopefully, for the future, they envy in their cloistered preparation the wanton vigor of the strong. They are learning to husband and concentrate their energy while their large-framed friends are living from day to day in a sort of opulent diffusion.

The tendency of the strong is not so much to work definitely towards some purpose as to keep constantly testing their strength in whatever competition offers; variety and excitement are what in their vitality they crave, and so long as they may be active they care little what monument they leave behind them. For a few brilliant exploits there is much waste and much triviality; they cast about continually to prevail over some new person or some new obstacle without regard for the intrinsic value of the struggle. Consistency and conviction are virtues on which they seldom make a stand; erratic liveliness often speeds them with warring impulses along a primrose path.

A classmate of mine at school excelled in strength nearly all his fellows. His strength indeed possessed him as it were a devil. He was as willing to exhibit it by hectoring the weak as by tussling with those who could put up a defense. It is fallacious to assert that the bully is always a coward. This boy was in many respects an egregious bully, but he was without fear. I think that in his roughness with the smaller boys he was also without malice, without any particularly cruel satisfaction in causing them humiliation and pain. It was merely, I believe, that he had an excess of animal energy which must always be expressing itself, and the added human desire for seeing some visible response to its expression.

There came into the school a "new boy," — timorous, girlish, and pious, — one who, with a devoted mother and sisters, had probably led a too sequestered life. Young Hercules cut his finger one day and swore; and the new boy, who was close by, turned his back and crossed himself. Unfortunately Hercules detected him in this; thenceforth, whenever he saw the new boy he would emit the most unwarrantable and shocking oaths, and call others to witness the effect. Finally, this diversion became so entertaining to a number that boys who had never adopted profanity resorted to it for the sole purpose of annoying their new friend; and a favorite amusement was for half a dozen to surround him and then swear busily about the circle in order to see him turn and turn and make without concealment — as indeed he was courageous enough to do — his devotional, deprecating sign. The persecution of him did not, I am sorry to say, stop with this; and there was some abuse of strength on the part of Hercules which, if it was not very brutal, must measurably have saddened the newcomer's life.

But one night Hercules came up when another fellow — about as strong as himself — was endeavoring to put the "new kid" into a snowdrift. And then the rest of us were startled. "Stop that!" cried Hercules, and rushed to the rescue. "You let that boy alone!" He seized the jocular bully by the collar and swung him round; the intended victim wriggled free, and after a brief struggle the two strong boys fell into the snowdrift, with Hercules on top. The other was his friend, but there had been no playfulness in the assault. Neither, I suppose, had there been much chivalry. At least I cannot say that the new boy was thenceforth emancipated from the persecution of Hercules or could depend upon his championship; and I imagine it was simply the sudden raging need of exercising his strength against some one that had driven him to intervene.

Poor Hercules! He was of the kin of Goliath rather than of Antæus. He went about challenging the world in his restless energy of the moment; always he was demanding some fresh test for what was in him of the elemental man; always he was rebellious, irresponsible, and roaming. He met his death in an act of futile gallantry. His excess of physical strength and the challenging spirit with

which it imbued him were surely his undoing.

Sam Parks, the labor leader and felon, is not yet forgotten. He came to America at the age of twenty, an illiterate Irishman, strong, domineering, and prone to use his fists. In the lumber camps of Canada and Minnesota he made a reputation as a "slugger." When he took up the trade of an iron worker, his methods of asserting himself continued as drastic as in the lumber camps. "He cleaned out champion after champion," says a newspaper biography of him. "He was a natural born tyrant. A man who would n't bend to his will got slugged."

In New York there were eleven different unions of iron-workers. "Parks joined as many of them as he could and then proceeded to consolidate them all. . . . With all the unions merged into one, Parks became a dictator. He encountered rival after rival, but thrust all aside. His favorite weapons were his fists. He surrounded himself with a gang of indolent ironworkers, the thugs of the trade. Opponents of Parks were simply slugged. Ironworkers who refused to strike at his order were waylaid and beaten. . . . He extorted money from employers, stopped work when and where he pleased, started it again as he liked, made men of wealth get down on their knees to him. . . . The idea that his power could be broken never occurred to Parks and his friends. Parks was warned, but, drunk with power, he ignored the warning. He knocked one adviser flat on his back for presuming to suggest that he go slow. He forced his way into the presence of employers, whether they wanted to see him or not, cursed them, laid down the law to them, and enforced his wishes."

And then, in the height of his power, this bully and "grafter" was haled away to prison. Brute strength and the overweening confidence that flowed from it and the lust for power need not have wrecked his career, though they might have made it unenviable. The incessant egotistical desire to prove himself always the better man, without the constraint of a moral issue or a worthy creative purpose, was that which overthrew Sam Parks, and it was a direct consequence of his strength. And there are many educated men who have the moral sense that he lacked, but who perhaps have no more definite object than he — no other aim than always to be powerful, as by reason of their strength in younger days they had been; and these men may go astray, not so deplorably as he, yet to an end of futility because of their eagerness always to match themselves against others, and their belief that competition vindicates itself and implies progress and productive achievement.

The competitive instinct is the strongest of all the instincts of a healthy boy. He wishes to test himself in relation to the other boys of his acquaintance; he must be forever pitting his strength and daring and endurance against theirs. This keenness to strive and to excel is the starting point for all useful masculine development; but it is a stage in development that must be outgrown. If it continues the ruling passion after manhood, it is to the man's detriment. For when the boy grows into the man, it is time that he should have erected in his mind his own standard and that henceforth he should measure himself in comparison with that alone, and not with the stature of other men. One need never outgrow the sense of satisfaction in getting the better of a difficulty; but the mere sighting of a difficulty on the horizon inflames none but the unsettled and drifting with the desire for conquest.

It is soaring into Utopian realms to assert that one should never have a sense of satisfaction in getting the better of another man; but it is no absurdly lofty or unpractical notion that he who finds in such achievement a sufficient end and cause for labor may strive to no purpose, even though his days are full of contest and victory. At the risk of seeming to hold a narrowly ascetic doctrine, I would assail that common phrase, "the game of

life." In its suggestion of emulation, light-hearted or grim according as one's game is tennis or football, it is misleading. All of us have our human adversaries who are to be thwarted; their defeat, however, is an incident, not our chief concern. Our affair is the discharge of the duties wherewith our involuntary entrance into life has burdened us, and the fulfillment of that purpose to which each of us in his imagination is kindled; and so far as we are animated only by the competitive spirit of the game we miss the point of living. Our legitimate pleasure in overcoming need be none the less because it is subordinated to the pleasure of achieving or creating. Our fiery zeal for conquest need not be extinguished simply because it is held under a more grave constraint.

The insatiate appetite for competition begets in a man a corroding egotism. In the prideful desire to display one's self at the expense of others, to win the plaudits and the prize, one grows impatient of all but the showy hours. From the repeated excursions to match one's strength gallantly in contest, one returns with reluctance to the intervals of obscurity in which most of the genuine and permanently productive work is done. The further testing and demonstration of one's powers before an audience becomes a more imperative desire; the impulse to perform patient creative labor languishes.

Those who have come victorious through the competitions of youth will naturally be those most ardent to pursue life as a game, for in the conduct of a game they are accustomed to success. And in them egotism will most dangerously thrive. It will not be morbid and introspective, like that of the invalid; it will not be so paralyzing to the energies; but it will lead to misdirected and scattered effort. It will be egotism of the sort that urges a man to compete with others in excesses, to earn a reputation for his ability to outstay his comrades in a carousal, and be fit and ready for work at the usual hour the next morning. He will become the egotist who squanders himself in unessential seeking and arrogant assertion, who seizes the office and ignores the duty, who is the bandit in business and the pillar in the church.

It would not be fair to predicate of all such egotists an athletic and victorious boyhood, any more than to doom all athletes to so degenerate a fate. At the same time the descent of the hero is easy, — especially of the premature and precocious hero. Temptation besets him insidiously, for the egotism of the youth who by reason of his physical powers lords it over his fellows is by no means an unattractive quality and subject to rebuke. It is very different from that into which it may lure him in later years. There are indeed few traits more charming than the unsophisticated egotism of the athlete; and here there need be no reservations, — the professional athlete of mature years may be included as well as the callow amateur boy.

By comparison, the egotism of the artist or the poet, which is commonly accepted as the most monstrous, is but a shrinking modesty. The poet or the artist is quite objective in valuing himself; it is indeed himself only as a creator that compels his admiration and reverence. But the subjection of the athlete to his own person is absolute; he admires and reverences himself as a creature! The care with which he considers his diet, the attentiveness with which he grooms his body, the absorbed interest that he gives to all details of breathing and sleeping and exercising are, in comparison with his thoughtlessness about all that lies beyond, touching and ludicrous; the very simplicity of him in his engrossed self-study wins the smiling observer. And if he is a good-hearted boy or man, as one so healthy and so single-minded usually is, and is responsive to the admiration of others as well as of himself, he confers much happiness. No doubt innumerably more persons would choose to grasp the hand of John L. Sullivan than that of George Meredith; and the day of this

opportunity would be to them a memorable one and innocently bright with bliss.

As an illustration of the pleasing and ample egotism of the athlete, I would quote from a newspaper account of a friendly visit once paid by a famous pugilist to the most famous of all pugilists in our generation. Robert Fitzsimmons had been informed that John L. Sullivan was ill; whereupon he donned "a neat fitting frock coat and a glittering tall hat," and drove in a carriage to see him. He found him in bed; "the once mighty gladiator had lost all of his oldtime vim and vigor.

"The two great athletes were visibly affected. Sullivan raised himself on his elbow and looked steadily at Fitz for some few seconds. 'How are you, John?' said Fitz when the big fellow showed signs of relaxing his vice-like grip."

John was depressed. "'It's Baden Springs, Hot Springs, or some other sulphur bath for me. I never did believe much in medicine. This world is all a "con" any way. Why, they talk about religion and heaven and hell. What do they know about heaven and hell? I think when a guy croaks he just dies and that's all there is to him. They bury some of them, but they won't plant me. When I go,' the big fellow faltered, 'they'll burn me. Nothin' left but your ashes, and each of your friends can have some of you to remember you by. Let them burn you up when you're all in. It's the proper thing.'"

Fitzsimmons dissented from this view, and in his warm-hearted, optimistic way set about cheering up his dejected friend. He recalled their exploits and triumphs in the prize ring; and Sullivan was soon in a happier frame of mind. Oddly enough, in this friendly call upon a sick man, Fitzsimmons was accompanied by a newspaper reporter and a photographer, — one of those chance occurrences which enrich the world. "Sullivan noticed the camera which the photographer carried and asked what it was for." Unsuspicious and unworldly old man! "He was told that the newspaper hoped to get a photograph of him and Fitz as they met, but that as he was abed of course such a thing was impossible.

"'Impossible! No, I guess not, my boy. If there's any people I like to oblige, it's the newspaper fellows. They will do more good for a man than all the preachers in creation.'"

Fitzsimmons acquiesced. "And then the great John L. lifted himself to a sitting position and put his legs outside the bed.

"That was the most pathetic incident of the visit. With fatherly care Bob Fitzsimmons placed his great right arm behind Sullivan's broad back and held him comfortably while the latter arranged himself. When everything was apparently ready, Fitz glanced down and noticed that a part of Sullivan's legs were uncovered, and the picture-taking operation had to be postponed until the sympathetic Fitz had wrapped him carefully in the clothes. It was touching."

Of course it was. And if the ingenuous description fails to bring appropriate tears to the reader's eyes, it must at least reveal to him the simple charm of an egotism to which a reporter brings a more stimulating message than a preacher, and a venturesome photographer a more healing medicine than a physician. But transplant that egotism; let it inhabit the soul of a clergyman, and where would be its simple charm?

In *Fistiana*, a volume belonging to the last century, there is a chapter entitled, "Patriotic and Humane Character of The Boxing Fraternity." It is, no doubt, a tribute well deserved. "To the credit of the professors of boxing they were never 'backward in coming forward' to aid the work of charity, or to answer those appeals to public sympathy which the ravages of war, the visitations of Providence, the distresses of trade and commerce, or the afflictions of private calamity frequently excited." Among the objects of their generous assistance are mentioned "the starving Irish, the British prisoners

in France, the Portuguese unfortunates, the suffering families of the heroes who had fallen and bled on the plains of Waterloo, the famishing weavers. . . . The generous spirit which warmed the heart of a true British boxer shone forth with its sterling brilliancy; all selfishness was set aside; and no sooner was the standard of charity unfurled than every man who could wield a fist, from the oldest veteran to the youngest practitioner, rushed forward, anxious and ardent to evince the feelings of his soul and to lend his hand in the work of benevolence."

The reader of such a panegyric may indulge a brief regret that they who in youth devote themselves with success to athletics ever turn their attention to other matters. Only by continuing in that simple and healthful occupation may they preserve untarnished the special charm which clings to heroes, the special egotism which is without offense. The President of our country is favorably known under an informal appellation; but even the most genial employment of that name diffuses no such affectionate intimacy and regard as are embraced in the variety of pet terms for a champion, — whether he is "old John," "John L.," and "Sully," or "Bob" and "Fitz." And had these champions taken into any other pursuit the characteristics which have endeared them to the world, — the same childlike and blatant egotism, the same sterile spirit of competition, — how little human kindliness and popularity would they have enjoyed!

It gratifies some of us to be pessimistic about brawn. The theory pleases us that to be conspicuously strong in youth is to be exposed to a temptation which lesser boys are spared, — a temptation to go through life competing instead of achieving. It is true that some of this competition will result in achievement; it is true that achievement never results except from competition; but it is not debatable that he will go farthest and achieve most whose eye is upon the work alone, who rejoices in the contest only as an incident of work, not as a matter memorable in itself. Only in that spirit does one come through undismayed, eager to press on, indifferent to the complacent backward look. Those men of brawn and sinew at whom we gazed spellbound in our earlier years, — perhaps it is harder for them to attain to this spirit than it was for Stevenson.

THE NEW NOVELS

BY MARY MOSS

ALTHOUGH the thing which Mr. Kipling is doing possesses such immediate significance as to hamper any cool judgment upon his measure of success, the place of honor for the year in English fiction seems indisputably to belong to *Puck of Pook's Hill*.[1] It may be possible that merely as a piece of abstract literature this group of short stories will not ultimately fill the high position which now appears its due. Contemporary rating can never be infallible. But after all, this is of minor importance, since no tarnishing finger of time, no fading glamour, no change of taste, can alter the fact that in conceiving and carrying out such a plan the author proves his own claim to permanent greatness. With all his glitter (which we once feared might degenerate into glorified journalism), with all his restless flitting from land to land, his experimenting, his weakness for panache,—his Sousa moments, so to speak,—looking back upon his career it is now plain that he, the man, has been constantly growing.

The dashing colorist of *Under the Deodars*, the robust humorist of *Soldiers Three*, the external observer of *Captains Courageous*, has been all the while deepening and ripening. The meaning of things seen has laid stronger hold on him, in a special way, if you will, but with the sound specialization of an artist in whom there is developing a lofty purpose. The very singleness of his aim has simplified and refined its expression, and the point by which these stories avoid all the pitfalls of the usual tendency-writing is the absolute sincerity with which he is passing on an ennobling personal experience. An impassioned patriotism has here found its perfect medium of appeal. It is as if, sitting in the meadow under Pook's Hill, the poet himself had fallen beneath the spell of the whole beauty and romance of England. It has gradually crept over him till he has seen all that it means to its remotest inheritors. Reverence, — the last quality suggested by the early Kipling, — value for intangible treasure, loyalty to the unfathomable past, all this he makes real, and makes worth while, till you feel as if he had touched the mellow strings of an enchanted harp whose vibrations would softly echo to the farthest limits of the world, binding the whole empire with its strains, as armies are made homogeneous by the force of a great national melody.

Coming "home," Kipling the colonial has fallen in love with England. The emotion which comes to all Americans on first realizing the wonder of her is his, with the fuller sense of present possession. While *we* respond to a sentiment of the past, to the bond of a common language and literature, *he* feels the thrill of actual ownership. In "They" he showed how the outward beauty of England had enthralled him. In "Force of Habitation," he chronicled the irresistible encroachment of tradition centuries old. In the present book it seems as if his whole previous life had brought tribute of observation, imagination, and affection (not to speak of learning, since incidentally on the historical side these stories show him a careful student), which he has garnered, as a poet, and given out with the most crystalline simplicity.

Dr. Johnson would have found him highly irrational and old-fashioned, since he is the living contradiction to that philosophy which denies the existence of

[1] *Puck of Pook's Hill.* By RUDYARD KIPLING. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906.

patriotism. Kipling's appeal is no more to the reason than the muffled beat of drum appeals to the intellects of lagging soldiers on a long day's march. Yet that meaningless rhythm is known to hasten stragglers, straighten bent shoulders, and give new movement to the footsore and disheartened.

In the general black pessimism which threatens English literature, where, one after another, clever writers are frantically suggesting feeble panaceas, this one a socialist brotherhood, that one a model town, Mr. Kipling sounds his own note of high courage and belief. And this note has nothing in common with such forced optimism as that of Mr. Chesterton, whose determined cheerfulness too often suggests a small scared boy whistling a gay tune (quite false) to keep up his spirits after dark.

And yet, with all this underlying wealth of meaning, Mr. Kipling only seems to be telling how two nice, imaginative English children were playing at the foot of a meadow on Midsummer's Eve. Dan and Una chance upon an invocation to Puck, who at once appears, and brings back from the past a series of visitors each of whom has had to do with the making of England — a young Saxon gentleman, a Norman knight, a Roman legionary, a mediæval Jew, a forgotten builder of country churches. With extreme gentleness and poignant sense of beauty, he describes the quiet water course, the grazing cattle, the children's various haunts in wood and open. With the ease of a happy dream, Present merges into Past, and each romantic figure tells the listening children his own particular adventure. There is the imagination of "The Brushwood Boy," of "The Greatest Story in the World," but infinitely fined and controlled, and the style itself has become a wonder of purity.

"Three Cows had been milked and were grazing steadily with a tearing noise that one could hear all down the meadow; and the noise of the mill at work sounded like bare feet running on hard ground. A cuckoo sat on a gate post singing his broken June tune, 'Cuckoo-Cuk,' while a busy kingfisher crossed from the mill stream to the brook which ran on the other side of the meadow. Everything else was a sort of thick sleepy stillness smelling of meadow-sweet and dry grass." It is all as simple and direct as that, so much so that children will read as they read *Alice* without suspecting more than meets the eye. So hidden and delicate is the intention, that the book has been reviewed merely as a series of fairy tales; so spontaneous that one even wonders if Mr. Kipling himself knows the full extent of his accomplishment.

The originality of this method is all the more grateful at a time when, to borrow Mr. Gelett Burgess's inspired catchword, Socialism has come to be the universal bromide. It is natural enough that masses of remarkably unconvincing novels should be burdened with every form of so-called socialistic remedy. In fact, the demand for panaceas of one kind or another has so influenced English fiction as to occupy a full third of the entire year's product, the remaining fractions being divided between religious stories, and novels about people at large. Merely to name a few typical specimens of the first division, in *The Great Refusal* [1] Maxwell Grey begins with a rather forcible and interesting study of rich fashionable life contrasted with the struggles of the landed gentry to maintain its place, and the misery of the hopeless poor; but the whole ends with a South African Brotherhood as feeble as it is tiresome.

Mr. Whiteing's *Ring in the New* [2] is clever, readable, not to be taken too seriously. It is less sincere but more witty than the earlier books of Gissing, but deals in a general way with his class of subject, the scramble for bread in London. The best of it lies in an admirable description — to use his expression — of

[1] *The Great Refusal.* By Maxwell Grey. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1906.

[2] *Ring in the New.* By Richard Whiteing. New York: The Century Company. 1906.

the New Bohemia, the entirely distinct social grade introduced by the working *lady* with a code of her own as remote from old-fashioned Bohemianism as it is from fashionable rules of behavior.

Here again the ending is a picture of the entire human race lifting itself by its own boot-straps into a state of complete beatitude.

Mr. Wells also wastes his possibilities as a genuine novelist on a comet[1] which suffuses England with luminous green vapor, from which every one emerges loving his neighbor better than himself. Philosophers naturally have to offer concrete remedies, but why novelists should so commit themselves must ever remain an irritating mystery. The Utopia resulting from Mr. Wells's "Change" is as uninteresting and unconvincing as any other piece of constructive Socialism. The Socialist storyteller really should content himself with destroying. If the twentieth chapter of Genesis had ended with a sketch of Lot presiding over two model towns, with hot and cold water on every floor, the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah would soon have been forgotten. That wise old chronicler fully understood that the romancer's mission is to arouse imagination and generous indignation, and there to stop, since from some basic trait in human nature imagination and enthusiasm do not take fire at the idea of neat rows of hygienic dwellings inhabited by a race of purely rational altruists.

The mass of English religious novels, to be candid, owe their importance to the fact of their numbers rather than to the intrinsic value of any one story. But there is significance in the mere fact of Mr. Benson's wit and skill being submerged by a weak and painful mysticism, as in *The Angel of Pain*,[2] and in *The House of Defense*[3] by a pitifully flat and obvious sermon upon Christian Science.

Orthodox churchmanship has also its literary exponents, headed by the immortally absurd "Guy Thorne," who, in the preface to *A Lost Cause*[4] nestles under the wings of "five or six Bishops," and "innumerable letters from the Clergy." The whole preposterous book, though as exaggerated and over-emphasized as Lady Southdown's famous tracts, has a certain crude air of earnestness. You read with a misgiving. Incredibly comic as the whole is,—if by chance the author should be sincere, rather respect any farrago of nonsense than smile at a genuine conviction. When asked to believe that an unorthodox, low church young lady felt a remarkable sensation on touching an unblessed wafer, you give the author the benefit of the doubt; but when two hardened and successful malefactors wither, like Mephisto before Siebel's sword, at a glance from — but let me quote.

"A broad, square man of considerable height, with a stern furrowed face, wearing an apron and gaiters, stood there, with a thunder-cloud of anger upon his face. It was his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. . . . In the presence of the great spiritual lord who is next to the royal family in the precedence of the realm, the famous scholar, the caustic wit, the utter power and force of intellect, the two champions were dumb." One of his glances, in fact, and their machinations were forever blighted. And so the story ends!

It is a curious tribute to the power of Rome that it continues year in and year out to be a fertile source of inspiration for controversial fiction. Mr. Bagot (a few more converts of his critical calibre might go further to undermine the Pope

[1] *In the Days of the Comet.* By H. G. Wells. New York: The Century Company. 1906.

[2] *The Angel of Pain.* By E. F. Benson. Philadelphia and London: The J. B. Lippincott Company. 1906.

[3] *The House of Defense.* By E. F. Benson. New York and London: The Authors' and Newspapers' Association. 1906.

[4] *A Lost Cause.* By Guy Thorne. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1906.

than Père Hyacinth and Martin Luther) opened the season with *The Passport*,[1] a trite piece of sensationalism, only significant from its attack upon the rapacity of the Italian priesthood.

Signor Fogazzaro's *Saint* [2] is of course the most important religious novel of the year, though, to be frank, it is less a novel than a protest. Purely as fiction it lags far behind his earlier work, being no more than a thoughtful treatise upon the attitude of Italian rationalists to-day towards unquestioning loyalists, by one who both knows and cares, and who is fully equipped for expression. Benedetto (Piero Maironi), the Saint, belongs with those holy mystics who come into the church prepared to live up to a set of inconveniently high ideals. Here, an enemy, a satirist, could have made capital of the situation, of the disturbance caused by a genuine mediæval saint in the midst of a highly capable worldly organization. Being himself a loyal Catholic, Signor Fogazzaro only does this so indirectly that a great opportunity is lost, since the humor (Mr. Thayer's preface guarantees the existence of this quality) to animate a slightly inanimate group of characters is subdued to the vanishing point. The strange fact is that the author himself should show surprise at this book's being put upon the Index, since it is no less than an indictment of the whole contemporary condition, an indignant picture of a church which discourages true piety, and expels saints as malefactors. Fogazzaro always speaks with the authority of rich development, but there is no attempt here at sharp characterization, not even with the woman, Jeanne, since for the purpose of the book the only requirement was a figure to embody Benedetto's renunciation. Neither is your sense of the renunciation extremely poignant (as in the wonderful garden scene in *Daniele Cortis*), nor would a vivid set of impressions here be in place, since the whole has been deliberately set in a low key, that no tempestuous human emotions should distract the reader's attention from the cause for which Benedetto suffers to an absorbing interest in the actual suffering.

Mr. Moore's religious novel, *The Lake*,[3] is far more personal. Although steeped in the feeling of Ireland, his story follows no accepted tradition. It is unlike Miss Barlow, Fiona Macleod, Miss Laffan, or Ross and Somerville. It is Irish to the core, but with a quiet and contemplative melancholy. Of the few events none is cheap or trite. When Father Gogarty drives Rose out of his parish by a cruel sermon, the girl neither dies nor is reduced to the London pavements. Nothing could be more natural than his unavowed regret that she is able to earn a living without his aid, so robbing him of his chance of making restitution and solacing his conscience. The priest's irresolute wanderings about the Lake, his discursive mental processes with their kernel of thought, his starved love of life and beauty, all linger in your memory; also the way in which he unconsciously rounds point after point towards making a personal demand upon life. Mr. Moore's arraignment of the church is neither hot nor bitter, but rather tinged with regret that a system should prevail which takes so small account of legitimate human instincts.

In *Traffic*,[4] however, Mr. Thurston speaks with unbridled disapproval, combining a controversial document of great force with a living (and bleeding) picture. It must at once be confessed that his book is painful. After that it deserves only praise—praise for skill of conception and execution, for its passionate

[1] *The Passport.* By Richard Bagot. New York: Harper Brothers and Company. 1906.

[2] *The Saint.* By Antonio Fogazzaro. Translated by M. Agnetti Pritchard. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1906.

[3] *The Lake.* By George Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1906.

[4] *Traffic.* By E. Temple Thurston. New York: The G. W. Dillingham Company. 1906.

tearing aside the mist of sentimentality with which Irish and English writers have veiled the naked truth of priest-ridden Ireland. Miss Laffan was no friend to the church. Miss Barlow describes many a scanty meal and shivering winter; but Mr. Thurston portrays a whole community ruled by the church, in which no individual pain or sacrifice is ever allowed to weigh against the force of dogma. Stripping off every palliative, he holds up a code of ethics which makes divorce the unpardonable sin, and venal prostitution an error to be redeemed by repentance. One by one he tears off the romantic ornaments of the plaintive Irish peasant, showing him drunken, sordid, brutal, responding only to two appeals — the priests' power to cut him off from life everlasting, and the love of land. As for the vaunted Irish family affection, he disposes of that in short order. "Woman," Mr. Thurston says, "is only the beast to bear his burden, the cattle on the land that he loves. Every record of English injustice to that country — and there are thousands that are only too true — are all those inflicted on the land. This man stole a farmer's homestead, that man killed another for his domain — but scarce a tale of the seduction of this man's wife, or the rape of that man's child, and when the soldiers were spread throughout the land that must have been a common story too. Yet it is never repeated now. It has slipped the memory of them all, while stories of the land — the land — the land — these will remain forever."

No matter how relentless his accusation, Mr. Thurston does not clothe it in a treatise. The figure of Nanno Troy is at no time an abstraction. From the evening when you first meet her driving her cows to pasture, the interest never fails to be first for the story of Nanno, girl and woman. Incidentally you realize the force behind her cruel marriage sanctioned by the church, the power which inhumanly held her to her torment, which recaptures her after her escape and drags her down to inevitable debasement.

As in *The Apple of Eden*, Mr. Thurston dissects deep and pitilessly as the modern Frenchman; but even in this candidly repellent theme, he keeps a certain fervor which makes his work worth while for adult readers of firm nerves and serious mind.

Besides the controversial religious novels there are in England a certain number in which religion plays a minor part, as in Mrs. Craigie's *The Dream and the Business*,[1] which occupies a midway place between the purely religious novel and the conservative story about individual human beings.

In this last class it is a comfort to find tradition prevailing to such an extent that, whether it be serious fiction or light-hearted comedy, the kind of novel in which the English have always excelled shows no sign of extinction.

One of the pleasantest examples of these is by a lady who, while never rising to great distinction, where many have soared higher and disappeared, has quietly gone on producing readable books.

As a young woman Miss Rhoda Broughton wrote clever if slightly trashy love stories. In maturity, within her definite limits, she retains gayety, wit, and the quality of an easy, irresponsible story-teller.

A Waif's Progress[2] is no more than a sketch, verging here and there on caricature. It is light, unpretending, avowedly skimming over the surface of things. Miss Broughton has never been a careful writer, but if she has not gained in classic brevity, neither has she lost a whit of her racy individuality. To use an expression which she would probably find appropriate, — without ever having attained a place in the first rank, Miss

[1] *The Dream and the Business.* By John Oliver Hobbes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1906.

[2] *A Waif's Progress.* By Rhoda Broughton. New York and London: The Macmillan Company. 1906.

Broughton has "staying power." Bonnybelle Ransome, the Waif, is like Lily Bart, a poor young lady with expensive ways. Unlike Lily, she has been brought up by an entirely *déclassée* mother, who dies and leaves the Waif a confirmed little *rouée* of seventeen, to be passed from refuge to refuge, habitually turned out by the hostess as a result of too great attention from the host. Gay as a lark (a mud lark), *inconvenante* in speech and action, the Waif is constantly making the most frightful *bévues*, in her insincere efforts at outward conformity to the standards of decent life. She is a greedy, ungrateful, lying little baggage, with a queer, obscure, sporting code of her own, and not the slightest conception of ordinary behavior. Miss Broughton tells you every disadvantageous truth, yet gives you a feeling for the misguided, pleasant scamp. If Mr. James's unforgettable Maisie had lacked her limpid truthfulness, and possessed high spirits and sparkle, she would have grown into just such a girl as Bonnybelle. The only difference is that Maisie "Knew" — without telling, while higher vitality constantly betrayed the Waif into indiscretion at once amusing and pitiful. Of course Miss Broughton still has a habit of over-italicising. She perhaps overdoes the Waif's consciousness of her own poses, but at least there is no didacticism.

The author merely shows you the product of certain conditions silhouetted against the quiet dullness of a respectable country house. The child's bringing up taught her that she must pay, in her person, for certain advantages. Men who took you in motor cars usually kissed you. Motor cars were an agreeable necessity, the kissing a disagreeable but necessary penalty. Bonnybelle honestly enjoyed any unexpected reprieve, but never dreamt of withholding her toll. Miss Broughton establishes her analogy without ever stopping to explain.

I have dwelt so long on this light and unimportant sketch, first, because it is amusing to an unusual degree, and secondly, because Miss Broughton's frivolous manner too often causes her books to be left unread, regardless of the fact that her knowledge of character and pictures of life are quite as sound as those of many pompous story-tellers who are taken far more solemnly by dint of their so taking themselves.

Another simple and disarmingly unpretentious book is *A Lame Dog's Diary*,[1] the journal of a young officer, wounded in South Africa, trying as best he can to adjust himself to a life of crutches and invalidism. The whole is like a bit of *Cranford* with a few more masculine complications, and in trusting the young man to tell his story, the author has avoided all the pitfalls which usually beset narratives in the first person. Hugo manages to let you know that he is a pleasant fellow: you see his type plainly, without any indecent self-laudation on his part. Although he merely serves as a mirror to show the whimsies of a village as dull as any in Miss Austen, you take an interest in his own quiet love affair, if only because he is so agreeable a person, and you proceed in the happiest frame of mind to follow his thread of a story. If you put down the book offering up prayers of thankfulness at not being condemned to live in a moribund English hamlet, you also hope to have many more glimpses of it, through the eyes of so competent a guide as S. Macnaughtan.

Miss Cholmondeley's new book, *Prisoners*,[2] is of precisely the same stripe as *Red Pottage*. It is most curiously compounded of sparkling comedy of manners and cheap melodrama. The story itself bears no test of analysis, the tragic moments are no more to be taken seriously than the sad parts of *Sherlock Holmes;* but the author presents her picture so delightfully that you feel a pleasure akin

[1] *A Lame Dog's Diary.* By S. Macnaughtan. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1906.

[2] *Prisoners.* By Mary Cholmondeley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1906.

to that of seeing a really good player in a somewhat trashy rôle. Miss Cholmondeley is full of minute, amusingly acid observation. She has a truly old-fashioned way of disliking her bores (none of your wide-minded ethical tolerance for nuisances), and her constant state of lively exasperation is all the more welcome because she has apparently suffered acutely from the identical annoyances which with all of us go to make up each day's sum of petty irritation. She hits off her own flighty heroine in the happiest fashion, as belonging to that large class "of whom it may be truly said when evil comes, that they are more sinned against than sinning. They always somehow gravitate into the phases where people *are* sinned against, just as some people never attend a cricket match without receiving a ball on their persons."

Also the introduction of Colonel Bellairs is a model of neat observation. "A handsome man . . . remarkably young for his age. The balance, however, was made up by the fact that those who lived with him grew old before their time." Wentworth, the prig, is delightful, at minutes, when "he talked of his conscious guidance by a Higher Power in the important decisions of his life . . . and always meant following the line of least resistance." The impartial Bessie is always funny, but never more so than when she assures her elder sister that "You can make even a home pleasant."

The fact is, that Miss Cholmondeley always seems to have strayed out of her own domain. One could almost suspect critical friends of urging her, "Mary dear, you *must* pay more attention to plot!" Consequently, having abundant imagination, she straightway concocts a melodrama rivaling Ouida at her most inventive, but proceeds to recount it in a manner not unworthy the chronicler of *Cranford*, or *The Perpetual Curate*.

When Mr. Shaw dubbed his plays "Pleasant" and "Unpleasant," he invented a method of classification so simple and obvious as hardly to call for approval. Any one of us could easily have thought of it, though as a matter of history, no one before him had even remotely suggested it. However we may question his judgment in rating *Candida* as a pleasant play, there can be no doubt as to the value of his system of pigeonholing. Now concerning Mr. Locke's *The Beloved Vagabond*,[1] there can hardly be two opinions. Pleasant is the word! Fantastic, improbable, impossible! Granted freely, that and more! There never could be such a being as Paragot, there never has been such a small boy as Asticot. But in *The Beloved Vagabond* there is a delightful modern revival of the picaresque novel, an aimless tale of aimless wanderings, wherein the chance word of wisdom, the meal at a wayside inn, the sun's warmth of a cool day, and the grateful shade in summer weather, make up good and sufficient reasons for being. But if the tale be in a way fantastic, it also contains good measure of truth, the inner truth of life tricked out in the whimsical deeds and utterance of the wandering hero. Paragot could not be tamed by convention; witness his sufferings at an English tea-party, among excellent people so addicted to tradition that "a square muffin would be considered an indelicacy," and his utter failure to propitiate Lady Molyneux, "one of those women whose eyebrows in the normal state are about three inches from the eyelids. I understood then what superciliousness meant."

This Paragot, nevertheless, when the time came, like a true man, bowed his neck to the yoke of nature. In his shiftless erratic philosopher, Mr. Locke has succeeded in creating a character which stays in your mind. Whether the hairy, unwashed creature of impulse strike you as rarely companionable or as an entertainment to be viewed from afar, whether you be of those who linger at table with Villon, Mürger, and Béranger, or re-

[1] *The Beloved Vagabond*. By W. J. Locke. London and New York: John Lane, The Bodley Head. 1906.

spectably watch their performances from a distance, there can be no question as to Paragot's affording entertainment.

The whole book is witty, light in hand, full of a chastened gayety. Mr. Locke writes happily, as if he were thoroughly *in* his story. The style is artfully simple, swift, yet conveying a sense of agreeable leisure.

Outwardly this book is no less fantastic than *Marcus Ordeyne*, but in its grasp of character it shows deeper penetration of the truth of life, a penetration none the less sound for the graceful manner which conveys a realism of perception under a form so light as to appear almost trifling.

Equally fantastic (with no other possible point of likeness) and most certainly laying small claim to pleasantness, Mr. Snaith's new book [1] shows him as a writer who by no means rests satisfied with revamping the impressions which have already led to one success. While *Henry Northcote* is obviously a fruit of the same mind and temperament as *Broke of Covenden*, it also reveals the same mind turned in a quite different direction.

No mediæval saint, no early martyr, has proclaimed more passionately than Mr. Snaith that success can only be bought at a price. The problem of the young man making his way in the world, whether he be offered the *peau de chagrin* or a mess of pottage, has always been of perennial interest. We have it constantly in American novels, expressed in the highly concrete form of politics or shady transactions in the stock market. (Of these Mr. Stimson's *In Cure of Her Soul* is perhaps the best example of the year.)

In *Henry Northcote*, using quite another dimension, Mr. Snaith treats the problem at once more poignantly and more finely. The battle is fought within the limits of Henry Northcote's soul, and the question is refined down — not to how he shall act, but to the intention in which his action is conceived.

A young barrister is starving in London. He is not only consumed by despair, but fairly ravaged by a consciousness of uncommon power denied reasonable outlet. Temptation comes in the form of a call to defend a woman charged with murder. The case is perfectly simple, the evidence overwhelming. She is entitled merely to a perfunctory defense, to a possible mitigation from the death penalty to a life sentence, on the plea of drink or madness.

The young man has tested his ability in public speaking by haranguing Sunday crowds in Hyde Park, consequently this summons comes as his great chance to make himself known, to prove his power. The question (one always so baffling to lay intelligences) is: Shall he use his genius to defeat justice and save a crapulous and guilty prostitute, or let the law take its natural course? But this does not give the full subtlety of Mr. Snaith's problem. If in the fibres of Northcote's soul there had lingered a grain of conviction, if he had been one who shrank from taking human life, if the woman had inspired a glimmer of sympathy, if the working of his brain in planning her defense had been different, its success need not have extinguished his divinity and transformed him from a potential archangel to a fallen Lucifer.

This, baldly put, appears to be Mr. Snaith's thesis, but no amount of description, short of bodily quoting whole pages, can give an idea of the intensity, the fury even, with which he clothes it. The pace gives no time for questioning. Whatever doubts may arise later as to possibility, as to whether judge and court could have been so hypnotized and spellbound, at the time you hurry on without misgiving. (Of two legal opinions on the book, it is interesting to know that one rated the court scene as arrant nonsense, the other as the most brilliant legal *tour de force* in fiction.) To be frank, doubt eventually creeps in as to almost every event in the book; but, having doubted, you end by seeing that the probability or improbability of the actual events has

[1] *Henry Northcote.* By J. C. Snaith. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. 1906.

nothing to do with the actual value of *Henry Northcote*.

The first chapter gives Northcote shivering in his dismal chamber, equally tormented by hunger and by a craving to employ his teeming intellect. Out of the gloom a nebulous stranger hails him. The effect on one's own nerves is of a supernatural visitor; but it proves merely a strange philosopher of a tramp who has heard the young lawyer's speeches in Hyde Park and believes in his sincerity. Finding him ambitious and torn by desires, the tramp vanishes down Northcote's noisome stairway.

Temptation then comes in the person of a prosperous attorney with the brief. In these chapters, where the manner is so wild that you read in constant apprehension that the next page will bring a clumsy ghost, Mr. Snaith shows extraordinary skill by producing all the effect of mystical stage carpentry, through the gloomy and imaginative key in which the whole is set. There is all the foreboding that chills you in Poe's incomparable opening to "The Fall of the House of Usher."

The resemblance to Poe deepens as the story goes on, — Poe with a moral purpose, if such a thing be conceivable, — with all his exaggeration, all his fantastic disregard of fact, but with much of his dream — not to say nightmare — quality, and his capacity for communicating his own personal intensity. *Henry Northcote*, whatever its defects, bears every trace of being conceived and carried out under the stress of genuine excitement; and whatever its measure of success, neither in plan or execution is there a taint of mediocrity.

At this late date the time has passed for a detailed review of *Lady Baltimore*.[1] We all know what gentle and friendly humor Mr. Wister has brought to bear upon "the most appealing, the most lovely, the most wistful town in America." Yet in the enjoyment of this charming vignette, the broader significance of Mr. Wister's book has hardly received due notice. Perhaps from the very gentleness of his manner the boldness of his action has passed unobserved. Obviously *Lady Baltimore* is an effort to smooth out the furrows still dividing North and South, by showing all the pathos and heroism of Dixie, and the problems besetting her, through the lens of a sensitive Northerner. Where *Uncle Tom's Cabin* opened the debate in fiction by arousing passions, a half century later *Lady Baltimore* strives to lay a soothing touch upon nerves still raw and bleeding. It is curious that, with all its outcry and luridness, no Southern fiction has placed the South in so sympathetic a light as this tribute from a Northern writer. This may perhaps be laid to its fundamental patriotism, to the author's wish for a united country bound together by the same aims, the same ideals. Like Mr. Kipling (it is really extraordinary how two books so antipodal in outward form should be so at one in intention and intellectual method), Mr. Wister draws his inspiration from the past, from a "perspective of generations." Augustus tells John Mayrant, as they sit in the melancholy churchyard, "There is nothing united about these United States any more except Standard Oil and discontent. We're no longer a small people living and dying for a great idea; we're a big people living and dying for money. And these ladies of yours — well, they have made me homesick for a national and a social past which I never saw, but which my old people knew. They're like legends still living, still warm and with us. In their quiet clean-cut faces I seem to see a reflection of the old serene candle light we all once talked and danced in — sconces, tall mirrors, candles burning inside glass globes to keep them from moths and the drafts that, of a warm evening, blew in through the handsome mahogany doors. . . . Such quiet faces are gone now in the breathless, competing North: ground into oblivion between the clashing trades of the competing men

[1] *Lady Baltimore*. By Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1906.

and the clashing jewels and chandeliers of their competing wives."

There you have it all, the secret is out, the boldness! Mr. Wister deliberately upholds the aristocratic idea, — not the snobbish absurdity of "my Aunt Carola's Salic Scions" of course; but he finds hope less in the equality of the human race than in the very fact that some are born to higher ideals than others, and that salvation comes not in dragging these down to a common level, but in honoring and preserving what they have always stood for, and in seeking to uphold their standard of a national honor and a national life.

In the flood (happily ebbing) of colonial novels with all their paraphernalia, and our too often snobbish and common novel of so-called fashionable life, *Lady Baltimore* stands quite apart as the first serious and patriotic American story which candidly has the courage to uphold the aristocratic ideal.

In speaking of *Les Mystères de Paris*, a work which he particularly loathed, Sainte-Beuve felt constrained in justice to confess "Il parait décidément que Sue . . . aura touché quelque fibre bien vive et saignante, et qu'elle s'est mise à vibrer. L'humanité, dès qu'il s'agit d'elle, se prend vite au sérieux."

At a first glance, this gratification at being taken seriously, coupled with a prospect of purer lard and sausage, might altogether account for the public's reception of *The Jungle*.[1] A book which spoilt the entire nation's appetite for its Sunday roast beef could hardly fail of an audience. Consequently there is a natural inclination to rate *The Jungle* as a sensational document devoid of other merit than timeliness and a knowledge of Packingtown. Oddly enough, the success of this book has stood in the light of its appreciation. Taking it on its own merits as a story, no one who has followed Mr. Sinclair for the past five or six years can fail to see the progress he has made in thought and expression. The crudity of his earlier books and the heaviness of *Manassas* are here replaced by a finer imagination and a simpler method of expression. If it were possible to cut out the slaughter-house and merely give the experience of the immigrant family struggling to find its level in a cruel new country, it would at once be clear that Mr. Sinclair's work had reached a new plane of sincerity. At the very first he strikes the note of his bewildered Lithuanians, and the note never varies. He conveys the sense of his peasant family in the great city, the suffering, the horror of it. Still, so much might be done by any skilled journalist; but he gives the effect of a mental condition with clear strokes — and this is his achievement. In fact, the part of the book which depends upon imagination, upon divining the state of mind of people whose mental processes he could only guess at, as literature, is far superior to the exact descriptions of scenes entirely obvious to the eye of any one who chanced to be on the spot. Also it is no small achievement that, in spite of piled-up horrors, the book should still be interesting, and, up to a certain point, not monotonous.

Whether this improvement over earlier work be the result of writing under high excitement, whether it be as a campaign orator that Mr. Sinclair has gained such heat and motion, rather than as a novelist, cannot be decided now, particularly as the constructive, socialistic ending is exactly as weak and ineffective as any ordinary prospectus of a land company.

"The Co-operative Commonwealth is a universal automatic insurance company and savings bank for all its members. Capital being the property of all, injury to it is shared by all and made up by all. The bank is the universal government credit account;" — and so on for many pages whose flatness suggests a different hand from the brilliant opening chapter, with its vigorous description of the Lithuanian marriage feast.

To judge *The Jungle* fairly, it should

[1] *The Jungle*. By Upton Sinclair. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1906.

be analyzed, first, as the work of an enthusiast absorbed in a special issue; next, as a novel which, though its realistic side might be the work of any able journalist, on the side of imagination shows qualities which can only belong to the born story-teller. And lastly, it must be confessed that in many places the effect is gained by revelling in ugliness, by lacerating the nerves so that a great tragic impression is obscured by foul-smelling detail. The eyes of Œdipus, so to speak, are destroyed, *coram populo*. At times it comes dangerously near belonging in Sainte-Beuve's class — "littérature de crapule."

It is curious that, out of the four most prominent American novels of the year, three should be so occupied with the national well-being that discussion of their place in literature is inevitably subordinate to their importance as tracts. Apart from a general seriousness, nothing could be less alike than *Lady Baltimore*, *The Jungle*, and *Coniston*. The first is set in a key of gay comedy, *The Jungle* is sanginary and aggressive, while *Coniston*[1] draws force from a quiet, dispassionate historical view of a formative period of the national life.

The entire movement of the story is founded upon the general aspect of the time at its broadest. The mere scale guarantees at least a certain measure of power; the mere fact of attempting so large an undertaking proclaims no trifling or unworthy ambition, and the result calls to mind those immense canvasses of such painters as Benjamin West, wherein certain qualities constantly command your respect, and a suspicion that only a slight lack of atmosphere and vibration keep them from permanent greatness. To tell the exact truth, *Coniston* is a great novel, minus the vibration, and beyond question it is the most substantial and craftsmanlike piece of work Mr. Churchill has yet produced, since it shows not only study of his period, but comprehension. There is good academic drawing and at times a depth which almost amounts to perspective. The story is difficult to get into, and the characters are always rather types than individuals; but in Jethro Bass Mr. Churchill has hit upon the type which never fails of interest, the shrewd, kindly, direct man of complete political obliquity. Where the majority of ambitious boys try their fortunes in a city, Jethro stays at home and quietly buys up mortgages till he controls the country vote. The intricacies of his moves, the stratagems by which he conquers, are carefully worked out and sound as probable as the doings in one's own ward. His picture of New England at that time when people began leaving their farms is as clear and homely as a page from Horace Greeley's memoirs; but, throughout, the instinct for time and place is warmer than the instinct for people. The young girl's struggle between her devotion to old "Uncle Jethro," who has been good to her, and her disgust at his political methods, is far more genuine and alive than her somewhat ordinary love affair. From beginning to end, the story is thoughtful and quite without flippancy. It is penetrated by a really admirable sense of responsibility, and in the whole outlook upon our disturbed national life, there is no point of better augury than that such widespread recognition should greet a long, slightly tedious story, quite devoid of cheapness, or of appeal to any but the worthiest instincts.

Although Miss Sedgwick lays her scene in England, we may by right of birth claim her as a countrywoman, and do so all the more gladly as she is one of the few serious Americans who treat the individual rather than the national problem. Incidentally, there is a paradoxical truth in the fact that the individual cases forever prove to be the problems of humanity at large, while national or sociological issues, however broad they may appear at the time, are sure to end by seeming limited and special. It is worth remembering that while no less a personage than Jane Austen has been blamed for her perfect indifference to any matter beyond the

[1] *Coniston*. By WINSTON CHURCHILL. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1906.

boundaries of her own parish, her stories remain a living factor in English literature when the intelligent and public-spirited works of Harriet Martineau and William Godwin suffer world-wide neglect.

Miss Sedgwick has the quality of striking her personal note. She never disappoints you in being commonplace or uninteresting. *The Shadow of Life* [1] bears out the impression of her earlier work, that with a little more vitality she would be a novelist of the first rank. Her conception of character and situation is never ordinary. She is interested in the deep relations between people, less in their outward comings and goings than in what flashes between them unobserved by the world at large. After an introduction in which, to be truthful, leisure approaches slowness, she fairly states her situation. Elspeth Gifford, who loves life in the completest sense, also loves Gavan Palairet, whose character is less easily summarized, since he is chiefly negation. Of the temper of the saints, he has no spiritual belief, merely a repulsion to everything that life means. He is a melancholy, gentle pagan crossed with a Saint Anthony's spirit of renunciation; only for Gavan the renunciation is a dream, since, to renounce, one must at least believe in life and happiness. The struggle becomes concrete in his decision to renounce Eppie. He loves her, but is eaten away with doubts of himself, with fear of happiness. His ideal is a Buddha who can only smile at pain. Her effort is to warm him into life through her splendid love, to win him from morbid contemplation into action and happiness.

The book is one long duel between the girl and the man — his effort to escape sensation, his neurasthenic panic at caring for anything enough to arouse feeling, and the girl's spirited attempt at rescue. Elspeth herself is conceived with great nobility. Her pursuit is free from baseness, she never stoops to vulgar allurement.

Miss Sedgwick keeps up an unbroken sense of tension. She establishes Elspeth's odd physical attraction, her external Scotch hardness, her equipment of worldly grace and knowledge. She also makes Gavan plain, the kind of man who forever raises the question: Should you revere him as a saint living on heights unattainable by the vulgar? should you feel the average man's impulse to cure his malady of the soul by personal chastisement? or is he merely a delicate study of a physiological sensitiveness bordering on insanity?

Whatever the author's view, she wisely refrains from explaining, leaving you to decide according to the angle of your own sympathy. What she has done is clearly to indicate an individual man of the type who keeps you in constant uncertainty.

She does not escape a tendency to overload her story with philosophical discussion (Nietsche really threatens to become the accredited bore of modern intelligent fiction), but too much rather than too little cultivation is not our crying fault, nor has philosophy destroyed her distinction of manner, or her sad and piercing sense of beauty.

Mrs. Deland also takes her place as a chronicler of the individual. *The Awakening of Helena Richie* [2] is our nearest equivalent to the old-fashioned English novel, and the scene might equally well be laid in England, Scotland, France, or America.

Although the story contains such elements of extreme violence as suicide, infanticide, a shivered eighth commandment, and filial impiety, the prevailing tone is an agreeable quiet. Dr. Lavendar with his ancient horse, old Benjamin Wright and his "freckled nigger," the doctor's nagging wife, the men's friendship — all this creates an atmosphere at once real and interesting. Mrs.

[1] *The Shadow of Life.* By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: The Century Company. 1906.

[2] *The Awakening of Helena Richie.* By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper Brothers & Co. 1906.

Deland shows a grateful sense of values in passing over superfluous detail. A less skillful writer would feel obliged to explain how little David was left adrift, instead of simply stating through Dr. Lavendar, "How can I find a home for an orphan child? A parson up in the mountains has asked me if I could place a little seven-year-old boy . . . the child's sister who took care of him has just died," — and David has been adequately introduced, without halting the forward movement. It is worth while in passing to note the clear compactness of this; and Helena's own early life is disposed of with an equally swift and able stroke. The young woman's character is perfectly consistent: a charming, emotional creature, passively good, born to run straight but dislocated out of her normal position by a series of totally unsuitable tragedies. Framed for happy domesticity rather than passion, she falls victim to a lover simply because her movement is always in the direction of least resistance. The real tragedy lies less in his shortcomings than in her unfitness for the life into which she has drifted, in her pathetic envy of old and ugly wives, in her longing for any beaten track, in her rudderless misery of loneliness. It is this capacity for general discomfort rather than for tragic concentration which keeps her story from moving you profoundly, from leaving such a sense of emotional disturbance as *Daniele Cortis* or *The Mill on the Floss*. Mrs. Deland does not attempt to plumb great depths, and rightly, since her heroine is not of a calibre to render heroic treatment appropriate. But if not heroic, the method is delicate and penetrating. The author's mild and abundant humor, pleasant observation of children and animals, clears the air from all taint of melodrama, and a steady moral purpose is at no time allowed to hamper a well-told story. *The Awakening of Helena Richie* has been mistakenly lauded as a highly emotional book, and unjustly criticised for superficial analysis of a great tragic situation. Both points are ill taken, since it is exactly in showing how little tragedy can penetrate certain natures that Mrs. Deland proves her skill and moderation. Helena's awakening is no more real than her abasement. Many a woman of greater emotional capacity has suffered as much over a lack of perfect sympathy as Helena could from her false position, but no one could possibly feel more uncomfortable, and the discomfort of so pretty and winning a creature quite naturally impressed Dr. Lavendar and his friends as hopeless searing misery. Hester Prynne truly suffered; she was the tragic figure cast for the tragic part; also Clarissa Harlowe; but life often gives the serious rôles to the lightweights (fancy little Emmy Sedley a Waterloo widow!), and in skimming over the surface of a superficial nature, Mrs. Deland reveals far greater knowledge than would be shown by an attempt to sound non-existent depths.

Equally devoted to the concerns of a limited group, *The Clammer*[1] is a delicate little sketch, pleasing from its gentleness and good taste. Where Mr. James Lane Allen's Adam, in *The Kentucky Cardinal*, raises vegetables, this New England Adam digs clams in his own bit of beach. Both books are legitimate descendants of the *Reveries of a Bachelor*, and in *The Clammer* there is a pleasant flavor of eighteenth century deliberateness. Although the motor of Goodwin-the-Rich whisks past, it is powerless to hurry the pace. Mr. Hopkins's manner is consciously artificial in using words and phrases with recurrent rhythm, but the words and phrases themselves are of an artful simplicity. The whole is contemplative, reposeful, and breeds a rare conviction of having been written rather to gratify a mood of the author than with an eye to startle the public.

In *Don-A-Dreams*,[2] genuine study re-

[1] *The Clammer*. By W. J. Hopkins. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

[2] *Don-A-Dreams*. By Harvey J. O'Higgins. New York: The Century Company. 1906.

places the too customary demonstration of character, to such an extent as to suggest the passive truthfulness of Russian novelists. Only the last page (which is easily skipped) has a conventional sound, and that rings like an afterthought, loosely attached in deference to a publisher's natural mistrust of the unusual.

Don-A-Dreams is merely a young Canadian, with too much individuality to travel along the rut marked out for him, and not sufficient force to cut out a path for himself. Mr. O'Higgins has been particularly happy in showing how both the hesitations and ill-considered spurts of action are the only possible results of such a nature, and that while to Don each move seems the inevitable sequence of what has gone before, to every one else it appears a piece of avoidable and resounding folly. The type is perfectly realized, the promising young man who forever disappoints his friends like a horse that will not come up to the bit, a dreamer to whom the whim of the moment constantly masquerades as purpose.

Mr. O'Higgins's *Smoke Eaters* entirely established his place as a story-teller, and proved his pictorial knowledge of New York. In the present book, while these qualities stand him in good stead, his color is under better control, cool grays replace his earlier blazon of red and yellow, he uses a lighter stroke, a more delicate outline, without loss of force or interest.

In the wave of solemnity which has overtaken us it is pleasant to find two books of short stories which are frankly (and successfully) humorous. The deliberate assertion of funniness in the title rather risks your antagonism, and finds you quite unprepared to meet a number of spontaneous, gasping laughs between the covers of *Red Saunders' Pets and other Critters.*[1] These are not nature studies of animals, but irresistibly comic sketches of the doings of a small North Dakota town with its outlying farms and ranches. Arizona may come in, and Idaho and Iowa, but the impress is chiefly of Dakota. The robust practical joke underlies almost every story, whether of man or beast. The whole bubbles over with genuine animal spirits. You feel the vigor of the men, their inconsequent gayety, their physical hardihood, and insatiable thirst for diversion. Incidentally you have a sense of mixed nationalities, of outlying Indians. The slang is gay and racy; the point of view fresh and personal, rudely comic, but never out of taste. The stories bear the test of reading aloud. Mark Twain himself never produced anything more convulsing than "Billy the Buck," "The Little Bear who Grew," and "In the Absence of Rules." It is the typical American humor of unabashed exaggeration, with the primitive quality which does not shrink too sensitively from the loss of a little fur or cuticle, and which deems the penalty of a broken bone a small price to pay for the frolic of hearty and ludicrous adventure.

Even a book notice which claims for "O. Henry" the best qualities of Dickens and Maupassant (one wonders what Dickens would say to that yokefellow) is not enough to overweight *The Four Million.*[2] These sketches may be like Maupassant, in being short! They are like Dickens in being quite open to sentiment, but they are entirely like "O. Henry" in that they mirror New York in the receptive eye of a contemporary journalist, who fuses his observation with something quite his own, before giving back this product in form of a trip to Coney Island, a tour on the Seeing New York motor, a glimpse into a hall bedroom.

Although he may tell of a row at the Clover Leaf Social, of the sequelæ of a wake, his stories are pervaded by gentleness. In symbolism and color his slang need not yield to that of Mr. George Ade;

[1] *Red Saunders' Pets and Other Critters.* By Henry Wallace Phillips. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1906.

[2] *The Four Million.* By O. Henry. New York: McClure, Phillips, & Co. 1906.

he knows his world as well, but he sees it with an eye for its beauty as well as its absurdity. There is imagination as well as vision, and beyond his expert knowledge of our colloquial tongue, he possesses in the background, to be used when needed, a real style. He is not afraid to be leisurely in the shortest sketch, he even risks an occasional introductory page. "The Green Door" actually opens with a charming essay upon adventure and the adventurous to whom once in a while "a slip of paper written upon flutters down . . . from the high lattices of chance." He may talk Bowery, or talk Tenderloin or Harlem with impunity; he also talks the language of civilization. In twenty short stories there can never be twenty gems, but "The Gift of the Magi," "The Skylight Room," "The Coming out of Maggie," "A Cosmopolite in a Café," "The Green Door," "The Cop and the Anthem," are as varied and excellent pictures of a great city as can be found, and in every case the picture has its meaning, its bit of sympathy, something to lift it above the mere quick character sketch.

In noticing all this, it must not be forgotten that "O. Henry" is also exceedingly funny. In a general way the stories suggest the thumbnail studies of Frapié, Provins, and the other flashlight Frenchmen, but without their pessimism and despair. Where their tendency is to forget that they are writing stories, to approximate as far as possible to a literal document, "O. Henry" does not hesitate to round out, to fill in, to take advantage of coincidence, in short, to indulge his reader's weak-minded craving for a little human enjoyment. And after all, since babies still smile and crow, even in courts and alleys, and lads take their sweethearts for an outing, and the rhythm of a hand-organ still quickens tired feet to a waltz, perhaps his picture with its glimmer of arc light and sunshine may be to the full as true as if it were altogether drawn in India ink and charcoal.

IN SEARCH OF AMIEL

BY JOHN SHERIDAN ZELIE

Among all the attractions of Geneva, none had appealed to me so much as the possibility of finding some background for Amiel's *Journal*. The other literary backgrounds had already been elaborately explored, and were at the traveler's disposal, but Amiel's had never been furnished. Though he was the last Genevan to add one to the world's classics, his trail seemed to have been lost. Amiel himself gives us hardly a trace of where he might be found, and no one of all the readers and lovers of the *Journal* had ever sought out his home and his surroundings.

It seemed impossible that those who knew Geneva well should not be familiar with the house of one who had been the most recent of its scholars and writers to achieve a permanent place in the world's thought. His home might be a block away from where I began my search for it, but nowhere was there a clue. The last Amiel had disappeared from the directory. Guides, of course, had never even heard the name, and frankly doubted whether there had ever been such a person. Guidebooks were as ignorant, and the little group of Genevans whom my curiosity had stirred up genially advised me to try something else. When, at last, the proprietor of the Métropole had done his best by consulting certain old residents who were supposed to know the town pretty thor-

oughly, and still no help appeared, there was nothing further in the way of a leading, except the desire of ten years to set Amiel in the midst of his surroundings. I kept on, simply hoping that something would turn up.

Toward noon I found what I thought would surely set me upon the right track. Some pastors and professors were holding an ordination service in the cathedral. Among the professors some must have known Amiel. When the bleak service was over, I followed their procession out into the robing-room, with high hopes of ending my search successfully within a few minutes. But Amiel seemed hopelessly lost. Though some of them remembered him, none had ever known where he had lived. Eighteen years had gone by since the death of the old professor of philosophy, whom few ever knew well, even when he was amongst them. They knew, to be sure, that he had become famous in the world outside Geneva; but everywhere was surprise that any one should wish to know of his whereabouts.

Logical methods of procedure had now been proved ineffectual, and there was plainly no chance of success except by resorting to rashness. This I promptly did. Passing out through the cathedral, I walked up to the first stranger I saw,— a very unpromising one, too, I thought, — addressed myself to him despairingly as to a sort of personification of Genevan ignorance, and asked him if he had ever *heard* of Amiel. To my astonishment he replied, "Yes, he was an old acquaintance of mine." He had never known Amiel in his home, as, indeed, few ever had; but he could tell me of a nephew of his who would put me on the right track.

Two years later I was to find out that within a few rods of the spot where we were talking outside the cathedral, and in plain view of it, stood the house of the friend to whom Amiel had confided the care of that vast manuscript from which the *Journal* was selected by her hands. Later on that same day I was to discover that just below us, down the steep stone staircase leading from the cathedral to the Rue Verdaine, one would come out almost opposite Amiel's home.

"Ah, you Americans, it is always so," said the hotel wiseacres who had wished me Godspeed on my wild goose chase early in the morning. The nephew had sent word that he would be glad to see me, and tell me personally what I wished to know. I had seen in the directory that he was a *numismate*, and not knowing with any exactness what that might be, I had hoped that it meant perhaps a humble negotiator of coins and stamps who would be easy to get on with. But such thoughts disappeared when I was set down at the door of the great house in the walled garden on the Route du Chêne.

The *numismate* was a private scholar and antiquarian, a member of many European learned societies, — of one of which he was at that time president, — and his house was a treasury of rare and beautiful things. The lowlier type of *numismate* that I had imagined could not, however, have made me feel more at home than did this more distinguished representative among his cabinets of coins and medals. How had I ever found him out, he asked, or what had led me to take such an interest in his uncle? Few had ever sought him on that errand, — an American gentleman from Baltimore once, and only a few others. No, none of them had ever seen Mrs. Humphry Ward, who was known to them only as the English translator. The surprise that Amiel should ever have become a figure in the greater world seemed to remain with his family and friends, as with the rest of Geneva. It was strange to them that one should come from so far to inquire about the quiet professor, who had seemed of all men least likely to engage the world's attention.

The first sign I met with of the real Amiel was the great bust whose bronze copy now stands at the head of the staircase in the university. Among the many surprises and contradictions which I found in my search, not the least was this bust,

which has such a military air that it made me think instantly — as it has every one to whom I have shown the photograph of it — of General Lee. There is here nothing of the shyness and self-effacement which one would almost certainly expect to discover in Amiel. His last portrait, which hung on the wall of his nephew's study, painted in the last days by his old friend, Mademoiselle B——, has more of the quality of the recluse and the philosopher; but the bust is that of one quite equal to facing life and battling with it. In this same study were those other volumes of the philosopher which are now only known at all because of the more famous *Journal*. They were born out of his skill, not out of his heart; and one by one they fell by the wayside and were forgotten, — with the exception, perhaps, of the last one, *Jour à Jour*, a book of poems, published the year before his death, of which it was pleasant to learn that its reception had brought to the author some happiness at a time when it was bitterly needed. Renan had said some fine things of this last volume.

I saw the more personal souvenirs of Amiel, — the miniatures of himself on porcelain made when he had returned to Geneva in his youth, — "a young conqueror," as Scherer said, — and taken the city by storm through the powers which he then displayed. I saw, too, the portrait of his beautiful mother, who died in his boyhood, and that of his "Napoleonic father," as he once called him in speaking of the difference of their dispositions. The journal instinct seems to have been strong in the family. Amiel himself kept another besides the one which is published, and his father before him had left a stout, go-afoot sort of record, in which he had carefully set down the plain story of his commercial success.

The nephew finished his kindness to me for the time being — I was afterward to experience more of it — by giving me copies of all the Amiel portraits and a letter to his uncle's old friend, Mademoiselle B——, who with her mother had made a home for Amiel in his last years, and was still living on alone in the same apartments in the city. The Rue Verdaine, to which the letter directed me, with its high tenements, its little shops, its crowds of children, the women drawing or washing at the street fountain, looked of all places the most unlikely to have been the home of one who loved the beautiful as Amiel did. I thought there must be some mistake; but when I had found the right number and mounted the stairs above the shops on the ground floor, I came into a quite different state of things in the beautiful apartment which looked straight across at the old College of Calvin where Amiel had gone to school as a boy.

There was the same cordiality on the part of Amiel's biographer and friend that I had met with at his nephew's. Both the nephew and the biographer were perhaps better known in Switzerland than Amiel himself had ever been in his own day. But with all the cordiality there was the wonder, which none of them ever seemed to get over, that a stranger from across the sea should at this late day be tracing out the footsteps of one who still, to that home at least, was simply the quiet professor rather than the modern Hamlet.

After a little Mademoiselle B—— went in and threw open the shutters of Amiel's room, letting in light upon an apartment so beautiful and so full of cheer and color that it seemed strangely out of keeping with the sombreness of Amiel's spirit as it appears in those last pages which he had written there. It was here that he had died. It was here also, as his friend told me, that he had kept on at the Journal after ill-health had separated him from his other tasks, writing occasionally days at a time. He never alluded to his Journal, though constantly bringing out his other writings to read in the family circle, nor did he ever give a hint of any expectation that through it he might still find his way to a place in the great world from which he seemed at that time so thoroughly and hopelessly detached. Almost the only intimation of such a hope is the line

he had written upon the box in which the manuscript was found after his death: "I give no one authority to destroy a single page of this Journal."

It was due to the correspondence which grew from this visit that two years later I found myself for three weeks an inmate of this home. That nothing was to be left undone which would give a stranger interested in Amiel every opportunity to recall him, I knew on my arrival, late Saturday night, when I was shown to my room. It was Amiel's room. On the writing table lay the first greeting of my hostess: it was a gift of those earlier volumes of Amiel to the first stranger who had ever crossed that threshold in search of him.

What I found during those next weeks was just what I hoped to find, — a full other side to Amiel and his life. There *was* the other side; and in his home one comes to dwell in the memory of that, rather than under the shadow of a great sorrow. I do not mean to say that there was anything exaggerated in his disclosure of his own soul; the tragedy was all there, only there were compensations, and Amiel was swift to seize them.

We think of him in full retreat, utterly overcome and prostrate in the battle of life; but that was never the way his friends saw him. That he was a failure the world around him knew well enough; but it never suspected anything of the inward suffering which was going on. Even to his family the *Journal* came as a surprise. Amiel held himself well up in the world, and seemed not to need sympathy. In him men saw a man of the world, always reserved, it is true, and increasingly so as the years went on; but they saw nothing of the tragic. Before the world he was quite likely to joke when he was at his worst. On the first appearance of the *Journal* much was made of his unhappy childhood. There is no truth in it. He was early orphaned, to be sure, but he passed into the home of an uncle where love and companionship were never wanting. Much more has been made of the unfortunate circumstances under which he took his professorship and of the bad position in which he had put himself by coming into office on the very movement that had overthrown the old aristocratic régime with which his natural sympathies lay. It is true, he was for a long time ostracized, and Genevan ostracism could not be a gentle thing, — "even Swiss mirth," says Amiel, "is like that of a dancing bear," — but that does not mainly account for his career. The ostracism ended in good season, leaving him perfectly free to take whatever society he would. His malady went deeper, and has been perfectly described as the malady of the ideal. Over and again he has said that the ideal unfitted him for all imperfect possession.

But strangely enough, idealist as he was, no man could have kept a firmer hand on life's drudgeries than Amiel. He was the one man on the faculty who could always be counted upon to do the thousand and one things of administration and arrangement which usually go begging. They said, "He is a bachelor; he has the time; let him do it;" and he did it. The worst of it was that he did it altogether too well. The work brought relief to him because it enabled him to feel that he was doing something. At the same time it turned his mind from the greater things of which he was capable, but which he feared to touch, because, whenever he looked toward them, his ideal of what they required became more exalted and made action toward them seem almost a profanation.

It is one of the most beautiful memories cherished of him that, although nearly every one of his own efforts in literature failed, he never grew sour or reached the point where he could not heartily rejoice in the success of everybody else. Critic that he was, — the best in Geneva, — and impatient of imperfection, Amiel's were usually the first congratulations which reached his more successful fellows. He would become fairly gay and light-hearted over another man's achievement, so that

his friends were able to say that hardly a new literary talent dawned in Geneva in his time toward which he had not contributed something. Unable to do it himself, he yet cordially admired any one else who dared to take the plunge and let himself go. Attentions seldom came to him, and appreciation was slight; but a very little went a long way; it was enough to brighten up everything, at least for the time being.

It was true of him that he was unwilling to allow others to do for him the things he was only too glad to do for them. It was the fault for which Bishop Westcott reproached himself at the end of his life. Up to the last Amiel had his near relatives within reach, but he seems to have prized his independence overmuch. His favorite sister had married the most famous physician of Geneva, a man of strong, positive character, who appreciated Amiel's worth, but could not easily overlook the fact that, with such powers as he had, he had accomplished so little. He no doubt also took it amiss that in all those years when the professor was more or less constantly under the care of physicians he had never consulted his own brother-in-law, the chief of them all. But, it seems, Amiel was ready enough for relations with his relatives whenever there was a chance for himself to be the benefactor.

Another brother-in-law, pastor of the Madeleine, a church strategically located in the neighborhood of Hell and Purgatory streets, found perhaps as little to increase his brotherly pride in Amiel's very irregular attendance on his own ministrations. Yet Amiel could attend church to very good purpose when he chose, as one may learn from that splendid passage on the preaching of Adolphe Monod at St. Gervais, in the *Journal* for November 9, 1851. One wonders whether the sermon could have been better than the description of it.

With the children of the family he was at his best and always at home. Strangely enough this man, critical and analytical to a degree which had nearly killed his own creativeness, never made others timid or uneasy in his presence, and was the soul of kindness to all those who approached him. All weak creatures turned toward him instinctively, so that, as he said, he believed "he could even woo the birds to come and build in his beard as in that of the statue of some mediæval saint."

The bust on the university staircase is the only visible reminder of Amiel in his native city. A prize in the university, founded by his sister and called the Amiel Prize, is his other memorial there. In awarding the prize six years after Amiel's death, Professor Ritter recalled how, in speaking to the university some years before, he had expressed the hope that possibly among the professor's literary remains might be found something which would yet justify the earlier expectations which had been held concerning him. Possibly there might be waiting for Amiel such a fame as had been achieved by the works of Joubert, Eugénie de Guérin, and Doudan. The years had now gone by, the *Journal* had achieved its place as the last great classic of the inner life, and once more the same voice was speaking of Amiel: "Les dés ont été jetés, messieurs, et la partie a été gagnée. Le succès du *Journal Intime* a été incontestable. Une cinquième édition vient de paraître; une traduction anglaise a été publiée, une traduction allemande est en préparation. Le philosophe génevois est sorti de l'obscurité. Et lui, l'écrivain, le penseur, notre ancien collègue Amiel, qui aurait aujourd'hui soixante-cinq ans, il n'est plus là pour se réjouir avec nous du succès de son œuvre. Combien de soldats sont morts dans les batailles, après avoir fait vaillamment leur devoir! Et les fanfares de la victoire, ils ne les ont pas entendues. C'est le caractère des races d'élite d'enfanter des hommes qui, dans le plaisir de travailler à leur œuvre, oublient qu'ils ont droit à d'autres récompenses. D'ailleurs, messieurs, notre Genève, semblable en cela à quelques villes plus illustres, est coutumière de l'ingratitude: de plus grands qu'Amiel l'ont

éprouvée de sa part. Rappelez-vous la juste invective de Schiller: —

"'Ew'ge Schmachschrift deiner Mutterlande,
Rousseau's Grab.'"

The visible reminders of Amiel are few enough; but the audible reminders of him are constant. I mean that the companies never march, and the bands never play, in Switzerland without giving a constant memorial of Amiel. It is the last thing we should expect of him, — more surprising than the military look of the bust, — yet it is true, that one of the two great national anthems is his, words and music both. There is not a child in Switzerland, they say, who does not know the song *Roulez Tambours*, which, if not the official national anthem, is just as familiar and popular. One does not easily think of anything of Amiel's being shouted in the streets or serving to excite and express the spirit of the crowds. I asked a soldier one day if he knew the *Roulez Tambours*. "Naturellement," he replied; and drawing himself up, he sang it at me like a demon, while those who stood by joined in at once. It is called the Swiss *Marseillaise*, and has almost as much vim and go as the more famous song. Like all of Amiel's successes it was an aside, struck off by him nearly fifty years ago in a burst of patriotic fervor when the quarrel rose between Switzerland and Prussia over the affairs of Neuchâtel. The danger was averted, but the song lived. Probably it is hardly connected with Amiel in the minds of the population, although his name is always published as the author. There is no evidence that he ever gave himself any pride over the matter; it was an incident in his life, but a solid and enduring contribution to the life of the nation. And it is hard to believe that a citizen of Geneva, who had lived to see one of his own songs adopted into the affections of the whole people, could have heard it sung or played for twenty years of his life in town and country without some grateful stirrings of his heart.

In the mornings I sat reading or writing in Amiel's room which looks down upon the little courtyard of which he had written on Ascension Day, 1879: "In my courtyard the ivy is green again, the chestnut tree is full of leaf, the Persian lilac beside the little fountain is flushed with red and just about to flower; through the wide openings to the right and left of the old College of Calvin I see the Salève above the trees of St. Antoine, the Voirons above the hill of Cologny; while the three flights of steps which from landing to landing lead between two high walls from the Rue Verdaine to the terrace of the Tranchées, recall to one's imagination some old city of the south, a glimpse of Perugia or Malaga." Straight across from the window is the school he attended as a boy, the old College of Calvin, its roof the last of the outer world visible to him as he lay upon his bed in the last days, his mind traveling backward and forward over the long career that lay between the old professor and the eager handsome boy who had seemed to have everything before him, breaking out now and again in the devoutness which had never left him, as he spoke of his life, his hopes, and his regrets. This was his room: here he had brought his Journal to its close, little dreaming that what was to him more like a settling of accounts with himself should ever become a story known and read the world over — one more of the world's great confessions, which was to relieve and interpret many an experience beside his own. As I sat there one morning reading *Eleanor*, then Mrs. Ward's latest work, I ran across a line which, though it was strangely familiar, I could not place:

"Que vivre est difficile, ô mon cœur fatigué."

Then suddenly it came back to me where I had seen it, — it was the last line of the *Journal* as we know it, quoted by Amiel in this very room just before the end.

To this day no member of his family has ever looked upon the full story of his life as it lies in that vast manuscript with its seventeen thousand folio pages, although the injunction that none of them should see it until twenty years after his death has been fully carried out and might

now seem to impose no further obligation. He had left it to his friend Mademoiselle F——, to whose judgment we owe the now famous selections; but her name has never appeared in connection with the work. It was with the explicit understanding that her name was never to be published in this connection that she broke over her long-continued habit of refusing to talk about Amiel enough to ask me to visit her in the beautiful old house just above the cathedral. The pictures of her two friends, Amiel and Edmond Scherer, rested upon the table. Of the visit of that August evening I can only say that talking with her it was not hard to understand how Amiel might have intrusted to her the story of his inner life. After her death the manuscript passes to the nephew, Dr. S——, or, in the event of his death, to the public library. Some day there may appear more pages of that literary criticism which Amiel seems to have struck off with so little effort, — criticism which Arnold accounted sufficient to justify the opinion that, in the bent which Amiel's mind took, another great critic was lost to Europe.

In the afternoons there were the philosopher's old haunts to be sought out, — the walks beside the Rhône and Arve where he had run and played as a boy, or walked forever pondering and observing as a man. Through the *Journal* you can follow him almost everywhere in Geneva except home. Lancy, Haut-Mornex on the Salève, Vandœuvres, Pressy, saw him often; but to Vevay, Montreux, and Clarens he returned again and again. He was a great traveler, and vacations always saw him *en route* as soon as possible for various resorts where the different groups of random acquaintances, to which he occasionally joined himself and whose leading spirit he so often became, had as little reason as his near neighbors to suspect the sadness which was eating out his heart. Free from all obligation, knowing that nothing was expected of him, it was in these chance associations that he was at his best, and let himself out. His letters are full of his experiences at these places, where we find him organizing expeditions, getting up plays, giving readings, — his hearers used to say that he read with so much distinction that they could not tell whether the matter read was really fine or not, — and engaging in all the life of the company.

Migratory in his habits, he had many homes in Geneva, or rather many lodgings, until he came to spend his last years in that real home on the Rue Verdaine. The most romantic of all is the little house at the end of the long courtyard, which the visitor may enter by opening the door of 16 Rue Etienne, beside the little store. Here is monastic seclusion. Down at the farther end, in the lower story of the house fronting you, Amiel had his study for the last twenty years of his life. There he worked in the daytime, with no sound to be heard save that of the birds in the garden or the occasional strains of the organ in the oratory close by. Outside the window of the room which contained his philosophical library, was a little gem of a garden, in a space so small that amongst us it would have been given over despairingly to the rubbish. But there it glowed with flowers in the midst of the tenements. The present tenant, quite guiltless of any knowledge of the author of the *Journal*, showed me all the rooms without a question; and when I was through wished to tell me about the picture of the young man which hung on the wall. It was her son, who had lately died out in the Argentine. Nor can I forget the worn-looking seamstress at the other end of the court, huddled in the tiniest of rooms, hardly large enough for sewing machine and bed, who, without knowing what it was all about, was only too willing to crowd things a little more in order to make room for the photographer who went with me, — a son of the photographer of Amiel himself. He undertook his task *con amore*, for he had just become interested in the *Journal* himself, and until then had known as little of Amiel's homes as the rest of Geneva.

In the evenings there were long talks in the salon, where a portrait of the professor, painted during the last days by the one who told me of Amiel's life, hung above us. It was the portrait of which Amiel had said at its completion, "Je m'y retrouve." There was just a touch of something Jewish in the countenance, which had made him often wonder whether there might have been Jewish blood somewhere in his line.

Knowing that his time was short, he had at last broken his reserve about himself, and taken pains to recall the story of his life to the friend who now told it to me, with much that was omitted from the biographical sketch. About what was contained in the *Journal* he was as usual silent. Remarkable confidences indeed in which a man should tell apparently the whole story of his life, and yet manage to leave it untold. The *Journal* does not exaggerate the depth and intensity of his sorrows. As one reviewer has said, "What even so cool a person as Scherer would call a tragedy other people might well consider a veritable *supplice;*" yet alongside it ran this other current of Amiel's joys which he snatched as he went. Save in his worst moments, there could not have been dullness in any company where he was present, for his insatiable mind was incessantly at something. On the table of the salon was the little box which contained some hundreds of his "impromptus," as he called them. He would burst into the room at times, or at others stop the reading on which they were engaged, and say "Give me an impromptu, quick!" and taking whatever theme was suggested, dash off almost instantly into an epigram or quatrain, or even a series of verses. Like Goethe he never had a chagrin without making a poem of it.

He was the soul of industry, always at work on something, and the greater the difficulty of it, the more relief it seemed to be. He too easily took refuge in correctness: in that he would not be found wanting; it was some satisfaction to a conscience which could never dare attempt the highest things of which it was capable. *Les Etrangères*, a book of translations of the poetry of other tongues into French, represented the kind of difficulty with which it seemed to give him pleasure to contend. The labor spent upon that book had been enormous. He had dedicated it to his old friend Scherer, as a sign to him that he had not utterly given up the hope of doing something. Scherer's acknowledgment had been slow in coming; but when it came it was in the shape of a review of such enterprises in general, and the hopelessness and futility of rhythmical translations. Scherer had not forgiven Amiel, the leading spirit of the distinguished group of years before to which both of them belonged, for his failure to use his gifts in any work worthy of him.

In middle life Amiel had written frankly to Scherer, asking him whether in his judgment it was still possible for him to do something. Scherer had welcomed the opportunity which Amiel had never before given to any of his friends, and went into the whole matter with him. He told him how his friends had never been able to understand his exercising himself with the small undertakings which were so far below his real gifts. He told him of his strange perversity in keeping to the rare and the ingenious instead of striking out boldly in some larger work for which he was so well equipped. Scherer had been deeply touched by Amiel's confidence, and believed that now perhaps the way was opening to something better. He not only gave Amiel a full description of what he thought to be his fault; but he even had in mind the immediate work upon which he thought he might begin to regain himself. He was ready with the suggestion of the precise thing which Amiel ought to do, and offered to stand sponsor for it out in the greater world if he would attempt it. Scherer waited anxiously for the reply, which was weeks in coming. It might have disclosed to Scherer the root of the whole matter, as later the *Journal* did in a way which quite overwhelmed

him. But Amiel's answer only made Scherer feel that it was a comedy which was being enacted, and that the matter was not serious enough longer to occupy his mind. In short he gave him up; he did not divine what the matter was until twenty years afterward, when the *Journal* was put into his hands. Then he atoned for his misunderstanding by the noble introduction with which he offered the record to the world, confidently predicting that here was one more of the books which would live, and doing more perhaps, by his confident judgment, to gain the book a wide acceptance than any other influence save Amiel's own wonderful gift.

The years of his teaching in the university were as neutral as could well be. They were years of great faithfulness and great industry, but without a hint of that richness of which we know Amiel to have been capable. He felt that a professor was the high priest of his subject, and perhaps a little disdained being interesting. Of his vast stores of knowledge, of the things which interested him most, of the things which made him so easily the most notable member of any group when he chose to be,—of these he brought hardly a vestige into his class-room. It must have been hard for him as well as the students to leave these things out. Ernest Naville, Amiel's predecessor in the university, upon whose achievements the *Journal* has some beautiful passages, told me in a letter of seeing once a notebook of one of Amiel's students in which figured a great number of *accolades*, and then underneath *more accolades*. Farther and farther he would carry the division and the subdivision, into which he never poured the richness which was his to give. It was the recollection how Amiel once, in visiting him, and looking over the portraits of philosophers with him, had without a moment's preparation given out a wealth of interesting and illuminating comment on each philosopher, which made Naville think how different all might have been if Amiel could have persuaded himself that it was right to do the same thing with his college classes which he had done so wonderfully in his friend's study.

But it was not to be. From these greater things, which seem to have hung before his mind even up to the last, he took refuge in correctness and industry — and the *Journal*. Up to the end he was still making plans. Action was what he craved, after all; but he saw too much, and was incapable of that "little necessary blindness" which enables one to do his work in this kind of a world. Work he did in great volume really, his literary industry was enormous and incessant; but he knew, as others did, that it was not of the sort he longed to do.

Considering the friends the *Journal* has made, it was surprising enough to hear that, though many strangers had first and last been in the house, this was the first time that one had ever crossed the threshold with the direct purpose of inquiring about Amiel. An English lady had once made sure that it was his home, and contented herself with sketching it from the street. My hostess did not regret this absence of interest, for as she said, ' Si la maison était devenue un pélerinage, je l'aurais quittée." If pilgrimages were not wanted, this one at any rate had been undertaken with her consent and approval, and nothing was lacking to make it a success. From day to day she brought out some new reminder of the man, the friend, the writer. Amiel grew real and delightful through the experiences of those weeks. His letters of ten years, carefully arranged, she offered me to read; and when I found the writing too difficult, she copied them out in a fair hand that enabled me to read them all. They are so full of the same sort of things which make up the brighter passages of the *Journal*, that one may well believe that, if all his friends should bring together their share of his letter-writing industry, we should have a volume well worthy to stand beside the other.

The gifts of this friend and the nephew are around me as I write. One day it was

all of Amiel's works; a few days later the psalm-book which he had owned from his youth; then the little book of devotions which had been long in his possession; the beautiful bronze medallion of Amiel, and the companion of it with the profile of that successful brother-in-law, the physician; later, the costly edition of the *Journal*, printed only for the family and his friends out of the ample property which he had left after dealing generously with others but always sparingly with himself. But even all this kindness had not prepared me for the gift of that last afternoon when I was preparing to go. It was nothing less than the old and worn portfolio, the companion of Amiel's travels and thoughts, in which he had written so much. Worn with use, its blotters had pressed many of those pages in which he poured out the story of his heart, and they still bear legibly lines of poetry or prose which he scribbled upon them.

At Clarens, overlooking the lake, under the shadow of the Cubly, Amiel had, years before his death, chosen his own resting place and named it "The Oasis." Here in his vacations he had often come on sunny days, and here he rests, not far from the grave of Vinet, surrounded by graves of Russians, French, and English, the stone above his grave bearing the inscriptions, "Aime et Reste D'Accord," and "Celui qui sème pour l'esprit, moissonera de l'esprit de la vie éternelle."

Amiel has won a firm place at last in the world, which during his lifetime seemed to have nothing for him. If he did not act himself in the literal sense in which we commonly speak of action, he did explore to the bitter end and the last analysis those subtle causes which paralyze the spirit and make action impossible. Amiel's was after all a contribution to the active life, the life upon which he looked with longing eyes. Act himself he could not; but he cleared the decks for other men to act, and made impossible for any who thoroughly ponder his story a repetition of his own career. The world sends up a shout of victory when the scientist announces the discovery of one more germ. Amiel had tracked down and isolated the germ of a malady which before him and during his lifetime had destroyed the power of many a spirit beside his own. Those who knew him and his time have told of how common and disastrous was this malady a generation ago in other lives which were without Amiel's power of expressing their experience.

I can readily believe what I have often been told by others, that they never read the *Journal* without feeling more like going to work. He had exhausted for them every delusion which would make them stay their hands, all those spectres which, if they can, will keep men from creativeness. Something of this sort, after all, is the praise which belongs to the solitary Genevan thinker, for with this confession abroad among men it is difficult to believe that on any large scale his trouble can ever prevail again. No languid and despairing coteries making a business of pessimism can ever sincerely fasten themselves upon Amiel. There is something about him which forbids — to do that is to mistake him altogether. If to many his confession seems only a piece of spiritual pathology, let them stop to think that it has assisted in making the trouble more rare by interpreting it. He has written the penitential psalm of culture.

But if the story of his malady should sometime cease to attract attention, there will always be enough left to make his book endure; for even after leaving out all that is morbid, there remains more than enough to make a classic Book of Joys, which will always be read because of its constant life in the ideal, its wealth of common things lifted into spiritual companionship, its high, pure atmosphere, which is perhaps the most immediate impression it gives the reader, and because of the depth and the insight of its discriminations and its judgments of life. He will always be a friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE WAITER'S PORTION

WALT WHITMAN has told greatly how wisdom may become manifest within a man: "Something there is in the float of the sight of things that provokes it out of the soul." The most provocative of all the things that float before our sight are human beings; and therefore, if a man would acquire the greatest wisdom, he should place himself in some position in life from which he may look calmly and disinterestedly upon a floating continuity of people. He should sell his books and sit down by the wayside, watching people pass. He should leave the plough in the furrow, to follow the human call. The wise men of the world have been men who have made leisure to look on. Whitman, walking week after week from one boundary to another of these states; Dante, toiling up and down a stranger's stairs; Shakespeare, leaving his bride almost at the altar, to plunge into the surge of the metropolis,—these were seeking a sight of the float of men and women. "The proper study of mankind is man" is much more greatly true than the clever man who said it ever realized.

For these reasons I am serious, not whimsical, when I state that if a man desired earnestly to develop wisdom, he could hardly seek a more provocative position in life than that of a waiter in a metropolitan restaurant. I have often envied waiters. Hour after hour, day after day, they may look and listen calmly while men and women, never twice the same, reveal the secrets of their natures. From what other standpoint in the world could a man survey to more advantage a shifting continuity of people of many ages, many races, many moods? Consider how much life must float, in a single year, before the sight of a waiter in Martin's! Consider the variety of people that drift in from Broadway, eddy for a moment, and float on, — the broker, the artist, the society girl, the demi-mondaine, the sport, the gentleman, the chorus blonde, the maiden aunt upon a visit from the country. Consider the faces to be seen, the voices to be heard. Consider the humor, the pathos, the wit, the sentiment, the action, the revery, the tragedy, the farce, that stand suddenly revealed in sentences that are passed across a table-top. And all the while, upon this huge and human panorama, the waiter may look down with the contemplative composure of a god.

There is ample reason, therefore, why waiters should develop wisdom. Some of them do; and if some of them do not, it is not because of lack of opportunity, but merely because of that common source of human failure, an inability to realize the opportunity that presents itself. The waiter's opportunity for contemplating life is seldom thought about, and needs therefore to be looked at nearly. A multifarious multitude of people float successively before his sight; every hour some new life swims into his ken; but this happy fortune happens also to men of other callings, — car-conductors, floor-walkers, policemen, and reporters, for example.

The waiter's preëminence of opportunity lies in this, — that he looks on men and women in their mood of most sincere self-revelation. For it is during dinner and that after-hour of easy conversation that a man is most himself. We admit this in our social custom; and to ask a man to dinner is to confess a desire to know him as he really is. At table he will sit revealed; the best and the worst of him will emerge manifest in his manners and his talk; and it is by watching him at

dinner that we may take the measure of the man. Boswell knew this somehow; and the vividness of his biography is due largely to the fact that he often shows us Johnson over food.

"Tell me what you eat and drink and I will tell you what you are," will do fairly well for a maxim. "Tell me whom you take to dinner with you and I will tell you what you are," will do even better. And both of these confessions are made simultaneously to the waiter. He is thereby given opportunity to learn what many people are. He is given the whole alphabet of man, and may spell out at his leisure the wisdom of the basic human laws. A man's taste in food, in drink, and in tobacco sits nearer allied to his philosophy and his religion than many people know; and I have often wondered why novelists who try to make us see their hero truly should tell us so little of his dinners and his drinks and his favorite brand among cigars. A Christian Scientist eats otherwise than a Presbyterian: this any waiter could tell you; but the point is not dreamed of in the philosophy of many lookers-on at life. I am quite sure that Carlyle's waiter could have given us the clue to his dyspeptic outlook upon the roaring world; and that little point of eating pie at breakfast goes far to explain why Emerson was a greater man than his peevish and fulminating friend.

Few of us pause to realize how well our waiters know us. Merely because our half of the world does not know how the other half lives, we do not stop to think that that other half of the world (by which I mean the servants) knows exactly how our half lives. So far as our knowledge of each other is concerned, my waiter has the better of me. He knows the hours when I come and go, and the reasons that dictate them; he knows my taste in food and in companions; he knows my ideas of art and of cigars; he knows that I am fond of rhythm, whiskey, baseball, and the theatre. But of him — his tastes and his beliefs, the things that he is fond of, and the things that he dislikes — I lack the slightest hint of an idea. That silent man, who revolves around me (a satellite to whom I am the planet), subservient yet not obsequious, anticipating my wish half-realized, filling my glass again before I know it empty, understanding better than myself that I really want another cup of coffee, — what does he think of me, I wonder? I am sure that I am not a hero to him. My friends may think me a marvel of good-nature; but he knows that I grow nettled when my soup is cold. He knows me too well to consider me a hero. There is something sad in this. But is it not more sad to think that he can never be a hero to me, for the tragic reason that I shall never know him at all? What of his thoughts, his dreams, his loves, and his ambitions? Very likely he is a greater man than I. He may be capable of patience with the sick, — a heroism I have tried but always failed at. Perhaps in his home he has found the living truth that I have groped for vainly through the darkling years. If I knew as much as he, I should blurt it forth ill-manneredly; but he brings me my salad, speechless, and I may not know what lies within his mind.

It is merely because of the chasm of convention that yawns between the two halves of the world that most of us never learn how many waiters accept their opportunity for wisdom, and grow cunning in the basic truths of life. That is why we are told so little about waiters in our novels and our plays. Mr. Bernard Shaw has flung a bridge across the chasm; and I take it as a prime instance of his perspicacity that he has made the waiter in *You Never Can Tell* the wisest person in the play. But there are many such waiters in the hotels and restaurants and cafés of New York; and perhaps we should learn something to our advantage (to use the phrase of probate lawyers) if we should ask them their opinions about other things than chops and salad dressing.

THE FREIGHT TRAIN

[Our poetical contributor is an American man of letters who, throughout a long and honorable career, has not infrequently meditated the Muse. In sending this sonnet to the Club he writes, "Of the lines themselves, I shall only say they were as unpremeditated as any I ever composed, and were fitly evolved on a long railroad journey. Those who recover from the shock of the title will judge how far I have succeeded in making a silk purse out of a sow's ear." — THE EDITORS.]

A MOVING chain whose every link betrays,
By marks or clear or dimly understood,
A separate provenance, and, if it could,
Might dream aloud of wandering in a maze
Fortuitous on continental ways:
Vermiform spinner for the common good
Through Free Exchange and Human Brotherhood
As in the far-off uncorrupted days . . .

While fades its clank on my admiring ear,
"Thou god Protection!" bawls a charlatan
(From off the stump to windy patriots dear),
"Whose fill-purse law from everlasting ran,
Lo, on men's hatreds we thy altar rear,
Thee only serves the True American."

THE EVOLUTION OF THE MANTEL

I LAY in that delightful state, half awake and half asleep, in which one may sometimes indulge in the early morning hours, knowing that one may conscientiously take another nap, or may lie and lazily guide one's imagination, if that entertainment seems preferable.

My eye traveled across the dainty silken surface of the light eiderdown quilt that covered Cousin Anne's guest-chamber bed, on which I was luxuriously stretched, lingered on the shining rods and railing at the foot of her brass bedstead, and finally rested on the mantel at the opposite side of the room.

The house was a very old one, and the mantel was a plain shelf, with paneling of wood above it, reaching to the low ceiling. The woodwork was painted a delicate shade of gray, and the lines of the paneling were uncommonly restful to the eye. On the shelf there was but one ornament, a large cloisonné vase, containing a single branch of apple-blossoms, showing all their loveliness against the gray background of the panels.

Truly, Cousin Anne is nothing if not up-to-date!

It was several years since I had spent a night at the Old Farm, as we always called it; but at intervals, ever since I could remember, I had paid visits there, and the decorations of that guest-room mantel had always had a great fascination for me.

My mind traveled back to the days of my earliest remembrance, and I amused myself by recalling the steady progression of ideas in mantel furnishings, which had there found expression.

Everything progressed at the Old Farm, but someway I had the feeling that that mantel was a sacred centre, from which influences radiated, and that everything and everybody had to live up to it. In the far-off days of my childhood visits — when, by the way, the bedstead was a four-poster, the bed a feather-bed, and Cousin Anne spelled her name without the final *e* — there stood, at each end of the mantel, tall candlesticks of yellow glass, and in the space between were grouped such wonders as I shall never behold again.

A clove-apple appealed strongly to my sense of the marvelous — a fine large Baldwin or Greening, stuck so full of cloves that no faintest sign of the original fruit remained; a thing to last forever, I think, if fashion and art had not decreed otherwise. I was sometimes allowed to hold it in my hand, to feel its surface, all bristling with tiny, rough points, and to inhale its lingering, spicy odor.

Next to the apple — things had their *places* on that shelf! — was a tumbler filled with mussel and periwinkle shells, dotted here and there, with tiny scarlet beans; black-eyed Susans we called them. Then came a *set* of furniture, two tiny chairs and a sofa, made of cross sections of butternut shells stuck together with glue — one was instructed to handle them with great care! There was also a tea-set, wonderfully fashioned from the round bones of a fish; and a basket, of home manufacture, made of bent wire dipped in red wax, numerous tiny points of wire being added here and there, giving, with its red covering, the effect of a basket of coral, if one could imagine such a thing!

Hung quite high over the mantel, and tipped at an angle of about thirty degrees, was a colored print of a cemetery, with a conspicuous headstone in the foreground, over which drooped a "weeping willow," and on which leaned a lady in a very large hoop and a very flat hat, holding a lace handkerchief to her eyes, with her extremely pointed fingers. I always wondered how she looked under the handkerchief. Her conventional attitude certainly did not suggest an abandonment of grief.

It was probably several years after that earliest remembered visit, before I spent another night at the Old Farm.

The four-posted bedstead was replaced by a massive structure of black walnut, that someway suggested a coronation chair to me. Cousin Ann was no more, and Cousin Annie reigned in her stead.

The old mantel had undergone a complete metamorphosis.

The weeping lady and the weeping willow had been banished, and a large decalcomania picture of a pink moss rose, planted in the centre of a vast expanse of white cardboard, and framed in a deeply recessed molding of dark wood, hung in its place.

I sighed for the black-eyed Susans and the clove apple, but the mantel held new attractions. The glass candlesticks were replaced by white Parian marble vases, with clusters of grapes in high relief, at either side. The vases held bunches of yellow "straw" flowers and dried everlasting. In the centre of the shelf stood a large oval glass globe, which shielded from the dust a miraculous bouquet of wax flowers. Such red and white fuchsias, such precise japonicas and rosebuds and carnation pinks, and such foliage, of a delicate Paris green, Mother Nature would find it hard to match.

On each side of this stood a tinted bisque figure. On the right was a shepherdess, in a Gainsborough hat and an elaborately draped skirt, a crook in her hand, and high-heeled shoes upon her feet, her head slightly turned toward the left, her gaze evidently seeking the bisque gentleman, who, with a flute in his hand, a round cap above his waving locks, and a faint smile upon his china lips, was turned responsively toward her, on the other side of the globe of flowers.

A cube of marble, purchased at Niagara by some traveler in the family, stood between the flute-player and the vase at the end of the shelf; and this was balanced, on the other side, by a globe of silvered glass, made by glass-blowers, surmounted by a wonderful fragile swan, with uplifted wings.

It was probably about the time that Cousin Annie became Cousin Annah, and that the black walnut bedstead gave place to a small wooden affair painted white, that I recall the next stage in the development of the mantel.

Now, heavy vases of peacock-blue glass, decorated with a picture of a lonely stork, standing on one leg, had the places of honor at the end. From these, plumes of pampas grass drooped gracefully toward the centre, where there stood a clock, in a case of intricate workmanship, made by the owner of a "scroll-saw." The decalcomania rose had been replaced by a motto, "No cross, no crown," worked in shaded magenta worsted, on perforated paper, with tin-foil shining

through the perforations, from the back.

The mantel was practically given up to photographs of friends. A likeness of a callow youth, framed in old-gold plush, had a place of honor, I remember. Two or three young women with upturned or downcast eyes, — it evidently was n't the fashion to look straight ahead in those days, — with lace jabots at their throats, and "coronet" braids and masses of curls on their heads, were perched on wire easels; and there was one imposing red plush frame for a "cabinet" photograph, with double doors, through the partial opening of which one caught a glimpse of a copied photograph, absolutely without shading or expression.

A match-box of blue glass, in the form of an inverted hat, completed the shelf furnishings; and, underneath, hung a supposedly humorous cat, mounted on a blue plush placque, with a spray of goldenrod embroidered in Kensington stitch along one side, and the words "Scratch my back," underneath.

This was, to me, the most depressing stage of mantel decoration.

It was a good many years, I fancy, before my next visit to the Old Farm. Cousin Annah — now Annette — conducted me to the guest chamber, where I found myself in a room resembling a big booth at a bazaar.

The bed had become a couch, draped in a Bagdad cover, and almost hidden under piles of silk cushions — I remembered how long it took to get it ready for occupancy at night! There were rugs and "cozy corners" and miraculous seats of all sorts. My eye sought the mantel, and there beheld a wonderful array of "art" treasures — an old-fashioned teapot, rescued from the attic, a brass candlestick, an onyx clock, three steins of various colors and degrees of thickness, a plaster cast of a Winged Victory, a wooden bear from Berne, a miniature pair of sabots from Holland, a small ivory Chinese god, and a Satsuma bowl! A rosary of carved wood was suspended from the gilt frame of the picture of St. Mark's, which had replaced the remembered motto.

I vaguely wondered if the hens and chickens in the barnyard had changed into nonpareils or pheasants, since my last visit. It was a real comfort to hear a rooster crow in the same plain New England dialect in which he (or his ancestors) had crowed when I was a child.

Now, after another interval of several years (during which Cousin Annette had vanished), here I was again, gazing at Cousin Anne's mantel, over the railing of her brass bedstead.

This Japanese plainness of decoration was certainly a relief. I was lazily wondering, "What next?" when there came a tap at my door.

"Would I have my coffee in bed?"

Yes, Cousin Anne is certainly progressive, and perhaps it is not a bad habit to get into — this of progression — after all. In the days of the clove apple, we all assembled in the big kitchen, for breakfast, at six o'clock, summer or winter, and, while the buckwheat cakes and maple syrup with which we were rewarded on a cold morning were pretty fair compensation for early rising, still, a cup of coffee in bed — and such coffee as is always served at the Old Farm — is a sign of the advance of civilization, for which one might, on occasion, be distinctly grateful.

READING FOR REST

In the sick-room of a friend of mine, during an illness in which both reason and life seemed menaced, there might have been seen at any time of the anxious day, or the long miserable night, some pallid watcher with an open book, reading in low, tense, half-despairing tones:

One cup sugar,
Two cups butter,
Three cups flour,
Two eggs; —

Beat well and pour in buttered pan — or the like. And so it went on, day after

day and night after night, until dawning recovery suffered the solace of the Cook Book to be withdrawn.

Why there was recourse, in the first instance, to the Cook Book in a rather bookish household, I do not know. But the very felicity of such a choice proclaims it of the family of happy accidents. Premeditation would, beyond doubt, have hit upon something more relevant to the case, and more in keeping with the sufferer's known tastes — which were, above all, for poetry and didactic philosophy.

What more natural than to turn to the magic of rhyme and metre, of noble imagination or sweet fancy, for soothing for her, or to the wells of wisdom for sustaining thoughts? — if indeed any profane literature, in an hour so momentous, commended itself as fit.

It was, it must have been, accident — accident at its happiest. In some desperate moment, some moment which the need of doing something and the seeming impossibility of doing anything to bring respite to the sufferer, combined to render intolerable — somebody, for the sake of a mere futility of action even, must have picked up the Cook Book which happened to be at hand, and begun to read it.

Hopelessly enough, one may well imagine, sounded forth in the moan-broken stillness of the darkened room the first few formulæ for cake and pie, sweetmeat and pickle; but when the tale of cups of flour and cups of butter, of milk and eggs and sugar and vinegar, of pinches of salt and dashes of lemon, came to its melancholy close, a faint voice from the bed commanded, "Go on," — and ever. "Go on," as the reading ceased; until at last during all her waking hours there was no attempt at cessation.

Would any other book have served the purpose as well? I trow not. Casting a mental eye over the entire field of literature, so far as it is known to me, I can think of nothing which could have taken the place of that immortal Cook Book.

Immortal, I say — and yet I must own I do not even know its name, nor whether to Marion Harland, Mrs. Rorer, Miss Parloa, Mrs. Glasse, or my own beloved Miss Leslie, belongs the glory of its composition. Nor does it matter. Common to all cook books are those gentle unharrowing enumerations of cups of flour and sugar and butter, of pinches of salt and dashes of lemon — those placid directions to sift and beat and scald and peel and core — to squeeze through colanders and whip to a froth — those pleasant, not too poignant appeals to the imagination in the shape of description of the delectable dishes which result from such concords of sweet ingredients. Any cook book, I maintain, under the circumstances which I have described, would have served better than any other book; even a cook book quite destitute of that toothsome description which may undeniably be so charming.

As a very young reader, I was fond, I confess, of cook-book literature; and it was these glowing descriptions which above all pleased my naïve imagination, warmed the cockles of my innocent young heart, and constituted the favorite passages of one of my favorite books. With something of tenderness I yet look upon that early-Victorian volume, yclept *The Book of New Receipts for Cooking:* a work which is of a scope to which the modesty of the title does rank injustice; embracing as it does not only formulæ for delectable dishes and drinks of delight, — for Orange Flummery and Gooseberry Champagne, for Roblis, Hyppocras, Nectar, Lemon Honey, and Thatched House Pie, Quince Florentines and Rose Meringues, for Partridges in Pears and Moore Fowl Pudding, and other cates too numerous to mention — but directions for working slippers, coloring artificial flowers, preserving autumn leaves, embroidering military standards, hemming bobinet, washing silk shawls, lining straw bonnets; for making a coat dress sit into the figure for destroying the Bee-Miller and purifying the atmosphere of a room, for saving stair carpets and apply-

ing eye-stones, for extracting glass stoppers and using the new Self-Sealing Envelopes — to be had with handsome ornamental stamps; or, for those to whom that novelty did not appeal, for correctly folding and sealing according to the old established method. There are full and informing articles upon Crossing the Sea, setting forth among other things the merits of a garment called a Mandarine, and the inadvisability of quilled or fluted cap-borders — which should be replaced by simple gatherings of Mantua or Lute-string; and upon Household Tools — showing the indispensable necessity of "glue, chalk, putty, paint, cord, twine, and wrapping-paper of different sorts" to the happiness of every family, and the importance of care that the supply is not suffered to run out, "lest the deficiency might cause delay and inconvenience at a time when most wanted," — and other practical subjects; to say nothing of interpolated scraps of poetry and philosophy of a cheerful and soothing nature. To all of which I did once upon a time seriously incline, not knowing how largely its very irrelevancy contributed to the high serenity of mind which its perusal engendered.

It was not my friend's good fortune, probably, to have the benefit of dear Miss Leslie's placid old-world precepts and directions to soothe her mind into something of repose like the sound of gentle rain to one under shelter; but whatever degenerate modern successor it was that was pressed into service, it at least promoted the same end — as nothing else, I feel sure, could have done.

And yet, I have myself found a strange restfulness in a newspaper from two days to two weeks old — a restfulness which I find in one quite new only in the columns of Houses for Rent and News from the Suburbs. I have no occasion or desire to rent a house, nor does my acquaintance extend its bounds to the suburbs. And that, as Uncle Remus would say, "is what make I say what I does." I love to read of the enjoyable time that was "had" at the surprise party that was "tendered" Miss Mamye Smith; of the notable meeting of the Happy Hour Society and its delightful programme, consisting of "Father, Dear Father, Come Home," "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," and "The Drunkard's Child;" of Miss Jennye Jones's two days' visit to the city, and the painting of Mr. Sam Baker's front fence; of the indisposition of Mrs. Sickles's cow, and the recovery of the Brown family from the measles. I welcome it all, and not alone for the sake of occasional quaintnesses; it is chiefly because it is so utterly and delightfully irrelevant.

Irrelevancy, I insist, is the first requirement in that reading for rest to which even the most reverent lover of the printed page is sometimes driven. It is indeed, if taken in a sufficiently wide sense, almost the totality of requirement. There needs to be added to it only a clarity of expression which demands no labor of the understanding; though something of monotony is undeniably an added advantage.

It was lists of ingredients which charmed my nerve-racked friend to rest, like a chanted spell; and lists of names — unknown names — are to myself, when tired, a sweet nepenthe. I do not indeed at any time share the aversion for mere enumeration of a certain young person of my acquaintance, who ingenuously confessed to me that when she read her Bible she always "skipped the Begats." I find, on the contrary, a drowsy pleasure in any catalogue when I am not urged forward by a too-impetuous curiosity; a pleasure to the inner ear remotely akin to that of poetry, and to the mind something as it were processional, which is distinctly agreeable. Is not all primitive literature full of catalogues — testifying to something of æsthetic value in them to the unsophisticated taste, as their prevalence in Walt Whitman also testifies?

The Cook Book is for me spoiled in these latter years, because I have sometimes, albeit lightly, dabbled in cookery. I cannot read now of cups of flour and

cups of sugar, of beating eggs and creaming butter, with that absolute detachment, that sense of being wholly outside of the range of appeal, which is essential in really restful reading. But there are always Houses for Rent, always News from the Suburbs; always, in a word, that in the world of print which will gently titillate the tired brain and demand from it nothing but tolerance.

The lightest of novels prods one with something of appeal, essays some intimacy of approach not always tolerable. If there are those who find restfulness in the reading of "best sellers," I am not of them. Fiction frets me if poor, and stimulates me if good; in either case fails of the soothing effect of advertisements foreign to any need of mine; mild items of news about people totally unknown to me; descriptions of processes which I have no idea of undertaking and sequences of indifferent names.

May I not modestly suggest to rest-cure enthusiasts that herein lies suggestion of a new cult?

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THE SPIRIT OF OLD WEST POINT[1]

(1858–1862)

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

I

ON THE THRESHOLD

SOME time during the winter of 1857–58, I received from the Hon. Samuel S. Cox, Member of Congress from Ohio, and representing the district composed of Licking, Franklin, and Pickaway, an appointment as cadet at West Point. I know it was winter time, for, across the vanished years, I can see the family gathered before the big wood fire, and my father entering, clad in his greatcoat — he had been to Newark and on his way home had stopped at the post office in Kirkersville — and bearing in his hand a large and significant-looking official letter.

Removing his coat and adjusting his glasses, he opened the communication from Washington and read my appointment. Oh, the quiet radiance of my mother's face! And never, I think, did fire burn so cheerily as ours burned that night, — and somehow, I am fain to believe, the curling smoke communicated the news to the old farm; for every field that I had wandered over from childhood seemed to greet me the next morning, as I walked out to feed the sheep. We sat long round the fire, and read and re-read the formidable entrance requirements, both physical and mental, as set forth in the circular accompanying the appointment.

This circular, prepared by Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, and a graduate himself, announced that only about a third of all who entered were graduated, and counseled the appointee that unless he had an aptitude for mathematics, etc., it might be better for him not to accept the appointment; thus he would escape the mortification of failure for himself and family. In view of my lack of opportunity to acquire a knowledge of mathematics, or, for that matter, more than the simplest rudiments of an education in any branch, I wonder now that I dared to face the ordeal. But how the future gleams through the gates of youth!

It was in the days before competitive examinations, when appointments to West Point and Annapolis were coveted — and usually secured — by the sons of the leaders in business, political influence, and social standing; and ours was the capital district. The debt of gratitude I owe to Mr. Cox is especially great, — greater than it was ever in my power, while he was living, to repay by word or deed. Widely known and dearly beloved, he has long since passed beyond the reach of human utterance; but whatever defects may characterize the course of this narrative, I want the light of acknowledged gratitude to him to fall across its threshold.

[1] I wish gratefully to acknowledge my obligations to Edward S. Holden, LL. D., Librarian at West Point, and especially to Mr. William Ward, who for over fifty years has been the faithful and courteous Chief Clerk in the Adjutant's office, for generous and quickly responsive aid in the preparation of these articles.

At that time our country was a very different one from that in which we are now living; and so great have been the changes that, could the leading merchants of our cities of fifty years ago, or the farmers who settled amid the primeval timber of the West, return, the former would not recognize one street from another, and the latter would look in vain for the fields and woods that met their eyes from the doorstep. The population of the country, now rising eighty millions, was less than thirty-two millions, not counting the territories; and of these nineteen millions were in the North, or free states, and twelve in the South, or slave states. The frontier was along the western boundary of Arkansas, and thence north to the Canadian line. The great tide of emigration that set in with the building of the National Road was still flowing west; while the railroads and telegraph were just beginning to push their way after it. Steamboats, called "floating palaces," could be seen at almost every bend of the beautiful Ohio and on every long reach of the solemnly impressive Mississippi.

Practically all the vast area lying west of the Hudson was devoted to agriculture, while the South, as from the early days, was still raising cotton and tobacco, finding itself year after year dropping farther and farther behind the more progressive North in commercial weight and importance. But there were no great fortunes at that time, either North or South; it is safe to say there were not throughout all the land half a dozen men worth a million dollars. If an estate amounted to fifty thousand dollars, it was considered large; and yet, under those conditions there were refinement, courage, good manners, and wide knowledge — qualities that went to the making of gentlemen. Colleges, called universities, were springing up everywhere over the land. Irving, Hawthorne, and Bancroft, Longfellow, Whittier, and Emerson, had laid the foundations for our literature. In public life the foremost statesmen of the time were Benton, Cass, Corwin, Douglas, Chase, Wade, and Giddings in the West; Seward, Hale, Banks, Sumner, and Adams in the East; while the South counted among its leaders such men as Jefferson Davis and Quitman of Mississippi, Alexander H. Stephens and Toombs of Georgia, and Hunter and Mason of Virginia. Besides these there were Breckenridge and Crittenden of Kentucky, Benjamin and Slidell of Louisiana, Wigfall of Texas, and Yancey of Alabama — not to mention a group of arrogant and almost frenzied agitators for secession, who seemed to rise right up from the ground that was thrown out when Calhoun's grave was dug, and to whom may be attributed in great measure the dire adversity of our Southland.

The war with Mexico was still fresh in the memories of the people, and the majority of the officers who had gained distinction in it were still living, as well as veterans here and there of the War of 1812; and to emphasize the march of time, I may say that a frequent visitor at my father's house was a French veteran by the name of Gênet, who had actually fought under Napoleon at Waterloo. Save with Mexico, our country had been at peace with all the world for nearly fifty years; its future, save as shadowed now and then by slavery, glowed warmly, and pride and love for it burned in every heart.

The army consisted of 16,435 officers and men; its organization was made up of engineers, topographical engineers, ordnance, supply departments, artillery, infantry, cavalry, dragoons, and mounted rifles. The heaviest guns in the forts were 10-inch columbiads, and the small arms were all muzzle-loading smooth bores and rifles.

Grant, in utter obscurity and almost utter poverty, and fronting an outlook of utter hopelessness, was a clerk in a store at Galena. Farragut was sailing the seas and not dreaming of the days to come, when, lashed to the rigging, he would lead his squadron into the battle of Mobile Bay. Lee was commanding a post in

Texas, and probably had never heard of the little town of Gettysburg; Sedgwick and Thomas and Jeb Stuart were all on the Texas frontier, and the future seemed to offer only a slow chance for promotion; and yet, in less than five years they had risen to enduring fame. Stonewall Jackson was an instructor at the Virginia Military Institute — the West Point of the South; but he was dwelling more on the sins of this earth than on its honors, either military or civil, and was regarded by his intimates as a queer and uninteresting type of a belated Roundhead. Within five years he was to rise to the pinnacle of fame, his star to the country's zenith. Sherman was teaching in Louisiana, little dreaming that he would one day lead a victorious army from Atlanta to the sea. Longstreet, the Johnstons, the Hills, Hooker, Bragg, and Forest — the latter a slave dealer, but the ablest cavalry leader of the Confederacy — and the many who in blue and gray rose on the waves of the mighty rebellion, were all unknown outside of their local and professional associations. Of these, Reynolds, who fell at Gettysburg, Webb, Warren, McCook, Howard, Griffin, Schofield, Hartsuff, Saxton, Weitzel, and Hazen, of the Union; Hardee, Beauregard, Fitz Lee, Alexander, and Field, of the Confederate Army, were on duty as officers at West Point. In the corps as cadets were Wilson, Upton, Hardin, Horace Porter, Merritt, Custer, and Mackenzie of the North, while bound in ties of friendship with them were Ramseur, Wheeler, Rosser, Pelham, Young, Semmes, and Deering of the South. Whenever and wherever I have thought of them as officers or cadets, — and it has been many and many a time, — imagination has painted them marching unconsciously toward the field of the high test of the soldier and the gentleman.

The war between the states was gathering much faster than we realized. Every little while, as from a cloud, sounded low and heavy rumblings; but, like distant thunder in summer, they died away; and notwithstanding that they came again heavier and at shorter intervals, yet hopes of peace, like birds in the fields, sang on. And yet everywhere there was a growing fever in the blood.

The progress of events in the seventy-five years during which they had been bound together in the Constitution had forced freedom and slavery, so mutually and organically antagonistic, nearer and nearer to each other. The closer the approach, slavery on the one hand saw herself growing more and more repulsive, while on the other, the South, with increasing anger and alarm, saw in the cold look of the self-controlled North that her prosperity, happiness, social fabric, and political supremacy were threatened if not doomed. In the Ordinance of 1787 she had seen herself excluded from all the territory north of the Ohio; in 1820, forever prohibited in all the territory ceded by France, and known as Louisiana, north of 36° 20′; in 1846, excluded from all the territory purchased from Mexico; in 1850, California admitted as a free state, and the slave trade abolished in the District of Columbia. In 1854 she saw slavery expelled from the territory of Kansas, the blood of freemen dripping from her hands, after a savage and brutal contest with freedom. During this process of being hemmed in she became more and more irritable, and, unfortunately for her, more domineering.

Naturally enough the social, idealistic, and temperamental difference elementary in the natures and traditions of the people grew apace. We in the West, especially those of us with Southern affiliation of birth, hated slavery and hated New England, but generally sympathized with the South; yet in her arrogance she fast assumed an attitude of condescension and superiority over us all. Meanwhile, the abolitionist, despised on all hands, had begun the most systematic, deliberate, and stubborn crusade that ever was waged against an institution, giving birth to the Fugitive Slave Law out of the compromises thus enforced. It was a law

hateful in every feature, arousing the indignation of every natural impulse, and humiliating to the self-respect of every official called on for its execution. Then *Uncle Tom's Cabin* appeared; from door to door it went; and slavery heard its knell from every hearthstone before which it was read.

From that time an open hostility to the institution was in the plank of every platform, and was constantly engaging the earnest discussion and purpose of every benevolent and religious association. There was no respite day or night henceforward for the great body of the people, who, standing between the fire-eaters on the one hand and the abolitionists on the other, were ready and longing to do anything for the peace, glory, and welfare of South as well as North.

As early as 1851, South Carolina and Mississippi in their provincial egotism had threatened secession; declaring in a bullying way that they would not submit to degradation in the Union, — referring to the barricades that the people of the free states had thrown up against the extension of the institution of slavery. Meanwhile, Sumner, with manners more imperious and egotism more colossal than the Southern states had ever exhibited, assailed slavery and, indirectly, the representatives of the South in Congress, with a kind of dogmatic statesmanship and scholastic venom, — the latter intended to irritate, and succeeding in its purpose, — roared out in pompous and reverberating declamation. The effect of these deplorable extremes was to weaken the natural ties that bound the sections, to drive out friendship and good-will from many a home, and to substitute in their places deep and dangerous ill-feelings. Now, as I look back over it all, never, it seems to me, did provincial egotism born of slavery, and bigotry born of political and moral dogma pursue their ways more blindly to frightful wastes of treasure and blood. But let this question rest; the fire-eater is gone and the abolitionist is gone; were they to come back, the surprise of both at the results would be astounding. However that may be, in due time an idea took possession of the North, as if it had seen a vision; the Democratic party began to break before it, and the Republican party sprang up from Maine to California with almost the speed of a phantom.

When I finally left home for West Point, James Buchanan was President, and drifting placidly into a deeper eclipse than has befallen any other who has filled that high office. Abraham Lincoln was still unknown beyond the prairies of Central Illinois.

II

THE JOURNEY

In company with J. C. Ritchey, an appointee from the adjoining district, a son of the Honorable Thomas Ritchey of Somerset, Perry County, who, for the welfare and glory of the country, appointed General Philip Sheridan to West Point, I set out the last week in May for the Military Academy by way of Cleveland, Buffalo, and Albany.

Ritchey was a spare, dark-haired, well-bred, handsome boy, and, like myself, had never been twenty-five miles from home. Neither of us had ever seen a steamboat. And so, when we boarded the Metamora at Albany, and the colored porter proclaimed — ringing a bell with an air of great authority, as he made his way airily along the decks — that all the passengers should present themselves at the purser's office and show their tickets, neither my companion nor myself had the faintest idea which way to go. The steamboat swung out from her berth, and down the broad sweeping Hudson, glittering in the June sunshine, between its pleasant banks of richest green, under the blue Catskills, all dreaming, and some towering loftily in the distance. To us both the trip was like an opening to another and a surprisingly beautiful and mystic world.

We met tows making their way laboriously with their long trains of forlorn canal boats. The decks of the Governor Clintons, the Queens of the Mohawk, the Mary Anns of Buffalo, were deserted, save here and there a man in coat sleeves lolling in an armchair, a dog sprawling asleep near him in the warm sunshine, and now and then a little bareheaded child, whose only play-yard was the deck, toddling by its mother as she strung up some promiscuous laundry, — the whole, from the high, animated deck of our proud steamer, a moving picture of cheerless and hopeless isolation. And yet who knows the secret pride that lingers about the captaincy of a canal boat? who knows the good spirits that visit him, the mother and the child, as his craft by fields and woods and church-spired towns pursues its silent way? Every little while, off across the glittering water, where the river broadened widely, men tugged waist deep at a seine, for the shad were running. Now and then we passed a sloop or schooner with sails set, or waiting patiently for wind or tide.

I had never seen a sailing-vessel before, and at that time did not know one from another. I learned the difference one golden summer afternoon while lying on the velvety green parapet of Fort Knox. (What a view and what memories the name will bring back to every graduate whose eyes may follow this pen!) There were four or five of us in the party, and every little while some one would speak of how some sloop or other which we could see below us was heading away from a certain schooner, or how the schooner was beating the sloop. Well, it was all Greek to me, and I finally asked, "Which is the sloop and which is the schooner?" as there were quite a number of them, and from that point they looked more like birds, they were so still and so far below you.

As most of the party were Eastern men my question had barely passed my lips when they howled, "For God's sake, Schaff, where are you from? Don't you see that the schooner has two masts and the sloop one?" After a month or two, by remembering that the word "schooner" had more letters in it than "sloop," I was able to distinguish them.

About noon we entered the Narrows. The low, green banks, which for miles and miles had been so soothingly winsome, with their tranquil prospects reaching off to leaning distances, suddenly drew nearer to each other, and loomed up ahead into great, majestically calm, green-timbered heights. I had never seen a mountain before and, as we drew closer to them, they filled my eye with wonder.

Soon we were abreast of Storm King, and now we were at the foot of Crow Nest, which, clothed in evergreen rises sheer fifteen hundred feet from the water's edge, its deeply silent face marked here and there with patches of gray overhanging cliffs. This mountain, Fort Putnam, the stately river, and the wide, dreaming prospect beyond it, that recedes in undulating lines of quiet fields, brooding woods, and darkening ravines to a distant, elevated horizon line sweeping far to the north with the pensive beauty of remote charm, — these with Crow Nest fill the background of every West Point memory.

The passengers had gathered in the forward part of the boat, and what a scene of river and mountains lay before us! Whatever our walk in life may be and whatever our hopes, the Hudson and the Highlands convey at this point a certain sweet exultation to the mind of all. Oh, Mother Earth! endeared by mists and trailing clouds, by lone trees on crests against the evening sky, by voices of waters falling far up some wild ravine on starry nights, by fields where bees are humming, — dear as all these are to me, if I could choose one scene of all your mighty compass of beauty to fill my eye at the last, it would be the Highlands of the Hudson.

The boat sped on, and I heard a passenger near by observe: "There is West

Point!" My heart beat. And at once I caught the flag crimsoning in the distance. It needs but this bit of color, the proud banner lifting and swirling out gracefully, and sinking back tenderly to the mast, to blend the scene with the thrill of its heroic associations.

Soon we were at the dock, and soon we were ascending the slope that Grant, Lee, McPherson, Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet, and Warren, and many a high-hearted one — boys like ourselves — had ascended. The road from the wharf, supported by substantial retaining walls, bears up the face of the precipitous bluff with a commanding grade. Approaching the summit it swings sharply to the left, around massively shouldered, lichened rocks overshadowed by native forest trees, then turns to the right, flanked by a heavy wall, and emerges near the library upon the Plain, one hundred and sixty feet or so above the level of the river. The Plain, which is the counterpart of the campus at universities and colleges, is as level as a floor, and has an area of forty odd acres.

Although West Point has been an army post with forts and batteries since an early period in the Revolutionary War, — in fact, it has never known civil life, — yet there is nothing severe or austerely military in its presence. On the contrary, the first view one gets of it near the library is so quiet and genial in its affluence of beauty that it seems more like a realized dream than an army post. The double rows of venerable elms margining the Plain mask the library, chapel, and the turreted, four-stoned, granite barracks on the south side, and on the west the unpretentious quarters of the superintendent, the commandant, and the professors and instructors, all overlooking the velvety sward of the extensive parade.

Dominated by Crow Nest and darkly green, — for they are clothed with cedar, — the hills rise immediately, stern and shaggy, forming a mighty and lofty background for West Point. And whoever has climbed up among the hoary ledges to the ruins of old Fort Putnam and from its idle parapet looked down on the plain and the river, or off to the west where the hills upheave in massive, picturesque confusion, or has viewed this background with the clouds trailing over it, or the crescent moon skimming the top of Crow Nest, has a memory which time cannot efface.

The hotel, a stone and brick structure, stands within a ragged hedge on the north side of the Point, and on the very brink of its bluff. It was built by the government, and was intended primarily for the accommodation of distinguished foreign guests and for the members of the Board of Visitors appointed yearly by the President to attend the annual examinations in June, and to report to Congress on the state of discipline and course of instruction. At this time and through the summer months it has a large patronage of cultivated and light-hearted people from all over the country. The views from its broad, elevated porch are beautiful in all directions; and that to the north, with the river breaking between Crow Nest and Bull Hill, the eye traveling on over Newburgh eleven miles away to the distant Shawangunk Mountains, is matchless.

The sensations of the new cadet when he reaches the Plain linger a long while. There are two West Points, — the actual West Point, and the overarching spiritual one, of which the cadet only becomes conscious about the time he graduates. The determinate West Point that is to be his master for four years and the shaper of his destiny, meets him at the top of the slope with ominous silence. He hears no voice, he sees no portentous figure; but there is communicated in some way, through some medium, the presence of an invisible authority, cold, inexorable, and relentless. Time never wears away this first feeling; it comes back to every graduate on returning to West Point, let his years and his honors be what they may. And perhaps it is just as well that it is so; that there is one place left in our country where the vanity of asserted ancestry, and the too frequent arrogance of

speculative and fortuitous commercial leadership, find a chill.

In the "bus" that carried us up to the hotel we fell in with another new cadet, conspicuously well-dressed and with heavy dark eyes. I can recall his luxurious gold sleeve-buttons now. Nature had bestowed on him an enviable air of solemn dignity and a most promisingly developed head; yet he never mastered the course. Strange as it may seem, he was from farther west than either of us, — he was from Iowa.

A universal, incomprehensible smile met us at the hotel; the board of visitors had arrived, and there was the usual gay throng, — young ladies in the beauty of the spring of youth, and officers, spangling groups of them, with their bullioned uniforms. The unaccountable smiles conveyed an uncomfortable impression that there was something out or queer about us all. At first I thought it might be my hat, — one about the color of dried corn blades, with an ambitious crown and a broad, swaggering, independent sort of brim. (I would take many a step to see it or its like again.) But I soon discovered that my Iowa friend, whose hat and clothing were in the full bloom of fashion, was quite as much a source of suppressed amusement to the young ladies, and equally the occasion of some sudden, deep pain in the sidelong glances of the young officers; so I concluded that the source of this amusement and of the looks of the officers lay deeper than our clothing.

In view of the significance that Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* gave to clothes, I will add that my coat, a long-tailed one, went to old Bentz, the bugler, who had my laundry for the first year, and the notes of whose bugle, calling us to recitations, still float in my memory. Oh, how much his bugle-calls meant in those days! Thundering guns have long since died away; professors, instructors, superintendents, and commandants, once so overwhelmingly forceful, are resting mute on the distant ridges of our memory; while Bentz's uplifted bugle still glitters, and its notes vibrate softly clear across the lengthening years. May sunlight and moonlight fall lovingly where the sturdy old soldier lies!

My pants and hat were traded off with some other like apparel by "Jim" Riddle of my class to a "bum" boat from Cold Spring, just after dark one night after going into camp. The transaction was carried on in one of the quiet, deeply-shadowed coves between Gee's Point and the old wharf, just below the hotel. The exchange was made for a bottle of mighty poor whiskey, and some kind of berry pie, my share being a hunk of the latter.

Finally, some charitable soul at the hotel told us that we had better go to the adjutant's office (then in the library building) and report. Thereupon down the steps of the hotel we went, passed out through the ragged hedge, — henceforth our limits for four years, — and followed the level, yellow, sun-beaten road toward the cool library under its bending elms. On the right, as we pursued our way, lay the deep, green plain, afterwards trod so many times, now at drill, now at parade, and now at will with some dear fellow cadet at our side: its every blade we may believe holds in sweetest recollection the boys who with courageous and loving hearts trod it in the glow of their youth. On the left was the cavalry and artillery plain; and I have no doubt the old brass guns of the light battery parked upon it exchanged smiles as they saw us pass, three green boys headed toward the adjutant's office. And yet, for all your mirth, we came to know you well! We drilled beside you for three years, we saw you move off to the war, — led on by Captain Charles Griffin, our instructor in light artillery, that winter morning of 1861 with the moon just settling down behind the dark brow of Crow Nest, — and heard the good-by of your rumbling, chuckling wheels. Once more I saw you, — when you were wheeling into "action front" near Grant's headquarters in the battle of the Wilderness.

One or two incidents of that morning of the great battle I must make a place for here. I was carrying a dispatch from General Warren to General Wadsworth, — the latter was killed, and his lines driven through the woods before I could reach him, — and while on this ride I saw a soldier sitting at the root of a tree near the Wilderness Run amid a clump of blue and dog-tooth violets. He had plucked some of them, and they were lying loosely now in his white, dead hand, while his head had fallen limply to the left as he rested against the tree. Was his last dream of home, of the violets blooming along the run he followed as a boy?

It was when I was returning from this ride, and had nearly reached Grant's headquarters, that the battery came rushing by. They were Regulars, and I did not know which battery it was till, as the trail of one of the pieces fell, the sergeant turned; his eye brightened and then, much to my surprise, he smiled at me; and behold! it was the old West Point battery! And I recognized the sergeant as the leader of those little devils, — the West Point drummer boys of my day! My heart never spoke more warmly or sincerely than at that moment as my glance met his; and if I could have done so, I'd gladly have grasped his hand. Yes, we and the guns of the West Point battery came to know one another right well after that sunny day when we first met on our way to the adjutant's office.

III

FINDING OUR PLACE

We found the office, and on reporting, crossed the boundary between civil and military life, — and there is no boundary in this world like it in its contrasts. And now, as from the height of years I look down upon ourselves at this fateful crossing, our personalities become objects of almost pathetic interest.

The adjutant was James B. Fry, who during the Civil War rose to some distinction, but not nearly to that which his services deserved, as the head of the recruiting department of the army. He took our names, the occupations of our parents, and their address. When he heard mine, "Kirkersville, Ohio," he smiled, as about everybody has smiled from that day to this when it is mentioned. And yet, from within a radius of twenty-five miles of Kirkersville, have come Sherman, Sheridan, McDowell, Rosecrans, Curtis, Griffin, Brice, and Woods, — all graduates of distinction.

We were turned over to a soldierly orderly, and soon were tailing behind him towards the barracks. And oh, with what form and step he preceded us, breasting, as it were, the soft June air with a front of irresistible authority; on past the dear little chapel, the only one of all the buildings enthroned with tenderness in a cadet's memory; on past the Academic Hall, and thence into the area of the barracks. By this time he had increased his step, gaining distance somewhat between us for reasons that soon became obvious; for, shortly after we turned the corner of barracks, first one and then another pattering shower of saved-up buttons began to fall around us. This noiseless salute was coming from the cockloft, and from those and those only who just a year before were on their way to the seventh and eighth divisions with countenances as serious as those we wore.

The orderly led us across the area, up the iron steps to the stoop, and thence into the hall of the eighth division. There he tapped respectfully on the door to the left. "Come in!" responded a voice in military tones, and we entered. The little slips of paper which the adjutant gave us had barely reached the hands of the cadet officers, Kingsbury, Chambliss, and Babbitt, detailed in charge of new cadets, when instantaneously all three at once shouted to us to take our hats off and "stand at attention!" — whatever that might be — with voices boiling with indignation, and eyes glaring with panther-like readiness to jump on us and tear us

to bits, as though we had seriously meditated the overthrow of West Point, and possibly of the Christian religion itself. There is something so ludicrous, when once it is seen through, about the airs of some cadet officers, especially the lance corporals, — and for that matter of some of the tactical instructors also, — that it ripples like a brook in sunshine clear down through the meadows, so to speak, of West Point memories.

Ritchey and myself were commanded imperiously by Babbitt to follow *him*, — the day for "Will you please, sir," or "May I have the pleasure," had passed. We had had a view of his chest expanding in a full, broad swell of glory; and now we had one of his back, his coat embracing his waist with the lines of a wasp, his white pants creased and immaculate, and his cap tilted just a little jauntily across his forehead, his thin, light hair brushed with such careful attention as to give an air of fastidiousness. He mounted the stairways of the seventh division, with elastic sprightliness, to the cockloft, and at the room on the left hand facing the area rapped peremptorily, and the next moment — had he been bursting through an animated impertinence he could not have shown more determined vigor — he sent the old door swinging on its hinges. Then marching up boldly, as only an ambitious yearling corporal can march, to some posted regulations condensed to the limit of comprehension, — I can see them now, printed on blue paper in heavy black type, and prescribing the arrangements of clothing, bed linen, stationery, the care of the room, and what not, — he turned about face, and announced that when our trunks were delivered, we should see to it *that they were obeyed*, indicating the regulations. This announcement having been made with due firmness and volume, he strutted away, giving us a parting look full apparently of intentions on his part of the most desperate character if we did n't look out. On his departure we turned and gazed into each other's faces, seeking hopelessly, and, from the standpoint of old age, piteously, for some explanation of our experiences at West Point up to that moment.

Later in the day George L. Gillespie of Tennessee was put into the room with us — a boy with blue eyes kindled with the light of natural merriment, well formed, with coal-black hair — and a friend from that day to this. He has lately been retired a major-general at the close of an enviable record on the field, and through all the grades of the corps of engineers. God bless him this day and on to his end!

That night in the midst of profound sleep we were all yanked out by the heels, upsetting in our flight the waste-water bucket on our new woolen blankets. We had barely regained our beds when suddenly there was a startling noise in the room across the hall. At first I thought the whole barracks were tumbling down. It seems that the occupants, who had had the previous night the same experience as ourselves, had decided that they would provide an automatic awakener if the visitors should repeat their devilish call. So they placed the washstands, and on top of them their chairs, against the door; when it was opened, away went the furniture with a most infernal racket. A silence as deep as the grave followed, and Custer — the light-hearted and gallant fellow, I cannot mention his name without swimming eyes! — who with Watts of Kentucky was engaged in the hazing, told me afterward that his heart thumped like an engine, expecting every moment to hear the footsteps of officers who roomed in the division adjacent, called the "angle."

When they found the danger past, Watts entered, and in a voice loaded with revenge, asked, "Who lives in here?"

There was a strange contrast in that room. It was occupied by Kenelm Robbins, a large-boned, mild, despondent boy from Plymouth, Massachusetts, and Reuben A. Higgason, a tall, sallow,

freckled and glassy-eyed Mississippian, who had the richest vocabulary of expressive and penetrating oaths of any one I have ever met. In reply to Watts, Robbins answered with peculiarly unassuming and deferential tones, bringing out faithfully the last three letters of his name "Mr. Robb*ins!*"

Then we heard, "Good God! Mr. Robb*ins*, come out of this!" and the next moment our ears recorded him hustling the overturned chairs aside and then scooting to the end of the hall, followed by Higgason, whose bony ankle was in Custer's grasp. Then their tormentors let go of them, and softly and quickly vanished down the stairs. Soon we heard them making their way back. Robbins was speechless, but Higgason opened every stop of his oath-organ, and he kept it going till I went to sleep, and I don't know how much longer.

The poor fellow, as well as Ritchey, failed in his entrance examinations, and together they disappeared. I have never seen or heard of either of them since, and have often wondered where life's currents bore them at last, — I hope to good cheer, success, and happiness.

Perhaps at this point, as well as at any other, some reference may be made to hazing, for it has been made to appear that it assumed a brutal and vulgar phase at West Point. When I reported, it was running full tide, and while it made life sufficiently miserable for me, yet, as I look back over it all, smiles rather than frowns gather. At the risk of being charged as a covert advocate, I must say that it was a mighty leveler in my day; and that the fellow who got it worst and most frequently, if he did not deserve it, at least courted it by some lofty manner, or resented witticism. To be sure, sometimes, a profoundly rural simplicity, some queer wild look, tone of voice, or manner, would get faithful, if not undue attention.

As an example, Custer, Noyes, "Gimlet" Lee, Edie, and Cushing — the Cushing of Cushing's battery — and others of their set, would gather about one of my classmates from Maine, a serious, rather broad and logy countryman, and insist on seeing and examining the wheels of a huge, double-cased silver watch he had brought with him; then they always wanted to listen to its ticking, and would ask many questions. They never seemed to get tired of having him wind it, and tell them about the last man that repaired it, or of asking how he dared to risk his life through New York with it; insisting daily on taking him to the sun-dial in the area, and threatening at last that if he did n't bring it to running accurately with the dial, they would have to report him for carrying a timepiece that discredited the official time, and thereby reflected on them as *officers* of the *army*. I can see the crowd around him, and more mischievous countenances never twinkled in a light-hearted group.

One of them, Cushing, saw me leaning dismally — yes, and lonely enough — against a post of the stoop a day or so after reporting. It was after dinner and I was overlooking the crowd of yearlings who had assembled at the verge of limits. The brass buttons, jaunty caps, trim figures, and white pants still glitter and enliven the memory of that old drum-echoing area. Cushing fastened his eye on me and then asked, his prominent white teeth gleaming through his radiant smile, "What is your name, *Animal?*" — the title given by the third-class men to all new cadets.

"Schaff," I answered demurely.

"Come right down here, Mr. *Shad*," commanded Cushing.

Well, I went, and had the usual guying, and subsequently was conducted over to a room in the second or third division, where I was ordered to debate the repeal of the Missouri Compromise with another *animal* by the name of Vance, from Illinois, whose eyes were so large and white as almost to prolong twilight. And, by the way, the next day at dinner while sitting just opposite him, a boiled potato grazed my ear and landed with a great splash into his soup. Vance, seeing

it about the time it passed me, involuntarily closed his eyes, but the spatter of the soup opened them — and so widely as to display an additional zone of white. Then he began to apply his handkerchief, — we did not have napkins in those days, — muttering what sounded like horrible oaths, while some of us who had escaped grinned, wondering how soon another missile would come our way. Of course, the potato was not aimed at Vance; and I don't suppose the cadet who threw it ever knew where it landed. For the first captain (it was the tall, dark-eyed, sombre, gaunt, determined Payne of Massachusetts, whom Jessup of Maryland attacked with his sword just after breaking ranks one day in marching from that same mess hall) was on the lookout for that sort of thing. To avoid detection the yearling had to watch his chance, have the potato in his hand ready, and when he thought the way clear, let it go, resume his fork, and fasten his eyes on his plate almighty quick, even before the potato had cleared half the length of its journey.

On the field of Gettysburg, where I stayed for over a month after the battle, collecting and shipping arms and guns left on the field, — there were 37,574 [1] of them, — more than once I stood where the brave Cushing gave up his life, right at the peak of Pickett's daring charge. Oh, that day and that hour! History will not let that smiling, splendid boy die in vain; her dew will glisten forever over his record as the earthly morning dew glistens in the fields. Fame loves the gentleman and the true-hearted, but her sweetheart is gallant youth.

Two or three others died there who were at West Point with me, namely "Rip" McCreery in the Confederate service, Hazlett, little "Dad" Woodruff, and "Pat" O'Rorke, in our own. McCreery and Hazlett were second-class men; Woodruff and O'Rorke in the class just ahead of mine. The latter drilled me when I was in the *animal* state, and I was very — and I'm afraid hopelessly — awkward, for I was among the last to be drilled alone. Somehow, for the life of me, I could never swell out my breast, or plant one foot after another, with that determination of movement and sternness of countenance indicative of mighty and serious purpose which characterizes what is known as a "military" carriage. O'Rorke, spare, middle size, raven-black hair, his face inclined to freckles, but as mild as a May morning, his manner and voice like that of a quiet gentleman — O'Rorke had been a hod-carrier in Rochester when he was appointed to West Point. Previous appointments all having failed to pass, the Congressman, his pride probably ruffled by the fact, set out determined to find somebody in his district who could graduate at the Military Academy, and, turning away from the rich and the high social levels, made choice of O'Rorke.

There is something that sets the heart beating warmly in the fact that when his friends of toil learned that he stood at the head of his class, they chipped in some of their hard earnings and bought him a costly, richly engraved gold watch as a token that they were proud of him.

He drilled me under the blooming horse-chestnuts on the east side of the academic hall; I can see him now, and the pompon-like, pink-tinted blossoms among the long leaves over us. More-

[1] It was officially reported when those guns were examined that 24,000 of them were loaded, half containing two loads each, one-fourth from three to ten loads each. In many of these from two to six balls have been found with only one charge of powder. Twenty-three were found in one Springfield rifle, each loaded in regular order. Twenty-two balls and sixty-two buckshot, with a corresponding quantity of powder, all mixed up together, were found in one percussion, smooth-bore musket. In many of the smooth-bore guns of rebel make we have found a wad of loose paper between the powder and the ball and another wad of the same kind on top of the ball. For particulars, see the letter dated January 4, 1864, of the master armorer of Washington Arsenal to his commanding officer, Captain J. G. Benton.

over, I well remember his looking at that same watch while giving me a little rest, probably nearly bored to death, and wondering how much longer he had to endure it. He graduated at the head of his class, and in less than eighteen months was brevetted twice for gallant and meritorious conduct. The fall before the Gettysburg campaign he became Colonel of the 140th New York; and some time in the winter of 1862–63 I received, while at Fort Monroe, his wedding-cards, and the bride's name was Bridget. Many a time since, I have thought that this was his boyhood love, to which he had remained steadfast while honors were falling about him. However that may be, he was killed while standing on a large boulder, his regiment immediately before him, and fighting almost at the very muzzles of its guns on Round Top. It was Warren, his old instructor, who had led them thither, and most fortunately, too, for that regiment saved the hill — and perhaps the day. Again and again I visited the spot where this brave, mild-voiced, and sweet-hearted friend fell.

Meanwhile fame's trumpet has been pealing; but not over his grave. Ah, how fickle she is! Everybody knows of his classmate, Cushing; not one in a thousand of dear old Pat! I wish the hod-carriers of his race would chip in once more, and, if possible, secure St. Gaudens's evoking genius. I think we should see a figure of a young soldier ascending a Jacob's ladder, and angels with garlands hovering and leading upward to the clear, open space where the spirits of Bayard and Sidney are reaching out their hands to grasp the gallant boy and welcome him to the company of gentlemen of all ages.

Hazlett — how often I saw him bearing the cadet colors, for he was the color-sergeant — fell on Round Top about the same time as O'Rorke. He was a handsome youth; had very dark hair, deep blue eyes, and in many ways, I think, the most distinguished air of all the cadets that I recall — that mingling of the gentleman and the man of the world, a characteristic rarely displayed in one so young. While bending over Weed, who had been in the corps with him, to catch his last murmuring word, Hazlett was killed — I believe instantly. The last time I saw him alive was at Hooker's headquarters on the banks of the Rappahannock, playing chess with Flagler. Weed I never saw. But thus, on that famous hill of Round Top, and near together, that July afternoon, West Point lost three fine men. O'Rorke was twenty-seven, Hazlett twenty-five, and Weed thirty years of age.

Woodruff — he was called little "Dad" — was one among the few very small men in the battalion. He too, like O'Rorke, had dark hair, a rather clouded, oldish, firm face, and serious dark eyes, and was universally popular in his class. He was mortally wounded during Pickett's charge. He was so small and frail, so courageous and so well-beloved, that those of us who had formed under the elms and marched to parade day after day with him felt sorrowful enough when we heard he was gone. I never saw so many horses lying dead on any field as along the ridge where his and the adjacent batteries stood.

McCreery, known as "Rip" from his superfluous activity, and loud and persistent loquacity, was from Virginia. When the war came on he took his place beside his brothers of the proud old Dominion, and was killed while carrying the colors of the 26th North Carolina the first day at Gettysburg. I heard of his death from some Confederate surgeons who had been left in charge of their wounded, and whom I met daily and always on the pleasantest of terms. I think if any of them are living, they will possibly remember some mint juleps or whiskey toddies that we drank while sitting on the pavement in the shadow of a bank building in the square at Gettysburg. I fear that some of the volunteer officers who passed us doubted my loyalty, hobnobbing, as I did, with them; but those Confederates

were first-rate fellows, and I wish now I had put a little more whiskey into every one of their glasses.

IV

THE RAW MATERIAL

The class having reported, we were summoned to our physical and mental examinations; the latter was held in the old Academic Hall that had echoed so many footsteps, and whose walls were clammy, so to speak, with the ooze of distressingly exacting recitations. That morning for the first time I saw the Academic Board. It is made up of the superintendent, commandant, and professors, and is a formidable reality to youthful eyes. They were sitting at small desks, arranged in a crescent; their heavy bullioned epaulettes, and the flat, brass buttons on the deep blue, scholastic dress-coats of the professors, pointed the dignity of the solemn array. In full uniform in the middle of the Board sat the superintendent, Major Richard Delafield, a pudgy man with heavy, sandy eyebrows, abundant grayish sandy hair, and a pronounced eagle nose. He wore glasses, and had the air of an officer and a man of cultivation, invested, furthermore, with the honor of a wide and well-earned distinction. Colonel William H. Hardee, the commandant, sat on the left of Major Delafield. He was a tall man with large, solid gray eyes, a low forehead, heavy, grizzled mustache and imperial, and soldierly in every bearing. Colonel Hardee was a trusted friend of Jefferson Davis, and later a lieutenant-general in the Confederacy. In his sketch of Cleburne, the great Confederate killed at Franklin, he said, "He fell before the banner he had so often guided to victory was furled; before the people he fought for were crushed; before the cause he loved was lost." The man who could write prose like that was no ordinary man. Church, Mahan, Bartlett, French, Kendrick, Angel, and Weir, the professors, were all beyond middle life; benignant, white locks softened the faces of most of them.

The examination was thorough, as it should have been, but it was extremely simple. I wondered then, and I wonder now, that any boy who has had a fair training at a common school should have failed to pass it; yet a number did fail. And in this connection, there is no question that I have ever thought over seriously that offers more perplexing factors than the requirements for admission to West Point. But so long as we feel a pride in Grant, Stonewall Jackson, Sheridan, McPherson, Michie, and a host of others, any exaction that puts admission beyond the reach of a farmer's or mechanic's boy who has had only a common school to go to, ought not to be adopted without overwhelming reasons.

There was one incident in my examination that has always left a doubt as to whether I crossed the boundary between truth and falsehood. It was this: I had got through with everything but reading when Professor French called on me to read aloud, handing me an open book. I was rattling it off when I came to Mosheim's *History of the Middle Ages.* I had never heard of Mosheim and knew mighty little about the Middle Ages. I first pronounced it "Mosheem," and then said "Moshime." The old professor looked up — he had a sweetly soft, generously broad face, bald, well-formed head, a fountain of still white light streaming from its dome, liquid black eyes, and that air of scholarship that manifests itself in tones of voice and in a reserved mental quiet and mental simplicity which cannot be mistaken — and inquired, "Why did you change the pronunciation, Mr. Schaff?"

Now, to make my case perfectly clear, I must say that I had noticed at chapel that he always pronounced "either" and "neither" with a long "i," and that, as I had never heard it before, it made a deep impression. Of course, the eyes of every one of the Board were on me at once, some looking mildly intent over

their glasses, and some peering through them.

Whereupon I manufactured this explanation quicker than lightning. "I believe the best speakers pronounce the diphthong 'ei' *i*." Of course, it was all based on his pronunciation.

"Very good," he answered, and I sat down; and how near I — well, to say the least — prevaricated, has never been fully settled in my own mind.

I see by the original statement filed with the War Department and now before me, that there were ninety-one appointments to my class: sixty-six were admitted, eighteen were rejected, and seven did not report. Of the sixty-six, twenty-seven were from the South, and all save two, Gillespie of Tennessee and McKee of Kentucky, went with their section. The report of the examination is dated June 22, 1858; from that date therefore, my class was an integral part of West Point.

In our first appearance as a military body, marching to dinner, we offered, as every class before us had offered, the usual — and perhaps the most amusing — spectacle that there meets the eye. We were a column of gawky boys of all sizes, from five to six feet tall, clad in all sorts of particolored raiment; our eyes fixed, yes, glued, on the coat collar of the boy in front of us, a grim dismalness hanging in every face; all of us trying mechanically to point our toes and to comply with the fierce orders from sergeants and lance corporals who trod the earth proudly on each flank, filling the air with "hep! — hep!" Every little while some one of us lost the step or, treading on the heels of the man in front, threw the whole line into such a hobbling mass as to cause the sergeant in a high state of dudgeon to plant his heels and roar out, "Halt!"

This outraged officer now stalked up rapidly to the side of the awkward boy whose eyes were still glued on the coat collar ahead of him, with a hopelessness more abject than ever in his face, and in the maddest of tones threatened the most dire punishment if it should happen again. After the mighty wrath of the sergeant had exhausted itself, he would throw a withering glance up and down the line; then, putting himself into an attitude, with great emphasis he would order the march resumed. Whereupon the sergeants and lance corporals resumed their yelps louder and fiercer than ever; and so it went on until we poor devils reached the mess hall.

Yes, a "plebe" class marching for the first time is a mighty funny sight. But see them four years hence, marching up to the commanding officer at their last parade! What a transformation! Oh, the step now! No sergeant's or lance corporal's commands are necessary; they walk proudly and gracefully; the grim dismal cloud of plebedom has drifted off, and the faces are lit up with a flushing pride. Great, great are the changes a class undergoes in four years at West Point, — and in more ways than one.

The member of my class who bore the proudest name was Singleton Van Buren of South Carolina, a grandson of ex-President Van Buren, his mother's family the distinguished Singletons of the South. No one, I think, could fail to appreciate his good breeding; he wore its autograph in his face, his tones, his simple, quiet ways, his unobtrusive and habitual good manners. He had very dark chestnut hair and eyes, was above middle size, and carried his head in addressing you as if he were extending a compliment sincerely and deferentially. I am free to say that I never realized all the beauty of good breeding and simple good manners till I knew him. We entered the same section, — the "immortals" (the name borne by the last section or those at the foot of the class), — but I soon discovered that the road would be a hard one for him; and so it proved to be; for the following January he left us along with others, but carrying with him the affection of us all.

Among the appointments "at large" (those made by the President), besides

Van Buren, was Ronald Mackenzie, son of Commodore Mackenzie, who graduated at the head of the class, and was easily the all-around ablest man in it, and who, in less than three years after graduating, commanded a division of cavalry with the rank of major-general. He had a very immobile, inexpressive face as a boy, and a little impediment in his speech; there was very little of the spick and span ways of a soldier about him, but he had a very sweet smile, with earnest gray eyes. Mansfield, another appointment at large, was a son of the able and venerable General Mansfield, who, with hair as white as snow, fell on the field of Antietam. George McKee, the son of Colonel McKee, class of 1829, of Lexington, Kentucky, and Charles R. Suter, now a colonel of engineers, who I have reason to believe meets the world with the same mild, sweet ways that characterized him as a pink-cheeked boy, — both were appointments by President Buchanan. Among us, too, was Oliver J. Semmes of Alabama, a stocky, dark-eyed, broad-breasted youth, whose father was in the navy and subsequently became the famous Raphael Semmes, commander of the Sumter and the Alabama. I do not know whether Semmes be alive or not, but alive or dead, he carried a brave, fine heart. There were very few of the class who had not been to some college. Borroughs of Boston, a typical Bostonese, had been at Harvard; Mackenzie had been at Williams; Hamilton of Ohio at Western Reserve; Lovejoy — how his honest, liquid dark eyes shine across the years! — had been at the University of North Carolina; Suter, and several more, had had more or less of their education abroad.

But as I view the class now across the slumbering years, all distinctions of birth, early advantages, and those morning promises of ability, so sparkling at the outset, but alas! strewing like dead fagots the hearth of prophecy, are lost. I see them with the flush of youth on their cheeks; and a mist gathers over my eyes as one after another their faces come into view. Oh! let the dew fall and the stars shine softly where the dead lie; and when the last trumpet blows, may the gates of Heaven swing wide open to all!

(To be continued.)

THE AMERICAN CONSUL AND AMERICAN TRADE

BY JOHN BALL OSBORNE

THE year just completed will be memorable in the annals of the American Consular Service by reason of the important reforms effected both by legislation and by administrative action. The Reorganization Act of April 15, 1906, while not so far-reaching as the authors of the measure intended, marks an unprecedentedly long step towards perfection; it classifies and grades the consular offices more equably than before; provides systematic inspection and supervision by five inspectors; requires all fees for acts done by consular officers to be accounted for and turned into the Treasury, and, at the same time, provides adequate salaries for principal officers; Americanizes the service by requiring all officers receiving $1000 per annum or more to be American citizens; prohibits principal officers from engaging in business or practicing law for private profit, and empowers the President to make suitable tariffs for the service. The civil service features of the original bill, that is, the requirement that admission to the ser-

vice be through competitive examination by a board of three, including a representative of the United States Civil Service Commission, with provision that appointments be made to the lower grades, advancement being on merit only; and the feature authorizing the President to transfer consular officers from one post to another in the same grade, without a new constitutional appointment, were all eliminated prior to enactment.

Secretary Root's Merit System

Important as are the reforms accomplished, or made possible, by the new legislation, the reorganization would lose much of its effectiveness were it not accompanied by the introduction in the Department of State of an admirable merit system, devised by Secretary Root to make amends, so far as possible, for the omission from the law of the civil-service features which would have made holding a consulship a career equal in security of tenure and progressive promotion to that enjoyed by officers in our army or navy. As has been reported in the press and referred to in congressional hearings, there has been established in the State Department an efficiency-record of all consular officers, which is made up from all sources of information available to the department. In the determination of the relative efficiency of each officer, the ability, promptness, and diligence displayed by him in the performance of all his official duties, his personal conduct while in office, and the character of his trade-reports are all made a matter of permanent record, thereby preserving evidence of meritorious service, as well as disclosing every instance of failure on the part of a consul to come up to the proper standard.

This new efficiency-record is consulted by the Secretary of State and brought to the attention of the President, in determining questions of promotion, transfer, and retention in office; and thus, with simple machinery, the secretary has vitalized the new legislation with the spirit of the merit features which were dropped in the course of enactment. This new policy has been further emphasized in the excellent regulations promulgated by the President under date of June 27, 1906, to govern appointments and promotions of consuls-general and consuls. Strange as it may seem to the professional office-seeker, the time has actually arrived when highly meritorious service counts for more than political influence; the commendatory features of the consul's efficiency-record for more than the names on his "papers" on file.

Influence of the System on Consular Reports

It can easily be understood what a splendid incentive Secretary Root has offered to consular officers by the establishment of this permanent efficiency-record. In no phase of consular activities is its beneficial influence greater than in the matter of official efforts for the protection and development of our foreign trade interests, especially in the making of reports for publication on commercial and industrial subjects, and in trade correspondence with the American business public. In past years the ambitious consul who has contributed many valuable reports to the government publications has found his chief, if not his only, reward in the pride of authorship and, sometimes, in appreciation on the part of the business interests benefited; but as regards the official record of his work, it might as well have been inscribed upon the sands, for it was sure to be washed away by the tide of the next administration. Under Secretary Root's system, however, good work in this field is so recorded as to furnish a reasonable guaranty that it will not go unrewarded, whatever the vicissitudes of national politics.

Every consular officer in the service is, of course, aware of this system and policy, and the results have already been very gratifying as respects the quality, as

well as number, of the trade reports received. Their general standard is much higher than formerly, and an unusual proportion shows discrimination in choice of material, and ability and painstaking in treatment of the subject; while carelessly prepared and valueless contributions are rarely received. All this operates directly to the advantage of American manufacturers and exporters; in fact, it is not an extravagant statement to say that they will profit as much from improvement in this branch of consular work as from the legislative reforms.

Importance of Consular Trade Services

While the general efficiency of American consular officers depends upon satisfactory performance of a great variety of duties imposed upon them by law and departmental regulations, there is no feature of their official work that is so much in public evidence as their reports upon commercial, industrial, and miscellaneous subjects, published first in the daily periodical of the Department of Commerce and Labor entitled "Daily Consular and Trade Reports," and then reprinted in the "Monthly Consular and Trade Reports" issued by the same department. The service thus rendered to American commerce and industry is very important. Moreover, consular officers, besides contributing these reports and voluntarily exerting themselves in other ways to promote American commercial expansion, supply, through correspondence conducted under the supervision of the Department of State, a great mass of valuable information to the business firms and commercial bodies of this country. The department has recently issued circular instructions with a view of raising this branch of official assistance to exporting interests to the highest possible degree of effectiveness.

There can be no doubt that the published reports of our consuls have constituted an important factor in the phenomenal development of the foreign commerce of the United States in the last twenty-five years. The monthly publication of consular reports was begun in 1880. In that year the total exports of merchandise from the United States to the world amounted to $836,000,000, while in the fiscal year 1906 they amounted to $1,743,763,612. But the growth in the same period of the export trade in American manufactured goods is more significant, since the total exports include great staples such as cotton, petroleum, grains, and the like, which find their own markets and, as it were, sell themselves, under the operation of well-understood economic laws. The value of total exports of manufactured articles rose, in the period mentioned, from 103 to 603 million dollars, or an increase of 485 per cent. It is a reasonable conclusion that the intelligent efforts of our consular officers, directed unremittingly toward finding new and enlarged markets for these products of American skill and industry, have contributed vastly to the gratifying commercial expansion of the last quarter of a century.

This conclusion, however, is not entirely a matter of inference, for in numerous instances the American beneficiary interests have testified to the importance of the assistance rendered them by the consular service, through the medium of the reports, as well as through correspondence and personal efforts for the extension of American trade abroad. Many important contracts in foreign countries have been secured by American firms through intelligence published in the Consular Reports; many valuable markets have been discovered, and acquired markets safeguarded, as a result of the vigilance and prompt action of the consuls.

Secretary Evarts, the Founder of Consular Reports

It is a noteworthy fact that, so long ago as 1857, Secretary Marcy, in transmitting to Congress his first Annual Report on the Commercial Relations of the United States, said: "The interests

of commerce can be viewed as secondary to none, and can scarcely be fostered with a care too sedulous." The truth of this proposition appealed very strongly to Secretary Evarts, and on March 12, 1880, he made a report to the House of Representatives in compliance with a resolution of that body calling for information in relation to the publication and circulation of commercial reports, in which, among other important recommendations, he urged the frequent publication of consular and diplomatic reports upon commercial and kindred subjects of general interest, and the continuance of the practice of furnishing items of commercial information and abstracts of reports to newspapers. In addition he proposed the supplying of chambers of commerce, by means of circular letters, with information of immediate interest.

These recommendations were approved by Congress and given effect by an appropriation "for printing and distributing more frequently the publications by the Department of State of the consular and other commercial reports, including circular letters of chambers of commerce," as well as for the necessary clerical force. The department issued instructions to consular officers to prepare and forward reports upon all subjects that might be "calculated to advance the commercial and industrial interests of the United States," always, however, directing their principal efforts to the introduction and enlargement of American trade in their several districts.

The American consuls thereupon fell to writing trade reports for early publication, and in the course of a few weeks the department had a large supply of material on hand, which has never since failed. The first number of the "Monthly Consular Reports" appeared in October, 1880, and was received with high appreciation by the business interests of the country, as well as the general public. For the first two or three years the Department of State was authorized to fix a price for the sale of the reports to the public; but this plan was soon abandoned and gratuitous distribution provided by law. In 1894, when the mailing list was revised, it embraced about 1200 newspapers and journals, 600 libraries, 150 boards of trade, and 3000 individuals. At the present time the edition is 7000 copies per month.

Daily Consular Reports

To Mr. Frederic Emory, formerly editor of the Consular Reports, belongs the honor of recommending the most valuable improvement that has ever been introduced in the governmental system for aiding the export trade: the establishment, in January, 1898, of a daily periodical containing freshly received consular reports, entitled at first "Advance Sheets, Consular Reports," and, upon the transfer of its publication to the Department of Commerce and Labor, "Daily Consular Reports," and since July, 1905, "Daily Consular and Trade Reports" (to accommodate the reports of the special agents of that department). The institution of this daily magazine was a brilliant and even daring idea, for it had no precedent in this or any other country; although it met the practical needs of the export trade admirably. It was an immediate success, and its practically unrestricted circulation has done more towards promoting American foreign trade than all other official publications. Since 1898, the Monthly Consular Reports are merely a reprint of the Daily Reports published in the course of the month. The present edition of the Daily Reports amounts to 5700 copies, sent mainly to newspapers, exporting and manufacturing firms, and commercial bodies; while the monthly edition goes chiefly to educational institutions, libraries, country newspapers, and the general public. I may add that *Commercial Relations* is chiefly sought by educators and students, especially writers on economic subjects. The annual series presents a consecutive history of the world's com-

merce, and as such has a distinct value to the economist and historian.

Special Consular Reports

There is still another series of consular publications that has greatly contributed to the commercial enlightenment of this country: this is the series of "Special Consular Reports" established in 1890, — although prior to that date several volumes had been issued from time to time on similar lines. Each one of this series contains a collection of reports on particular subjects, prepared under special instructions in the form of printed circulars sent either to all heads of consular offices, or to the consuls in certain countries, or sometimes to selected ones in different countries. The plan of circularizing the entire service, regardless of applicability of the subject-matter to the part of the world, was formerly the rule; but the present practice is to make careful selection of the officers from whom the special reports are required.

Of the fifteen special publications issued by the Department of State prior to 1890, the most valuable were the following: "Labor in Europe" (1878), "Labor in Foreign Countries" (1884, 3 vols.), "Trade Guilds of Europe" (1885), "Forestry in Europe" (1887), "Emigration and Immigration" (1885–86), "Cattle and Dairy Farming in Foreign Countries" (1888), and "Technical Education in Europe" (1888). The editions of all these early special publications are exhausted, and it is possible to consult them only in the larger public libraries.

In 1890, as already stated, the department began the publication of the reports on special subjects in separate form, entitled "Special Consular Reports." Up to date thirty-eight volumes of this series have appeared, Volume 1 including "Cotton Textiles in Foreign Countries," "Files in Spanish America," "Carpet Manufacture in Foreign Countries," "Malt and Beer in Spanish America," and "Fruit Culture in Foreign Countries," while Volume 38, issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor, is devoted to "Insurance in Foreign Countries." Among the best of this admirable series are the collections of reports on "Streets and Highways in Foreign Countries" (1891, 1897), "Port Regulations in Foreign Countries" (1891), "Canals and Irrigation in Foreign Countries" (1891, 1898), "Vagrancy and Public Charities in Foreign Countries" (1893), "Highways of Commerce" (1894, 1897), "Tariffs of Foreign Countries" (1899), "Paper in Foreign Countries" (1900), "Briquettes as Fuel in Foreign Countries" (1903), "Industrial Education and Industrial Conditions in Germany" (1904), "Foreign Markets for American Cotton Manufactures" (1904), and "Insurance in Foreign Countries" (1905). Some of these specials, notably the one on "Streets and Highways," have been issued in second editions and been in great demand throughout the country. This is one of the fields in which the government, controlling an incomparable corps of well-disciplined reporters, can render a service of great value to the different industrial interests of the United States.

Consular Reports on Non-Commercial Subjects

While the consular reports, for the most part, relate strictly to commerce and industry, American consuls have, since 1880, reported upon almost every conceivable subject, and the number of non-commercial reports scattered through the published volumes of the past quarter of a century is quite considerable. Here are the titles of a few, for example: (1) *Foreign Customs*, etc.: "Religion in Siam," "Bullfights in Spain," "Burial of the Dead in Switzerland," "Marriage Law in Siam." (2) *Geographical and Political:* "History, Geography, etc., of Paraguay," "Relations between Holland and her Colonies," "German Colonies in Asia-Minor," "Description of

Liberia," "Privileges of Jews in Russia," "Jewish Colonies in Palestine," "Economic and Social Problems in Europe," "Mormon Colonists in Mexico." (3) *Happenings:* "Earthquake in Granada," "Earthquakes in Guadeloupe," "Plague of Mice in Russia," and "Gutenberg Festival." (4) *Vital Statistics:* "Longevity and Mortality in Norway," "Infant Mortality in Singapore," and "Depopulation in France." (5) *Archeological:* "Roman Pavement in Jerusalem," "Sarcophagi at Sidon," "Explorations near Babylon," "Archeological Explorations in Mexico," "Inscription on the Parthenon," and "Archeological Discoveries in Greece." (6) *State and Municipal Institutions:* "Prison System in the Netherlands," "Pawnshops in France, Germany, Belgium, Austria-Hungary, and Russia," "Charities in the Netherlands," "Lunatic Asylum in Florence," "Police Force of Rio," "Workhouse and Home for Homeless in Berlin," "Referendum and Initiative Laws of Switzerland," "Public Charity in Germany," and "Penal Colony of New Caledonia." (7) *Medical Discoveries:* "New Cancer Cure" (several), "New Treatment of Tuberculosis" (more than a score of reports), "Treatment of Yellow Fever," "Serum for Diphtheria," "Typhus Antitoxin," "Plague Serum," "Treatment of Appendicitis without the Knife," " Treatment of Hydrophobia," "Anti-alcohol Serum in France," "Cure for Malaria,"—"for Epilepsy," "Miner's Worm," etc. *Miscellaneous:* "X-rays and Infernal Machines," "Rainfall in Flanders," "American Circus in Germany," "Muzzling of Dogs in Germany," and "Airships in Switzerland."

Many of the regular readers of the Consular Reports consider that contributions of the above-mentioned character add a certain needed element of gayety to the pages of that publication.

Editing of Consular Reports

During the period 1856 to 1874 the work of editing and revising the trade reports made by consular officers for publication in the annual volume of Commercial Relations of the United States was done by the Statistical Office in the Department of State. In 1874 the law that reorganized the work of the department created a Bureau of Statistics, which thereafter had charge of that publication and, after 1880, of the Monthly Consular Reports. In 1897 the name of the bureau was changed to the Bureau of Foreign Commerce. The establishment in 1903 of the Department of Commerce and Labor brought about a radical change in the method of handling the Consular Reports, for the organic law of that department charged it with the duty of publishing and distributing those reports, leaving to the Department of State complete control over their authors, who, of course, are officers of the latter department exclusively. The act of February 14, 1903, transferred the Bureau of Foreign Commerce from the State Department to the Department of Commerce and Labor, and consolidated it with the Bureau of Statistics, simultaneously transferred from the Treasury Department. Section 11 of the same act created a new bureau in the Department of State, to perform the editorial work inseparably belonging to that department, and to act as the medium of communication between the two departments in the joint work in relation to the consular reports.

It might seem that there is a duplication of editorial work upon the consular reports in the two departments, but such is by no means the case. In the Bureau of Trade Relations the reports are carefully read and, when necessary, so revised as to eliminate everything unsuitable for publication from the standpoint of the interests of the government. Not infrequently a report is of such character as to make it inexpedient to publish any portion, in which case it is filed *in toto* in the archives of the Department of State for future reference. All statements in the reports calculated to cause adverse criticism in a foreign country or to bring

about diplomatic representations on the part of another government, or to embarrass the administration of any executive branch of our own government, are omitted from the material transmitted to the Department of Commerce and Labor for publication. Under the head of matter that is objectionable because of its probable effect in a foreign community come slighting allusions to any nationality or race; adverse criticism, even implied, of the political, social, or religious institutions; disparaging statements in regard to the enforcement of the laws; charges of dishonesty and inefficiency of officials, and the like. In short, anything that reflects on the integrity and efficiency of the foreign administration, or that might offend the sensibilities of the people of the country, is eliminated in the State Department, which is, of course, the best judge of the diplomatic proprieties.

Under the category of matter prejudicial to the interests of our government are discussions of, and references to, diplomatic negotiations pending between the United States and other countries, and reports dealing with frauds upon our national customs revenues, violations of our sanitary and immigration laws, all of which, although often highly valuable for the information of the administrative officers, are generally unsuitable for publication when regarded simply from the standpoint of expediency.

This editorial supervision is essential to the protection of consular officers as well as that of the government. In past years many instances have occurred where reports have been submitted for publication which, if published unedited, would probably have led to a demand for the recall of the author as the alternative to the revocation of his exequatur by the receiving government.

After the reports have been edited and indexed (by author, station, and subject) in the Bureau of Trade Relations, they are transmitted directly to the Bureau of Manufactures, Department of Commerce and Labor, where they are edited with a view to publication, being used in full, condensed, or rejected altogether in the discretion of the chief of that bureau. This work was done by the Bureau of Statistics for a period of two years following the transfer of the former Bureau of Foreign Commerce, already mentioned; but since July 1, 1905, the Bureau of Manufactures has had charge of the publication and distribution of the consular reports. The chief of this bureau, Major John M. Carson, is admirably fitted, by long years of experience in the cleanest of American journalism, to maintain and improve the high editorial standards established for the reports by Mr. Emory. Major Carson is also fortunate in having the able assistance of Mr. Gibson, formerly Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, and Professor Monaghan, a former consul and educator.

At the time of the transfer of the Bureau of Foreign Commerce to the Department of Commerce and Labor, it was freely predicted that the division of labor between the two departments in relation to the consular reports would lead to much delay, friction, and dissatisfaction. These fears have not been realized; the Bureau of Trade Relations and the Bureau of Manufactures cooperate as smoothly and completely as two divisions of the same office, and no unpleasant incident has yet arisen to mar the close and cordial relations between them. Direct correspondence between the chiefs of the two bureaus is authorized and many details of routine business are transacted expeditiously by telephone. A certain amount of official red-tape is inevitable in the transaction of the public business; but here, thanks to the liberal views of Secretary Root and Secretary Metcalf, both of whom are intensely interested in the effective promotion of American foreign commerce — it is reduced to a minimum.

I should add that a considerable number of consular reports are sent to some other department than that of Commerce

and Labor (especially to the Department of Agriculture), when the subject pertains to the work of that branch of the government. The number of trade reports of all kinds made by our consular officers is steadily increasing. In the year 1905 the number examined in the Bureau of Trade Relations averaged about 400 each month, while the monthly average for the first quarter of 1906 was 600 reports, of which fully 95 per cent were transmitted to the Bureau of Manufactures, Department of Commerce and Labor.

American and European Reports compared

The claim is often made, and freely conceded by leading European economists, that in respect of practical value the trade reports made by American consular officers are unsurpassed. Twenty years ago, when the United States first entered the foremost rank of commercial nations, the principal markets of the world were overwhelmingly controlled by our European competitors, — at least, this was true in manufactured goods. The supremacy, therefore, which the United States has since gained in several foreign countries, in many important manufactures, has represented a continual struggle, resulting, *pro tanto*, in the displacement of the former controlling nations. As American consuls have played an important rôle in this aggressive campaign, it is easy to understand why their published reports have won praise from competent foreign experts.

After the United States, there can be no doubt that the consular services of Germany and Great Britain render the most effective assistance to their national commerce.

British Consular Reports

The British "Diplomatic and Consular Reports" are issued by the Foreign Office in two series, the Annual and the Miscellaneous. Each number of the former contains an annual report on the trade and commerce of some foreign city, region, or country; while the Miscellaneous series is devoted to reports of general and commercial interest, such as "The French Octroi System," "Agriculture in Germany," "Tea Culture in Japan," "Persian Customs-Regulations." The reports of either series are sold to the public by the government stationers, at a nominal price, and, being published separately in pamphlet form, interested persons may buy only such as appeal to them. This arrangement has certain obvious advantages over the gratuitous distribution of a collection of reports that is in operation in this country.

It is a curious fact that the alleged defects in the consular service of each great commercial power are nearly always exposed by writers of the country in question, who use the meritorious features of the establishment of a foreign country as a foil. For unsparing criticism of British consuls one must read the London newspapers, while the German press fairly teems with articles questioning the efficiency of the consuls of Germany. A critic in a recent issue of the London *Standard* alleges that British consuls habitually neglect the important duty of fostering their country's trade, many of them considering it *infra dignitatem* to occupy themselves with commercial matters, and preferring to play diplomatist. He attributes this tendency to the alleged lack of care on the part of the appointing power to select men having commercial qualifications, and suggests that the Board of Trade — which corresponds somewhat to our Department of Commerce and Labor — should be consulted in the appointment of consuls to places of special importance.

But notwithstanding this home disparagement, the American student of the world's commerce frequently finds in the annual report of the British consul at some remote Oriental station a more complete and valuable exposition of the commercial and industrial situation of that region than is available to him

from any other source. The British consular reports, as a rule, are confined strictly to the subject in hand and are free from needless interjection of the personal opinions of their authors. They are usually enriched by carefully arranged and reliable statistical statements, and the terse and practical treatment that characterizes them merits unqualified praise, although to what extent credit for this result is due to editorial revision in the Foreign Office I am not able to say.

German Consular Reports

The reports of German consular officers reach the public through the medium of three different publications issued by the Imperial Department of the Interior, viz: —

(*a*) *Nachrichten für Handel und Industrie*, which appears two or three times a week and contains trade information of current interest, such as foreign tariff changes and trade opportunities, — particularly, public calls for tenders.

(*b*) *Berichte über Handel und Industrie*, which appears at irregular intervals and contains reports on special subjects by the consuls and commercial attachés of Germany, translations of foreign official documents likely to interest the German business world, and monographs on commercial subjects. Noteworthy instances of these monographs were the series of reports on the production of cotton and iron in foreign countries. Recent numbers contain good special reports on "The Commerce of the Australian Commonwealth for 1904," and "The Saltpeter Industry of Chili and its Kartell."

(*c*) *Deutsches Handels-Archiv*, a monthly quarto of 250 to 300 pages, which contains, besides tariff information and statistics of German commerce, the annual reports of German consuls on the trade, shipping, mining, railways, finance, and so forth, of their respective districts. These reports constitute a valuable commercial history of the ports and countries with which they deal, although it is said that they have been emasculated of practical hints for extending trade.

The scholarly thoroughness that distinguishes every intellectual effort of the German nation stands out conspicuously in the consular reports; and there is no doubt that they have contributed greatly to the expansion of the foreign commerce of Germany. The only adverse criticism of them that I recall reading was penned by German citizens and published in German journals. A writer in the *Hamburger Nachrichten* (August 12, 1905) had the following to say of his country's consular reports:—

"They are very seldom clear, because the ponderous German juristical and professorial style has gone over into the flesh and blood of our Consuls, whose previous training has been almost without exceptions a legal one. They are only very rarely practical, because the professional Consul (always with individual exceptions), in view of his position in society, considers himself called upon as little as possible to associate his official domicile with the circles of commerce and industry, and carefully avoids following in the footsteps of his American professional colleagues, who are actuated by purely practical considerations, and whom the deceased Lamezan was in the habit of designating, with a pitying shrug of his shoulders, 'State commercial travelers.' Finally, our consular reports are anything but prompt, for it is a very long distance that they have to cover after leaving the writing-desk of the Consul (and he is, as a rule, far from an unconditional adherent of excessive 'hustling'), before they reach the typesetter's 'case' of the official *Nachrichten für Handel und Industrie*."

There are several other countries of Europe whose consular officers render efficient aid in promoting foreign trade by making valuable reports for official publication, notably France, Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Belgium.

Foreign Systems worthy of Study

Only a few years ago it would have been idle for the United States to go abroad in search of valuable ideas for the promotion of trade interests, for the American methods, particularly in the matter of timely publication, were unsurpassed. This fact was universally recognized, and several of our commercial rivals adopted, after investigation, the best features of our system. Inasmuch, however, as the betterment of the consular service as an agency in trade development continues to be a matter of increasing concern to each of the great powers of Europe, we may expect progress independently of further imitation of our methods. It is difficult to point out where and how the present system of promoting the commerce and industries of the United States could be made more effective. There is certainly no room for appreciable improvement as respects timeliness in publication, for the daily periodical of (usually) sixteen pages conveys promptly to the American business public a vast mass of useful trade information.

There are, however, two features of the German system that merit our careful consideration, one being unknown in our system and the other only partially followed. These are the institution of commercial attachés, and the secret dissemination of certain trade information furnished by consular officers.

Commercial Attachés

The German consular service is greatly aided in rendering assistance to the export trade of the empire by the labors of an increasing staff of commercial experts appointed by the government to increase the utility of each of the more important consulates as a focus for the collection of information of practical value to German manufacturers and exporters. At a recent date this staff numbered eight, attached, respectively, to the consulates at New York, Buenos Ayres, Valparaiso, Sydney, Shanghai, Pretoria, Constantinople, and St. Petersburg. Being attached to consulates, they have no diplomatic status, nor do they enjoy permanency of tenure; but they are engaged by contract, made with them individually by the Foreign Office and providing for employment for three years, subject to reëngagement or discharge at the end of that period. They are usually experienced business men, or at least men who have devoted much study to economic and commercial questions. The duties of the commercial attaché include making reports to the Foreign Office on commercial subjects, collecting and forwarding samples of merchandise, and answering the trade inquiries of German corporations and individuals. Each attaché is required to return to Germany periodically, in order to make oral reports to his superior officers, and to study home conditions and keep in touch with the industrial development of his own country.

The British Government maintains commercial attachés having a diplomatic status at the embassies at Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, and Constantinople, and at the legation at Pekin. Their duties are practically the same as those of the commercial attachés at the German Consulates. They are the recognized intermediaries for British chambers of commerce, merchants, manufacturers, and shippers, who have a right to turn to them for information and guidance on all commercial matters.

It will perhaps be recalled that President Roosevelt transmitted to Congress, with a special message, on January 18, 1905, a letter of Mr. Loomis, then Acting Secretary of State, accompanied by reports from American diplomatic and consular officers "upon the feasibility of regular coöperation between the two branches of our foreign service, for the better promotion of American industry and trade." The President, in his message, heartily indorsed the recommendation made by the Acting Secretary that provision be made for the appointment

of six special agents, with the diplomatic rank and title of commercial attaché, to be stationed at American embassies and legations so as to cover the principal trade regions of the world, and to make reports upon commerce and manufactures, or upon kindred topics, of a more exhaustive and comprehensive character than is now obtainable. It was also proposed that these commercial attachés should make regular inspection of consulates; but this duty has since been vested in the five consuls-general at large, created by the consular reorganization law.

Congress has as yet taken no action in regard to the plan of creating a staff of commercial attachés; but there can be no doubt that its adoption — even on the modest, tentative scale recommended in 1905 — would materially strengthen the existing official machinery for promoting American trade interests abroad.

Discriminating Dissemination of Trade Intelligence

Another wise feature of the German system, that is worthy of our serious attention, is the practice of placing secretly at the disposal of home merchants and manufacturers certain classes of commercial information before it is made accessible to foreign competitors. Whenever the government considers it desirable to give preference to the business interests of the empire, the information reported by the consuls or commercial attachés is printed on slips marked "confidential," and then distributed among the several chambers of commerce and other commercial bodies for the use of their members, notice of its existence being generally inserted in the local press. The character of this notification will appear from the following example taken from a recent issue of the Berlin *Reichsanzeiger*:—

"Confidential communications have been sent to the Berlin Corporation of Merchants as to the material available for interpretation of the French tariff, the expected call for tenders for building a bridge in Shanghai, and the exploitation of mines in the state of Maranhao. Further particulars may be obtained from the information office of the corporation."

Not infrequently the seal of secrecy is subsequently removed from these communications, and they are published in one of the ordinary vehicles of publication of consular reports.

Contrasting this judicious policy with the free trade in commercial intelligence that has always characterized the English system of handling trade reports, a writer in the London *Times* (November 27, 1905) cites the following concrete case to illustrate his point:—

"In 1897–8 the Board of Trade sent at some considerable expense a commissioner to report upon the conditions and prospects of British trade in South America. On his return, six reports containing in considerable detail particulars as to the class of each article in most demand and the prices ruling, with valuable hints and suggestions to traders, were issued as Parliamentary Papers, in order presumably that British traders might benefit by this expenditure of public money on their behalf. Within a few months the United States Government had reprinted these, and had distributed some thousands of copies amongst American firms; so that the expenditure of the British taxpayers' money in this particular case doubtless proved of as much assistance to American as to British trade. Extracts from these reports were also translated and published by the German and Austrian Governments."

Until very recently our government made no attempt to discriminate in favor of American citizens in the matter of disseminating any class of trade intelligence, all reports received being either published in the consular reports, or given to the press, or filed in the archives for future reference. Less than a year ago, however, the Bureau of Manufactures adopted with reference to a limited

class of trade intelligence a policy somewhat similar to the German practice. An occasional department of the "Daily Consular and Trade Reports" was instituted, entitled "Foreign Trade Opportunities," in which notification is given of inquiries on file at the above-mentioned bureau, each bearing a file number, to which applicants for information are requested to refer. The majority of these opportunities relate to foreign calls for tenders, and give names and addresses; but an increasing number are treated as confidential, in order to enable the bureau to promote exclusively American export trade. The following examples are taken from recent issues of the daily reports:—

No. 133. *Orange-wrapping machinery.* — Information is desired with the least possible delay by European orange importer of high commercial standing in regard to machinery for wrapping oranges, particularly the small sizes, such as mandarins. There is said to be a very considerable opening for this machinery in Mediterranean countries.

No. 134. *Condensers.* — A brewer and malter in Bohemia is in the market for condensers with the latest improvements.

No. 144. *Wood alcohol and charcoal apparatus.* — A Montreal mining engineer requests information as to cost and profits of an equipment for producing wood alcohol, and subsequently charcoal, from the wood refuse of sawmills.

No. 153. *Street sprinklers, stone crusher,* etc. — South American city about to purchase outfits for improvements and sanitation, especially garbage carts, street sprinklers, and stone crusher. The main streets are to be macadamized.

No. 165. *Portable houses.* — A resident of Central America has made inquiries at an American consulate relative to portable houses. There is a great scarcity of lumber and carpenters in that region for necessary houses, and the consul asks that not only prices and particulars be furnished the inquirer, but that catalogues and prices be sent to his office for filing.

No. 181. *Fish fertilizers.* — Japanese firm desires to be put in communication with American firms selling fish fertilizers manufactured from the waste of salmon and other fish. They ask for a range of samples, price lists, and other particulars as to freight, packing, and other charges. If these are favorable, the firm propose to do business by opening a credit account in an American bank, upon which the shippers could draw in full against every bill of lading.

No. 192. *Candle machinery.* — The two principal manufacturers of candles at a city in Turkey wish catalogues and price lists of the machinery used in the manufacture of cast candles. Correspondence should be in French language.

No. 202. *Wooden shoe-peg machinery.* — An American missionary in Asia Minor desires to purchase machinery for the manufacture of wooden shoe-pegs. Circulars with description and prices requested.

The view formerly prevailed that the best policy was to publish everything freely, and trust to American enterprise and energy to take advantage of the trade opportunities abroad which American readers of the published reports should be able to see several days or weeks earlier than their foreign competitors. At the present time, however, valuable trade hints in the "Daily Consular and Trade Reports" are not only immediately reprinted in the American press, but, in many instances, they are cabled to Europe for publication for the benefit of our commercial rivals.

This situation makes the German practice described above significantly interesting. I regard that practice as not only sagacious but eminently patriotic, for it is one effective way of protecting home industrial and commercial interests in the international struggle for wider markets.

FOILS

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I

Give me drifted winter-ways,
Whence, returned, the ingle-blaze
Shall like altar-fire divine
Leap before these eyes of mine.
Give me hours of hungry dearth,
That I may possess the earth —
Find Olympian banquets spread
In the country wine and bread!

II

Give me Strife (who so love Peace!)
That, when furrowing wars shall cease,
Fruitful be the olives found,
Springing from that blackened ground.
I, who so love Love — ah, — yes!
Give me Hate and Bitterness,
That, when these are past and done,
Love and I may more be one!

III

Give me sleep, that I may feel
Clotho's hand new start the wheel
Of another day's bright spinning . . .
And when warp and woof are thinning,
And the daylight is half blind,
Give me Death, that I may find
Life, upon some morning height
Sheen and sheer above the Night!

SHAKESPEARE OF WARWICKSHIRE

BY THEODORE T. MUNGER

Professor Lounsbury, who reigns sternly but wisely as a critic in the literary demesne where the writer dwells, says that "Shakespeare is the one writer about whom nothing new can be said; that is, nothing rational." Humbly accepting this dictum, though at a loss where a place is to be found for our great critic with his third priceless volume just out, we venture the opinion that some of the things said are not so old but that they are worth saying over again. Is there not, for example, a place for a study of Shakespeare in his *habitat?* The ground may yield something like grass, — old, but new and welcome in the spring.

It is a mistake to limit the associations of the great citizen to Stratford-upon-Avon. He does not belong so much to this dull little village as to all Warwickshire; and if we are to find any relation between the man and his environment, we must take the wider circuit. The question is not as to the walls within which he was born and the grave where his bones lie curse-protected, but rather what helped to make him; what in nature drew out and fed his mighty genius. The photograph can give us with sufficient accuracy the Henley Street birthplace, the parish church, the site of New Place, the Shottery cottage, the grammar school, and all the other local associations; but it cannot give the Avon, that flows through Warwickshire even as it flows through so many of his lines, nor the landscape, more accurately delineated there than in the photograph. Of course, one must carry out the immemorial custom of tourists, and visit the birthplace and the grave, — the two things pertaining to any man, great or small, least worth heeding, — but either before or after, one should acquaint one's self with the surrounding country. The ancient town of Warwick, with its castle full of suggestion of Crusader and Templar, and Kenilworth, about which still clung the memory of Elizabeth's visit, — both within a short drive or a long ramble from Stratford, — cast a stronger influence upon the young Shakespeare than did the town where he was born. It was at Warwick that he saw those strolling players who first kindled the dramatic fire within him, and perhaps inducted him in practical ways into their craft. Eight miles was a short distance for a band of players to attract the young Shakespeare; cart-ropes could not have kept him away. Kenilworth, still ablaze with courtly glory, taught him how queens and dukes and knights bore themselves, — at a future day the pageants of the Henrys would move easily across the stage. Shakespeare learned a vast deal before he went to London; but his lesson-book was all Warwickshire and not the leaf or two of Stratford.

It is significant that Shakespeare came from this shire, which is often spoken of as "the heart of England." Indeed, I think if he had come from any other, he would have been a different and a poorer Shakespeare. With all his universality he was distinctly and intensely an Englishman, but English in the sense of having the English heart rather than the English brain. His intellect cannot easily be classified, — it comes too near being absolute and without limitations; but his loves and hates and tastes were English to the core. This heart of England, out of which Shakespeare drew his being, is sharply located. As you drive from Leamington to Warwick, your carriage is halted before an oak in the middle of the road, surrounded by an iron fence. The driver reverently rises,

points to the tree, and says, "That hoak is the 'art of Hengland."

The heart of England is poetically supposed to be of oak; and yet your driver is not speaking in a figure, but with geographical accuracy. Draw lines from the Isle of Wight to Tweedmouth; from Yarmouth on the east to St. David's on the west; from Penzance to Newcastle, and from Hastings to Carlisle, and they would almost if not absolutely intersect this truly royal oak.

When we return to Stratford, and begin the tourists' round, we are pained to find ourselves beset by uncertainty. Not one of the associations with Shakespeare is wholly trustworthy. There are but two points of close unquestioned association, — the house in which he was born and the church in which he was buried. All else, except a bit of ruined wall, marking New Place, is guesswork. Doubtless he walked these streets, roamed through these fields, swam in the gently flowing Avon, and later — in those mysterious years of his retirement — mingled in the life of the little town; but no sure trace of word or work remains. By far the most interesting association with the poet — because the most poetical — is the garden about the little house where he was born, — a small, well-kept plot of gravel-walks and flowerbeds. When this house was restored, it was proposed to bring together all the flowers named in the dramas. The plan was not carried out, chiefly from lack of energy, for surely it would not have been a difficult task. But enough was done to make the collection interesting and significant. Few and simple as the specimens are, they can be woven into a telling argument for the Shakespearean authorship of the plays, or, at least, for their origin in Central England. An accomplished botanist in Leamington told us that the flowers of Shakespeare are distinctively the flowers of Warwickshire, and that the author of the plays must have observed them here and not elsewhere. It is a remarkable fact that the slight local variations in the flowers of England are to be traced in the lines of Shakespeare. The true poet is a closer observer than the naturalist.

It is impossible wholly to verify any except the most meagre statement of his external history, so that a Life is not to be named, however many have been attempted. But such as they are, perhaps Aubrey's is the best, being the shortest, containing only about six hundred and twenty words. As he wrote well within a century after the poet's death, he had little reason for inaccuracy, and less temptation to exaggerate in his estimates, — relying chiefly upon Ben Jonson and first-hand traditions. Great as Shakespeare was, he had not sufficiently impressed his age with his genius to start exaggerations as to his personal character; and as for myths, they are of slow growth. Aubrey's few words, simple and disconnected to the last degree, — but all the truer for that, — contain one sentence that strikes at the secret of Shakespeare, and is as profound as anything ever said of him: "His comœdies will remaine witt as long as the English tongue is understood, for that he handles *mores hominum;* now our present writers reflect so much upon particular persons and coxcombeities, that twenty yeares hence they will not be understood."

We can, however, construct a life, not of gossip indeed, but of reality made from actual records. We do not refer to those inferences, drawn from various sources, that Shakespeare was a school-teacher, a lawyer's clerk, a physician's apprentice, a soldier, and so on. We refer instead to that impress of himself which he made in his works, and which can be read, or rather translated, by the careful student. Take, for example, his treatment of flowers. They all have literally the dew of youth upon them. They were not an object of study; they are treated simply in the light of memory and early association. "Rosemary, that's for remembrance;" "pansies, that's for thoughts;" "Rue, — we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays," — that is, rue, which stands

for sorrow, may on Sunday be called an herb of grace, for the day can turn sorrow into that quality. What a flavor there is here of country-life and child-life, — of those things which get fixed in a child's mind and are never forgotten.

While Shakespeare's treatment of flowers is essentially that of a poet, there is underneath this use that peculiar sense of them which belongs to childhood, as it interprets popular conceptions. Many times over he tells us by what names flowers are known to different persons, evidently the result of memories of childhood. Memory is par excellence the poet's faculty. To see a thing as it was, and to see it in the light and with the feelings of memory, this is what makes poetry possible, — a profound impression, cherished and meditated.

Shakespeare's descriptions of flowers have this quality of remembered association, and they call out the purest exercise of his genius. It is on his two loveliest characters, Ophelia and Perdita, that this wealth of flowers is lavished without stint; in *The Winter's Tale*, where love passionate yet pure is woven into each flower, Perdita in disguise gives them to her visitors; and in *Hamlet*, when Ophelia says "You must wear your rue with a difference," yet all "she turns to favor and to prettiness." Nowhere does Shakespeare show the tenderness and keenness of his genius more than in this use of the same common flowers in connection with the tragedy of love brought to despair, and of love in the very height and enchantment of its near-at-hand revelation.

All this tallies with the alleged facts of his life as spent first in Warwickshire, and then in London, where most of his plays were written, and last in Stratford, where the memories of his youth were revived after wide separation from its scenes. There are three conditions essential to a true vision of natural scenery: that one must spend one's childhood in the presence of it, must leave it, and later on return to it. The close and divine contact of the first period, the memories of the second period, the revival of associations in the third period, — these furnish the poet's vision of nature.

When the pilgrim has fully mastered the few details of Shakespeare's birthplace, he proceeds directly to the church, putting but a ten-minutes walk between the cradle and the grave of the poet, — a symbol of how little there is to be known between. The grammar school, the Shottery cottage, Charlecote Park, and the few stones of New Place, are all the material with which to fill the long gap.

Let us not hastily infer, however, that nothing more is to be told of him. Aubrey evidently does not give all he knows or could get at, but only a few salient points and incidents. Along with these reasonably sure facts are a number of hints which may be built up into facts by aid drawn from the writings. It is these hints that reveal the man.

If there is one thing more clear than another it is that Shakespeare was preeminently a man of business and regarded himself as such. His relation to his work seems to have been a violation of all the canons which are supposed to govern poets. There is no trace of literary ambition in connection with his plays; whatever ambition of this sort he may have entertained had to do with two or three poems. Upon his plays he seems to have set no estimate beyond their commercial value. There is about him an almost total absence of the literary atmosphere, and in its place we have the hard-headed, common-sense man of business. We grant the fullness of the poetic gift, the largest with which mortal man was ever dowered. We do not doubt that there was a constant play of the poetic faculty; there was doubtless the dreaminess, the spiritual eye, the responsiveness of the poet to every kind of inspiration; but it was, so to speak, *subconscious*. He presents himself to us chiefly in the light of a man who is determined to get on in the world by means of business and in business-like ways; he has no other controlling ambi-

tion; he uses his great powers simply and solely to advance his fortunes. There are several men to be regarded, each one of which he was, both consciously and of set purpose, before we come to Shakespeare the literary man. There is the man of affairs, the actor and manager, the country gentleman, the family man, and the man of society. This should not lower him in our respect. Almost any departure from the rôle of the literary men of his day, as played by Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, would reflect credit upon him. That he withheld himself from the excessive Bohemianism of his contemporaries shows good sense and sound character. That his ambition took the form of advancing his fortunes has several grounds of justification. He thus simply shows himself genuinely English. To be the author of a popular novel or of a poem that sells, or to be a party leader, is all very well; but when you have discovered what a true Englishman likes above all else, you will find it to be seven hunters and a pack of hounds.

Shakespeare evidently shared in this English liking to the full, and added to it all the fervor of a poet's heart. The literary men of his day, and for two centuries after, were Londoners. Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb were types of English literary men up to the beginning of the 19th century, loving London and hating the country, men of clubs and taverns and garrets. Shakespeare seemed not to belong to this set, though Aubrey says that he was "very good company and of a very readie and pleasant smooth witt;" and also says, "He was wont to goe to his native country once a yeare;" which indicates that Shakespeare regarded himself as a citizen of Stratford, and at last remained there altogether. His taste and ambition were gratified in Warwickshire rather than in London.

There is much reason to believe that his interest in business was due not only to natural taste, but to stern determination as well. This much is plain: after a stormy youth that seems to have reached its height in lawlessness, and after an early marriage, he abruptly leaves the country and speedily turns up in London, first in some subordinate position in a theatre, then as an actor, then as a shareholder — and probably a manager — in the Globe and Blackfriars, an author of carefully written poems, a most earnest student of the Italian and French drama, and very soon a writer of original plays, which he produces with great rapidity. Now here is a great revolution. We think it was a moral revolution, of which there was abundant occasion. But probably the main spur and the one that gave him a special direction toward money-making, was the condition of his father's affairs. It is quite clear that his life, from his schooldays on, was a struggle, not so much with poverty, as with business troubles. It is strange that we know more of the father than of the son, but in knowing the former we infer the latter. John Shakespeare followed as many occupations as have been ascribed to his son William, hence the probable explanation of the latter's wide knowledge of several branches of business. It was not the son but the father who figured in so many callings. He was a glover, a farmer, a butcher, a wool-stapler, a lumber-merchant, a corn-dealer, ale-taster, burgess, constable, chamberlain, alderman, high bailiff, and mayor, and had figured in each calling and office before his son went to London. As the boy had early left the grammar school in order to serve his father, he undoubtedly shared his life and knew all that was to be thus learned. But what proved the boy's education — and for such a boy none could have been better — became the father's ruin. Certainly, as the son was attaining manhood, we find John Shakespeare heavily involved in debt, his wife's property mortgaged, and himself either in the debtor's jail or in hiding to escape it. How this state of affairs came about is unknown, but it may have been the natural conclusion of a career embracing so many occupations, followed at first with a success that led to

social prominence and thus to public life, then to neglect of his affairs, embarrassment, and disaster. Guesses are always in order in connection with Shakespeare, and so — using one of the poet's own favorite words, which is no Yankeeism, for he uses it more than fifty times — we may *guess* that the son's wildness may have, in fact, caused the business misfortunes of the father.

One of the most self-revealing of the Plays is *As You Like It*. We cannot but feel that in Jaques there is a touch of personal experience, and that as he views the "careless herd, full of pasture" jump past the wounded deer, and "never stay to greet him," the author has in mind the vicissitudes of his father's career.

> Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
> 'T is just the fashion: wherefore do you look
> Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?

The place — the Forest of Arden, just north of Stratford, and his mother's birthplace; the character — a bankrupt slighted by his prosperous fellow citizens — make it almost certain that the passage is a bit of family history. The father had lost his position as alderman on account of his embarrassments, and not improbably the son shared in his ostracism, even if he may not have caused it.

It is common to ascribe Shakespeare's fullness and accuracy in narrative to observation; but the eye, however wide open and keen, does not see all things. Without the touch of experience, all things would pass before it as an unsubstantial vision. Whenever there is unusual depth of meaning, or intensity of feeling, or a prevailing thought in different plays, it is safe to infer that we are listening to a note struck from personal experience. The soliloquy of Hamlet runs close to the autobiographic: —

> For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
> The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
> The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
> The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes . . .

This is not observation of life; it is the experience, the very distillation of it. The Warwickshire note is heard again in his dealing with courts of justice. Law itself is treated in a lofty way, in the spirit of broadest wisdom, and even religiously; but its administration with bitter complaint, contempt and ridicule. Shakespeare was much too sensible a man to sprinkle his pages with contempt of the courts without good reason for it. We can read between the lines a stern conviction that the administration of law, if not the law itself, was devoid of mercy, and that it bore heavily upon his father; also that in his own case and as administered by country justices, it was a farce. However this be, he gave the keynote to all future treatment of legal proceedings; whatever abuse there may be, there is some stinging phrase with which to pierce it.

It is upon the background of such a life as this — a stormy youth involved in the meshes of the law; a considerable training in business which has come to literal grief and perhaps shame; his father a bankrupt; his mother's property jeopardized; a young family dependent upon him for support; a man but twenty-two years old, though with the experience of twice these years — with such a life behind him and weighing down upon him, he goes to London, renews acquaintance with actors whom he had met in Warwickshire, and at once enters upon his great career.

One can safely venture assertions in regard to Shakespeare, because if judiciously made no one can prove them false; we mean any assertion except that he did not write the plays. Hence we do not hesitate to assert that on going to London he underwent a revolution. He had, very likely, been a spendthrift; he had left a wife and children in poverty, a father in business difficulties possibly caused by himself, and the estate of his mother endangered. These facts are sufficient to account for the direction he now took; in

prosaic phrase, that of business. He had some skill in acting, — Aubrey says "did act exceedingly well," — a nimble fancy, a head for affairs; and so, in a very short time, we find him in the full tide of his career as playwright and manager.

No theory of Shakespeare can account for him which does not make a place for immense and incessant toil. He brought to London a head uncommonly full of very superior brains, some slight knowledge of the classics, — "small Latine and lesse Greek," is Jonson's phrase; but Aubrey more fairly says that "he understood Latine pretty well, for he had been in his younger yeares a schoolmaster in the country," — a memory stored with nearly everything to be seen and known in Warwickshire, some very distinct impressions of the administration of justice in the country and of the inconveniences of poverty and the embarrassment of debt, and a good taste generally "of this rough world." In a few years he has produced poems and plays which by the vast amount of knowledge wrought into them imply a like amount of study. No degree of genius will teach one a knowledge of Greek mythology and Roman history and the Italian and French languages, and make one an easy master of all the science and statecraft and current wisdom of the world, along with an insight into human nature and conduct that could only spring out of prolonged meditation. To wonder at Shakespeare is a vain thing; there will be enough room left for wonder when we have explained him so far as we can. We are driven to think of him as a man of infinite industry, shunning the ordinary life of the literary man, a life of much roistering and excess, and subordinating every detail to the stern purpose of success. "Put money in thy purse," is his motto.

The money comes to him, and it goes down to Stratford to take up mortgages and feed wife and babes, to prepare a home and place to redeem what has been lost, and to secure the kind of life he covets. Of literary ambition he gives few signs, except in the sonnets, or it is overborne by a determination to turn his wits to other account. His plays were not bids for immortality, nor even for local reputation; they were so many bills of exchange on the money market of London, — a humiliating conclusion, perhaps, yet we are sure the plays are greater, the genius clearer and more fully authenticated, than if he had worked from the standpoint of authorship and with a consciousness of extraordinary gifts. We thus have a forest instead of a garden, nature instead of art, or, as Polixenes, in *The Winter's Tale* says, "The art itself is nature;" a reflection, as in a mirror, of the universe, rather than a study of the universe.

One secret of the greatness of Shakespeare lies in his unconsciousness; it helps to make him infallible. He sees a thing, sets it down, and does not spoil it by overmuch thinking about it; he has no selfish interest in it; he makes no attempt to square it with any theory or previously expressed opinion; he has no reputation that he cares to guard; no hobby or creed to urge; and so his expression is as free and natural as the blowing of the wind; it has in it all the unhindered weight of his native apprehension and the clearness of undistempered vision. It is this freedom of inspired genius that makes every utterance so trustworthy. It can be secured in two ways only, — by a moral superiority to disturbing influences, or by the influence of some foreign motive. Shakespeare, however related to moral superiority, was moved by the foreign motive. Because it was foreign — outside of authordom — it left him free to say what he thought and felt. It is all over with a writer when he has become the head of a school of thought or style and has at his heels a crowd of followers who clamor for the next word that logically follows his previous word. Say it he must, and if it happens to disagree with the former word, they will rend him limb from limb. The prophets have ever dwelt in the desert or in some other isolation of their own — even perhaps

their own indifference to the world. No teacher of men is to be trusted who is not in some way separated from outer influences that might sway his thoughts; the pole-star and not the iron of the ship must attract him. Tennyson well understood this; it was the secret of his isolated life; he would not mingle with the world because he would not be disturbed in his judgments by it. He stood aside and looked at the world with that insight of genius which pierces to the meaning of things without analysis or measurement. Shakespeare gained the same point of view by having a remote and absorbing interest; it left his whole nature free to see and to feel.

The motive under which he worked and secured his isolation was a sordid motive, but a worthy sordidness, if one may so speak. Whatever its character, it made room for the free play of his genius. He was an actor, a shareholder and perhaps a manager of two theatres; and he certainly furnished them plays, — at first recasts of the various *Henrys*, and then, having discovered that he could write as well as Marlowe, launching out into original work like *The Merchant of Venice*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. His ambition is to have a play ready for the next season, and so composed that it will run well and put money in his purse. And so he writes a play, — anything that will do the business. He steals right and left, — a line from Marlowe, a song from Ben Jonson, whole passages, as from Montaigne and contemporary writers, plots wherever he can find them. Plagiarism! What does he care for that? he is not striving to make a name, but to furnish the Globe with a play. There is much to show that he did not rate the play in itself as belonging to the highest order of literature. He sedulously cared for his poems and sonnets, but abandoned the plays as waifs. Nowhere does he indicate that he troubles himself over the rules that are supposed to govern the composition of a play. He ignores the unities, not as despising them, but simply because he could get along better without them. Yet when it came to the acting — as in *Hamlet* — his criticism was definite and exacting, for it was the acting that filled the house.

When we speak of Shakespeare as without literary ambition and consciousness, we do not mean that he was devoid of them, but rather that they were not the moving motive. His poems and sonnets are distinct ventures in the world of letters. His poems, at least, were highly popular, and their reception must have fixed his place as an author. But although he forsakes poetry and devotes himself entirely to the drama, he pays no heed to his plays beyond their money value. Possibly they were owned by the theatres. He made no collection of them, and treated them so carelessly as to leave room, if there is room in a vacuum, for the Baconian theorists. Evidently he regarded the plays as having had their day and as of no further account. Here we have an illuminating conjunction of facts, — the successful author sinks himself in the playwright, who abandons his work to oblivion when it has earned a money value. What better proof that he cared little for fame as a dramatist, and had no conception, except perhaps at moments, of the greatness of the plays? Add to this his retirement to Stratford about eight years before his death, still in the full tide of success and popularity and with unabated powers, and we have sufficient elements to construct a very probable character. The chosen course of a man's life generally reveals him. He goes to London to retrieve his fortunes; he succeeds, achieves a reputation as a poet, and sets it aside; he writes plays — the greatest products of the human intellect, but knows it not; he sells them shrewdly in the market, pockets the money, and leaves them as the property of the stock company, without even his name attached; and before the age of fifty-five retires to Stratford and dwells in London no more. What manner of man have we here? An Englishman who loves

the woods and fields, and has no conception of a home except in the country. We have a man in whom the poetic impulse is so strong that he enjoys contact with nature more than he craves the reputation of a poet. He is a man given to meditation, fonder of his own thoughts than of writing them down. He is of so keen insight into human nature, of so broad and penetrating vision, that he is awed and kept off from action by the very greatness of his knowledge, and so drops to a simple and incommensurate plan of life, — that of the ordinary Englishman, drowned in the sea of his own greatness.

The retirement to Stratford settles with considerable certainty a much-debated point, namely, his domestic relations. The evidence as to happiness is contradictory. Certain expressions in the plays seem to point to a bad condition of things. His marriage will bear two interpretations, but upon the whole the balance inclines towards a fairly comfortable domestic life. Sir Henry Taylor, in his essay on "Choice in Marriage," quotes from Webster's play in answer to the question "What do you think of marriage?" —

> "I take it as those that deny purgatory;
> It locally contains or heaven or hell;
> There is no third place in it."

Sir Henry thinks the answer correct; but both he and the poet may be doubted. Between those who were evidently mated in heaven, and those whose match was evidently made in hell and tipped with its sulphur, there is a class of marriages that belongs to neither. Love's dream is not wholly fulfilled, nor is it wholly shattered. "It might have been" rises to the lips in some sentimental mood, but stern common-sense takes up the line and turns it into prose, — "it might have been — worse," and concludes to make the best of a wife who is not quite an angel, or of a husband who is not what he ought to be. It is an imperfect world, and the largest relation in it is not free from its imperfection.

It is fair to say that Shakespeare treated marriage ideally in his plays and practically in his life. The return to Stratford after an absence rendered necessary in the fulfillment of a cherished purpose is a fairly good sign that there was not a bad state of things domestically in his household. Shakespeare nowhere carries his idealization so far, and with such exquisite delicacy and truth, as in his treatment of woman, especially in the relations of love and marriage; but it does not follow that, because his wife did not reach the standard of Cordelia and Hermione, he failed in love and duty to her. Great poets do not insist on ideals in their wives. Sir Walter Scott, walking in the fields with his wife, said, "Are not these lambs beautiful?" "Yes, boiled," she replied; but he loved her nevertheless. Besides, Shakespeare was not the man to insist on ideals, for the simple reason that his own life was not in them.

It is usually thought that through the medium of Prospero in *The Tempest* he gives the closest symbol of the twofold part he had played, and will play in life hereafter, — a life of seeming, a revel, a banishment, a dukedom won, after which he betakes himself to reality — home, family, the citizen, rank.

> "Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
> As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
> Are melted into air, into thin air."

So he leaves behind him the creatures of his imagination and goes back to his good, honest wife and plain, wholesome-hearted daughters, Susanna and Judith, quite content with them, for they are the parts and the means of his dream of life as a country gentleman.

We cannot with any certainty detect in him what is usually called the note of religion, unless it may be found in

> "The prophetic soul
> Of the wide world dreaming on things to come."

The times were not favorable to clear convictions on this subject; there was too much controversy. As he says in *Lear*,

> "'Ay' and 'no' too was no good divinity."

At court, and in the circles in which he moved, men were politically Protestants, but Romanists in doctrine. Probably he did his own thinking on such questions, said little, but conformed strictly to the existing order. As a playwright he made much of the Catholic Church, but politically he stands by the historic position of the nation, — as when King John says,

> "Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
> Add thus much more, that no Italian priest
> Shall tithe or toll in our dominions."

He treats the local clergy, as the local magistrates, slightingly. Puritanism was coming on, and already it had begun to infect the clergy, inducing conceit in doctrinal teaching and severity in life, both of which must have been odious to him. And so between the hypocrisy in London and the fanaticism in Stratford, he readily consented to do his own thinking in matters of religion. Doubtless he was a conformist, not from conviction, but as standing by the state. He had not suffered the history of England to pass heated through his brain without learning the lesson of loyalty.

Still we question if he was a good church-goer. The town and church of Stratford had a decided bent toward Presbyterianism, and there is reason to think that he did not get on well with it in this respect. Himself the wisest of preachers, he does not seem to have been fond of preaching. That which sounds most like it — and very wise it is — comes from Polonius, whom he calls "a prating old fool." We fear that when he walked to church with his wife he went no further than the porch, but strolled along the Avon, where he was found by Susanna and Judith on "a grassy bank," in close converse with "daisies pied and violets blue," and "herb-grace," as became Sunday. And in winter he was not sorry "when coughing drowned the parson's saw." The preacher and the poet have never got on well together, and will not until they learn that they are identically the same person, as Cardinal Newman says; and that they must not divide and antagonize what God hath joined together.

Of the few memorials of Shakespeare none will compare in interest with the rude bust perched high upon the wall of the chancel above his grave. It is poor as a work of art, is of plaster, and has been painted and whitewashed and otherwise restored, but there is good reason to believe that it conveys a correct impression of the man. The head full at every point, high, broad, rounded as if to hold all things in true proportion. The face is sphinx-like, expressing nothing and yet everything, — perfect repose, no trace of passion or struggle, no conflict with himself or with the world, no fear, no desire or longing; only a mind beholding all things, yet as the mirror which reflects the landscape, — the shifting cloud, the falling water, the wind-tossed foliage, — but shows in itself no change with the changing objects. It is difficult to think of Shakespeare's feeling as commensurate with his thoughts; otherwise his heart would have worn itself out in the multitude of its sympathies and agonies. The secret of his method is found in Hamlet's phrase: "To hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature," — a maxim for the actor, but logically a rule for the author. He suffered all things, whether of man or nature, to pass before him; but when we ask for his own opinion of them, we seldom get a sure answer. There is, however, a range of topics which he seems to treat with personal feeling, — such as questions of a political nature. Whenever he speaks of England — perhaps because of his strenuous study in the historical plays — he flames, and never is his thought more profound than here. It is safe to say that the state was his chief interest; so one may read between the lines in *Lear* and *Othello* and *Macbeth*, as well as in the historical plays, which Carlyle declares to be the best history of England. He will not let Othello die in remorse without a revelation of his patriotism and reverence for the state: —

Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it.

If we can overlook the many difficulties that surround the sonnets, and regard them as expressions of personal feeling, then we know he was a man who loved with all of love's passion, who felt sin and hated evil, who was "aweary of the sun," tired of a world he understood too well, — that beneath the current of a busy life, the details of which he hated, lay solemn depths of feeling and conviction.

From our point of view Shakespeare is the most pathetic of men; for what is more pathetic than unconscious possession of great powers. It seems to be a self-defrauding, a miscarriage of nature. Milton felt every inch of his greatness, and five pounds for *Paradise Lost* lowered the world, not himself. But Shakespeare sold his plays — shrewdly bargained for — and measured his success and greatness by the moderate splendors of New Place. And yet he must have been a mystery to himself. He knew there was no true correlation between himself and the men and women about him. He was solitary "not only by the vastness of his sympathies," but still more by the vastness of his knowledge. This threw him out of gear with the world and made him a perplexity to himself, and so he compromises on the simple country-life and associations of Stratford, turning his back upon himself as a dramatist, and dropping to a life he does understand, — houses, lands, gardens, horses, crops, and the like. The world is to him a mystery, an unreality, a drama like his own, and he will share its fate —

Dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind;

and so he goes back to the dreams of his youth as better than any he has known in London. But though life may be a dream, it is also undeniably something else, and so we find him farming, malting, adding field to field, suing his dishonest neighbors in the same courts which he had ridiculed with merciless wit, and laying the foundations of a family in true English fashion. Death overtakes him at fifty-two, and — strangest "scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history" — he is buried in the chancel of the parish church, not as a poet and dramatist, but as a holder of the greater tithes. An evil fate seems to pursue his memory, which is now and then assailed as if it were a guilty criminal in suffering itself to be connected with plays that ought to be bound up with the *Novum Organum*.

As we found Shakespeare in Warwickshire, so we leave him there; indeed, he is never far away from the field of his keenest delight and deepest impressions. His retirement to Stratford, when regarded in its various lights, is the most revealing phase of his life. Indifferent as he was to his plays in one way, he laid clear emphasis upon them in others. He rounded his work as a playwright with personal significance. *The Tempest* is not only a farewell to the stage, — filled with the very spirit of it, airy, unreal, fascinating, — it is charged with his weightiest convictions and also with his anticipations and purposes. The play breathes throughout forgiveness toward his enemies in a lofty and yearning temper, struck through with the mercy and pity of a father. Over and over again is the same gracious quality seen in his plays, but in *The Tempest* it wears the pathos of farewell. It sheds a flood of light upon his ethical convictions. Even a dull reader may note that he often forgets the best interests of the play as to effectiveness, and indulges in meditation over the right and wrong of what is involved, the playwright forgetting himself in the moralist.

In the most quoted of all his words: "We are such stuff as dreams are made on," we are not to understand that he gives a definition of human life, nor even an intimation of its destiny, for Shakespeare never seriously transcended the bounds of this world. Prospero is still in the field of this life, and would only say that so

long as he has duties in this world of dream-like phantasy he will meet them "though his brain is troubled." And Shakespeare has another field in mind. When in Stratford, though life may be short, it is real, and its duties will be met as realities. We find in him still the freedom and exhilaration of his period, intensified by the full tides of joy and vitality that flowed through his own veins; but along with them and deeper than any, were ethical convictions whose solidity and depth outweighed all else within him. Of his conduct little is known, but of his nature much may be inferred. It was bedded in the ethics of human life, and especially of conduct in the fundamental relations of men to one another. Three things he invariably demanded and set on high, — justice, mercy, and love as the soul of each. All these are set forth in Prospero as consciously his own. When he abjures his magic, breaks his staff, and drowns his book, and so frees himself from the unreality of the stage, and betakes himself to house and home, he carries with him these high qualities of law and conduct, else the picture of himself which he has so long foreshadowed is out of keeping with the truthfulness with which he had mirrored all human conduct. In the development of society nearly all the great men of the past are now accorded larger measures of goodness than heretofore. The humor, the insight and breadth of vision, the imagination, the charm of Shakespeare will remain as ever, but his ethical sense is more patent and rises to meet the new standards of the unfolding world. There can be no better text-book in our universities for the study of high and spiritual ethics than the plays of Shakespeare, — under the one condition that the teacher shall be adequate in perception and temper of mind and soul to unfold the inwoven lessons.

After all, there is more of nature in Shakespeare than can be found in Warwickshire or in England; more of humanity than can be seen in any one generation. He is as ancient as Job, as modern as Emerson. He did more than fill a place made ready by the political and religious enfranchisement of the English people; more than mount and ride the topmost wave of the nation's genius. Place and age and opportunity worked in accord for his production, but they did not produce him. We must relegate the problem of his universality, his transcendence, his prophetic outlook, his fathomless insight — all as easy and natural as breathing — to that region and power where all problems must at last be left, namely, creative endowment, the only explanation of great men. The truest measure of him is his unconsciousness of himself; he was too vast to be comprehended by his own thought; he so far surpassed all known standards that he had none for estimating himself; and so, apparently, he made no estimate beyond what might be set down in pounds sterling. He seems in his unconscious greatness almost to lose the qualities of a man, and to be simply a voice of universal nature.

And yet he speaks of no world but this, and touches only everyday humanity. He speaks of man as he is here and now. He deals with the master passions, — love, ambition, jealousy, avarice, pride, and lust. He moralizes on the chief mistakes of men, — the parting with heaven-imposed responsibility as in *Lear;* indiscriminate and unregulated generosity, as in *Timon of Athens;* over-thoughtfulness and brooding in a world of action, as in *Hamlet;* the insidious growth of evil, as in *Macbeth.* He is a quarry out of which philosophers dig their most unimpeachable truths; a judgment-seat for whoever brings a cause, outweighing all precedents and decisions; a divine to divines, a fixed star by which all poets measure their flights; yet all this is not more wonderful than a certain protean adaptation to all classes, grades, ages, and generations of men. The Shakespeare of two centuries ago was not the Shakespeare of the last century, and we have to-day a Shakespeare whom even Dr. Johnson did not

know. Yet each was real. Equally does he accommodate himself to the varied periods of life. He is a story-teller in childhood; in youthhood he is the reflection of our passion and purpose; in manhood the measure of our strength and action; and in age the philosopher who interprets and confirms our observations of life. And so he delights the rude throng with trenchant wit and hoarse laughter, yet sings to the finest ear in measures unapproachably faultless.

His greatest service, perhaps, is to be found in the fact that he gave the world an inexhaustible body of essential and practical truth in the best form; by which I mean truth stated beautifully, nobly, and engagingly. What a wealth of it, and how accurate, — answering to life as the courses of the stars answer to mathematics! But the truth of Shakespeare is more than exact, more than the mirror held up to nature and humanity; it is truth with its heavenly radiance and native glory. Montaigne tells us the truth in plain and homely ways, and Plutarch prattles it like a child; but Shakespeare penetrated into the temple of truth, and brought it forth in its shining robes and made it speak in its divine accents. It is one thing to see truth as the reality of things; it is another to behold the glory and majesty and strength and beauty of truth. This is the high achievement of Shakespeare: that the eternal secret, the spiritual essence, the absolute nature of any truth he touches, is revealed in his statement of it.

Suh a work as this is to be put by the side of Magna Charta and Habeas Corpus and Trial by Jury, and the Declaration of Independence — as a real contribution to humanity and civilization. What does man more need; what richer heritage can he have than the truth pertaining to himself, put in exact and noble form? This, we conceive, is the crowning glory of Shakespeare; this is what puts him above the homely Socrates, the dreaming Plato, the plodding Aristotle, and the whole race of philosophers, — that he has revealed humanity to itself, and made it feel its own greatness and glory.

There are heights he does not reach, though hardly depths he does not sound; but he is no evangel, and the tone-note of eternity is seldom struck. He falters when he looks beyond "the flaming ramparts of the world," and sinks back, saying, —

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep;"

or at best only says, —

> "There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

But we must not ask of one mortal man to be the revealer of two worlds. He has shown us one; he uttered no syllable that forbids us to believe in another. Nay, he has made this world so great and beautiful that of itself it calls out for eternity.

THE HELPMATE[1]

BY MAY SINCLAIR

V

THE bell of St. Saviour's had ceased. Over the market-place the air throbbed with a thousand pulses from the dying heart of sound. The great gray body of the church was still; tower and couchant nave watched in their monstrous, motionless dominion, till the music stirred in them like a triumphant soul.

As they hurried over the open market-place, Anne realized with some annoyance that she was late again for the Wednesday evening service. She dearly loved punctuality and order, and disliked to be either checked or hastened in her superb movements. She disliked to be late for anything. Above all she disliked standing on a mat outside the closed church-door, in the middle of the General Confession, trying to surrender her spirit to the spirit of prayer, while Walter lingered, murmuring profane urbanities that claimed her as his own.

He had perceived what he called her innocent design, her transparent effort to lead him to her heavenly heights. He had lent himself to it, tenderly, gravely, as he would have lent himself to a child's heart-rending play. He could not profess to follow the workings of his wife's mind, but he did understand her point of view. She had been "let in" for something she had not expected, and he was bound to make it up to her.

There had been a week of concessions, culminating in church.

But that was on a Sunday. This was Wednesday, and he drew the line at Wednesdays.

Oh yes, he saw her drift. He knew that what she expected of him was incessant penitence. But, after all, it was difficult to feel much abasement for a fault committed quite a number of years ago and sufficiently repented of at the time. He had settled his account, and it was hard that he should be made to pay twice over. To-night his mood was strangely out of harmony with Lent.

Anne slackened her pace to intimate as much to him. Whereupon he lapsed into strange and disturbing legends of his childhood. He told her he had early weaned himself from the love of Lenten services, observing their effect upon the unfortunate lady, his aunt, who had brought him up. Punctually at twelve o'clock on Palm Sunday, he said, the poor soul, exhausted with her endeavors after the Christian life, would fly into a passion, and punctually would rise from it at the same hour on Easter Day. For quite a long time he had believed that that was why they called it Passion Week.

She moaned "Oh, Walter — don't!" as if he had hurt her, while she laid the ghost of a little creeping, curling, mundane smile.

If he would only leave her! But, as they crossed to the curbstone, he changed over, preserving his proper place. He leaned to her with the indestructible attention of a lover. His whole manner was inimitably chivalrous, protective, and polite.

Anne hardened her heart against him. At the church-gate she turned and faced him coldly.

"If you're not going in," said she, "you need n't come any further."

He glanced at the belated group of worshipers gathered before the church-door, and became more than ever polite and chivalrous and protective.

"I must see you safely in," he said, and took up his stand beside her on the mat.

Her eyes rested on him for a second in

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reproach, then dropped behind the veil of their lids. In another moment he would have to go. He had already surrendered her prayer-book, tucking it gently under her arm.

"You'll be all right when you get in, won't you?" he said encouragingly.

"Please go," she whispered.

"Do I jar, dear?" he asked sweetly.

"You do, very much."

"I'm so sorry. I won't do it again."

But his whispered vows and promises belied him, battling with her consecrated mood. She felt that his innermost spirit remained unillumined by her rebuke.

Once more she set her face, and hardened her heart against him, and removed herself in the silence and isolation of her prayer.

Through the closed door there came the rich, confused murmur of the Confession. He saw her lips curl, flower-like, with emotion, as her breath rose and fell in unison with the heaving chant. He watched her with a certain reverence, incomprehensibly chastened, till the door opened, and she went from him, moving down the lighted aisle with her remote, renunciating air.

The door was shut in Majendie's face, and he turned away, intending to kill, to murder the next hour at his club.

Anne was self-trained in the habit of detachment. She had only to kneel, to close her eyes and cover her face, and her soul slid of its own accord into the place of peace. Her very breathing and the beating of her heart were stayed. Her mind, emptied in a moment, was in a moment filled, brimming over with the thought of God. To her veiled vision that thought was like a sheet of blank light let down behind her dropped eyelids, and centring in a luminous whorl. It fascinated her. Her prayer shot straight to the heart of it, a communion too automatically swift to trouble or divide the blessed light.

In that instant, her husband, the image and the thought of him, were cast out into the secular darkness.

She remembered how difficult it had once been thus to renounce him. Her trouble, in the days of her engagement, had been that, thrust him from her as she would, the idea of his goodness — the goodness that justified her through its own appeal — would call up his presence, emerging radiant from the outermost abyss. Inferior emotions had mingled indistinguishably with her holiest ardors. Spiritually ambitious, she had had her young eye on a hard-won crown of glory, and she had found that happiness made the spiritual life almost contemptibly easy. It was no effort in those days to realize divine mysteries, when the miracle of the Incarnation was, as it were, worked for her in her own soul when she heard in her own heart the beating of the heart of God; when his hand touched her with a tenderness that warmed her in her place of peace. She had hardly known this flamed and lyric creature for herself. It was as if her soul, resting after long flight, had contemplated for the first time the silver and fine gold of her wings.

It was the facility of the revelation that had first caused her to suspect it. And she had thrown ashes on the flame, and set a watch upon her soul, lest she should mistake an earthly for a heavenly content. She could not bear to think that she was cheated, that her pulses counted in her sense of exaltation and beatitude. She desired the utmost purity in that divine communion, so as to be sure that it was divine.

Now, having suffered, she was completely sure. It was easy enough now for her to achieve detachment, oblivion of Walter Majendie, to pour out her whole soul in the prayer for light:—

"Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord, and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night."

Her hands, as she prayed, were folded close over her eyes. Having completely forgotten Walter, she was astonished to find that he was there, that he had

been there for some time, in the pew beside her.

He was seated in what he took to be an attitude of extreme reverence, his head bowed and resting on his left arm, which was supported by the back of the pew in front of him. His right arm embraced, unconsciously, Anne's muff. Anne was vividly, painfully aware of him. Over the crook of his elbow one eye looked up at her, bright, smiling with inextinguishable affection. His lips gave out a sound that was not a prayer, but something between a murmur and a moan, distinctly audible.

The sermon gave him boundless opportunity. He turned in his seat; his eyes watched her under half-closed lids, two slits shining through the thick dark curtain of their lashes. He kept on pulling at his mustache, as if to hide the dumb but expressive adorations of his mouth. Anne, justly offended, removed herself by a pew's length, till the hymn brought them together, linked by the book she could not withhold.

"Christian, dost thou see them,
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?"

sang Anne, in a dulcet pianissimo, obedient to the choir.

Profound abstraction veiled him, a treacherous, unspiritual calm. Majendie was a man with a baritone voice, which at times possessed him like a furious devil. It was sleeping in him now, biding its time, ready, she knew, to be roused by the first touch of a *crescendo*. The crescendo came.

"Christian! Up and fight them!"

The voice waked; it leaped from him; and to Anne's terrified nerves it seemed to scatter the voices of the choir before it. It dropped on the Amen and died; but in dying it remained triumphant, like the trump of an archangel retreating to the uttermost ends of heaven.

Anne's heart pained her with a profane tenderness, and a poignant repudiation. Her soul being adjusted to the divine, it was intolerable to think that this preposterous human voice should have power to shake it so.

She sank to her knees and bowed her head to the benediction.

"Did you like it?" he asked, as they emerged together into the open air.

He spoke as if to the child she seemed to him now to be. They had been playing together, pretending they were two pilgrims bound for the Heavenly City, and he wanted to know if she had had a nice game. He nursed the exquisite illusion that this time he had pleased her by playing too.

"Of course I liked it."

"So did I," he answered joyously. "I quite enjoyed it. We'll do it again some other night."

"What made you come, like that?" said she.

"I could n't help it. You looked so pretty, dear, and so forlorn. It seemed brutal, somehow, to abandon you on the weary road to heaven."

She sighed. That was his chivalry again. He would escort her politely to the very door of heaven, but would he ever enter in?

Still, it was something that he should have gone with her so far. It gave her confidence, and an idea of what her power might come to be. Not that she relied upon herself alone. Her plan for Majendie's salvation was liberal and large; it admitted of other methods, other influences. There was no narrowness, any more than there was jealousy, in Anne.

"Walter," said she, "I want you to know Mrs. Eliott."

"But I do know her, don't I?"

He called up a vision of the lady whose house had been Anne's home in Scale. He was grateful to Mrs. Eliott. But for her slender acquaintance with his sister, he would never have known Anne. This made him feel that he knew Mrs. Eliott.

"But I want you to know her as I know her."

He laughed. "Is that possible? Does a man ever know a woman as another woman knows her?"

Anne felt that she was not only being diverted from her purpose, but led by a side track to an unexplored profundity. On the further side of it she discerned, dimly, the undesirable. It was a murky region, haunted by still murkier presences, by Lady Cayley and her kind. She persisted with a magnificent irrelevance.

"You must know her. You would like her."

He did n't in the least want to know Mrs. Eliott; he did n't think that he would like her. But he was soothed, flattered, insanely pleased with Anne's assumption that he would. It was as if in her thoughts she were drawing him towards her. He felt that she was softening, yielding. His approaches were a delicious wooing of an unfamiliar, unwedded Anne.

"I would like her, because you like her, is that it?"

"It would n't follow."

"Oh, how you spoil it!"

"Spoil what?"

"My inference. It pleased me. But, as you say, the logic was n't sound."

Silence being the only dignified course under mystification, Anne was silent. Some men had that irritating way with women; Walter's smile suggested that he might have it. She was not going to minister to his male delight. Unfortunately her silence seemed to please him too.

"Never mind, dear, I do like her; because she likes you."

"You will like her for herself when you know her."

"Will she like me for myself when she knows me? It's extremely doubtful. You see, hitherto she has made no ardent sign."

"My dear, she says you've never been near her. You never come to one of her Thursdays."

"Oh, her Thursdays — no, I have n't."

"Well, how can you expect — but you *will* go sometimes, now, to please me?"

"Won't Wednesdays do?"

"Wednesdays?"

"Yes. It was n't half bad to-night. I'll go to every blessed Wednesday, as long as they last, if you'll only let me off Thursdays."

"Please don't talk about being 'let off.' I thought you might like to know my friends, that's all."

"So I would. I'd like it awfully. By the way that reminds me. I met Hannay at the club to-night, and he asked if his wife might call on you. Would you mind very much?"

"Why should I mind, if she's a friend of yours and Edith's."

"Oh well, you see, she is n't exactly — "

"Is n't exactly what?"

"A friend of Edith's."

VI

There is a polite and ancient rivalry between Prior Street and Thurston Square, a rivalry that dates from the middle of the eighteenth century, when Prior Street and Thurston Square were young. Each claims to be the aristocratic centre of the town. Each acknowledges the other as its solitary peer. If Prior Street were not Prior Street, it would be Thurston Square. There are a few old families left in Scale. They inhabit either Thurston Square or Prior Street. There is nowhere else that they could live with any dignity or comfort. In either place they are secure from the contamination of low persons engaged in business, and from the wide invading foot of the newly rich. These build themselves mansions after their kind in the Park, or in the broad flat highways leading into the suburbs. They have no sense for the dim undecorated charm of Prior Street and Thurston Square.

Nothing could be more distinguished than Prior Street, with its sombre symmetry, its air of delicate, early Georgian

reticence. But its atmosphere is a shade too professional; it opens too precipitately on the unlovely and unsacred street.

Thurston Square is approached only by unfrequented ancient ways paved with cobblestones. It is a place of garden greenness, of seclusion, and of leisure. It breathes a provincial quietness, a measured hallowed breath, as of a cathedral close. Its inhabitants pride themselves on this immemorial calm. The older families rely on it for the sustenance of their patrician state. They sit by their firesides in dignified attitudes, impressively, luxuriously inert. Their whole being is a religious protest against the spirit of business.

But the restlessness of the times has seized upon the other families, the Pooleys, the Gardners, the Eliotts, younger by a century at least. They utilize the perfect peace for the cultivation of their intellects.

Every Thursday, towards half-past three, a wave of agreeable expectation, punctual, periodic, mounts on the stillness and stirs it. Thursday is Mrs. Eliott's day.

The Eliotts belong to the old high merchant families, the aristocracy of trade, whose wealth is mellowed and beautified by time. Three centuries met in Mrs. Eliott's drawing-room, harmonized by the gentle spirit of the place. Her frail modern figure moved (with elegance a little disheveled by abstraction) on an early Georgian background, among mid-Victorian furniture, surrounded by a multitude of decorative objects. There were great jars and idols from China and Japan; inlaid tables; screens and cabinets and chairs in Bombay black wood, curiously carved; a splendid profusion of painted and embroidered cloths; the spoils of seventy years of Eastern trade. And on the top of it all, twenty years or so of recent culture. The culture was represented by a well-filled bookcase, a few diminished copies of antique sculpture, some modern sketches made in Rome and Venice (for the Eliotts had traveled), and an illuminated triptych with its saints in glory.

Mrs. Eliott herself, with her restless irregular distinction, her crude and tortured draperies, lent the last touch to these incongruous glories.

It was five o'clock on one of her Thursdays, and Mrs. Eliott had been conversing with great sweetness and power ever since half-past three. That was the way she and Mrs. Pooley kept it up, and they could have kept it up much longer but for the arrival of Miss Proctor.

That lady was no sooner announced than Mrs. Pooley collapsed in her corner with the air of an indiscreet conspirator, and Mrs. Eliott ceased suddenly from fluency. They were afraid of Miss Proctor's unsympathetic eye, an eye hostile to enthusiasms, to ardors, and to flights. There was nothing, Miss Proctor said (if dear Fanny Eliott only knew it), so unmistakably provincial. As for aspirations (and Mrs. Pooley was full of them), what could be more contemptible than these efforts to be what you were not? There was something positively morbid in Fanny Eliott's preoccupation with her intellect, a thing, said Miss Proctor, nobody should be conscious of. She herself was of so rich a social presence that she could afford to be unconscious of everything except her entire superiority to the superior persons of Scale. Miss Proctor hated Scale; but, as Fate compelled her to live there, she was determined to triumph over Fate. "My nature," said Miss Proctor, "is metropolitan. I refuse to adopt provincial standards, to become provincial myself." And, since Miss Proctor refused to conform to Scale, Scale was obliged to conform to Miss Proctor. If Mrs. Eliott had not been there before her, Miss Proctor would have become the leader of society in Scale.

Miss Proctor stood large and lavish in the doorway, and announced that she was going to take Fanny down from her heights and humanize her by a little gossip. She ignored Mrs. Pooley, since

Mrs. Pooley apparently wished to be ignored.

"I want," said she, "the latest news of Anne."

"If you wait, you may get it from herself."

"My dear, do you suppose she 'd give it me?"

"It depends," said Mrs. Eliott, "on what you want to know."

"I want to know whether she 's happy. I want to know whether, by this time, she *knows*."

"You can't ask her."

"Of course I can't. That 's why I am asking you."

"I know nothing. I've hardly seen her."

Miss Proctor looked as if she were seeing her that moment without Fanny Eliott's help.

"Poor dear Anne."

Anne Fletcher had been simply dear Anne, Mrs. Walter Majendie was poor dear Anne.

Her friends were all sorry for her. They were inclined to be indignant with Edith Majendie, who, they declared, had been at the bottom of her marriage all along. She was the cause of Anne's original callings in Prior Street. If it had not been for Edith, Anne could never have penetrated that secret bachelor abode. The engagement had been an awkward, unsatisfactory, sinister affair. It was a pity that Mr. Majendie's domestic circumstances were such that poor dear Anne appeared as having made all the necessary approaches and advances. If Mr. Majendie had had a family, that family would have had to call on Anne. But Mr. Majendie had n't a family; he had only Edith, which was worse than having nobody at all. And then, besides, there was his history.

Mrs. Eliott looked distressed. Mr. Majendie's history could not be explained away as too ancient to be interesting. In Scale a seven-year-old event is still startlingly, unforgettably modern. Anne's marriage had saddled her friends with a difficult responsibility,—the justification of Anne for that astounding step.

Acquaintances had been made to understand that Mrs. Eliott had had nothing to do with it. They went away baffled, but confirmed in their impression that she knew; which was, after all, what they wanted to know.

It was not so easy to satisfy the licensed curiosity of Anne's friends. They came to-day in quantities, attracted by the news of the Majendies' premature return from their honeymoon. Mrs. Eliott felt that Miss Proctor and the Gardners were sitting on in the hope of meeting them.

Mrs. Eliott had been obliged to accept Anne's husband, that she might retain Anne's affection. In this she did violence to her feelings, which were sore on the subject of the marriage. It was not only on account of the inglorious clouds he trailed. In any case she would have felt it as a slight that her friend should have married without her assistance, and so far outside the charmed circle of Thurston Square. She herself was for the moment disappointed with Anne. Anne had once taken them all so seriously. It was her solemn joy in Mrs. Eliott and her circle that had enabled her young superiority to put up so long with the provincial hospitalities of Scale-on-Humber. They, the slender aristocracy of Thurston Square, were the best that Scale had to offer her, and they had given her of their best. Socially, the step from Thurston Square to Prior Street could not be defined as a going down; but, intellectually, it was a decline; and morally (to those who knew Fanny Eliott and to Fanny Eliott who *knew*) it was, by comparison, a plunge into the abyss. Fanny Eliott was the fine flower of Thurston Square. She had satisfied even the fastidiousness of Anne.

She owned that Mr. Majendie had satisfied it too. It was not that quality in Anne that made her choice so — well, so incomprehensible.

It was Dr. Gardner's word. Dr. Gard-

ner was the president of the Scale Literary and Philosophic Society, and in any discussion of the incomprehensible his word had weight. Vagueness was his foible, the relaxation of an intellect uncomfortably keen. The spirit that looked at you through his short-sighted eyes (magnified by enormous glasses) seemed to have just returned from a solitary excursion in a dream. In that mood the incomprehensible had for him a certain charm.

Mrs. Eliott had too much good taste to criticise Anne Majendie's. They had simply got to recognize that Prior Street had more to offer her than Thurston Square. That was the way she preferred to put it, effacing herself a little ostentatiously.

Miss Proctor maintained that Prior Street had nothing to offer a creature of Anne Fletcher's kind. It had everything to take, and it seemed bent on taking everything. It was bad enough in the beginning, when she had given herself up, body and soul, to the spinal lady; but to go and marry the brother, without first disposing of the spinal lady in a comfortable home for spines, — why, what must the man be like who could let her do it?

"My dear," said Mrs. Eliott, "he's a saint, if you're to believe Anne."

Even Dr. Gardner smiled. "I can't say that's exactly what I should call him."

"Need we," said Mr. Eliott, "call him anything? So long as she thinks him a saint —"

Mr. Eliott — Mr. Johnson Eliott — hovered on the border land of culture, with a spirit purified from commerce by a Platonic passion for the exact sciences. He was, therefore, received in Thurston Square on his own as well as his wife's merits. He, too, had his little weaknesses. Almost savagely determined in matters of business, at home he loved to sit in a chair and fondle the illusion of indifference. There was no part of Mr. Eliott's mental furniture that was not a fixture, yet he scorned the imputation of conviction. A hunted thing in his wife's drawing-room, Mr. Eliott had developed in a quite remarkable degree the protective coloring of stupidity. For Miss Proctor Mr. Eliott was simply the soul of the chair he sat in.

"How can she?" said Miss Proctor. "She's a saint herself, and she ought to know the difference."

"Perhaps," said Dr. Gardner, "that's why she does n't."

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Eliott, "it was the original attraction. There could be no other for Anne."

"The attraction was the opportunity for self-sacrifice. Whatever she makes of Mr. Majendie, she's bent on making a martyr of herself." Miss Proctor met the vague eyes of the circle with a glance that was defiance to all mystery. "It's quite simple. This marriage is a short cut to canonization, that's all."

Then it was that little Mrs. Gardner spoke. She had been married for a year, and her face still wore its bridal look of possession that was peace, the look that it would wear when Mrs. Gardner was seventy. Her voice had a certain lucid and profound precision.

"Anne was always certain of herself. And since she cares for Mr. Majendie enough to accept him and to accept his sister, and the rather *triste* life which is all he has to offer her, does n't it look as if, probably, she knew her own business best?"

"I think," said Mr. Eliott, "we may take it that she does."

Miss Proctor was startled into attention. She could not be sure whether she had heard the articulate soul of the armchair, or the authentic voice of Mr. Eliott. She was only sure that it was time for her to go. As she rose she seemed to unfold and shake out her sumptuous personality; to atone for removing it, by the prodigality, the magnificence of her manner in departure.

Mrs. Pooley sat up in her corner and revived the conversation interrupted by

Miss Proctor. She implored dear Mrs. Eliott to tell her whether she really approved of realism in art. Mrs. Pooley was a small woman with a brown face and sparkling nervous eyes. She had felt that to talk about Mrs. Majendie was to waste Mrs. Eliott. Mrs. Majendie apart, Mrs. Pooley had much in common with her friend; but, whereas Mrs. Eliott preferred to spend superbly on one idea at a time, Mrs. Pooley's intellect entertained promiscuously and beyond its means. It was apt to be hospitable to ideas that had not even a bowing acquaintance outside it. Their habit of quarreling for precedence, too, was fatal to further intimacy, by detaining them on the genial staircase.

"Of course," said Mrs. Pooley, "there's nature; we must have truth to nature."

Dr. Gardner thought it rather depended on the nature of the truth. Mrs. Eliott wondered whether there could be truth to nature if nature was n't true. And Mrs. Pooley, distracted by the mounting throng of her ideas, appealed to the remote spirit of the chair.

"Dear Mr. Eliott, will you not decide this question for us?"

"No, no, no, I'm a stupid fellow. Don't ask me to decide anything."

"I know he's got an opinion. Has n't he, Fanny? Only he keeps it to himself."

The more Mr. Eliott willfully obscured himself, the more Mrs. Pooley radiated certainty. Her eyes proclaimed their conviction that if Mr. Eliott could once be induced to let his opinion go, a new joy would be born into the world.

"No, I have n't any opinions of my own. They 're too expensive. I borrow other people's when I want them. But it is very seldom," said Mr. Eliott, "that I do want an opinion. If you have any facts to give me — well and good."

Whereupon Mrs. Pooley's adventurous intelligence retreated behind a cloud. Mrs. Eliott pursued it there.

"I suppose," said she, "there 's such a thing as realizing your ideals."

Her eyes gleamed and wandered and rested upon Mrs. Gardner. Mrs. Gardner had a singularly beautiful intellect which she was known to be shy of displaying. People said that Dr. Gardner had fallen in love with it years ago, and had only waited for it to mature before he married it. Mrs. Gardner had a habit of sitting remote from the argument and untroubled by it, tolerant in her own excess of bliss. There were times when Mrs. Gardner's silence lent distinction to Mrs. Eliott's Thursdays, times when it was destructive to the spirit of them, times, like the present, when Mrs. Eliott felt it as a call and rose to it. She rose now.

"I wonder" (Mrs. Eliott was always wondering) "what becomes of our ideals when we 've realized them."

The doctor answered. "My dear lady, they cease to be ideals, and we have to get some more."

Mrs. Eliott, in her turn, was received into the cloud.

"Of course," said Mrs. Pooley, emerging from it joyously, "we must have them."

"Of course," said Mrs. Eliott vaguely, as her spirit struggled with the cloud.

"Of course," said Dr. Gardner. He was careful to array himself for tea-parties in all his innocent metaphysical vanities, to scatter profundities like epigrams, to flatter the pure intellects of ladies, while the solemn vagueness of his manner concealed from them the innermost frivolity of his thought. He did n't care whether they understood him or not. He knew his wife did. Her wedded spirit moved in secret and unsuspected harmony with his.

He had a certain liking for Mrs. Eliott. She seemed to him an apparition mainly pathetic. With her attenuated distinction, her hectic ardor, her brilliant and pursuing eye, she had the air of some doomed and dedicated votress of the pure intellect, haggard, disturbing, and disturbed. His social self was amused with her enthusiasms, but the real Dr. Gardner accounted for them compassionately. It was no wonder, he considered, that

poor Mrs. Eliott wondered. She had so little else to do. Her nursery upstairs was empty, it always had been, always would be, empty. Did she wonder at that too, at the transcendental carelessness that had left her thus frustrated, thus incomplete? Mrs. Eliott would have been scandalized if she had known the real Dr. Gardner's opinion of her.

"I wonder," said she, "what will become of Anne's ideal?"

"It 's safe," said the doctor. "She has n't realized it."

"I wonder, then, what will become of Anne."

Mrs. Pooley retreated altogether before this gross application of transcendent truth. She had not come to Mrs. Eliott's to talk about Mrs. Majendie.

Dr. Gardner smiled. "Oh, come," he said, "you *are* personal."

"I 'm not," said Mrs. Eliott, conscious of her lapse and ashamed of it. "But, after all, Anne 's my friend. I know people blamed me because I never told her. How could I tell her?"

"No," said Mrs. Gardner soothingly, "how could you?"

"Anne," continued Mrs. Eliott, "was so reticent. The thing was all settled before anybody could say a word."

"Well," said Dr. Gardner, "there 's no good worrying about it now."

"Is n't it possible," said the little year-old bride, "that Mr. Majendie may have told her himself?"

For Dr. Gardner had told her everything the day before he married her, confessing to the light loves of his youth, the young lady in the Free Library and all. She looked round with eyes widened by their angelic candor. Even more beautiful than Mrs. Gardner's intellect were Mrs. Gardner's eyes, and the love of them that brought the doctor's home from their wanderings in philosophic dreams. Nobody but Dr. Gardner knew that Mrs. Gardner's intellect had cause to be jealous of her eyes.

"There 's one thing," said Mrs. Eliott, suddenly enlightened. "Our not having said anything at the time makes it easier for us to receive him now."

"Are n't we all talking," said Mrs. Gardner, "rather as if Anne had married a monster? After all, have we ever heard anything against him — except Lady Cayley?"

"Oh no, never a word, have we, Johnson dear?"

"Never. He 's not half a bad fellow Majendie."

Dr. Gardner rose to go.

"Oh please, — don't go before they come."

Mrs. Gardner hesitated, but the doctor, vague in his approaches, displayed a certain energy in departure.

They passed Mrs. Walter Majendie on the stairs.

She had come alone. That, Mrs. Eliott felt, was a bad beginning. She could see that it struck even Johnson's obtuseness as unfavorable, for he presently effaced himself.

"Fanny," said Anne, holding her friend's evasive eye with the determination of her query, "tell me, who are the Ransomes?"

"The Ransomes? Have they called?"

"Yes, but I was out. I did n't see them."

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Eliott, in a tone which implied that when Anne *did* see them —

"Are they very dreadful?"

"Well — they 're not your sort."

Anne meditated. "Not my sort. And the Lawson Hannays, what sort are they?"

"Well, we don't know them. But there are a great many people in Scale one does n't know."

"Are they socially impossible, or what?"

"Oh — socially, they would be considered — in Scale — all right. But he is, or was, mixed up with some very queer people."

Anne's cold face intimated that the adjective suggested nothing to her. Mrs. Eliott was compelled to be explicit. The

word queer was applied in Scale to persons of dubious honesty in business; whereas it was not so much in business as in pleasure that Mr. Lawson Hannay had been queer.

"Mr. Hannay may be very steady now, but I believe he belonged to a very fast set before he married her."

"And she? Is she nice?"

"She may be very nice for all I know."

"I think," said Anne, "she would n't call if she was n't nice, you know."

She meant that if Mrs. Lawson Hannay had not been nice, Walter would never have sanctioned her calling.

"Oh, as for that," said her friend, "you know what Scale is. The less nice they are the more they keep on calling. But I should think" — She had suddenly perceived where Anne's argument was tending — "she is probably all right."

"Do you know anything of Mr. Charlie Gorst?"

"No, but Johnson does. At least I'm sure he's met him."

Mrs. Eliott saw it all. Poor Anne was being besieged, bombarded by her husband's set.

"Then he is n't impossible?"

"Oh no, the Gorsts are a very old Lincolnshire family. Quite grand. What a number of people you're going to know, my dear. But your husband is n't to take you away from *all* your old friends."

"He is n't taking me anywhere. I shall stay," said Anne proudly, "exactly where I was before."

She was determined that her old friends should never know to what a sorrowful place she *had* been taken.

"You dear," said Mrs. Eliott, holding out a suddenly caressing hand.

Anne trembled a little under the caress. "Fanny," said she, "I want you to know him."

"I mean to," said Mrs. Eliott hurriedly.

"And I want him, even more, to know you."

"Then," Mrs. Eliott argued to herself, "she knows nothing; or she never could suppose we would be kindred spirits."

But she carried it off triumphantly. "Well," said she, "I hope you're free for the fifteenth?"

"The fifteenth?"

"Yes, or any other evening. We want to give a little dinner, dear, to you and to your husband, — for him to meet all your friends."

Anne tried not to look too grateful.

The upward way, then, was being prepared for him. Beneficent intelligences were at work, influences were in the air, helping her to raise him.

In her gladness she had failed to see that, considering the very obvious nature of the civility, Fanny Eliott was making the least shade too much of it.

VII

Anne presented herself that evening in her husband's study with a sheaf of visiting-cards in her hand. She thought it possible that she might obtain further illumination by confronting him with them.

"Walter," said she, "all these people have called on us. What do you think I'd better do?"

"I think you'll have to call on them some day."

"All of them?"

He took the cards from her and glanced at them.

"Let me see. Charlie Gorst, — we must be nice to him."

"Is *he* nice?"

"I think so. Edie's very fond of him."

"And Mrs. Lawson Hannay?"

"Oh, you must call on her."

"Shall I like her?"

"Possibly. You need n't see much of her if you don't."

"Is it easy to drop people?"

"Perfectly."

"And what about Mrs. Ransome?"

He frowned. "Has *she* called?"

"Yes."

"I'll find out when she's not at home and let you know. You can call then."

A fourth card he tore up and threw into the fire.

"Some people have confounded impudence."

Anne went away confirmed in her impression that Walter had a large acquaintance to whom he was by no means anxious to introduce his wife. He might, she reflected, have incurred the connection through the misfortune of his business. The life of a ship-owner in Scale was fruitful in these embarrassments.

But if these disagreeable people indeed belonged to the period she mentally referred to as his "past," she was not going to tolerate them for an instant. He must give them up.

She judged that he was prepared for so much renunciation. She hoped that he would, in time, adopt her friends in place of them. He was inclined, after all, to respond amicably to Mrs. Eliott's overtures.

Anne wondered how he would comport himself at the dinner on the fifteenth. She owned to a little uneasiness at the prospect. Would he, indeed, yield to the sobering influence of Thurston Square? Or would he try to impose his alien, his startling personality on it? She had begun to realize how alien he was, how startling he could be. Would he sit silent, uninspiring and uninspired? Or would unholy and untimely inspirations seize him? Would he scatter to the winds all conventional conventions, and riot in his own unintelligible frivolity? What would he say to Mrs. Eliott, that priestess of the pure intellect? Was there anything in him that could be touched by her uncolored, immaterial charm? Would he see that Mr. Eliott's density was only a mask? Would the Gardners bore him? And would he like Miss Proctor? And if he did n't, would he show it, and how? His mere manners, would, she knew, be irreproachable, but she had no security for his spiritual behavior. He impressed her as a creature uncaught, undriven; graceful, but immeasurably capricious.

The event surprised her.

For the first five minutes or so, it seemed that Mrs. Eliott and her dinner were doomed to failure, so terrible a cloud had fallen on her, and on her husband, and on every guest. Never had the poor priestess appeared so abstract an essence, so dream-driven and so forlorn. Never had Mr. Eliott worn his mask to so extinguishing a purpose. Never had Miss Proctor been so obtrusively superior, Mrs. Gardner so silent, Dr. Gardner so vague. They were all, she could see, possessed, crushed down by their consciousness of Majendie and his monstrous past.

Into this circle, thus stupefied by his presence, Majendie himself burst with the courage of unconsciousness.

Mr. Eliott had started a topic, the conduct of Sir Rigley Barker, the ex-member for Scale. A heavy ball of conversation began to roll slowly up and down the table, between Mr. Eliott and Dr. Gardner. Majendie snatched at it deftly as it passed him, caught it, turned it in his hands till it grew golden under his touch. He breathed on the ex-member like a god, and played with him like a juggler; he tossed him into the air and kept him there, a radiant, insubstantial thing. The ex-member disported himself before Mrs. Eliott's dinner-party as he had never disported himself in parliament. Majendie had given him a career, endowed him with glorious attributes. The ex-member, as a topic, developed capacities unsuspected in him before. The others followed his flight, breathless, afraid to touch him lest he should break and disappear under their hands.

By the time Majendie had done with him, the ex-member had entered on a joyous immortality in Scale.

And in the middle of it all Anne laughed.

Miss Proctor was the first to recover from the surprise of it. She leaned across

the table with her liberal and vivid smile, opulent in appreciation.

"Well, Mr. Majendie, Sir Rigley ought to be grateful to you. If ever there was a dull subject, dead and buried, it was he, poor man. And now the difficulty will be to forget him."

"I don't think," said Majendie gravely, "I shall forget him myself in a hurry."

Oh, no, he never would forget Sir Rigley. He did n't want to forget him. He would be grateful to him as long as he lived. He had made Anne laugh, — a girl's laugh, young and deliciously uncontrollable, springing from the immortal heart of joy.

It was the first time he had heard her laugh so. He did n't know she could do it. The hope of hearing her do it again would give him something to live for. He would win her yet if he could make her laugh.

Anne was more surprised than anybody, at him and at herself. It was a revelation to her, his cleverness, his brilliant social gift. She was only intimate with one kind of cleverness, the kind that feeds itself on lectures and on books. She had not thought of Walter as clever. She had only thought of him as good. That one quality of goodness had swallowed up the rest.

Miss Proctor took possession of her where she sat in the drawing-room, as it were amid the scattered fragments of the ex-member. (He still, among the ladies, emitted a feeble radiance.) Miss Proctor had always approved of Anne. If Anne had no metropolitan distinction to speak of, she was not in the least provincial. She was something by herself, superior and rare. A little inclined to take herself too seriously, perhaps; but her husband's admirable levity would, no doubt, improve her.

"My dear," said Miss Proctor, "I congratulate you. He's brilliant, he's charming, he's unique. Why did n't we know of him before? Where has he been hiding his talents all this time?"

(A talent that had not bloomed in Thurston Square was a talent pitiably wasted.)

Anne smiled a blanched, perfunctory smile. Ah, where had he been hiding himself, indeed?

Miss Proctor stood central, radiating the rich after-glow of her appreciation. Her gaze was a little critical of her friends' faces, as if she were measuring the effect, on a provincial audience, of Majendie's conversational technique. She swept down to a seat beside her hostess.

"My dear Fanny," she said, "why did n't you tell me?"

"Tell you —"?

"That he was that sort. I did n't know that there was such a delightful man in Scale. What have you all been dreaming of?"

Mrs. Eliott tried to look both amiable and intelligent. In the presence of Mr. Majendie's robust reality it was indeed as if they had all been dreaming. Her instinct told her that the spirit of pure comedy was destruction to the dreams she dreamed. She tried to be genial to her guest's accomplishment; but she felt that if Mr. Majendie's talents were let loose in her drawing-room, it would cease to be the place of intellectual culture. On the other hand, she perceived that Miss Proctor's idea was to empty that drawing-room by securing Mr. Majendie for her own. Mrs. Eliott remained uncomfortably seated on her dilemma.

Sounds of laughter reached her from below. The men were unusually late in returning to the drawing-room. They appeared a little flushed by the hilarious festival, as if Majendie had had on them an effect of mild intoxication. She could see that even Dr. Gardner was demoralized. He wore, under his vagueness, the unmistakable air of surrender to an unfamiliar excess. Mr. Eliott too had the happy look of a man who has fed loftily after a long fast.

"Anne, dear," said Majendie, as they walked back the few yards between Thurston Square and Prior Street, "we

shan't have to do that very often, shall we?"

"Why not? You can't say we did n't have a delightful evening."

"Yes, but it was very exhausting, dear, for me."

"You? You did n't show much signs of exhaustion. I never heard you talk so well."

"Did I talk well?"

"Yes. Almost too well."

"Too much, you mean. Well, I had to talk, when nobody else did. Besides, I did it for a purpose."

But what his purpose was he did not say.

Anne had been human enough to enjoy a performance so far beyond the range of her anticipations. She was glad, above all, that Walter had made himself acceptable in Thurston Square. But when she came to think of what was, what must be known of him in Scale, she was appalled by his incomprehensible ease of attitude. She reflected that this must have been the first time he had dined at Thurston Square since the scandal. Was it possible that he did not realize the insufferable nature of that incident, the efforts it must have cost to tolerate him, the points that had been stretched to take him in? She felt that it was impossible to exaggerate the essential solemnity of that evening. They had met together, as it were, to celebrate Walter's return to the sanctities and proprieties he had offended. He had been formally forgiven and received by the society which (however Fanny Eliott might explain away its action) had most unmistakably cast him out. She had not expected him to part with his indomitable self-possession under the ordeal, but she could have wished that he had borne himself with a little more modesty. He had failed to perceive the redemptive character of the feast; he had turned it into an occasion for profane personal display.

Mrs. Eliott's dinner-party had not saved him; on the contrary, he had saved the dinner-party.

VIII

Anne was right. Though Majendie was, as he expressed it, "up to her designs upon his unhappy soul," he remained unconscious of the part to be played by Mrs. Eliott and her circle in the scheme of his salvation. From his observation of the aristocracy of Thurston Square, it would never have occurred to him that they were people who could count, whatever way you might look at them.

Meanwhile he was a little disturbed by his own appearance as a heavenward pilgrim. He was not sure that he had not gone a little too far that way, and he felt that it was a shame to allow Anne to take him seriously.

He confided his scruples to Edith.

"Poor dear," he said, "it's quite pathetic. You know, she thinks she's saving me."

"And do you mind being saved?"

"Well, no, I don't mind a little of it. But the question is, how long I can keep it up."

"You mean, how long she'll keep it up?"

He laughed. "Oh, she'll keep it up forever. No possible doubt about that. She'll never tire. I wonder if I ought to tell her."

"Tell her what?"

"That it won't work. That she can't do it that way. She's wasting my time and her own."

"Oh, what's a little time, dear, when you've all eternity in view."

"But I have n't. I've nothing in view. My view, at present, is entirely obscured by Anne."

"Poor Anne! To think she actually stands between you and your Maker."

"Yes, you know — in her very anxiety to introduce us."

They looked at each other. Her saint-hood was so accomplished, her union with heaven so complete, that she could afford herself these profaner sympathies. She was secretly indignant with Anne's

view of Walter as unpresentable in the circles of the spiritual élite.

"It never struck her that you might n't need an introduction after all; that you were in it as much as she. That 's the sort of mistake one might expect from — from a spiritual parvenu, but not from Anne."

"Oh, come, I don't consider myself her equal by a long chalk."

"Well, say she does belong to the peerage, you 're a gentleman, and what more can she require?"

"She can't see that I am. (If I am. You say so.) She considers me a spiritual bounder of the worst sort."

"That 's her mistake. Though, I must say, you sometimes lend yourself to it, with your horrible profanity."

"I can't help it, Edie. She 's so funny with it. She *makes* me profane."

"Dear boy, if you can think Anne funny" —

"I do. I think she 's furiously funny, and horribly pathetic. All the time, you know, she thinks she 's leading me upward. Profanity 's my only refuge from hypocrisy."

"Oh no, not your only refuge. You say she thinks she 's leading you. Don't *let* her think it. Make her think you 're leading her."

"Do you think," said Majendie, "she 'd enjoy that quite so much?"

"She 'd enjoy it more. If you took her the right way, — the way I mean."

"What 's that?"

"You must find out," said she. "I 'm not going to tell you everything."

Majendie became thoughtful. "My only fear was that I could n't keep it up. But you really don't think, then, that I should score much if I did?"

"No, my dear, I don't. And as for keeping it up, you never could. And if you did she 'd never understand what you were doing it for. That 's not the way to show her you 're in love with her."

"But that 's just what I don't want her to see. That 's what she hates so much in me. I've always understood that in these matters it 's discreeter not to show your hand too plainly. You see, it 's just as if we 'd never been married, for all she cares. That 's the trouble."

"There 's something in that. If she 's not in love with you" —

"Look here, Edie, you 're a woman, and you know all about them. Do you really, honestly think Anne ever was in love with me?"

"Oh, don't ask me. How should I know, when I've never been in love myself."

"Does that matter? Have you got to be, in order to tell? Is that how women know?"

"I don't know how other women know. And yet, I ought to be able to tell, too. I suppose I've always been in love with *you*."

"Well, then," said Majendie, accepting the monstrous admission, less on its own account than because of its bearing on his problem, "what should you say? What do you think?"

"I think she *was* in love."

"But not with me, though?"

"No, no, not with you."

"With whom, then?"

"Darling idiot, there was n't any who. If there was, do you think I 'd give her away like that? If you 'd asked me *what* she was in love with" —

"Well, what then?"

"Your goodness. She was head over ears in love with that."

"I see. With something that I was n't."

"No, with something that you were, that you are, only she does n't know it."

"Then," said Majendie, "you can't get out of it, she 's in love with *me*."

"Oh no, no, you dear goose, not with you. To be in love with you, she 'd have to be in love with everything you 're not, as well as everything you are; with everything you have been, with everything you never were, with everything you will be, everything you might be, could be, should be."

"That 's a large order, Edie."

"There might be a larger one than that. She might sweep all that away, see it go by whole pieces (the best pieces) at a time, and still be in love with the dear, incomprehensible, indescribable, indestructible you. That," said Edie, triumphant in her wisdom, "is what being in love is."

"And you think she is n't in it?"

"No. Not anywhere near it. But — it's a big but —"

"I don't care how big it is. Don't torment me with it."

"Torment you? Why, it's a beautiful but. As I said, she is n't in love with you; but she may be any minute. It 's just touch and go with her. It depends on yourself."

"Heavens, what am I to do? I've done everything."

"Yes, you have, but she has n't. She's done nothing. She does n't know how to. You've got to show her."

He shook his head hopelessly. "You're beyond me. I don't understand. There is n't anything for me to do. How am I to show her?"

"I mean, show her what there is in it. What it means. What it's going to be for her as well as you. Just go at it hard, harder than you did before you married her."

"I see, I've got to make love to her all over again."

"Exactly. All over again from the very beginning."

"I say!" He took it in, her idea, in all the width and splendor of its simplicity. "And do it differently?"

"Oh, very differently."

"I don't quite see where the difference is to come in. What did I do before, that was so wrong?"

"Nothing. That's just the worst of it. It was all too right; ever so much too right. Don't you see? It's what we've been talking about. You made her in love with your goodness. And she was in love with it, not because it was *your* goodness, but because it was like her own. That's why she wanted to marry it. She could n't be in love with it for any other reason, because she's an egoist."

"No, there you're quite wrong. That's what she is n't."

"Oh, you *are* in love with her. Of course she's an egoist. All the nicest women are. I'm an egoist myself. Do you love me less for it?"

"I don't love you less for anything."

"Well — unless you can make Anne jealous of me — and you can't — you've got to love me less, now, dear boy. That's where I come in — to be kept out of it."

She had led him breathless on the giddy round; she plunged him back into bewilderment. He had no notion where she was taking him, where they would come out; but there was a desperate delight in the impetuous journey, the wind of his sudden flight lifted him and carried him on. He had always trusted the marvelous inspirations of her heart. She had failed him once; but now he could not deny that she had given him lights, and he looked for a stupendous illumination at the end of the way.

"You to be kept out of it!" he exclaimed. "Why, where should I have been without you? You were the beginning of it."

"I was indeed. You've got to take care I'm not the end of it, that's all."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. You don't want Anne to be in love with you for *my* sake, do you?"

"N-no. I don't know that I do, exactly. At least I should prefer that she was in love with me for my own."

"Well, you must make her, then. That's why you've got to leave me out of it. I've been too much in it all along. It was through me she conceived that unfortunate idea of your goodness. I'm its father and its mother and its nurse; I ministered to it every hour. I fed it, I brought it up, I brought it *out*, I provided all the opportunity for its display. Nothing else had a show beside your goodness, Wallie dear. It was something monstrous. It took Anne's love from you

and concentrated it all on itself. She worshiped it, she clung to it, she saw nothing else but it, and when it went everything went. *You* went first of all. Well, you must just see that that does n't happen again."

"You mean that I must lead a life of iniquity?"

"You must n't lead a life of anything."

"Do you mean I must n't be good any more?"

Majendie's imagination played hilariously with this fantastic, this preposterous notion of his goodness.

"Oh yes, be good," said Edith, "but not too good. Above all, not too good to me. Concentrate on her, stupid."

"I have concentrated," he moaned, mystified beyond endurance. "Besides, you said I could n't make her jealous."

"No. I wish you could. I mean, don't let her fall in love with your devotion to me again. It was your devotion, dear. that did it. Don't hold her by that one rope. Hold her by all your ropes; then, if one goes it does n't so much matter."

"I see. You don't trust my goodness."

"Oh, *I* trust it; so will she again. But don't *you* trust it. That precious goodness of yours is your rival. A bad, dangerous rival. You 've got to beat it out of the field. A little judicious jealousy won't hurt. I don't believe you 've ever yet made love to Anne properly. That 's what it all comes to."

Edith's eyes were still and profound with wisdom.

"Oh, I say," said he, "what do you know about it?"

"You said I knew, better than you did."

"Yes, about her. Not about me. How do you know how I make love?"

"I'm only judging," said Edith, "by the results."

"Oh, that is n't fair."

"Perhaps it is n't," she owned, her wisdom growing by what it fed on.

"You see, she would n't let me do it properly."

Edith pondered. "Yes, but how long ago is it? And you 've been married since."

"What difference does that make?"

"I should say it would make all the difference. Anne was a girl, then. She did n't understand. She 's a woman now. She does understand. She can be appealed to."

He hid his face in his hands.

"I never thought of that," he murmured thickly.

"Of course you did n't."

"Edie," he said, and his face was still hidden, "however did you think of it?"

"Oh, I don't know. I see some things, and then other things come round to me. But you must n't forget that *you* have got to begin all over again from the very beginning. You 'll have to be very careful with her, every bit as careful as if she were a strange lady you 've just met at a dance. Don't forget that she is strange, that she 's another woman, in fact."

"I see. If there are to be many of these remarkable transformations of Anne, I shall have all the excitement of polygamy without its drawbacks."

"You will. And it 's the same for her, remember. You 're a strange man. You 've just been introduced, you know, — by me, — and you 're begging for the pleasure of the first waltz, and Anne pretends that her programme is full, and you look over her shoulder and see that it is n't, and that she puts you down for all the nice ones. And you sit out all the rest, and you flirt on the stairs, and take her in to supper, and, finally, you know, you pull yourself together and you do it — in the conservatory. Oh, it 'll be so amusing, and so funny to watch. You 'll begin by being most awfully polite to each other."

"I suppose I may yet be permitted to call this strange young lady Anne?"

"Yes. That 's because you remember that you *have* known her once before, a very long time ago, when you were children. You are children, both of you. Oh, Walter, I believe you 're looking for-

ward to it. I believe you 're glad you 've got to do it all over again."

"Yes, Edie, I positively believe I am."

He rose, laughing, prepared to begin that minute his new wooing of Anne.

"Good-by," said Edith, — "it *is* good-by, you know, — and good luck to you."

This time she knew that she had been wise for him.

Anne would have been horrified if she had known that the situation, so terrible for her, was developing for her husband certain possibilities of charm. His irrepressible boyishness refused to accept it in all its moral gloom. There were, he perceived, advantages in these strained relations. They had removed Anne into the mysterious realm her maidenhood had inhabited, before marriage had had time to touch her magic. She had become once more the unapproachable and unattained. Their first courtship, pursued under intolerable restrictions of time and place, had been a rather uninspired affair, and its end a foregone conclusion. He had been afraid of himself, afraid sometimes of her. For he had not brought her the spontaneous, unalarmed, unspoiled spirit of his youth. He had come to her with a stain on his imagination and a wound in his memory. And she was holy to him. He had held himself in, lest a touch, a word, a gesture should recall some insufferable association.

Marriage had delivered him from the tyranny of reminiscence. No reminiscence could stand before the force of passion in possession. It purified; it destroyed; it built up in three days its own inviolable memory.

And Anne, with the best will in the world, had had no power to undo its work in him.

In herself, too, below her kindling spiritual consciousness, in the unexplored depths and darkness of her, its work remained.

Majendie was unaware how far he had become another man and she another woman. He was merely alive to the unusual and agreeable excitement of wooing his own wife. There was a piquancy in the experiment that appealed to him. Her new coldness called to him like a challenge. Her new remoteness waked the adventurous youth in him. His imagination was touched as it had not been touched before. He could see that Anne had not yet got over her discovery. The shock of it was in her nerves. He felt that she shrank from him, and his chivalry still spared her.

He ceased to be her husband and became her very courteous, very distant lover. He made no claims and took nothing for granted. He simply began all over again from the very beginning. His conscience was vaguely appeased by the illusion of the new leaf, the rejuvenated innocence of the blank page. They had never been married (so the illusion suggested). There had been no revelations. They met as strangers in their own house, at their own table. In support of this pleasing fiction he set about his courtship with infinite precautions. He found himself exaggerating Anne's distance and the lapse of intimacy. He made his way slowly, through all the recognized degrees, from mere acquaintance, through friendship, to permissible fervor.

And from time to time, with incomparable discretion, he would withhold himself that he might make himself more precious. He was hardly aware of his own restraint, his refinements of instinct and of mood. It was as if he drew, in his desperate necessity, upon unrealized, untried resources. There was something in Anne that checked the primitive impulse of swift chase, and called forth the curious, half-feminine cunning of the sophisticated pursuer. She froze at his ardor, but his coldness almost kindled her; so that he approached by withdrawals and advanced by flights.

He displayed, first of all, a heavenly ignorance, an inspired curiosity regarding her. He consulted her tastes, as if he had never known them; he started

the time-honored lover's topics; he talked about books — which she preferred and the reasons for her preference.

He did not advance very far that way. Anne was simply annoyed at the lapses in his memory.

He then began to buy books on the chance of her liking them, which answered better.

He promoted himself by degrees to personalities. He talked to her about himself, handling her with religious reticence as a thing of holy and incomprehensible mystery.

"I suppose," he said one day, "if I were good enough, I should understand you. Why do you sigh like that? Is it because I'm not good enough? Or because I don't understand?"

"I think," said she, "it is because I don't understand you."

"My dear" (he allowed himself at this point the more formal endearment), "I thought I was disgracefully transparent — I'm limpidity, simplicity itself. I've only one idea and one subject of conversation. Ask Edith. She understands me."

"Ah, Edith" — said Anne, as if Edith were a very different affair.

The intonation was hopeful, it suggested some slender and refined jealousy. (If only he could make her jealous!)

On the strength of it he advanced to the punctual daily offering of flowers,— flowers for her drawing-room, flowers for her bedroom, flowers for her to wear. After that he took to writing her letters from the office with increasing frequency and fervor. Anne, too, was courteous and distant. She accepted all he had to offer as a becoming tribute to her feminine superiority, and evaded dexterously the deeper issue.

Now and then he reported his progress to Edith.

"I rather think," he said, "she's coming round. I'm regarded as a distinctly eligible person."

They laughed at his complete adoption of the part and his innocent joy in it.

That had always been his way. When he had begun a game there was no stopping him. He played it through to the end.

Edith would look up smiling, and say, "Well, how goes the affair?" (They always called it the affair.) Or, "How did you get on to-day?"

And it would be "Pretty well," "Better to-day than yesterday," "No luck to-day."

One Sunday he came to her radiant.

"She really does," said he, "seem interested in what I say."

"What did you talk about?"

"The influence of Christianity on woman. Was that good?"

"Very good."

"I did n't know very much about it, but I got her to tell me things."

"That," said Edith, "is still better."

"But she still sticks to it that she does n 't understand me. That 's bad."

"No," said Edith, "that 's best of all. It shows she 's thinking of you. She wants to understand. Believe me, the affair marches."

He pondered over that.

That night he withdrew to his study. It was not long before Anne came to him of her own accord. She asked if she might read aloud to him.

"I should be honored," he replied stiffly.

She chose Emerson, "On Compensation." And Majendie did not care for Emerson.

But Anne had a charming voice; a voice with tones that penetrated like pain, that thrilled like a touch, that clung delicately like a shy caress; tones that were as a funeral bell for sadness; tones that rose to passion without ever touching it; clear, cool tones that were like water to passion's flame. Majendie closed his eyes and let her voice play over him.

"Did you like it?" she asked gravely.

"Like it? I love it."

"So do I. I *hoped* you would."

"My dear, I did n't understand one word of it."

"You can't make me believe you loved it then."

He looked at her.

"I loved the sound of your voice, dear."

"Oh," said she, coldly, "is that all?"

"Yes," he said. "Is n't it enough?"

"I'd rather —" she began and hesitated.

"You'd rather I understood Emerson?"

Her blood flushed in the honey-whiteness of her face. She rose, put the book in its place, and left the room.

"Edith," he said, relating the incident afterwards, "I thought she was coming round when she wanted to read to me. Why did she get up and go like that?"

"She went, dear goose, because she was afraid to stay."

"Why afraid?"

"Because she's fighting you, Wallie. It's all right if she's got to fight."

"Yes, but suppose she wins?"

"She can't win fighting — she's a woman. Her only chance is to run away."

That night Anne knelt by her bedside and hid her face and prayed for Walter; that he might be purified, so that she might love him without sin; that he and she might travel together on the divine way, and together be received into the heavenly places.

She had felt that night the stirring of natural affection. It had come back to her, a feeble, bruised, humiliated thing. She could not harbor it without spiritual justification.

She kept herself awake by saying: "I can't love him, I can't love him — unless God makes him fit for me to love."

Sleeping, she dreamed that she was in his arms.

(*To be continued.*)

EVANGELINE AND THE REAL ACADIANS

BY ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN

I

MAN is a lover and maker of myths. From prejudice, from chivalry, from patriotism, from mental sloth, from sheer inability to know the thing which is, and tell a plain tale, neither adding nor abating aught, — from what is best and from what is worst in his nature, — he cherishes legend, fable, romance, anything but the simple fact. There is one hard way of hitting the white, and there are ten thousand easy ways of roving from it. The clearest demonstration of sober, lazy-pacing history can never oust a pleasing fiction from the popular belief. Perhaps this is a necessary part of the sorry scheme of things. Perhaps the very reason for the existence of the actual is to furnish a foundation for our gorgeous dream palaces, wherein we spend our lives charmed by a splendor which is only painted air.

Fact and fiction are almost impossible to disentangle in the popular conception of that most pathetic incident, the forcible deportation of the French settlers from Nova Scotia by the English government in 1755. They were removed, not exterminated, — as was the Huguenot colony in Florida by the Spaniards. They were a mere handful compared with the three hundred thousand French citizens dragooned out of France upon the revocation of the great Henry's edict. Theirs was not so hard a fate as that of the thirty

thousand Tories driven into vagabond exile at the close of the Revolutionary War. Nobody pities the Huguenots or the Loyalists; but the sufferings of the Acadians are blown in every ear. All the world knows their sad story; for they have not lacked their sacred poet. When the Reverend Mr. Conolly told the story of the two parted Acadian lovers, and Hawthorne turned the material over to Longfellow, none of them could foresee the consequences of their action.

The immediate outcome was *Evangeline*, published in 1847. It became at once popular; now, after sixty years, its popularity is greater than ever. Within twelve years, the American tourist noted engravings of Faed's Evangeline in the print-shops of Halifax. The poem had crossed the ocean, furnished inspiration to the artist, the picture of the heroine — a thoroughly English type — was engraved, and the prints were familiar on this side of the Atlantic within a very short time. *Evangeline* is the best known poem *de longue haleine* ever written in America. Year after year thousands of Canadian and American schoolchildren con the tale of the desolation of Grand Pré. The annotated editions for their use promise to extend into an infinite series. In the Canadian province farthest from the scene of the Expulsion, *Evangeline* has been removed from the school curriculum, lest it should mislead the youthful subjects of the British Crown. *Evangeline* has had the rare honor of being translated into French by a French Canadian: in 1865, Pamphile Le May published his version of it among his *Essais Poétiques*. It has inspired historical studies like Casgrain's *Pélerinage au Pays d'Evangeline*, wherein Longfellow's fanciful descriptions of Grand Pré are solemnly taken for matter of fact. The Expulsion is the life of the provincial historical society, and has been the theme of fierce polemic for many years. French and Catholics take one side, English and Protestants the other. *Evangeline* feeds the flame of controversy. *Evangeline* has even become a factor in business; it figures in countless advertisements. Astute managers of steamer and railway lines find their account in a poem that draws the tourist traffic. Every summer thousands of pilgrims from the United States crowd to Nova Scotia, and visit Grand Pré because it is the scene of Longfellow's touching idyl. Truly these are not slight results from telling a story to a literary man, more than half a century ago.

The love of one's own country is a strange and beautiful thing. It cannot really concern us what was done or suffered by our fellow-countrymen a century and a half ago; but French and English still take sides and wage paper wars over this question of the Acadians, their character, their relations with the British government, and the justice or injustice of their banishment. The expelled Acadians, the men who planned the Expulsion, the men who carried it out, the men who profited by their removal, are all in their graves.

"There let their discord with them die."

Let us proclaim the truce of God to the combatants in this wordy warfare, and try to look at the whole matter with clear eyes, unblinded by the mists of prejudice and passion.

Acadie is the name of the old French province, with ill-defined boundaries, corresponding roughly to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick at the present day. The settlers were Acadians, and a hundred thousand of their descendants are proud to bear that distinctive name. They are a people apart, and differ widely in character from the French of Quebec. The serious "plantation" of the country began in 1670, after the treaty of Breda; and the period of French ownership and colonization lasted exactly forty years, until the capture of Port Royal by Colonel Francis Nicholson and a force of New Englanders in 1710. The Acadians held their lands from seigneurs to whom they paid "rents" in kind, and other feudal

dues like *lods et ventes*, and fines of alienation, as in old France.

The story of French rule in Acadie is not a pleasant one, as told with masterly clearness in the pages of Parkman. It is a tale of incompetence, corruption, and pettiness. The officials were at odds with the priests over the liquor traffic with the Indians. As the most exposed and vulnerable portion of the French possessions, it was raided time and again by expeditions from New England to avenge the *petite guerre* of privateers and Indian forays from Canada. It was only under English rule, in the long peace that followed the treaty of Utrecht, that the Acadians increased and multiplied, pressed upon the means of subsistence, and swarmed out into new settlements. The small English garrison at Annapolis Royal was powerless to affect their development, for good or evil; and this alien people in a corner of the American wilderness owed their happiness to the policy of Walpole.

The Acadians enter the world of letters first in the pages of Raynal. That unfrocked Jesuit had never been in America. His *History of Settlements and Trade in the East and West Indies* is largely the work of other hands. Diderot is said to have written as much as one third of it; and Diderot had a definite aim and intention in writing. He wished to criticise the existing state of things in France by the implicit contrast of a more ideal state of things elsewhere. The same motive has been attributed to Tacitus in writing his *Germania*. As a rebuke to a corrupt civilization, both historians paint the picture of a primitive society, unspoiled by conventions and endowed with the rough and simple virtues. Man in a state of nature was a favorite subject of the *philosophes*. Distance lent enchantment. The virile Germans dwelt far from Rome, in the forests of Northern Europe, and the simple Acadians (read Arcadians), children of nature, beyond the Atlantic, among the few arpents of snow. Raynal was not actually the first begetter of this legend of a "lambish peple, voyded of alle vyce;" he had something to go on, the account of a visiting priest, which he improved and embroidered. His version is so important, and so seldom seen that it may be worth while to reproduce a few significant parts of it:—

"Not more than five or six English families went over to Acadia, which still remained inhabited by the first colonists, who were only persuaded to stay upon a promise made them of never being compelled to bear arms against their ancient country. Such was the attachment which the French then had for the honour of their country. Cherished by the government, respected by foreign nations, and attached to their king by a series of prosperities, which rendered their name illustrious and aggrandized their power, they possessed that patriotic spirit which is the effect of success. They esteemed it an honour to bear the name of Frenchmen, and could not think of foregoing the title. The Acadians therefore, in submitting to a new yoke, had sworn never to bear arms against their former standards." [1]

"The neutral French had no other articles to dispose of among their neighbours, and made still fewer exchanges among themselves, because each separate family was able and had been used to provide for its wants. They therefore knew nothing of paper currency, which was so common throughout the rest of North America. Even the small quantity of specie which had stolen into the colony did not promote circulation, which is the greatest advantage that can be derived from it.

"Their manners were of course extremely simple. There was never a cause, either civil or criminal, of importance enough to be carried before the court of judicature at Annapolis. Whatever little differences arose from time to time among

[1] RAYNAL, *History of Settlements and Trade in the East and West Indies*, vol. v, p. 347. 2nd ed. London, 1798.

them were amicably adjusted by their elders. All their public acts were drawn by their pastors, who had likewise the keeping of their wills, for which, and for their religious services, the inhabitants gave them a twenty-seventh of their harvests.

"These were sufficient to supply more than a sufficiency to fulfil every act of liberality. Real misery was entirely unknown, and benevolence prevented the demands of poverty. Every misfortune was relieved, as it were, before it could be felt; and good was universally dispensed, without ostentation on the part of the giver, and without humiliating the person who received. The people were, in a word, a society of brethren, every individual of which was equally ready to give and receive what he thought the common right of mankind.

"So perfect a harmony naturally prevented all those connections of gallantry which are so often fatal to the peace of families. There never was an instance in this society of an unlawful commerce between the two sexes. This evil was prevented by early marriages; for no one passed his youth in a state of celibacy. As soon as a young man came to the proper age, the community built him a house, broke up the lands about it, and supplied him with the necessaries of life for a twelvemonth. Here he received the partner he had chosen, and who brought him her portion in flocks. This new family grew and prospered like the others. They altogether amounted to eighteen thousand souls."[1]

"There were twelve or thirteen hundred Acadians settled in the capital; the rest were dispersed in the neighbouring country. No magistrate was ever appointed to rule over them; and they were never made acquainted with the laws of England. No rents or taxes of any kind were ever exacted from them. Their new sovereign seemed to have forgotten them; and they were equally strangers to him."

[1] RAYNAL, vol. v, pp. 348 f.

This is about as veracious as Barrère's account of the sinking of the Vengeur; but it serves its end; the state of the Acadian *habitants* was almost the exact opposite of the state of the French peasants. Raynal's literary influence works in a straight line, easily traced from end to end. In 1829 Judge Haliburton published in two volumes his history of Nova Scotia. The author was destined to become famous as the creator of "Sam Slick." That a history of this size and plan should have been written and published so early in the development of so small a community as Nova Scotia is a token of the strong local patriotism which has long characterized that seaboard province. When Haliburton wrote, the modern school of history was unborn. Macaulay had not written a line of the work that was to displace the novels on all the ladies' dressing-tables in England. Freeman, Stubbs, and Gardiner were yet to unfold the true doctrine of historical accuracy, research, and criticism of sources. In Haliburton's time, Hume was still the model historian, and Hume wrote history lying on a sofa. The *History of Nova Scotia* is largely a compilation; the second volume is taken over bodily from Bromley; and Akins helped to put it together. The continuous narrative ceases with 1763; what follows are mere notes, as dry as the entries of a mediæval annalist in his chronicle. At the time of writing the author represented a constituency largely Acadian, and was their champion in the local legislature. He therefore can hardly be blamed for copying freely from this passage of Raynal's already quoted:—

"Out of olde bookes in good feith
Cometh al this newe science that men lere."

Now Longfellow used Haliburton in his studies for *Evangeline;* but he was not the first American to avail himself of this material for the purposes of fiction. In 1841 Mrs. Catherine Williams published at Providence a novel called *The Neutral French, or the Exiles of Nova Scotia.* This tale is an interesting illus-

tration of the old robust detestation of everything British that flourished in the United States well on to the end of the century. The preface states expressly that the book is based on Haliburton, and further assures the reader that "the manner in which he became possessed of most of the facts proves most incontestably that it was the design of the British Colonial Government at least that all memory of this nefarious and dark transaction should be forgotten."

The first part of *The Neutral French* deals with the Expulsion, which is avenged in the second part by the overthrow of British power at the Revolution. Chapters have mottoes from *The Deserted Village;* and the few rough wood-cut illustrations have been taken from some early edition of that famous poem. The life of the simple peasants is given an Arcadian coloring, anticipating Longfellow's idyl. The connection is hardly accidental. It has been confidently stated that Longfellow used this novel in the composition of *Evangeline.*[1] If so, "sweet Auburn" must be regarded as the prototype of Grand Pré, also the "loveliest village of the plain." Thus *Evangeline* reaches out one hand to *The Deserted Village* and the other to *Hermann und Dorothea.* The chain of literary causation from Raynal to Longfellow is complete. It would even seem that Haliburton influenced Longfellow, not only directly, but also indirectly through the forgotten tale of Mrs. Williams.

II

The great difficulty under which all writers on the Acadian question have hitherto labored is imperfect acquaintance with the original sources of information. Though Nova Scotia has a good collection of materials for a provincial history, comprising nearly six hundred volumes of manuscript, carefully arranged, catalogued, and indexed, it has not been easy of access. An excellent selection from these was edited by Akins in 1869, and extensively used by Parkman in his *Montcalm and Wolfe.* The French controversialists accuse Akins of partiality, and write still under the influence of Raynal, Haliburton, and Longfellow. This is not the way to arrive at the truth.

It has been my good fortune during a long residence in Nova Scotia to have special opportunities for studying the primary authorities; I have edited one volume of provincial archives, and I have a second in the press. Both throw light on the Acadian question. The first is a calendar of the governor's letter-books, and a commission-book kept at Annapolis Royal; the second is a verbatim reprint of the minutes of the Council. Together they cover the period between 1713 and 1741. A study of these documents enables me to correct many errors which are confidently repeated in book after book.

It is a thousand pities that neither Longfellow nor Parkman ever saw the country they described, particularly the sites of the old Acadian parishes. Some of their best passages would have gained in vigor and color. Nova Scotia, "that ill-thriven, hard-visaged and ill-favoured brat," as Burke called her, is, in fact, largely composed of beauty-spots; and the loveliest part is the long fertile valley of the Annapolis lying between the North and South Mountains, "New England idealized" a Yale professor called it, with the scenery of the Connecticut in mind. And of all the valley, — the Happy Valley, with its thrifty orchards and fruit farms, — the most beautiful part is the old town of Annapolis Royal and its "banlieue."

Grand Pré is classic ground; the great, wind-swept reaches of meadow and marsh-land beside the blue waters of Minas Basin, the desolation of the old French willows about the village well, are haunted with the sense of tears; but Annapolis town with its long, bowery street, its gardens and hedges, is a jewel for

[1] Cozzens: *Acadia, or a Month with the Bluenoses.*

beauty, and a hundredfold richer in historical associations. I shall never forget my first impression of the "garrison," as the old fort is still called. The river was full from brim to brim with the red Fundy tide. The farther shore, "the Granville side," showed dim and shadowy and rich. Down the long street came a singing, tambourine-playing detachment of the Salvation Army. It was from that ground that Nicholson's New Englanders advanced in triumph on the fort; there Redknap planted his batteries, and Du Vivier's Indians and Acadians attempted in vain to dislodge old Mascarene from his crumbling ramparts.

On the bridge across the ditch from the main gate, a boy and girl were talking and laughing as the sun set, making love I suppose. Here gallant Subercase and his tiny force, after sustaining two sieges, marched out with the honors of war, drums beating and colors flying, between the lines of British grenadiers, when the white flag with the golden lilies came down for the last time on the 16th of October, 1710. In the twilight, a single ghostly sail glided up to the old, ruinous Queen's wharf. This very defile saw Champlain's sails, Morpain's pirates, the quaint, high-sterned, dumpy craft of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, little French and English armadas of Sedgewick and Phips, La Tour and Charnisay. There at that very landing, the annual supply-ship from England discharged each autumn her nine months' scant allowance for the hungry garrison.

The fort itself is a Vauban plan, with a couple of ravelins added after the British occupation. The French engineers knew how to pick a site. This sandy hill looks over the Annapolis Basin, which defends it on one side, as the marsh and the little Lequille guard the other. The little town crouches in the lee of its defenses; but it was sometimes taken in reverse. Within these walls, for forty years, one British governor after another labored to hold the province for England, planned, diplomatized, held courts of justice, sustained sieges, gathered the king's rents, and strove to rule Acadie as an English province. Here Governor Armstrong, old and moody, "subject to fits of melancholy," was found dead in his bed with five wounds in his breast from his own sword, so resolute was he to have done with this unprofitable life. The hero of the whole occupation is Paul Mascarene, from the old Huguenot city of Castres. Wise, firm, capable, he has every one's good word. In 1710 he mounted the first guard in the captured fort. Thirty-nine years later, "old and crazy," as the brisk new governor called him, he marched the veterans of Philipps's regiment a hundred miles through the forest, to lay down his powers in the new capital of the province, which was building on the western shore of Chebucto Bay.

This pretty town, with memories of nearly three centuries, marked the headwaters of the stream of Acadian colonization. The original settlers came from lands about Rochelle, and here they found broad flats beside tidal waters, which they tilled as in old France. Between 1670 and 1755, one long lifetime, they increased from some three hundred souls to more than three times as many thousands. Within the shelter of Walpole's long peace, they multiplied rapidly and spread up the river, beside Minas Basin, across the Bay of Fundy.

Their civil organization was mediæval. They were liegemen of their seigneurs, to whom, as well as to the king, they paid annual dues. Acadie was "a feudal colony in America," as Rameau names it. Captured in 1710, Port Royal was only formally ceded to England with the rest of Acadie, by the treaty of Utrecht. Louis the Fourteenth was loath to part with it, for reasons easily understood. Acadie with Cape Breton was the extreme right, as Louisiana was the extreme left, of French power in America. It was nearest to France, the base of supplies, and nearest to the hated *Bastonnais*.[1] Acadie and

[1] So the Acadians still call the *Bostonnais*, or Americans.

Cape Breton were the outworks of Quebec, the citadel of New France; and from them it was easiest to strike New England. Ceded, however, the territory was by the twelfth article of this same treaty, which made it impossible that the Acadians could ever have been "neutral French," as they have been called. By international law, then as now, the people go with the territory.

The British governors spent much time in trying to persuade them to take an oath of allegiance, and at last they succeeded; but no oath was necessary. How Louis the Fourteenth would have laughed, after the cession of Alsace and Lorraine in 1681, to be told that the population were now "neutral Germans." When the same provinces were handed back to Germany in 1871, what diplomat would have called their inhabitants "neutral French," or pretended that they were exempt from the necessity of bearing arms against France? Oath, or no oath, the Acadians in 1713 became British subjects, and if French emissaries, military, political, and ecclesiastical, had let them alone, there would have been no Expulsion and no *Evangeline*.

The British administration of the province was a curious experiment. A handful of army officers tried to give an alien population civil government. Their efforts, though unsuccessful, illustrate the ingrained British respect for law and for legal forms. All power was vested in the governor and his council. For the greatest part of this period, the governor, Philipps, a peppery old Welshman, who lived to be over ninety, dwelt in England, leaving the province in charge of a lieutenant-governor, who was always an officer in his regiment stationed in the fort. The council's functions were chiefly advisory. The French inhabitants, being Catholics, could not, according to the law of England, vote or enjoy representative institutions.

They did, however, at the command of the governor, elect deputies, six or eight to the district. In order that each in turn might share the honor and burden of office, new deputies were chosen annually, on the eleventh of October, when the crops were all in. These representatives of the people were to be men of property, the "ancientest" men, "honest, discreet and understanding." On election, the new-made deputies were to come to the seat of government, with two of the outgoing members, to receive the governor's approbation and orders. They acted as intermediaries between the government and the *habitants*, and were responsible for the order and good behavior of their several districts. They were required to carry out the decisions of the General Court, and enforce the proclamations of the governor. These were read out on Sunday after mass and affixed to the "mass-house" door. Sometimes the deputies had to act as arbitrators and examine disputed lands; or inspect roads and dikes; or assist the surveyor in determining boundaries. They had no powers save those conferred by the government, but they were a fairly effective lever wherewith to move the mass of the population. British authority was never powerful. At first, it did not extend, in the picturesque phrase of the time, "beyond a cannon-shot from the walls of the fort." As time went on, it became supreme about Annapolis Royal, but it diminished in direct ratio to the distance from the centre. It was weak at Minas, weaker at Cobequid. At Chignecto it had reached the vanishing point.

It is often stated that there was no taxation of the Acadians by the British government; but such is not the case. By 1730, the seigneurial rights of the various proprietors had been bought up by the Crown, and a determined effort was made to collect, for the benefit of His Britannic Majesty, all quit-rents, homages, and services of whatever kind, formerly paid to their respective seigneurs by the French of Minas and other places on the Bay of Fundy. The legal tender was "Boston money," which the Acadians

would not take, preferring the French currency brought in by their clandestine trade with Cape Breton, which was hoarded and sent to Boston to be exchanged. These feudal dues were payable in the old days at the seigneur's mansion, "in kind,"—wheat and capons and partridges.

"Rent-gatherers" were appointed for the different districts. Alexandre Bourg de Bellehumeur, a former seigneur, was "Procoureur du Roy" at Minas. He was to render an account twice a year, to keep a rent-roll, to give proper receipts, and to pay over only to duly legalized authorities. He was to pay himself by retaining three shillings out of every pound. All the "contracts" were to be brought in to the governor, so that he might satisfy himself what was legally due in each case. There were naturally refusals, excuses, and delays, but rents were collected. After seven years, Bourg was replaced by Mangeant, who had fled from Quebec after killing his man in a duel. Three years later, Mangeant left the country, and Bourg was reinstated by Mascarene. Other "rent-gatherers" were Prudent Robichau for Annapolis Royal and the "banlieue," John Duon for the district along the river, and for Chignecto, James O'Neal, surgeon, from Cork, who had studied medicine at the college of Lombard at Paris and married an Acadian girl.

All these "rent-gatherers" were also notaries public. Besides their rent-rolls, they were to keep proper books of account, to take particular notice of all sales and exchanges, by whom and to whom alienated and transferred, to prevent frauds by clandestine deeds of exchange, to notify the Provincial Secretary of all sales, conveyances, mortgages, and agreements of exchange, that they might be properly registered, to report the presence of strangers, and to take cognizance of births, deaths, and wills, that intentions of testators might be duly carried out. This is civil administration in outline. Underlying all is a simple desire to establish law and order and to do justice between man and man.

Another erroneous statement frequently made is that the Acadians had few disputes, and those they brought to their parish priests for settlement. The fact is that these French peasants came to the British power for justice almost as soon as it was established in the land. The beginning of civil, as distinguished from martial, law under British rule is due to the humanity and good sense of a forgotten lieutenant-governor, Thomas Caulfeild. He was apparently a cadet of the noble house of Charlemont, an old soldier who had seen service under Peterborough in Spain. He writes that he is "buried alive" in Nova Scotia, and he dies there in debt incurred in the maintenance of the government. In a dispatch to the Lords of Trade he states that there are no courts of judicature here. Evidently in the opinion of his superior officer, the hot-tempered and over-bearing Nicholson, he had exceeded his powers, for Caulfeild writes further that he has tried to suit both parties, but that Nicholson asked to see the commission that authorized him to do justice in civil affairs; "to w^{ch} I answered that as I had y^{e} Honour to Command in y^{e} absence of y^{e} Governor I Should allways endeavour to Cultivate as good an Understanding amongst y^{e} People as possible believeing the same essential for his maj^{ties} Service, and tho' I had no Com^{n} for that Effect yett I held myself blamable to Suffer Injustice to be done before me without taking Notice thereof, haveing Never Interposed farther than by y^{e} Consent of both Partyes." And he asks for instructions "on that head."

Caulfeild died soon after this, but apparently his suggestion did not fall to the ground. The fifth article of the next governor's commission empowered him "to adjudge and settle all claims and disputes in regard to land in the province." In the Broad Seal commission extending his powers, he is to "settle all questions

of inheritance." Accordingly, Philipps writes to the Secretary of State that the governor and council have constituted themselves into a court on the model of the General Court of Virginia, to meet four times a year; for the idea that military government alone prevails, keeps settlers out of the country. Three members of the council were commissioned justices of the peace and empowered "to Examine and Enquire into all Pleas, Debates and Differences that are or may be amongst the inhabitants of Said Province." Ten years later, the governor writes to the notary of Minas regarding the people of that district and other distant parts of the province "coming in daily," with complaints against their neighbors, and failing to warn the "adverse partys" of their intentions. The determination to follow the forms of law and to act fairly is unmistakable even without the express declaration at the end: "I and the gentlemen of the Council have no other Intention than to do Justice Impartially to you all." Next year he repeats his instructions to Bourg. If the defendants refuse to appear, the plaintiffs are to have certificates from the notary to that effect. The reason given is surely adequate: "The great Charge that persons praying for justice are put to By their Expensive Journeys from Such Remote parts of the Province as Yours."

The preamble to a general proclamation dated January 13, 1737–38, throws further light on the matter. It recites how it has been "customary" hitherto for the inhabitants to come to the governor and council for justice at all times, and, from "Ignorance or Design," fail to summon the defendants. This practice "hath been Exclaimed against by Several of the Inhabitants themselves not only as hurtfull & prejudicial to their private & Domestick affairs to be thus Hurried & Impeded by their Impatient, Cruel & Letigeous Neighbours, but even also very Troublesome, fatigueing and Inconvenient to the Governor & Council to be meeting daily and almost constantly to the Prejudice many times of their own Private Affairs to hear and examine their many frivolous and undigested complaints."

The proclamation accordingly fixes four days in the year for the hearing of causes, the first Tuesday in March and May and the last Tuesday in July and November. This is simply varying the dates fixed by Philipps in 1721. The chief point in the proclamation is an order that plaintiffs must lodge their complaints at the office of the Provincial Secretary and apply to him for the necessary summons to be sent to the defendants, in order that the latter might have at least three weeks' notice of proceedings against them. Again the aim is plainly to make procedure regular and to keep down the number of "frivolous and undigested complaints." That these were a real annoyance is clear from the irritable tone of the wording.

Not only was this administration of justice burdensome and forced upon the council by the nature of the Acadians, but it was carried on for years without fee or reward. In 1738 Armstrong and his council sent an important memorial to Philipps, in which they state that they have to the utmost of their capacity and power endeavored to discharge their duty by an equal and impartial administration of justice, "Having never had any advantage or Salary for Our Acting as Members of his Majesty's Council for this Province."

These documents, which he never saw, more than justify Parkman in his general statement, "They were vexed with incessant quarrels among themselves arising from the unsettled boundaries of their lands." Richard, in quoting this passage, asks, "Could it be otherwise when the population was four times as large as it had been in 1713, when these lands had been divided and subdivided so as to leave nothing but morsels, and when the lands had never been surveyed by government?" Here he is misled by Haliburton, who writes, "They had long

since been refused adjudication upon their disputes in the local Courts; their boundaries and the titles to their said lands were consequently in great confusion." Both have erred through ignorance of the sources. The truth is the very opposite. The courts did "adjudicate" and their lands were surveyed.

As early as 1728, David Dunbar, Esq., surveyor-general of His Majesty's woods in North America, is made surveyor of His Majesty's woods in Nova Scotia,—a very different place, apparently. His special duty was to set apart lands most fit to produce masts and timber for the royal navy. Dunbar appointed George Mitchell, "gentleman," his deputy. In 1732, Mitchell reported to Governor Armstrong the surveys he had made in the province between the Kennebec and St. Croix rivers. Six townships had been laid out.

An order of Armstrong's dated July 20, 1733, directs Mitchell to survey the land on both sides of the Annapolis River, "from the Gutt upwards, Duely Distinguishing the Uninhabited lands from those belonging to the property of any particular person, whose Estates you are also to Survey, and to mark out the uncultivated lands of Each Estate from those that are Improven or inclosed." His discoveries in regard to wood and soil are to be transmitted to the Lords of Trade. Dunbar's instructions to Mitchell to proceed to Annapolis Royal, dated at Boston three years previous, direct him to report to the governor and show his commission and papers. His primary duty as king's surveyor is to select areas of large timber, particularly white pine, for masting, but if the situation of crown lands will interfere with settlements, he is to consult with the governor and report all such cases, duly attested, to Dunbar. He is to keep regular plans carefully in a special book, to make a plan and survey for each grantee, and also a detailed copy of each in the book aforesaid. The survey was intended to be careful and thorough.

Mitchell had a guard of soldiers given him against the Indians, as many as could be spared, and set to work. With the suspicion of peasants, the Acadians opposed the survey, and a special order had to be issued to them, to mark out their boundaries. By April, 1734, Mitchell had completed his task, and was ordered by Armstrong to continue his work throughout the French settlements, as specified, all round the Bay of Fundy. Mitchell was employed apparently until 1735, after which Lieutenant Amhurst acted as deputy surveyor. In 1739 Shirreff, the secretary, received strict orders from Armstrong to make out no patent except on the survey of Colonel Dunbar or of one of his deputies. The preamble shows that the greatest care was taken with the grants and surveys.

The failure to assist in the work of the survey by planting stakes in their boundaries shows the character of the Acadians. They were French peasants of the eighteenth century, with no little admixture of Indian blood. They were simple, pious and frugal; but they had the faults of their kind; they were ignorant and uneducated; few could even sign their names. They were led by their priests, who were naturally and inevitably political agents for France. In mental make, they must have been much the same as the peasants described by Arthur Young, except that they were not taxed to death to support a worthless king and court. They had the peasant's hunger for land, the peasant's petty cunning, the peasant's greed, all perfectly comprehensible in view of their hard, narrow life of toil. Their disputes over land were endless. Besides, the government had to take action against the use of fraudulent half-bushel measures, against cheating in the length of cordwood, against "clandestine deeds" and unlawful transfers of land. Proclamations were issued against neglect of fences, and failure to repair dikes. It was necessary to repeat orders frequently, for the obstinacy of the Acadian is proverbial. One ordinance forbade wild young fel-

lows catching the horses loose in the fields and riding them about, to their great injury. Even Acadian boys would be boys. It must have been the dash of Indian blood that drove them to this prank, as it drove others to join Du Vivier against Mascarene, or to capture the vessel that was carrying them away from Acadie, or to live by privateering along the Gulf shore after the Expulsion. The Acadians were not the Arcadians of Raynal and Longfellow. They were human.

III

The character of the people, however, was hardly a factor in the political problem. Left to themselves, there would have been no problem. Such as it was, the mild, just English rule was solving it. The difficulties arose from the fact that the Acadians were French and Catholic in a province actually British and Protestant. That there should have been constant clashing between the government and the priests should surprise no one. Grant them human, with opposing national ends to advance, and the struggle follows as a matter of course.

Reverse the situation. Imagine Massachusetts conquered by France, ceded to her, and Boston held by a weak French garrison, powerless for good or evil, but maintaining a form of government. Imagine the Puritans guaranteed the exercise of their religion, but their ministers subject to the approval of a Vaudreuil or a Bigot. If the French historians, Rameau, Casgrain, Richard, had approached the subject after forming this mental picture, they would have taken a more charitable view of the English treatment of Acadie. One thing is unimaginable — that the men of Massachusetts would not meet and organize and fight.

The difficulty lay deeper still. The Acadians were moved helplessly hither and thither by hands far away in Quebec, in Versailles, in "the high chess game, whereof the pawns are men." They were mere tools of French policy, to be used, broken, and thrown aside in the secular struggle with England for the supremacy of the New World. But who will dare to re-tell the story that Parkman has told once for all?

Thanks to *Evangeline*, the Expulsion will never be understood. That poem is responsible for the theory that the measure was a brutal, wanton, motiveless, irrational act of a tyrannical power upon an innocent people; and that power was Great Britain. Ultimately it was the action of the home government, for no colonial governor would have incurred the expense, — for it cost money even in the eighteenth century to transport nine thousand people hundreds of miles, — to say nothing of the responsibility, without express orders.

But the plain truth is that New England must share that responsibility. The idea of the "removal" originated with Shirley, a New England man, and was urged repeatedly by him. The actual work of collecting the Acadians at Grand Pré was done by Winslow, a New England man. The firm that chartered the ships to carry them off was the well-known Boston firm of Apthorpe and Hancock. The Expulsion was not a local measure; it was for the defense of New England and all the other British colonies in America, as well as for Nova Scotia. The actual work of removing the unfortunate people was not harshly done. They were protected from the soldiers. As far as possible, families and villages were kept together on the transports.

The Expulsion can be understood only in relation to the larger events of which it was a part. In 1755 England and France were preparing for the Seven Years War, the climax of their century of conflict for America. It was a tremendous struggle, though its importance is obscured by the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars. It gave England America and India; it drove France from two continents. On this side of the Atlantic, the war had actually begun, for Boscawen had cap-

tured the Alcide and the Lys, and Braddock had been routed on the Monongahela. The war had begun, and begun with a great defeat for England; no one could tell how it would end.

In Nova Scotia, one corner of the world-wide battlefield, the British situation was anything but safe or reassuring. The French population outnumbered the English more than two to one. The great French fortress of Louisbourg was a city of ten thousand inhabitants. Twenty years of labor and millions of *livres* had been spent on its fortifications, which even in their ruins look formidable. It was the best defended city in America except Quebec; and it was within easy striking distance of Halifax, the newly founded seat of British power. "The Dunkirk of America," it was stronger than ever, and was receiving supplies constantly from the Acadians.

French emissaries were busy among these unfortunate people, as they had been for forty years, teaching them that they had never ceased to be subjects of the King of France, that the return of the Pretender would restore Acadie to the French Crown, that remaining under British authority would mean loss of their priests, loss of their sacraments, loss of salvation. The infamous Le Loutre had forced many to retire to French territory, and they were in arms just across the border.

Acadians had joined invading French forces more than once. In view of the inevitable war, the presence of such a population, ten thousand French, at the gates of Halifax, with their Indian allies murdering and scalping just outside the pickets, was a danger of the first magnitude. To disregard it was to court defeat, for the garrison at Halifax was thrust far up into the power of France, a nut in the jaws of a nut-cracker. There was no force to bridle the Acadians. Fair words and fair measures had been exhausted. Nothing remained but to remove them out of the province.

Their deportation was a military necessity. It was cruel, as all war is cruel; the innocent suffered as they do in all war. The measure was precautionary, like cutting down trees and leveling houses outside a fort that expects a siege, to afford the coming foe no shelter, and to give the garrison a clear field of fire.

THE VOYAGE OF THE BRIG DECEMBER

BY GEORGE S. WASSON

FACING due south towards the harbor, turning its broad moss-grown back squarely upon the humming trolley-cars and the much-admired new hall of the Knights of Pythias, together with all other modern innovations at Killick Cove, the long neglected old Dunbar house still stands as a monument to the good taste and honesty of its builder, and a suggestive contrast to all its recent neighbors. Few in the place remember when the ancient house was last painted; and saving a silvery whitening of the delicate cornice beneath its sheltering eaves, and the pale greens of the mosses on its shaded northern side, the spacious old mansion everywhere shows the sombre gray of weather-beaten native pine.

On three sides cheap modern dwellings have sprung up thickly on the once extensive grounds of the Captain Dunbar house, and squalid out-buildings in their littered back-yards now crowd closely upon its white-shuttered windows.

Between these rudely encroaching sheds and hen-houses narrow strips of

the old garden flank a broad walk of uneven flagstones, sloping gently away among great trees to a gateway by the shore. Among their few old-fashioned flowers, or in a sunny corner of the garden now devoted to beans and potatoes, with faces nearly hidden from view by huge calico sunbonnets, Miss Lucy and Miss Cynthia Dunbar, sole owners and occupants of the great house, may often be seen working with the moderation of elderly and now somewhat heavy spinsters.

Late in the fall of the year, often after the first "flirt" of snow has whitened the ground, on some opportune high course of tides old Skipper Job Gaskett brings in his dory to the very garden gate a heaping load of fragrant rock-weed and kelp torn from ledges outside by the first autumnal storms. With a pitchfork Skipper Job then deposits his cargo of dressing in a heap just within the fence, and each succeeding spring ploughs it into the little garden patch, which, as he remarks, the sisters carefully keep "wed out clean as a hound's tooth." This work Skipper Gaskett always does gratuitously, out of genuine regard for the "Dunbar girls," and in remembrance of their father, with whom he first went offshore.

But beyond such neighborly kindness the Misses Dunbar are noticeably sensitive in accepting services which may in the remotest degree savor of charity. Upon occasions, it is true that they are obliged to call for protection against the ravages of summer boarders, who not merely select and calmly appropriate to themselves flowers from the old garden, but constantly importune admission to the house, and with an assurance of which, so far as known, "rusticators" alone are capable, actually attempt at times to dig with their jack-knives the curious old hand-made nails from such of the narrow clapboards as are within reach from the ground.

In spite of all neglect and indignities, however, like its owners the old mansion still preserves an unmistakable air of dignity. A spirit-level would detect no sagging of its lofty corner-posts, and the massive chimney at either end rises firm and true against the sky, while masons continually patch and re-top the spindling affairs on neighboring houses scarcely a dozen years standing.

Long ago, when Captain Daniel Dunbar built his great house at Killick Cove, the firm of D. Dunbar and Son was counted most prosperous, and the Captain himself had several years previous given up going to sea as a regular vocation, though still making occasional voyages to the Spanish Main in one of his numerous vessels, by way of keeping his hand in.

But after a long period of prosperity, abruptly the tide seemed to turn strongly against the firm of Dunbar and Son. Sudden deaths ensued in the family, one after another the vessels of the firm were lost, and relentless ill-luck attended each business venture, till much of the remaining property passed into strange hands. The younger daughters, Cynthia and Lucy, succeeded in retaining the homestead and its extensive grounds, together with certain distant shore property then deemed of the slightest value. As the village grew in their direction, repeated sales for building purposes of land immediately about the old house enabled the sisters to occupy it in tolerable comfort. Very recently, however, it was known that outsiders, presumably "rusticators," had made cautious inquiries concerning their once worthless real estate on the shore a mile or so out of town; and round about Killick Cove the opinion became general that better days were doubtless in store for the two "Dunbar girls."

The ill-fortune of the family had long since ceased to be commonly talked of at the Cove, but these recent rumors of a coming change for the better in their affairs awoke fresh interest in the once popular subject, and set many tongues wagging busily. Yet only a few of the

older residents remembered the Dunbars in the days of their prosperity, much less the circumstances to which Captain Daniel Dunbar himself on his death-bed ascribed solely the evil days that followed. From having as a boy accompanied Captain Dunbar upon the last memorable voyage which led to his undoing, Skipper Job Gaskett's account of it is now listened to with especial attention. The old man is not given to telling the story, but when once induced to enter upon it, overlooks no essential particulars.

In my boyhood days [he will begin], you want to always recollect there was a big amount of shipping owned right here to this Cove. Nobody would n't think it at this day o' the world, when things has all run out and dreened away with us chock down to low-water mark, till I think 's likely if ever a square-rigger should heave in sight off here, folks would come streaking of it down from clean back here amongst the junipers to have a look at her, same 's if she was some brand new git-up of a flying machine. But once was the time round here when all the likely young bucks in town wa'n't obliged to pack up their kits and strike off somewheres else for a living, same 's now 'days. There was room and to spare for 'em all aboard our own vessels right to home here going fishing or a-coasting, ary one; or if they 'd lievser go off-shore foreign, they could 'most always take their pick of Cap 'ns that was their own towneys, and go any place on God's whole footstool where salt water flowed.

Cap'n Dan'l Dunbar he come by consid'ble of a West Injy business from his old sir, — that was old Cap'n Tristam Dunbar; but Cap'n Dan'l he took holt and struck out for himself like a good one too, and the time he turned to and built him his big new house here to this Cove, he owned a controllin' interest in jest an even dezen of them little old wall-sided, apple-bowed West Injy molasses brigs; one of 'em named for every blessed month of the year, they was. Nary one of the lot wa'n't of any great bigness, nor they wa'n't so very beautysome to look at, maybe, and consid'ble dull, too, the heft of them little brigs was, so 's an eight-knot stick was about the best a man could get out of 'em; but they was master burdensome little creaturs, and 't was seldom ever but what their owners shared-up big in them days.

This 'ere December was the last one ever Cap'n Dan'l sot up here to home, and she was built right atop of his long sou'west w'arft that stood pretty nigh abreast of his house, there. Take it any real good low dreen of tides now'days, and the remains of the w'arft come out of water their whole bigness, clean to the aidge of the channel. It 's all filled in there at this day o' the world so 's even a plaguey little smoke-boat won't have a beatin'-channel up there till anear half-tide; but them days we 'd count on twelve foot draft chock at low-water slack, without it was an extry low dreen.

I was sixteen year old the winter they put up the December, and had been going then steady sence there was the bigness of a thole-pin to me. I 'd been cook two trips to the Cape Shore aboard of old Skip' Theron Marston in the pinkey Waterloo, and I 'd been to the Bay quite a few salt trips along of his brother; and besides that I 'd had me a good try at going a-coasting aboard of old Uncle Billy Goodsoe in his plaguey old tops 'l schooner Radiant, till she went to work and opened-up on us scand'lous one time to the east'ard of Monhegan and like to drownded her whole crowd.

Thinks I to myself then, thinks I, Guess by fire! I 'd full better take the hint, and quit going in them old sleds for good; so come to have 'em set up the brig that fall right square a-front of mother's, I took great notion to go off-shore a spell aboard of Cap'n Dan'l. Now seems 's though Cap'n Dan'l's son Abner had turned to and coaxed the old sir

someways into letting him cut a model for his new brig, and a master mess he made of it too, as it turned out. This 'ere Abner Dunbar was always one of them kind of cur'us genii from a boy up. He never went much of any, being as he 'most always was porely; I can't say myself as ever I seen him so much as set foot in a skift, but still he might. Maybe you would n't called him a reg'lar-built invaleed; but seems 's though he was always kind of sickly and ailing like. Someways Abner was smart as a whip, though; and everybody allowed he had a complete head on him for business, so he stopped to home in the office mostly, and done up all the writin's and headwork.

If only he 'd stuck to his desk, and left alone of things he knowed no more about than the child unborn, I think 's likely matters might worked altogether different, but Cap'n Dan'l always sot great store by Abner's say-so on 'most every namable thing there was going; so nothing would do this time but that Abner Dunbar should turn to and whittle out his idee of a packet that would go like a scalt hog, and same time beat all creation for luggin'. Many 's the time I've heard tell since how there was a plenty round here them days that shook their heads and allowed that model did n't have no more run to her than a plaguey hoss-trough, and wa'n't a mite of good anyways. Seems 's though folks laughed more 'n a little to see the way Abner Dunbar would set there on his high stool in the counting-room at the head of the w'arft, and lay it down to the old sir jest how vessels had ought to be built! Some of 'em would take and cod Abner about his new git-up of a model, too, till they 'd have him real het up over it. I know they said one time old Cap'n Richard Furber he dropped into the counting-room right after Abner Dunbar had hung up his model for folks to look at.

"Gracious ever, you!" says old Cap'n Dick, the minute he come to clap eye on the thing, "tell us where 's the other one gone to?"

"Other one?" Abner says right away. "What other one?"

"Why you," says the old sir, jes' sober as could be, "the one you went to work and sawed that one offn!"

Well, anyways, Cap'n Dan'l give me a good winter's job of it in the shipyard there, a-turning trunnels and choring round one way and another; and in the springtime I shipped aboard of him for a West Injy trip in his brand new brig. He 'd been stopping ashore quite a few years then, you understand; but he allowed the fever was on him again bad as ever, and he 'd got to sniff salt water afloat once more, if it took a leg. The old Cap'n always was counted a master hand to carry on till everything was blue; and especially take it when he was some younger, they all said he 'd lug sail till the sticks went out of his vessel, but he 'd have every inch of go there was in her. They said he never once knowed what fear was since he first went, and from all ever I seen of him myself, I guess likely it 's the truth he never! He had an extry good learning, according to all tell, and soon 's ever it come down to navigation, he was always right to home. Maybe the old sir was a little grain stubborn in regards to carrying on, but stubborn or not, seems 's though he 'd always held the best of luck, and it 's dead sure nobody out of this Cove commenced to make the quick passages he did, take 'em by and large.

Then again, Cap'n Dan'l was such a nice, clever soul to go along of; as square as a brick in all his dealin's hisself; awful loath to believe no hurt of anybody else, and the quickest to turn to and help ary pore devil in trouble that ever I seen yet. If they raised up more like what he was, round hereabouts at this day o' the world, I cal'late we would n't be where we be now.

But mother, she acted queer about it, that time. She never wanted I should have nothing at all to do with the brig,

nor for that matter, with Cap'n Dan'l neither. Mother she was always and forever jes' so kind of old-fashioned and sot in her ways like, same's the heft of them old seed-folks was, you know; and in particular she always sot a master store by signs and forerunners, and all such-like works. It wa'n't that mother held the least mite of a grutch against Cap'n Dan'l Dunbar, you understand, without it was that he took a sight too big chances of late by never paying no heed to forerunners in any shape, nor yet to the talk of two or three old ancient women-folks that lived here them days, and that I will say myself, prob'ly knowed their business a sight better than what Cap'n Dan'l ever give credit for. I've seen that plain enough since, if I could n't just to the time.

Cap'n Dan'l Dunbar, you see, was all the one of the cap'ns to this Cove them days that ever dasst quit going up and buying his luck offn old Aunt Polly Belknap afore ever he'd fill away with his vessel on ary v'yage; that much I'm knowing to for a fact.

"They're nothing in God's world only a parcel of set-fired old fly-by-nights, anyways!" he says the time the December was fitting out; and he allowed right and left that in room of hearkening to no such old women's gossup-talk, anybody had full better give 'em the go-by complete, and have no truck along of 'em at all. There was three or four of us young squirts here then that, boy-like, cal'lated we knowed it all, and it seemed real kind of smart and cute to us the way Cap'n Dan'l turned to and snapped his fingers at them old women-folks and all their works. 'T was same's if he up and says to 'em that time, "Take holt and do your dingdest; I'm done with ye this time, clip and clean!"

There was two more from here besides me that signed articles aboard of Cap'n Dan'l to go off-shore along of him in the new brig, though mother she stuck it out to the last that the vessel was bound to be an onlucky creatur', spite o' fate. For one thing, she claimed there'd been nails drove aboard of her Sundays, to her own knowing; the keel too was stretched of a Friday; and then come to take it the very day of the launch, there was three big crows flew straight acrost the vessel's bow not half an hour's time afore the dog-shore was knocked away! And come to have her turn to, and stick on the ways over a whole tide the way she done, and there was plenty of folks that would n't stowed their dunnage aboard for love nor money.

However, them that knows nothing, fears nothing, as the old feller says; and there was the three of us that shipped aboard of Cap'n Dan'l. The brig was loaded for Santy Cruz and a market; dry fish in the hold; green hemlock scantling on deck, and a ter'ble big jag of it too. Then atop of all that, Abner Dunbar goes to work, and puts aboard his ventur' of geese and turkeys and chickens; jes' though we wa'n't all cluttered up enough on deck already, in all conscience sakes. But Cap'n Dan'l allowed he did n't know as ever he should go again hisself after this v'yage, and the cal'lation was to make this one a payer. The December was the biggest one of the lot so fur, by rising of fifty ton; and this much I'll have to say for her, that she was as burdensome for her bigness as anything that swum the water. Then she was only jest fresh offn the ways, you see too, and had n't water-soaken the least dite, so's it appeared as if them ox-teams could n't cart truck enough down that w'arft to fetch that vessel's wales anywheres a-near the water's aidge.

Finally though, they got her piled up as high as ever they dasst to on deck; high enough anyways so's the man to the hellum could n't see forrard no more'n you can stand chock in under the eaves of my woodshed here, and sight clean over the ritch-pole! We took one of them howling four or five days' nor'westers same's we'll get in the spring o' the year, and give it to her out through South Channel for all she was worth. Everything aboard

was all brand new and strong, you know, and Cap'n Dan'l never showed her no mercy, now I tell you what! She was stiff as a church, and you could bear down on her hard as ever you wanted; she'd never seem to bung-up to it, nor complain the first mite; but there, you! she steered same's a plaguey hen-coop! Good land! it was hard up and hard down the hellum the heft of the time, and take it even then, to try and follow in that brig's wake a-running offn the wind, would broke the back of ary eel, double quick step!

Cap'n Dan'l he never said any great, though no doubt he done some consid'ble tall thinking, for inside of the first few hours' time, the rest-part of us aboard see plain enough what works there was liable to be if ever we was drove to scudding very long in such a contrairy, wild-steering old box as she was. But it looked as though Cap'n Dan'l come to realize pretty well what kind of a thing he'd got underneath of him, after all, for the old sir was as smart a sailor-man as ever trod a ratline, and knowed how to take care of his vessel with the best of 'em, even if he never had no great of an eye for a model. Quick's ever we'd made out clear of Nantucket Shoals in good shape, he hauled to in under the land a grain, so's to smoothen our water, and help out the steering; and then we run the beach down along fur as the Capes of Virginny, still holding our fresh breeze with a good rap full, and logging off nigh a seven-knot clip day and night.

Come to fetch down a piece past Hatteras though, and the wind commenced to let go, and finally backened in around to about sou'-sou'west, right plumb dead ahead, or next thing to it, you see. Well sir, if that blamed brig was scand'lous dull even with a good smart leading breeze o' wind to force her, I only wisht you might seen the actions of her soon's ever it come to trying of her on a bowline, a-bucking into a head-beat sea! You could n't coax her to lay up inside of seven p'ints or so of the compass, noways you could rig it, and take at that, after the sea growed the least dite hubbly, she would n't make much better than a nach'al drift of it; seems's though she'd got to have her three butts at every identical sea, and then go 'round it! Come to try to go in stays with her, and she would n't make no fist of it not once in a dezen times' trying; much as ever she'd look at it nigh enough to spill the wind from ary sail, so's it was nothing only wear ship and wear ship the whole time.

Some days it would breezen on consid'ble fresh, and then 't would leave go and hold moderate and thick-a-fog or rain for days to a lick. Then there'd be spells when we'd get a noonday scale, maybe; when the sun would burn out through hot enough to horn ye up same's a burnt boot, and set every namable thing steaming the worst way. Then there'd be great long drags of stark calm, but with this 'ere old fog-sea heaving in all the while, till the tormented slatting and chafing of the gear like to drove the whole of us crazy. Bimeby, seeing as we could n't so much as hold steerage-way the bulk of the time, in room of letting all them brand, spanging new sails slat a year's wear out of 'em that way, Cap'n allowed he'd full better take and furl the most of 'em till there come breeze enough from somewheres to stop the old creatur' from wallowing so like the mischeef; so that's what we done; but in room of clearing, the weather growed muggier than ever it was, and by fire! the first thing ever we knowed, that brand-new suit of sails was all stuck with mildew fit to turn a man's poke to look at the sight! I never was shipmates along of a suit of sails that got tetched same's they was in that plaguey long-winded fog-mull. Of course them that stayed furled the longest got caught the worst, but quite a few hundreds was jerked right out of the owners' pockets in the scrape, and nach'ally Cap'n felt kind of put out about it, for he'd went to work and made a big loss at the first commencement.

Well, the amount of the story was, we

pitch-poled and humbugged about in them latitudes till the Cap'n and all the rest-part aboard was sick and tired of the whole business in good shape. For a matter of weeks and weeks the weather done every namable thing it could to aggravate and hender us from working to the s'uth'ard; but give us the least mite of a favor'ble slant, seems 's if it would n't nohow. As a general rule Cap'n Dan'l was ruther moderate-spoken like in his way of talking; but take it along towards the last of this 'ere master long spell of doldrums, and the old sir commenced to chafe and say-over consid'ble little, till finally, prob'ly a dezen times a day he 'd up and swear that only once let him get the wind astern again, or quartering, or a-beam, or anyways else under the livin' canopy so 's he could get way on the plague-gone old ark, and he 'd come under oath to make her bones ache the worst way afore ever he 'd take one solitary inch of muslin offn her!

"Set-fire!" he 'd say and stomp the deck. "Let me jest only get her nose p'inted again the way we want to go, and no matter if it should blow all hell out by the roots, I'll keep her travelin'! If she won't wear her canvas," he 'd say, "then all is she can strip it offn her soon 's ever she gets good and ready, for there won't be so much as a reef-p'int tetched of aboard!" Kind of desp'rate like he was, you see, and not to blame neither for feeling that way.

Well, sir, bimeby we did make out to get our slant, sure enough. First there come a little air o' wind from the northeast one evening a short spell after sundown; and you can bate money there wa'n't much time lost aboard of us in squaring away before it. Seems 's though Cap'n Dan'l could n't take a secont's peace of his life till every namable stitch of canvas was drawring its best, and the vessel had commenced to make up a grain for lost time. 'T wa'n't so very long neither afore she was carrying consid'ble of a bone in her teeth, for quick 's ever the wind really once took holt to the east-'ard, it breezened up quite fast, and kept pricking on all night steady, and all next day long, till come sundown again it took three men at the hellum to gurge her along, and the sweat dreened offn the chins of them three a-near one perfect stream! To come right down to the truth of the matter, there wa'n't ary three men aboard that could lay back on that old jade's hellum hard enough or quick enough to make her steer half decent.

The weather though held fine as a fiddle, till late the next afternoon we see a devil of a lee-set commencing to make up dead ahead, and quick 's ever the sun sot, the whole sky commenced to herm over thick and nasty-looking like, all to once. It blowed like a man, too, by that time; but still the old sir kept right on poking of it to her the worst way, and would n't hearken a minute to the mate, nor nobody else, about snugging things down a grain afore ever it was pitch dark. It was no good talking shorten sail to him, not a mite.

"Set-fire!" he 'd always say them times. "Everything is all new and strong as money can buy, and if the vessel won't claw to wind'ard no faster 'n a toad in a bucket of tar, why she 's got to be drove good and hard while we have a favor'ble slant o' wind! That 's all the way I know to get anywheres in her!" 's he.

Well now, there 's no manner of doubt but what he drove her hard that night, not a mite! I never want to be aboard of nothing that 's drove no harder, — now that 's the honest truth I don't! There was a little piece of a moon that helped out some the first part of the night; but after she sot, it shut down thick-a-rain, and dark as ary dungeon. A ter'ble weecked old sea had made up then, you understand; as rough as a grater it was, and the vessel yawed so scand'lous bad that trying to run a compass course did n't amount to but precious little. About all ever a man could do was to watch her sharp, and try to ketch her with the hellum on every sea; but quick 's ever it growed

so pitch-dark, steering the plaguey box was a sight worse'n ever, and more'n once she come a-near broaching to on us. That was the very thing the most of us had been scairt of her doing for hours; and finally the old man did conclude he'd best take some of the after sail offn her, in hopes to help out on the steering a grain, though he seemed to begrutch every inch we took in.

For a short spell after that she done some better; but by midnight the sea had growed so much peekeder that she was acting bad as ever again; and I guess likely Cap'n Dan'l seen plain enough by that time that he'd ought to hove her to while he had daylight for it. 'T was blowing then right out endways, a livin' gale o' wind and nothing else, and the old sir allowed then that quick's ever it come anyways light again, we'd try heaving of her to.

But come daylight, and things looked to be worse'n ever. The sea was something jest fairly scand'lous, and to take sail offn her and heave to after things had come to such a pass, was no fool of a job, now I can tell you what! We could see the fore to'gallant-mast in particular buckling same's an Injin's bow, and to send men aloft on it was jest only a clear temptation of Providence. Besides that though, the vessel threatened to broach to on us at every hand's turn, spite of everything; and when she made out to do that trick, every soul knowed well it meant good-by to any God's quantity of gear aloft, if nothing worse.

Cap'n Dan'l he allowed right off he did n't have the heart to order hands aloft in such a chance as that, especially seeing that only for him the sails would been taken offn the vessel hours before. The old sir had drove her too long, and all the thing we could do now was to try our dingdest to keep her going, and stand from under till something carried away, without she got pooped by a sea first, and that seemed like enough to happen any minute. We never had very long to wait though, to see what way the cat was going to jump. All of a sudden the headstrong old jade fetched a rank sheer right a-top of a master great comber of a sea, and come to on us, with four of the best men aboard jamming the hellum nigh square acrost her stern, trying to keep her off!

Well sir, I guess likely then you'd thought there was hell to pay, and no pitch hot, as the old feller says, sure enough! Crackety-crack! Snappety-snap! Bang, whango! Down on deck come the very worst old snarl of spars and sails and rigging ever you seen since Adam was an oakum-boy, and almost the very same secont there was a big overgrowed green sea come cockling aboard of us nigh ten-foot deep a-top of the deck-load on the larboard side, forrard, and by the time that sea got good and through with its work, the brig never bothered with no deck-load nor nothing else to speak of forrard of the main-chains, for every blame' coop in Abner Dunbar's choice ventur' of geese and turkeys was sailing clean away to loo'ard, hell-bent for the Spanish Main on its own hook!

'T was nothing in the world only a meracle that some of us wa'n't swep' offn her at the same time; but as luck would have it, someways or another every soul made out to keep a hand-holt, though a number of 'em had dretful narrow squeaks of it that time.

But after all, though, broaching-to that way was some consid'ble benefits to us in one sense, even if it did knock the profits of the trip all galley-west. By losing the heft of that deck-load, the brig come out of water a good two foot forrard, and after that 'ere, seems's though steering of her was another story. We made out to keep her off again afore any great sight more damage was done, and run quite comfortable to what she had for the last twelve hours' time. The breeze o' wind commenced to mortify down a grain pretty quick afterwards, anyways, and in a few days' time more the sea smoothened down too, so's we got a chance to turn to and repair-up what

little we could with the extry spars aboard. The vessel held tight as a cup, and never made no water at all, for wood and iron could n't be put together no stouter than what she was. We run clear of a plaguey pumping job anyways, and that was a mercy; but the thing of it was, that without we had half a gale o' wind plumb in the stern, the vessel was so tormented dull that it took a month of Sundays to get any place with her, and still, come to take the wind fair, 't would puzzle the old boy hisself to steer her.

But there, to cut a blame' long story short, we did finally make out to shove her nose into Santy Cruz, and nobody wa'n't the leastways sorry to let go anchor under foot. The place was always chock-a-block with shipping them days, and Cap'n Dan'l he was busy as the devil in a gale o' wind squinting right and left through his old spy-glass, a-picking out this vessel and that one from in amongst the fleet, for seems 's though he was ter'ble well acquainted along of 'most everybody that went. Pretty quick he gets eye on the old brig Layfayette, that belonged them days right acrost here to Kunkett Harbor. The master of her was one of them Kunkett Corner McIntires; old Alexander McIntire he was, and no better'n what he ought to been neither, according to all tell.

The most of us aboard had heard tell many a time of old Cap'n Sandy McIntire, and his smuggling scrapes up round home there, and how the cutter's folks was laying their plans to nab him one of these fine days. We all took notice that the pumps was going consid'ble lively aboard of him this time, but never give it a secont thought for the reason the vessel was twice old enough to vote, and had the name of leaking like a basket. Pretty quick we see a boat put away from her with quite few in her, and Cap'n Sandy come over aboard of us, along with two or three others of them Kunketters in his crew.

Cap'n Sandy he allowed right off he was in a peck of trouble, and no mistake. Lord Harry, you! His face was drawed out nigh the length of the old green ambril he 'd always have by him them days, fair or foul. Seems 's though his vessel was all loaded, and he 'd made a start for home only the day afore, but missstayed in turning to wind'ard going out, and went ashore a short ways outside the p'int. There was no end of help handy-by, though; and so they made out to kaidge her clear again afore night; but she leaked scand'lous bad, he says, and he cal'lated the whole fore-foot was gone from offn her. Some of us youngsters aboard the December nigh laughed in the old reynuck's face to hear him turn to and take on, and whine same 's a dog over his big leak, when we knowed it for a fact it was seldom ever he dasst leave go of his pump-brakes for over a watch or two at the furthest!

But seems 's though this 'ere master leak of hisn wa'n't the whole of his troubles, neither. Only that last night one of his crew, some kind of a Cape Verde nigger or other outlandishman, he says, went to work and died aboard of him.

Cap'n McIntire said the man had been feeling consid'ble streaked like for quite a spell, so 's they give him salts four or five days running, never once mistrusting but what he 'd doctor-up fine as silk again, till all of a sudden he took this 'ere kind of a bilious attact, and slipped his wind afore ever they knowed it. They cal'lated to give him his funeral that afternoon, and Cap'n Sandy wanted the old sir should loan him a set of colors to heave over the body in room of a pall, being as his own colors was old and covered with patches the whole bigness. Cap'n Dan'l passed him over an extry set he had aboard, and bimeby off he went.

Well, the old sir turned to and got shut of his dry fish and what little pod of lumber there was left, quick 's ever he could, and then was all carried away with casting about on shore to scare up a return cargo that was liable to pay the best money, and help offset the big loss he 'd made on the trip out. Jest about then all

hands of us took notice that old rat of a McIntire was following Cap'n Dan'l up dretful sharp these days. Time and again them two would stop below for hours with their heads together, and pretty quick young Joey Furber, the cabin-boy (him that keeps store up street a piece now'-days) he let on to us fellows forrard in regards to a long confab he could n't help overhearing below there one time when them two cal'lated they was all soul alone. Seems's though Joey was chock in aft there to work somewheres unbeknownst to 'em, and after they'd once commenced their talk he dassent speak out noways, but figured he'd full better lay low till they went on deck again.

According to the tell of the boy, Cap'n McIntire was trying his prettiest to coax the old sir into smuggling home a big lot of rum; that was the gist of the whole matter. There was any God's quantity of such works carried on them days, you know, and old Sandy McIntire always had the name of dipping into 'em pretty steep, so I guess likely you could n't learn him no great in regards to the business. This time he went on to tell about the ungodly profits so and so had made by this 'ere running in liquors, and how such and such a cap'n had paid for his vessel clip and clean in no time at all, and so forth and so on, — a dretful earful of it he give Cap'n Dan'l that time.

But seems's though at first the old sir kicked same's a steer, and growed real het-up over it, too. Joey allowed he fetched the table a lingin' old thump with his fist, and vowed he never once had gone into no such works so fur, and cal'lated he was 'most too old to commence now. Of course he must have knowed well that the heft of 'em in the West Injy trade them days always forelaid to smuggle home more or less goods, and wa'n't thought none the less of for it neither, by no manner of means; but all that never counted for nothing with Cap'n Dan'l. He'd always acted kind of odd like, and set in regards to them kind of things, and give 'em a wide berth.

Well, seems's though old McIntire up and took a fresh holt, and commenced to tell what a grand good chance Cap'n Dan'l had at his place to home there for landing goods by night-times; 't was seldom ever you'd run acrost such another fitting chance on the whole coast, says he. 'T wa'n't as though the stuff had got to be all boated ashore from the vessel laying clean off to anchor in the stream, same's they done in lots of places, and then like's not have to hip every kag of it up the beach amongst the kelps by main strength and stupidness, over big high laidges o' rock chock into the junipers maybe, afore ever they'd have it hid away in good shape! Cap'n Dan'l's shore, he went on, was consid'ble bold-to, with good water clean to his w'arft at all times of tide; nary neighbor handy-by, and a warehouse all waiting for ye right at the head o' the dock; take and haul the vessel in alongside, put on the help, and jerk the whole business out of her in a single night, easy as rolling offn a log! No trouble at all, he says, for ary man same's Cap'n Dunbar to fix it all right along of the revenue chaps, and there he was with his money doubled or thribbled! Oh, McIntire he was a tonguey old reynuck them days, and he talked it to Cap'n Dan'l for all he was worth; but seems's though the old sir never appeared to weaken none, not that time.

Finally though, in a few days' time afterwards, we heard say that a survey had been called on the American brig Layfayette, and the upshot of the matter was, they condemned her then and there. Right a-top of that old McIntire showed up aboard of us again, whining and taking on ter'ble bad, and all feather-white for another confab below along of Cap'n Dan'l. In a half hour's time, the two of 'em come on deck again; and be jiggered if the old sir did n't up and tell the mate that by way of helping neighbor McIntire out of a hard plight, he'd agreed to ship his cargo of molasses, and lug it home for him!

So all is, we took and dropped down

alongside the Layfayette the first chance; but come to get to work discharging of her, seems's though in room of all molasses, there was enough puncheons of Santy Cruz rum in her hold to float ary ten ton mack'rel jigger! Two or three of her crew took passage home aboard of us, and the rest-part shipped aboard of other vessels; but old Cap'n Sandy he stopped down there a spell to look after his affairs one way or another, and no doubt at all but what he worked his little scheme for the last dollar there was in it; that was right plumb in his line, and the Layfayette wa'n't the first old basket he'd got insured on chock to the handle, and sold the very same way.

The rest-part of the yarn is soon told now, and same time it's the queerest part, by all odds. Nothing much out of the common run happened going home, but the brig was so dull it was a good deal same's making sail on a big raft o' logs, and we had a horrid long drag of it to the north'ard again. Cap'n Dan'l never had the first mite of trouble about landing his ventur' there to home, and for that matter, few of 'em had, them days, if they went to work right, and wa'n't known to be into such works up to their necks the heft of the time. But it always appeared jes' though old Cap'n acted kind of shamefaced like, about the whole business; and I know there was folks that chuckled more 'n a little to see how the old sir hisself had finally come round to trying his hand at smuggling.

But the way it worked, he never see no benefits of it, now let me tell ye. The brig wa'n't but barely discharged afore she took fire someways or other, and burnt chock to the water's aidge, together with the warehouse and the biggest part of the w'arft. Amongst a mess of other stuff they hove out of her cabin that night, was the colors that old McIntire borried offn us the time of the funeral aboard of him. They was all tied up in a roll, same's when Cap'n McIntire fetched 'em back. Cap'n Dan'l he took 'em off up home with him next day, cal'lating to put 'em aboard of another vessel right away; but seems's though his daughter Myry undone the bundle, and come to find the colors tore quite bad, she set right down and repaired 'em up in good shape again. Myry was the oldest gal of the lot, you know, and always a little grain sickly like; that is, maybe not so very sickly, but a good deal same's her brother Abner; noways rugged. Well, sir, Myry Dunbar she turned to and repaired-up them colors neat as a pin, and before noontime next day she took sick with *yellow fever*, and in two days' time she was dead. The day she died, Abner Dunbar he come down with the fever solid, and next day but one after *he* was dead. There was quite a few others of 'em ketched it, but them two was all the ones round here to die of it that time.

Pore old Cap'n Dan'l was nothing only a complete wrack after it was all over, and no mistake. Seems's though he never could do no manner of business afterwards, and everything appeared to go to the dogs with him all to once. It wa'n't but about a year's time afore he had to give up, and take to his bed, and after it come to that, he got through consid'able quick. I used to run in to see him about once in every so often that winter he was by the heels to bed, and if he told me it once, he told me it a dezen times, that every mite of his troubles come on him by way of judgment for his weeckedness the last time ever he went. Take warning, boy, take good warning, he kep' saying.

There was numbers of 'em here that done their best then, trying to talk it into him that what he done that trip wa'n't noways so weecked as what he claimed; but the old sir never once give in, but that he knowed full better than anybody else jest why the Lord A'mighty turned to and laid hand on him so master heavy like.

But same time, though, some of the cleverest and best learnt folks ever we had round here them days, always al-

lowed there never was no call for Cap'n Dan'l Dunbar to up and buck dead against Aunt Polly Belknap and the rest-part of her click the way he done that time.

Fur's ever I'm concerned myself [Skipper Job Gaskett says in conclusion], I won't pretend to give reason for no such cur'ous works. I don't know but what Cap'n Dan'l had the rights of it, and still I don't know *as* he done so. What I do know plaguey well is that them two youngest daughters of hisn has always had consid'ble of a hard row to hoe all their lives long; and now take it at this day o' the world, if rusticators has come to the resicue same's we hear tell, and cal'late to swap good money for a track of rocks and junipers forty mile from nowheres, why then, all is, glory be! So much the better for them Dunbar gals!

THE PROBLEM OF THE SOUTHERN COTTON MILL

BY MARY APPLEWHITE BACON

In the remarkable economic development of the Southern States during the last thirty years, the textile industry easily leads the rest both in the amount of capital invested — fully twenty per cent of the whole — and in the importance of its sociological consequences as well. To understand these consequences with any degree of correctness, it is necessary to know something of the previous history of the particular social class from which the labor supply for these mills has been drawn. The "factory people," as they are called in the South, are not of foreign birth, — but one per cent of the population are foreigners, and they are not in the mills; nor are they negroes, — the Negro is averse to the long hours and the steady labor, most of all perhaps to the unsocial labor which the mill demands; but they come principally from what is known as the "poor whites," a class, as has been truly said by Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy, whose poverty is not "the essential poverty of inward resources, but rather the incidental and temporary poverty of unfortunate conditions."

For so long a term of years the South was regarded as purely an agricultural region, that one learns with some surprise that her earliest industrial development was in the direction, not of agriculture, but of manufactures. Among her first settlers were very many of the same origin as the settlers of Pennsylvania, — English, Irish, Scotch, Scotch-Irish, and German, — with mechanical tastes and training; and these, especially in the Piedmont region, built and operated blast furnaces, roller mills, machine shops, and factories of various kinds. In 1810 the manufactured products of Virginia, the two Carolinas, and Georgia exceeded those of all New England and New York combined. But from that time the production of cotton by slave labor increased in importance, and manufactures declined. The negro slave and not the free white laborer was looked to to build up the wealth of the country. There ensued a great exodus of these white mechanics (Abraham Lincoln, then a baby, was in the movement) to the free Northwest. Those who remained sank lower and lower in the social scale; many of their descendants are in the cotton mills to-day, finding good use for whatever of mechanical aptitudes have come down to them as an inheritance from three generations back, and evincing, in many cases, the same good traits of character that belonged to their ancestors.

During the existence of slavery the landless man in the agricultural sections of the South, or the man with but little land and no slaves, was held to an existence having in it nothing of progress or even of opportunity. In the hard years that lingered so long after the Civil War, his condition became far worse. In addition to this luckless class of the farming belt, most of them industrious and honest, were the mountain people, remote from railroads, without books, schools, or newspapers, without contact of any sort with the great onward currents of human life, as primitive in their tastes and habits, and often almost as innocent, as the wild creatures of the woods and hills around them. The white population of the South has always been small and scattered over large territorial areas. Even now eighty per cent is rural, living, not in small farming villages, but in the veritable country, sometimes in districts which number fewer than fifteen persons of both races to the square mile. It has been impossible for such a people to create the educational and financial opportunities which are in the reach of more thickly settled communities. At the close of the Civil War, to the white illiteracy, itself more than twenty-five per cent, was added the black illiteracy of nearly five million slaves suddenly invested with the rights of citizenship. With what seems an amazing blindness, no national aid was asked or given to assist the South, with a burden absolutely impossible for her to bear in her impoverished and thinly settled condition. She assumed it with heroic, if mistaken, courage, and has diminished her illiteracy, white and black, with every decade. But, even so, there are in her borders to-day 3,500,000 persons above fourteen years of age who cannot read and write. It is not surprising that for a generation thousands of her little white children, of fine native stock and fine native capacity, have had no other teacher than the insensate machinery of the cotton mill. The waste of such human resources has not yet pierced to the national conscience; to turn its edge upon the mill owner is manifestly absurd.

For some of the evils of mill life the mill owner may be responsible, but not by any means for all, or even for the largest share. The growth of the industry, indeed, has been too rapid for it to escape corresponding perils. In 1870, from Virginia to Texas there were $3,000,000 invested in textile mills; by 1880 this amount had become $21,000,000; to-day it is more than $175,000,000. Taking the case of a single state, Georgia, we find a mill as early as 1825; from then until the Civil War six or eight others were built, the largest in Augusta; but the number of operatives in all combined barely reached, if indeed it did reach, 2000. At present all the old mills have enlarged their plants, more than a hundred new ones have been built, and the number of operatives is more than 25,000, with a mill population more than twice as great. Alabama has made similar gains, the two Carolinas even greater, and the industry is growing in the adjoining states. The transfer of so large a labor supply from rural life, usually of great poverty and isolation, to the crowded environment of the mill yard, and the long hours of labor amidst the ceaseless crash of machinery, could not but result in a measure of both physical and moral injury. This evil the mill owners have labored to diminish; but the most enlightened management and an unthinkable capital would have been necessary to provide against it altogether.

When an ardent opponent of the Child Labor bill declares before the Georgia legislature that the cotton mill is "the greatest missionary agency in the South, one that is doing more for the moral, intellectual, and financial elevation of her poorer classes than all the churches and all the philanthropies combined," one acquainted with the facts may give a qualified assent to his claim. To many of its employees the mill has been the one possible escape from pinching poverty or actual want; to many more, uneducated,

and untrained to any form of profitable employment, it has been the instrument which has brought them in contact with civilizing agencies already in existence, or which it has been the policy of the mill to provide. But it must not be forgotten that these advantages have been purchased in part by the labor — one feels almost like saying the life — of little children. Mill owners have used their profits to a commendable extent in improving the condition of their employees; but so long as it is on record that most of them have opposed all legislation looking to the adequate protection of women and little children, society may wisely decline to resign the whole matter to their discretion as it has been again and again requested to do. With twenty-five per cent of the factory operatives under sixteen years of age, with more than half of these under fourteen, and not a few under twelve, and subject in some states to night work as well, the South may well consider, for her own sake as well as for that of the children, whether a temporary prosperity may not be purchased at too dear a cost.

It should be added, however, at this point, that the relation of the Southern mill operative to his employer is almost unique. Almost invariably it is one of mutual confidence, and often of active good-will. While waiting in a manager's office one may sometimes be treated to the sight of an old man, unkempt and grizzled, leaning comfortably in at the open window, and giving with cheerful confidence suggestions as to points of management, and may note that such a one is listened to not with impatience or condescension, but with a delightful cordiality of which his own native wit keeps him from taking undue advantage. And in times of trouble the women go to the officials for counsel or financial aid, with a confidence which is never misplaced. Much as suitable legislation should be insisted upon, to secure it at the cost of this mutual good-will would be to sacrifice something which the best of legal restrictions could not wholly replace. One likes to believe that the coexistence of both is not an impossibility.

Mill people are segregated to an unfortunate degree from the rest of society; but they are not for that reason closely bound to one another. Differences of education, and still more of moral standards, exist among them and create social separations as distinct as elsewhere. The best of these people rank as high as any others in good sense and the essential qualities of worthy character; the worst are the lowest to be found in the white population of the South. Between the extremes is a class, larger than either, as yet but little more developed in some regards than children, and responding readily to the good or the evil of their environment.

That environment itself differs. The prosperous mills, such as those at Pelzer in South Carolina, the Massachusetts Mills at Lindale, Georgia, and one or two of the Columbus mills, especially when at a distance from other towns or villages, provide for their operatives comfortable dwellings, large grounds with excellent sanitation, schools, churches, sometimes libraries, lecture courses, and other advantages; but in many of the older or less successful mills there is distressingly little to counteract the peculiar hardships and perils incident to factory life. The churches, women's clubs, and benevolent associations antedated and still supplement the philanthropic work of the mill owners. Atlanta women maintain seven free kindergartens and a social settlement in their mill districts; Athens has a night school with a most remarkable record; Augusta, in addition to a superior mill school, has a parish house which is doing a work out of all proportion to its financial resources, and only explicable by the quality of its workers; and at Columbus is an industrial school which in its essentials might well be duplicated in numberless places in the South, to the lasting benefit, not only of white children, but of the black ones as well. Adjoining states show similar agencies at work. Multiplied

ten-fold they would not meet the extraordinary demands of the situation. The need for external aid must always rise above the normal in a working community whose hours of labor run regularly as high as sixty-six a week, with night work not infrequent, particularly when a large proportion of the workers are women and little children. The amount of sickness will also be unusual, especially as the use of tobacco and snuff is almost universal, even with children. And the necessity for outside influences to quicken the sluggish intellectual and social currents must long exist where illiteracy is so concentrated.

Better, however, than further generalization upon the characteristics and the surroundings of these people will be an account of a series of visits paid to representative mills.

The first of these was made to a mill community on the outskirts of a large city. Founded nearly thirty years ago, when any expansion of the industry was regarded as an extremely doubtful financial experiment, the houses of the operatives were poor to begin with, and have not been bettered by the wear and tear of time. One of the mills is old also, and saturated with odors which perhaps only fire itself could destroy. The new one standing by its side is, except for the floors, clean, well ventilated, and provided with the best of machinery. The president gives me permission to spend all the time I like in the mills, and the amiable superintendent is my patient guide. He invites full investigation, and when I begin to talk with the workers, with a fine courtesy he busies himself out of earshot and leaves me absolutely free.

But I am otherwise trammeled. What right have I to ask intimate, personal questions of these toilers, more than of other strangers, more than of the men and women of my acquaintance? Yet there is neither resentment nor suspicion in the faces they thrust close to mine, that they may hear above the din and thud of the machinery.

A woman with lustreless hair and eyes and a skin like parchment smiles a little as she looks up from her loom. "No, ma'am, the work ain't to say hard," she says. "Hit's jes' tejus an' confinin'. But a body can make mo' at it than they can in them shops run by furriners, an' be better protected. I like it very well."

"The managers is all mighty kind," another declares; "an' our super is a good man. He was raised in a mill himself, an' knows how a po' person feels." And when questioned about recreation, she answers as a dozen others have done, most of them young girls, "Why, our super he fixes for us to have all kinds o' good religious doin's. There's church, an' Sunday School, and Wednesday night prayer-meetin'" — She stops and tries to think. What other forms of recreation are there for any one to ask for?

I tarry longest in the large spinning-rooms. In the long narrow alleys, lined high with whirling spindles, are childish figures moving slowly up and down, stopping every moment or two to tie a broken thread. Little boys doff the wooden spindles with a celerity that is itself machine-like, and bring others in small wooden carts. A few of the children are rosy and healthy-looking; most are pale and dull-eyed. Their unkempt hair and little cheap calico gowns are covered with lint. The lips of some are almost bloodless, and there is a brown line along them which tells its own story.

"Why do you use snuff? It is very bad for you," I say to a girl of twelve, whose face is colorless except for the blue circles under her eyes and the dark stains on her white lips. She looks more fit for a hospital than for a spinning-room.

"I reckon hit's good for me," she replies; "it sorter seems to keep this lint fum gittin' in my throat, an' I've got a bad cough."

I ask the same question of another child, a tough, wiry-looking little creature, with alert movements and an indomitable spirit of fun in her black eyes.

"I know I ought n't to dip," she says, her eyes twinkling; "but I jes' caint he'p

it. Hit keeps me fum bein' so lonesome."

"How long have you been at this lonesome work?"

"Fo' year." (She is not yet fourteen.)

"Can you read and write?"

"No'm, I caint." Look and voice deprecate the fact, but turn it bravely into a joke. "There's a real good school here; free, too," she adds for the honor of her employers; "but I'm jes' one o' them that don't never git to go to it."

In another spinning-room I find a girl whose bony fingers suggest the claws of a bird, and whose bent shoulders and strange, unchildlike features might give her almost any age. In body she seems about fourteen.

"How long have you worked in the mill?"

"Seven year. Not in this mill."

"Did you ever work at night?"

"Yes'm, a long time. But that was befo' I come here."

"Where?"

She names a mill owned and operated by people from a New England state.

I grow weary of the whirl and roar of machinery, of the filthy floors covered with expectorations, of the odors that sicken me in spite of the open windows. I return to the city. Down the long avenue the yellow light fills the space between the rows of tall trees. There is to be some important social function, and handsomely dressed women are crossing the sidewalk to their carriages. But the narrow mill aisles, lined with whirling spindles, are still before me, their sickening odors are lodged in my nostrils. In the yellow twilight the long street seems only a picture; the beautiful women, figures in a dream. It is the toilers in the mill that are the reality.

Another visit was made to a mill in a section of country but recently opened up by the railroads, and with a force of workers which, except for the few who have followed the owners from another state, are absolutely fresh from the mountains. The mill village is two miles from the nearest town, is the sole property of the corporation, and will, in a few years, furnish a complete example of what a mill can or cannot do with primitive human material. Its educational problem is a large one. Two thirds of its large working force are illiterate. But the president had employed teachers and opened a school several weeks before the mill was ready for work.

The equipment of the mill represents the latest improvements in machinery; the arrangements for heat, light, and ventilation are excellent. The workers are full of pride in their work, and not yet recovered from the exciting novelty of handling money of their own earning. The mill has been running five months; the worst-looking person in it is a boy who but three weeks before came down from the mountains.

I stop at one of the drawing-in frames and talk with a girl of refined and really beautiful features, her skin smooth and delicate, her yellow hair drawn smoothly away from her white forehead. "I got to go to school three or four years before we moved here," she says, "and I did love it. I wanted a good education worse than anything in the world."

"But you are earning money now. Why not save your wages and go to school again?"

She shakes her head. The present good has come between her and her fair dream.

I talk with another of the newcomers, a *spooler*. "Do you like this work?"

She throws back her head and smiles. "Yes, ma'am, I do. I'd another sort ruther be here than a-workin' in the field, or he'pin' ma around the house. Besides, you don't get no pay for that sort o' work."

Before the whistle blows for half-past eleven I walk the few rods between the mill and the little village where the operatives live. More than a hundred small frame dwellings, staring and white, stand on a broad slope from which every tree has been carefully cut away. There are no blinds, no concealment of any sort. I

stop at the first house on the corner of one of the narrow streets. A woman with gentle brown eyes invites me into her parlor. There is a carpet on the floor, a cabinet organ, new chairs, and a small table. A plaster bust of Shakespeare is on the mantel, and the walls are covered with crayon portraits in wide gilt frames.

The woman has six children and a boarder, and her sister's family are here as visitors. There is not room for me to spend the night; but I may have dinner and supper. On the clean dinner-table there are turnips, potatoes, hash, two kinds of preserves, and sweet-potato custards, with plate after plate of hot biscuits, big and soft, arriving constantly from the tiny stove-room. The customs of the table violate some of the points of etiquette; essentially, they are as fine as could be found in kings' palaces. The young man sitting opposite me, with the fine open face and handsome blue eyes, cannot read, but he eats only after those about him are served, and then modestly and quietly.

"It's a pity them labor agitators ain't got a good job o' work to do," the man of the house says to me. "I've worked for the owners o' this yere mill seven year over in South Ca'lina, an' I'd trust 'em a sight sooner'n I'd trust ary one o' them labor fellers. An' as for that Child Labor bill you women air tryin' to pass, it's jes' plum foolishness. Look at my daughter there, — you think the mill's hurt her?"

The girl's cheek is like a damask rose; her black eyes smile at me shyly. "All mill girls do not look like her," I insist.

In the rainy afternoon, in company with the mill physician, I visit house after house. They are furnished chiefly with children, and the kind physician comes opportunely to each, for there is sickness everywhere. The small front room has always two beds in it, sometimes three, and is the general living-room for the family; the only place, also, into which a visitor can be taken. The stranger, however, is not received as an intruder into the privacies of family life, but as an honored guest; and the childlike freedom and kindliness of the conversation which follows are as touching as they are charming. In more than one house there is no stove, sometimes only a single cooking utensil, a spider or oven, set out on the hearth, the chips on its lid filling the room with smoke which only the visitor seems to find disagreeable. "You will find things looking different in these houses a year from now," the doctor assures me.

Estimates of the new prosperity, however, are now and then qualified. "I like where we come from better," a woman says. "The childern likes it down here because there's somebody for 'em to be with. I'd ruther be off ten miles fum anybody than to have folks as clost around me as they air here."

When I go elsewhere for the night and ask my friendly entertainers for my bill, the woman's gentle eyes deprecate my request. "I don't charge you nothin' for what you et," she says.

Her husband takes up the matter vigorously. "We're pore, but we ain't that pore," he declares. "Whoever comes to my house can eat what they want to without havin' to pay for it. You come to see us again."

Some one comes in with an advertising pamphlet, and the youngest child grasps it eagerly and bends over the fire trying to read its silly rhymes. I remember that in this house of fourteen persons I have not seen a single book, and think of a more delicate way to pay for my entertainment.

The village of Roswell, Georgia, is known elsewhere, if at all, as the place where our President's mother was born and reared. To visit the little town is to taste the flavor of the Middle Ages, for a single steep street there is an epitome of a chapter repeated often in those past centuries, — the evolution of a middle class between the noble and the serf.

The village was founded by a wealthy gentleman from the coast, who erected a stately home in the original forest and

gave large building lots to the friends who chose to follow him. The colonists brought their own minister, built a brick church and schoolhouse, and prepared to rear their families in simple elegance and solid comfort. In 1837 they built a cotton mill, and a social entity of an utterly diverse kind entered upon its career. The beautiful old mansions still stand in their spacious grounds; but only two are in possession of descendants of the original owners. Scattered around the mill are the little whitewashed cabins in which the old story of humble toil repeats itself. But the steep street has grown up between,— its simple cottages built there one at a time through the slow years by the more ambitious of the mill people, whose children now carry on the small traffic of the village or follow trades or professions in other parts of the state.

The mill stands by the small river. Its steep, dark steps, flight after flight, are worn into deep hollows by the tread of generations of feet. The mill seems little and old and shabby after the great brick buildings I have been visiting for days before. But the sunlight and warm air pour in at the open windows; one can look easily from end to end of the rooms and see each separate worker, and machinery no longer makes human beings appear like mere patented attachments to itself.

I stop beside an old woman with a face much wrinkled and yellow, but full of good-humor. "Been in the mill long?" I scream above the crash of the looms.

"Hain't never been nowhere else," she screams back cheerfully.

She nods across at another old woman in a straight calico gown and three-cornered shawl. "Her an' me's been a-workin' here for pretty nigh fifty year," she screams again.

Her face is so kindly and so humorous I venture another question. She shakes her head. "Had to work. Some learnt at the Sunday School the big folks had. I did n't. Folks did n't think nothin' about educatin' their childern in them days."

But what is merely picturesque in the quaint hill village becomes depressing in the city far to the south. Instead of the little whitewashed cabins and the open country around, are the dingy brick tenement houses, their grime and poverty in full view from the paved sidewalk; and for a hundred workers under a single roof there are a thousand. Some of the many mills are new; some are old and inexpressibly dismal. I pass through one immense room lighted only by electricity, and try to think what it would be to live through those long, long hours with never a beam of sunshine to fall upon my loom, never so much as the chance of looking up from my flying shuttle to the tranquil face of the sky.

The types of operatives already so familiar are here also,— quiet, self-respecting men going steadily about their work; others whom ignorance and poverty have brutalized in mind and body; women neatly dressed and contented-looking, and women whose personal appearance shows an inner life equally unregarded and wretched. And always as before, in the long, long alleys of the spinning-rooms, the little children. They look more pallid and listless, I think, than any I have seen; more stunted in body, perhaps because of the climate; though some of them, indeed, are less than twelve years of age. In a little open space I am cheered by a group of doffers using their off period for a game of marbles on the worn, uneven floor. I lean over and talk to them. Their sallow faces make quick response to my interest. "Get down an' play a game with us," one of them says enticingly.

"How old were you when you first went into the mill?" I ask of a toothless, wrinkled woman whose bent shoulders move my heart to pity.

"I never worked in no other mill but this one," she replies, "an' I don't know how old I was when I begun; but I recollek good an' well the first day I come in I had on a new dress that it tuck jes' three yards o' homespun to make."

"And you've been here ever since?"

"Off an' on for a heap over forty year."

She told me also that she could not read a word, and that she had been the mother of nine children. "Some of 'em 's dead, an' some's married an' gone," she added patiently. "I works now an' takes keer o' myself, an' I'm glad there's a mill to work in."

From one of the windows I look down at the wide canal, its waters diverted from the Savannah River. In this new channel of man's devising the dark current flows steadily on; too muddy to reflect azure sky, or swaying trees, or the green rushes of the marshy levels through which it flows; drawn at length to the service of the mighty wheel, fulfilling its part in the complicated machinery, and falling away unseen in the underground darkness.

It is a type of the human life drawn day by day through the long years within these inclosing walls; becoming one with band and spindle and flying shuttle and turning wheel; passing steadily on toward the darkness, and as ceaselessly renewed, but reflecting all too seldom the firmament lights of the ideal, or those lowly flowers which ought to make gracious every human existence.

THE FLOWER OF YOUTH

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

I PLUCKED a leaf from sorrow,
  I broke a thorn from pain,
And where I pulled the leaf and thorn
  They straightway grew again.

But where I picked the blossom
  Of youth, the branch shows bare,
Nor can I find a second flower,
  Though I search everywhere.

ANGELO AND ANGELA

BY GRACE H. BAGLEY

THE story I have to tell is the biography of a house. This house is called, by the Italians who live in it, the Palazzo Rosso. The reason that I, an American, know every door-sill and rafter, every man, woman, baby, dog, and even chicken, under its roof, is because I have been its padrona for many years. Once or twice a week I go in and out, up stairs and down, collecting rents, examining broken locks and fallen plaster, arbitrating feuds, and gossiping with my tenants.

In the midst of a group of decayed cottages stands this rusty, weatherbeaten brick tenement, of the type known as a double-decker, where tiny two and four room homes open on either side of a corridor. It is four stories high, and covers a space of but fifty by a hundred feet; but here, in incredibly small quarters, dwell about two hundred Italian laborers and their families. All are unwashed, ragged, and scantily fed, — but happy.

Approaching the Palazzo one sees a chattering, bright-hued group of women gathered about a peddler's wagon; a wrinkled old woman wearing a magenta shoulder shawl tends her toddling grandchild; while sunning himself in the doorway is old Pasquale, whose cluster of gray curls is surmounted by a tasseled cap, hanging over his ear. I enter the Red House and sit in my office making out rent receipts; I listen to the notes of the mandolin in the next room, and the soft thrum of the guitar played by an old Neapolitan, who wears a velvet waistcoat and a scarlet neckerchief. Aromatic odors issue from the soup kettles simmering over many fires; outside in the corridor, some handsome women with bare throats and glossy braids, and each with her baby on her hip, are gossiping in a soft guttural; a tiny grandmother with twinkling eyes strings peppers in a doorway, while in an upper room two lusty young Calabrians, in brown corduroys, are dancing the tarantella to the drone of a shepherd's bag-pipe.

Half a block distant, electric cars clang, and heavy wagons of trade jolt through a business thoroughfare crowded with human beings whose hurrying steps and careworn faces speak of money-getting and the strain of modern life; but here in the Red House is a people preserving the happy vital sensuousness of the race in its childhood, when men spent their days in loving, hating, dancing and marching, praying and fighting. The Italian of the tenement is a survival of mediævalism. To estimate him justly, one must recognize the point of development reached in the twelfth century, when emotion did not gnaw the inner man, but found swift relief in action. His laugh, trembling and bubbling, passes from the highest to the lowest notes of the musical scale. His expressions of grief are classic; tears course abundantly down his cheek, and his friends lament with him, uttering loud cries like the chorus of a Greek play.

"Shriek now in response to me."

"We do shriek" cry the friends.

"Beat yourselves as to your breast."

"We beat ourselves."

We should add, "Scratch your face," — a thing which every Italian is expected to do when his relatives die.

Not only does he fall in love, but he sighs, rolls his eyes, and sings love songs. He is jealous — not dumbly, unobtrusively wretched, like our own good youths, but superbly jealous, crouching in dark places, dagger in hand.

Perhaps life is everywhere so gay, so tragic, so always interesting, if one were

but to see it unveiled; but in the Red House my tenants lift the curtain, which in the world of conventional society conceals the human drama. And thus have the years sped by. It seems but yesterday since my stewardship began, yet some of those whom first I saw as pink and downy swaddlings are now street-boys selling papers, and sober little girls ministering to my newest tenants, the present swaddlings of the Red House.

I

"Signora," said a timid voice.

Before me, with the frightened eyes and panting breath of a hunted creature, stood a young girl.

"I am in great trouble, Signora. I have no father, no mother. The people of my country cannot help me. They say 'Go to the padrona at the Palazz'; she will tell you what to do.'"

It was near the end of August, and for weeks the heat had been extreme. Nerves were strained by the unbroken continuance of the high temperature. Even the nights were not cool, but only less hot; so that, when the unrefreshed eyes again looked upon the white glare of the cloudless sky, the torrid air seemed a fiendish personality determined to break down human endurance. The newspapers recorded, not only sunstrokes, but also suicides and murders, crimes for which the merciless heat alone should have been held responsible.

A crowded tenement, in the heart of a city, is not a place one would naturally seek on a scorching summer afternoon; yet, strange to say, I found the nearest approach to comfort in the Palazzo. My bare, clean office was shielded by green shades from the insistent sun; on the well scrubbed table stood a pitcher of fragrant basil, gathered from the window garden of one of my tenants. Old Steffano in the next room was running his fingers idly over his guitar, eliciting languorous arpeggios; women slumbered across their doorways, and for once, even the babies and dogs were subdued. I, too, had prepared to lapse into drowsy enjoyment.

"Will the Signora hear me?" repeated the girl.

"Melodrama in this heat!" exclaimed I to myself. But there was no escape from the girl's eyes, which were searching mine for permission to tell her story.

"Your name?" I asked aloud, determined to learn the facts and have the affair over in the least time possible.

"Angela, Signora."

"You are a stranger here?"

"Yes, Signora. It is but one month since I left the ship to come to my sister and brother-in-law. Three days ago I went to the City Hall and was married to Angelo Taglia."

"A lover so soon! Yes, of course—she *is* beautiful," thought I, for the first time scrutinizing the earnest young face.

"Next week," continued the girl, "we were to have had the wedding in the church." (A civil marriage is in the eyes of the Italian peasant merely a preliminary to the religious ceremony by the priest.)

"And now," I assumed, "Angelo wants to take back his promise and not marry you at all?"

"No, no, Signora. It is I who wish to be free from him. Yesterday," she continued, "Angelo was arrested by a woman, who said she too was his wife. I followed him to the court. There I found a girl Angelo used to love,—a poor girl, Signora, young too, like me, and from my country. She carried a baby in her arms. It was his, Signora. We wept together, that poor girl and I. She tried to give me the little one. 'Here,' said she, 'you are the new wife; you must care for Angelo's boy.' 'But no,' I said, 'what do I want with another woman's baby?' I called Angelo. I said 'You are the father; she is the mother. You must go together to your house.' Signora, he would not go one step with her. He wants to make me his wife."

"How was it that you knew nothing of this before you went to the City Hall with Angelo?"

"How could I know? My people did not know his people. Angelo comes from Italy, yes; but he is from Naples, while my home is in Calabria."

"Then you should have waited until you were better acquainted. Why must you have been in such haste to marry? Why not have waited a year or two?"

"Ah, yes, Signora, that is what I should have liked. But you do not understand. Angelo is my brother-in-law's padrone — the man he works for. When I was still in my country, Enrico — he is my brother-in-law — made a bargain with Angelo. Angelo was to give him steady work all winter, and Enrico was to give me to him for his wife. My brother-in-law was glad for me to marry such a rich man, because I have no one to take care of me. The very night I came, this man was waiting in my sister's house. 'You are Angela!' he said, 'and I am Angelo. Angela and Angelo, the two belong to one another.' The next morning his mother brought me some fine presents. Soon after, we became engaged, and in a week we were married by the court; and now, Signora, my brother-in-law says he is too poor a man to keep me any longer. 'Go with Angelo to the priest and finish the marriage, or go into the street,' says he. I cannot go to look for work; I should be lost if I went two hundred yards away. And then, Signora, who would give me work? I cannot speak one word of English. May I not be servant to the Signora?"

She knelt and prayed to me, laying her forehead on the floor and kissing it.

"I do not want money, only a little corner to sleep in, and the food which the Signora would throw away. I can sew and knit and make a garden," she begged. Her low, fervid voice implored me, while her hands timidly touched my shoulder, and her anxious eyes sought mine. "If the Signora will but save me from Angelo!"

At this moment came the sound of a footstep in the corridor.

"Angelo!" Angela sprang and locked the door. "He has come to kill me and you."

For an instant the pale vision of those who had been killed in bloody encounters of the Palazzo arose before me. I saw daggers and stilettos. I saw Vito Antonelli stabbed for cheating at cards, and poor Luisa Canino shot by her husband for having lent the family axe to a man who did not return it. There stood Pietro, Allessandro, Alberto, and many others who were dead for some trifling offense. To sympathize with an insubordinate wife undergoing discipline was to do that for which, in the Red House Colony, a man must take vengeance or be called a coward.

A threatening knock at the door. I looked at the windows; they were twenty feet from the ground. It is a fact, however, that the suavity of the drawing-room fills the peasant, even the enraged peasant, with awe and confusion. I unlocked and opened the door.

Before me was a face ravaged by devilish anger, by suppressed revenge, which, wanting its victim, contorted the features of the man himself. His teeth were long and cruel, like those of a furious animal; and holding his lips away from them at the sides he showed fang-like canines. His pale face was spotted with purple. Strangely enough, as I saw his close-set eyes, scintillating with mania, his dilated nostrils, and his hands opening and shutting spasmodically, my first sensation was one, not of fear, but of pity. Did my eyes reveal my sympathy? Though ready to spring at me, he wavered.

I for my part lost no time in greeting him with slow, smooth cordiality. "Mr. Taglia, I believe? This young girl Angela has been speaking of you. To be frank, she quite puzzles me, and you are the very person to explain matters. But first pray be seated."

I uncovered for him the chair used by the Lodge which holds meetings in my

office: this was an imposing article, with a high back and carved arms.

"Permit me also to give you a glass of water. Pardon me, may I say that you look ill? It is very hot."

For a moment my unexpected kindness checked him. He hesitated; but unhappily his eye fell upon Angela, who had dropped the imperious attitude assumed by her at his entrance, and absorbed in our conversation was gazing from one to the other, her widely opened young eyes full of trouble, and her mouth almost infantile in its tender piteousness. She was, in spite of her powerful frame, the personification of the feminine. Half-emerged into womanhood, her childlike appearance but added to her charm; and as he looked at her, baffled love again sent the blood surging to his brain.

"You — you try to separate me from my wife," he stammered in his anger.

At this juncture an accident occurred. I upset the pitcher containing the basil, and the water overran the table, wetting my papers and belongings. In rescuing these I permitted the pitcher to fall and break.

"I can tell you one thing," he declared angrily; "Americans may know how to get divorces and break up families; but I am Italian and I know what to do to the people that come between me and my wife."

Up to this point I had been busily occupied in picking up the broken pieces of crockery. This finished, I looked up, all attention.

"I must ask your pardon, Mr. Taglia; will you be good enough to repeat what you said? I have been so disturbed by breaking this fine pitcher that I have not heard a word. You came, I believe, to ask my advice as to this lovers' quarrel you young people have had. You know, my good man, that I am here to collect rents, not to listen to anybody's love affairs. However," — I looked at my watch, — "I have a few moments and I will hear you."

"Excuse me, Signora."

My heart bounded with relief. I waved my hand in token of indulgent attention.

"You must not believe what Angela says; she is a bad girl."

"Ah! Then her story of a young woman who claims to be your wife is false?"

"My wife is there," declared Angelo, pointing to Angela. "I never married that other girl."

"Then why did she bring suit against you?"

"For the support of the child, but it is dead; it died the same day Angela saw it in the court, and the suit is dismissed."

"Still," I ventured, "Angela knows the story of the other woman. This must explain to you why she will not marry you."

"She is married to me already," he insisted.

"Probably you would not have cared to marry Angela," continued I, "if she had had a lover before you, even if she had not married him — if for example, she had merely lived with him as his wife."

"No, I should not. She's a woman, I'm a man. Find me, if you please, Signora, some man who lives like a girl. You think I am one of those poor field-hands, who don't know what pleasure is. No. I'm a gentleman, I am," he concluded with a frown.

"The fact that you are a gentleman and so handsome that half the Italian girls you know are breaking their hearts for you, is the very reason why you should not waste time on this clumsy peasant, who has not even enough discernment to desire to marry you."

A pleased smile began to play over his face and I began to feel safe.

"I have an idea," I cried. "I'll pay Angela's expenses, and we'll ship her back to Italy."

Angela started forward, her face radiant with hope. Angelo's good-humored smile faded.

"She's a poor creature," I continued. "She will not bring you a dollar; she's

nothing but a Calabrian anyway, and after she's once out of the way you will get a divorce" (Angela leapt forward) "and marry some ladylike and nicely behaved girl. There's Grazia, for example, or Pasqualina, a girl who is always gentle. You see for yourself that Angela is going to be one of these troublesome women who do not obey their husbands. Come, say the word and we'll send her about her business this moment." Angela's face beamed with ill-timed joy.

Angelo broke out in angry sarcasm. "You say, let her go back to Italy? How long before she would marry some other man? Signora," — he leaned forward and shook his finger in my face, — "I will tell you when she can have some other lover — when I am below the ground with six feet of earth over my eyes, that's when."

"But," I urged, "surely a marriage would be most disagreeable if the woman were forced to accept you."

To Angela's unusual beauty was added a subtle, psychic quality, — one which Angelo, connoisseur of women though he was, had not heretofore encountered; he recognized something in her which he could not master, and he liked the novel sensation.

"You are a woman, Signora," said he. "Let me tell you how a man feels when the woman who loves him tries to please him in everything. To-day, perhaps, she wears a blue ribbon. He says, 'You must not wear blue, wear green.' 'But green is not becoming,' says she. 'Wear green,' says he, and she wears green.

"She likes to walk and gossip with the women in front of the house. 'Stay in, cook, scrub, knit,' he orders. So she stays in with the door shut. She gives him the best piece from the dish. If he feels sleepy, she yawns too — always good, always quiet. Will you believe it, Signora, he hates that woman? He is angry at her for nothing. He even beats her. You think I will give up Angela because she says 'no' when I say 'yes'? Signora, for that reason I will not give her up."

"But," said I, "if she will not go with you, what then?"

"She will go. Women have to do as their husbands say. When I say the word, she will follow me to church."

I rose to leave. Angela, who had kept herself at the most distant corner of the room, now came forward, and for the first time their eyes met. His were sick with love. She flung at him glances of defiance and insult. Once more he felt utterly futile, and again he grew furiously angry; his face colored a dark red, and his hands nervously sought his pocket where the outline of a revolver was visible.

"The Signora will care to take home the basil?" interposed Angela, turning to me with a sweetness which contrasted most unfortunately with her insolence to Angelo.

The long corridor lay between us and the street, and no one of us was willing to risk a stab in the back by taking the lead. The air had grown closer and seemed charged with electricity. The lightning flashed, and a thunder storm was imminent. Further delay would be a mutual acknowledgment of fear. By common consent we marched three abreast through a hundred feet of dim passageway, and at length emerged into the outer air.

II

Each day fate pressed more heavily upon Angela. At first she had been full of the hope that because she was in America, and not in Italy, she would somehow find an escape from Angelo.

"This strange way of unmarrying after one has married — the divorce — may I have one?" asked she.

"What are your grounds," inquired the lawyer.

"Angelo has led a bad life; there is another young girl, — he should marry her. She has a baby and he is the father," explained Angela.

"Has he done wrong since you married him?"

"No."

"But you thought that because he used to be bad you could get a divorce?"

"Yes — in America."

"America is a better place for women than Italy," said the lawyer. "But, my good child, if a man behaves properly after he is married, we cannot — even in America — punish him for the bad things he may have done before."

No escape! Sick at heart, half starved, allowed no other bed than the hard floor, even Angela's vigorous frame succumbed. In her tremulous transparent pallor, she became like an orchid. One morning, her sister Lucia being gone on an errand, Angela, left alone, fell into a heavy sleep, her head upon her arms. Something cold against her cheek aroused her. She shrieked, "Maria, Mother of God! What is that?"

Pressed against her cheek was the muzzle of Angelo's revolver; Angelo himself stood close beside her.

"Well?" said Angela, laying her head again upon her arms and closing her eyes. She did not fear him when, as now, he hated her. She was terrified only by his love.

"So I'm not worth waking up for, my fine lady?" He had been drinking heavily, and his tone was loud and angry. "I am not here to buy kisses; to kill you — that is what I came to do."

She lay motionless. Insultingly lifting her brows, she regarded him languidly through half open eyelids. Fierce at the insult, he seized her. Her stout hands caught both his wrists and held them for an instant; she grasped his revolver and placed it against her temple, then she released him.

"Now shoot," she said.

With curses he snatched the pistol and flung it from him.

"A pretty life I lead on your account," said Enrico, her brother-in-law, as he ate his dinner. "To-day Angelo sent word to the yardmaster and I have been put to the meanest piece of work on the place. I know the next move he'll make. I'll get a lay-off. But what does Angela care if my poor wife and children go hungry?"

"Come child," urged Lucia, her sister, "in Heaven's name be a good girl. Get married by the priest, do! Only this morning," she continued, turning to Enrico, "he went to the store and bought her some clothes — a dress and a nice cape. There's the bundle, and the string still on it! You think she'd so much as take the paper off? No. She'd rather wear her old green and red dress."

She heard them in silence, but with no intention of yielding. She continued to maintain toward Angelo a hostile frigidity, which, in spite of the degree of claim given him by the ceremony in the City Hall, he was powerless to disregard.

But though Angelo could not conquer Angela, public opinion did. There came a day, when, as she walked down the street, she saw the women whispering and pointing their fingers at her from behind the shutters. Panting she reached home.

"Lucia, Lucia," she called, shaken with sobs from head to foot, "to-day no one speaks to me; at first I could not believe it, that they could treat me like a street woman! First I tried to speak to Rosaria in her doorway, but she turned her face away. I spoke to Pasqualina, and she walked into her house. I went where all the women were talking together, and some went this and some that way, and some went another way; no one was left but me alone."

An hour later Enrico called Angelo from the saloon: "Angela says you may marry her next Sunday."

On my next visit Lucia greeted me with triumph.

"We are busy getting ready for the wedding, Signora," said she.

I studied Angela's face, hoping that Angelo, with a lover's art, had won her;

but no, tears stood in her despairing eyes, her lips quivered.

"Then why do you marry him?" I asked.

Lucia interposed. "You see, Signora, he talks so mean about her, she must marry him. He has told everybody she is a bad girl. She could never get another husband, and then too, how else can she be rid of him? When she goes out on the street, there he is at her heels. At night he even sleeps here in front of our door. We could not, you see, be bothered any longer. She ought to be glad —a poor girl like her, with no father or mother. Why, Signora, he buys everything, shoes, dress, veil. We buy nothing. And his mother, — you should see her house. Everything in heaps ready for the wedding — macaroni, cabbage, peppers — so many, it looks like a store. She has fifty chickens to kill for the feast, and she is to pay eight dollars for a fine Italian cook. You must come and see, Signora."

"Shall I come to your wedding, Angela?"

"Please not, Signora."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Signora."

III

An ill omen, — the wedding morning was black with clouds! The guests gazed into the glimmering darkness with sinking hearts. At ten o'clock the carriages waited along the curb, and the street was filled with people watching for the wedding party.

Meanwhile, behind the shutters of Enrico's cottage, the bridal party waited the completion of the bride's toilet. She was in white, except for two narrow purple streamers of sacrificial purple, which, with the folds of her veil, fell to her feet. Angelo felt warm and tender towards every one. As to Angela, she would soon be his to treat as harshly as he would, in payment for the torture inflicted by her abhorrence of him; but hope of his revenge was thwarted by the madness of his love, which, until requited, would give him no peace. Cruelty would not win her heart; therefore, he meant to be kind. He chose such a gown as fine ladies wear, one of silk and of lace, the like of which no peasant often beholds. He himself was arranging her veil and wreath with delicate discriminating touches like those of a woman.

"You are beautiful enough to pay for the trouble I have had," said he smiling. He would have ventured a caress, had he dared.

On their way from the house to the carriage which was to take them to church, the bride and groom passed a sobbing figure crouched near the empty home. It was Angelo's mother bent low under the crashing thunder. "The storm follows them to the altar. God has covered his face from my son on his marriage day."

Angela's hopes of freedom fled when the doors of the sanctuary closed behind her. Kneeling at Angelo's side, she summoned all her faith, and prayed that the lightning would smite both herself and her lover. She waited. But the moments passed and still the priest chanted; the acolytes flitted hither and thither at their appointed offices; the organ knelled in solemn interludes; and, in spite of her despairing appeal to Heaven, the nuptial benediction was pronounced. Now only death could break the bonds which held her to the man she hated.

In gloom the wedding party assembled in the hall where the dance and feast were to be held. "A curse on Angelo's house," called out Maria Monti as the rain dashed against the window. "No son will come to Angelo. Girls, — perhaps, yes; but no man child will bear his name."

Meanwhile, Rosaria, Angelo's mother, with a labored semblance of good cheer, threw confetti and filled the wine glasses till they overflowed. The bride spread her handkerchief in her lap, as a signal to her guests, who now came forward

with their gifts. The women brought bed linen, a pair of sheets or a few pillow covers; the men tossed envelopes containing money to Angela and kissed Adgelo on either cheek. Angela, grave and speechless, was a statue in bridal robes; only her sister pressed her lips against the cold white cheek, while Enrico whispered, "Forgive me, Angela. If I have said any cross words, you must forget and forgive."

Vengeance burned in the girl's eyes. "The cross words, yes, those I do forgive; but because I must wear these," — here she touched in turn her veil, her wreath of orange blossoms, and her ring, — "my heart is hard against you, Enrico Barelli."

Angelo's mother kept close watch upon her son's bride. "Come come," she said sharply, "you've got a husband of your own, keep your secrets for him."

The wine flowed freely, the feast was ample, and presently the good cheer of meat and drink brought back the warm currents of life to the guests. Jokes and laughter followed, and no sooner did the mandolins give the signal for the dance, than the men began capering and every one was ready to begin.

The Tarantella typifies the awakening and progress of love. Like most folk dances it is a factor in human events, exercising a power which mystifies by a delusive simplicity. The music forms an integral part of the whole; the best dancer in the village is powerless to the rhythm without this music, nor can it be successfully played by other than native hands. A trained musician, being foreign, cannot lay hold on the peculiar fall of the beat; yet a Calabrian peasant, with his shepherd's bagpipe, will with a range of four notes bewitch the clumsiest pair of heels. Its source being the unexplored realm of the emotional centres, the dance with its excitant quality penetrates again into these mysterious recesses. It begins with a slight balancing step; the interest grows, not from variety nor increase of speed; but its effect is cumulative, caused by ceaseless reiteration and monotony of movement.

With the first notes of the mandolin a startling change took place in Angela. Her pallor and inertness disappeared; when, as a bride, she took her place in the centre of the room to open the dance, she became conscious of an impulse too vague to be called a purpose. Yet its power determined the events of the coming hours. The bride, after having given first a turn to each of Angelo's relatives, male and female, was free to accept any partner who presented himself. Enrico, who had been drinking heavily, forgetting Angela's refusal of pardon, now clamored for his turn. A bright color tinged the girl's cheeks. Borne upon the new current of impulse within her, she knew not, neither did she care, whither it might carry her. At the invitation of her brother-in-law she bent forward, whispering, —

"Yes, Enrico, you shall be my partner; you and I will show these Neapolitans how the Calabrians dance. At daybreak, that is when we shall tire — you and I — "

Rosaria had again observed the secrecy between Angela and Enrico. "Look," said she, pulling Angelo aside, "am I to spend my money for a fête that a Calabrian beggar girl may make a fool of my son? Be a man, will you?"

Angela and her partner moved with light and rapid grace; Enrico, always keeping step with perfect precision, interpolated various antics and drolleries, which the guests, enlivened by copious draughts of red wine, found so witty that in their uproarious laughter they panted, screamed, and beat one another. The Tarantella gives opportunity for many modest coquetries; but whatever Angela's motive in detaining Enrico, she danced as simply as a child. Each figure was brought to a perfect finish; and without pause, a new one was begun as if the two were wound up to whirl until doomsday.

All day Angelo had hungered for a token that she forgave him and would

not punish him longer by her coldness. Because he loved her, her conduct and the jeers of the men hurt more than they angered him. Yet he could not permit the situation to be prolonged. He forced his way through the circle to the place next the dancers.

"I want my wife for my partner now," said he and waited. Even yet the scene might have passed without a quarrel, had Angela so chosen. He watched her closely as she continued moving quietly, rapidly, ceaselessly. He hoped for no sweetheart's welcome; but at least she would meet his yearning gaze with toleration. Her eyes, as he spoke, were cast down; he trembled, waiting for their upward glance. She looked him full in the face with heavy eyelids of scorn.

At the same instant Enrico, still dancing, waved him aside with a gay politeness, exclaiming, "To-morrow you. To-day for me."

Angelo uttered a fierce cry of passion, and in a flash, pierced by a bullet, Enrico lay dead at his feet. Angelo, the Neapolitan, had murdered a Calabrian.

The shot turned the tumult of laughter to one of shrieking woe. Angela's eyes blazed with excitement. Enrico was dead; yet Angelo — her husband — still lived. She shivered with repugnance.

"If there could be a battle," she thought, "he would fall first." Who knew better than Angela, the Calabrian girl, how to inflame the men of Calabria to vengeance against Angelo the slayer of their countryman?

"Bravo for Napoli," sang Angela's voice above the confused din. "Down with the dogs of Calabria," she taunted.

Enrico's friends rushed upon Angelo; the Neapolitans fought to rescue him. All were crazed with drink; weaponless, Neapolitans and Calabrians clutched and wrestled in a race battle. They bit and tore one another until their eyes were filmy with passion; vengeance was lost in the meaningless lust for blood — blood, that of foe or brother. At the centre of the mob Angelo had fallen. His mother only had seen his face suddenly pale, his body grow limp and disappear. On hands and knees she forced her search amid their trampling feet.

Frenzy spent itself at last; neighbors and friends awoke to look into each other's bewildered eyes. Stillness fell upon them. Peering through the gathering twilight, they dimly saw a figure — Rosaria's — standing apart.

"Who is she?"

"There — the woman with gray, disordered hair hanging about her face; — and that — that heavy, dark object she embraces?" They looked more closely.

"Angelo!" they gasped. "Dead, and on his wedding day!"

"Listen! his mother whispers to him!"

"Does she not know that he is dead?"

"She has gone mad."

"Hush! She sings. How gentle, how sweet her voice!"

("Angelo, to sleep now, my pretty one," she was crooning.)

"She forgets. She thinks it is long ago."

"He sleeps, yes. But for her there is to-morrow."

Enrico and Angelo, comrades in death, lay side by side. Passion-spent, the people are no longer Calabrian or Neapolitan. Tears fill their eyes. They are Italians and brothers.

Far away glimmer the lights of a great city. From a doorway two groups of men issue into a quiet street. Each carries a bier on which lies a covered burden. How grateful the refreshing dampness of the breeze. There is no moon to-night — not even a star. The darkness is vast and peaceful.

IV

Midnight drew near in Rosaria's tenement home; in the flickering candlelight was seen Angelo's shrouded body. A great silver crucifix and a massive branched candelabra half filled the room where the friends and neighbors,

who a few hours before had fought and cursed Angelo, now with hushed tread and grave voices paid respectful tribute at the house of mourning.

Angela in a low seat at his side bemoaned him according to her traditions. Each Italian province has its own bodily rhythm of sorrow, its distinctive note of woman's wailing for the dead. At one moment silent and motionless, Angela stared fixedly from under her black head coverings, oblivious to the mourners who passed before her with ejaculations of pity. She rocked violently to and fro, while she pierced the air with her shrill cry, a long monotone without resonance, suggesting, not human, but animal woe. Heard even for the first time, this sound tells its story; it is the primitive cry of woe for the first dead, before grief has learned the gamut of sorrow. Were you to hear it, you would become aware of something unfamiliar stirring in your own consciousness, a chord of your being touched for the first time and reverberating from the shadowy depths of unknown ancestry. You, a modern, whose passions are schooled to play their part in the unemotional present, will at that dread yet alluring sound fall under the spell of savagery and the wild past.

The clock struck twelve, and the mourners went to their homes; two only remained, the appointed watchers of the dead. For Angela, the day's task was not yet completed. Purposes as imperative as religious commands possessed her mind.

"These things must I do," thought she. "Then I may sleep." Already she had fulfilled part of her vow; she had mourned publicly as Angelo's widow; she had paid the priest that a requiem mass might be sung for his soul in purgatory. One final act remained to be accomplished before the last tie that bound her to Angelo would be severed.

"Good! they are drowsy," said Angela, glancing at the men.

She rose and brought some chairs from Rosaria's kitchen. "There, make yourselves comfortable," she said.

A few moments passed; the watchers slept. The girl glided with noiseless footsteps to the corpse; she paused; then with trembling yet persistent hands she drew back the shroud. She placed about Angelo's neck a ribbon upon which her wedding ring was strung. In concealing the ring she touched the dead man's icy flesh; her teeth chattered with fear; she again covered the body; she leaped from it with jubilant bounds.

A faint thrill of happiness stirred within her and would not be silenced.

"You must not be happy yet, my heart," she said.

Swiftly she freed herself from the black shawl which had enveloped her, loosened the veil fastened by Angelo's hands, and tore the fragile wedding gown from her shoulders.

"Ah!" She breathed a sigh of joy, and lifting her bare arms high above her head, she stood in her chemise and petticoat, — those dear clumsy garments of homespun in which she became once more Angela the free.

She lifted the lid of Rosaria's stove and, thrusting the finery within it, dropped upon it a lighted match.

"Nothing is left. All is ashes," she murmured as she fled into the night, through the silent street to her sister's chamber. There she knelt, crossed herself, and after repeating her usual prayers, laid herself in bed.

"To-morrow," she whispered, "I must work. I will make bread. I will make the house fresh and clean."

"To-morrow," she murmured; and with a smile of hope she fell into the dreamless sleep of health and innocence.

A MOTOR-FLIGHT THROUGH FRANCE

BY EDITH WHARTON

III

VI

IN AUVERGNE

At last we were really in Auvergne. On our balcony at Royat, just under the flank of the Puy de Dôme, we found ourselves in close communion with its tossed heights, its black towns, its threatening castles. And Royat itself — even the dull new watering-place quarter — is extremely characteristic of the region: hanging in a cleft of the great volcanic upheaval, with hotels, villas, gardens, vineyards clutching at every precarious ledge and fissure, as though just momentarily arrested in their descent upon the roofs of Clermont.

As a watering-place Royat is not, in outward aspect, an ornamental specimen of its class; and it has the further disadvantage of being connected with Clermont by a long dusty suburb, noisy with tram-cars; but as a centre for excursions it offers its good hotels and "modern conveniences" at the precise spot most favourable to the motorist, who may radiate from it upon almost every centre of interest in Auvergne, and return at night to digestible food and clean beds — two requisites for which, in central France, one is often doomed to pine.

Auvergne, one of the most interesting, and hitherto almost the least known, of the old French provinces, offers two distinct and equally striking sides to the appreciative traveller: on the one hand, its remarkably individual church architecture, and on the other, the no less personal character of its landscape. Almost all its towns are distinguished by one of those ancient swarthy churches, with western narthex, great central tower, and curious incrustations of polychrome lava, which marked, in Auvergne, as strongly distinctive an architectural impulse as flowered, on a vastly larger scale, and a century or more later, in the Gothic of the Ile de France. And the towns surrounding these churches, and often built up, Italian fashion, on the crest or flank of one of the strange volcanic eminences springing from the plain — the towns themselves, with their narrow perpendicular streets and tall black houses, are so darkly individual, so plainly akin to the fierce predatory castles on the adjacent hills, that one is arrested at every turn by the desire to follow up the obscure threads of history connecting them with this little-known portion of the rich French past.

But to the traveller restricted by time, the other side of the picture — its background, rather, of tormented blue peaks and wide-spread forest — which must assert itself, at all seasons, quite as distinctively as the historic and architectural character of the towns, is likely, in May, to carry off the victory. We had come, at any rate, with the modest purpose of taking a bird's-eye view of the region, such a mere flight across the scene as draws one back, later, to brood and hover; and one glance at the landscape from the Royat balcony confirmed us in the resolve to throw as sweeping a glance as possible, and defer the study of details to our next — our already-projected! — visit.

The following morning, therefore, we set out early for the heart of the Monts Dore. Our road carried us southward, along a series of high ridges above the

wide Allier vale, and then up and down, over wild volcanic hills, now densely wooded, now desolately bare. We were on the road to Issoire and La Chaise Dieu, two of the most notable old towns of southern Auvergne; but, in pursuit of scenery, we reluctantly turned off at the village of Coudes, at the mouth of a lateral valley, and struck up toward the western passes which lead to the Pic de Sancy.

Some miles up this valley, which follows the capricious windings of the Couzes, lie the baths of Saint Nectaire-le-Bas, romantically planted in a narrow defile, beneath the pyramidal Romanesque church which the higher-lying original village lifts up on a steep splinter of rock. The landscape beyond Saint Nectaire grows more rugged and Alpine in character: the pastures have a Swiss look, and the shaggy mountain-sides are clothed with a northern growth of beech and pine. Presently, at a turn of the road, we came on the little crater-lake of Chambon, its intense blueness vividly set in the greenest of meadows, and overhung by the dark basalt cliff which carries on its summit the fortified castle of Murols. The situation of Murols, lifted on its isolated shaft of rock above that lonely upland valley, is in itself impressive enough to bring out the full value of such romantic suggestions as it has to offer; and the monument is worthy of its site. It is in fact a very noble ruin, raising its high central keep above two outer circuits of battered masonry, the ampler and later of which shows the classical pilasters and large fenestration of what must have been one of the stateliest specimens of the last stage of French feudal architecture. Though the guide-books record a mention of Murols as early as the thirteenth century, the castle now standing is all of later date, and the great rectangular exterior is an interesting example of the transitional period when Italian palace architecture began to be grafted on the rugged stock of French military construction.

Just beyond the lake of Chambon the road begins to ascend the long curves of the Col de Diane, the pass which leads over into the valley of Mont Dore. As we rose though bleak meadows and patches of scant woodland, the mountains of Auvergne unrolled themselves to the east in one of those lonely tossing expanses of summit and ridge and chasm that suggest the mysterious undulations of some uninhabited planet. Though the Col de Diane is not a high pass, it gives, from its yoke, a strangely memorable impression of distance and mystery; partly, perhaps, because in that desert region there is neither village nor house to break the labyrinth of peaks; but chiefly because of the convulsed outlines into which they have been tossed by subterranean fires.

A cold wind swept the top of the pass, and snow still lay under the rocks by the roadside; so that it was cheering to the spirits, as well as to the eye, when we presently began our descent through dark pine forests into the vale of the Dordogne. The baths of Mont Dore lie directly beneath the pass, at the mouth of a valley hollowed out of the side of the Pic de Sancy, the highest peak in Auvergne. In spite of the milder air and bright spring foliage we were still distinctly in high places; and Mont Dore itself, not yet decked for the entertainment of its bathers, had the rude poverty-stricken look which everywhere marks the real mountain village. Later, no doubt, when its hotels are open, and its scanty gardens in bloom, it takes on a thin veneer of frivolity; but it must always be an austere-looking village, with its ill-kept cobblestone streets, and gaunt stone houses grouped against a background of bare Alpine pastures. We were not sorry, therefore, that its few restaurants presented barred shutters to our midday hunger, and that we were obliged to follow the first footsteps of the infant Dordogne down the valley to the lower-lying baths of Bourboule.

The Dordogne is a child of lusty

growth, and at its very leap from the cradle, under the Pic de Sancy, it rolls a fine brown torrent beneath its steeply wooded banks. Its course led us rapidly down the mountain glen to the amiable but somewhat characterless little watering-place of La Bourboule, set in a depression of the hills, with a background of gentle slopes which, in summer, might offer fairly pleasant walks between one's douches; and here, at a fresh white hotel with an affable landlady, we lunched on trout that must have leapt straight from the Dordogne into the frying-pan.

After luncheon we once more took our way along the lively curves of the river; to part with them at last, reluctantly, a few miles down the valley, and strike out across a dull plateau to the mountain-town of Laqueille, — a gaunt wind-beaten place, with nothing of note to offer except its splendid view from the absolutely dizzy verge of a high cornice above the valley running south from the chain of the Dôme. Beyond Laqueille, again, we began to descend by long windings; and at last, turning off from the direct road to Royat, we engaged ourselves in a series of wooded gorges, in search of the remote village of Orcival.

The church of Orcival is one of the most noted of that strange group of Auvergnat churches which some students of French Romanesque are disposed to attribute, not only to one brief period of time, but to the hand of one architect; so closely are they allied, not alone in plan and construction, but in their peculiar and original decorative details. We had resolved, therefore, not to return to Royat without a sight of Orcival; and spite of the misleading directions plentifully bestowed on us by the way, and resulting in endless doublings through narrow lonely glens, we finally came, in the neck of the last and narrowest, upon a huddled group of stone roofs with a church rising nobly above them.

Here it was at last — and our first glance told us how well worth the search we had made for it. But a second made evident the disturbing fact that a cattle-fair was going on in the village; and though this is not an unusual event in French towns, or one calculated, in general, to interfere with the movements of the sightseer, we soon saw that, owing to the peculiar position of Orcival, which is jammed into the head of its glen as tightly as a cork in a bottle, the occupation of the square about the church formed a complete check on circulation.

And the square was fully occupied: it presented, as we descended on it, an agitated surface of blue human backs, and dun and white bovine ones, so closely and inextricably mixed that any impact from without merely sent a wave across the mass, without making the slightest break in its substance. On its edge, therefore, we halted; the church, with its beautiful rounded *chevet* and central pyramid-tower, islanded a few yards away across a horned sea which divided it from us as hopelessly as Egypt from Israel; and the waves of the sea setting toward us with somewhat threatening intent at the least sign of our attempting to cross it. There was therefore nothing to be done but to own ourselves intruders, and defer a sight of Orcival to our next visit; and with much backing and wriggling, and some unfavourable comment on the part of the opposition, we effected a crestfallen exit from that interesting but inhospitable village.

The road thence to Royat climbs over the long Col de Ceyssat, close under the southern side of the Puy de Dôme; and we looked up longingly at the bare top of the mountain, yearning to try the ascent, but fearing that our "horse-power" was not pitched to such heights. That adventure too was therefore deferred till our next visit, which every renunciation of the kind was helping to bring nearer and make more inevitable; and we pushed on to Royat across the dreary plain of Laschamp, noted in the records of motoring as the starting-point of the perilous *circuit d'Auvergne*.

VII

ROYAT TO BOURGES

The term of our holiday was upon us, and stern necessity took us back, the next day, to Vichy. We followed, this time, the road along the western side of the Limagne, passing through the old towns of Riom and Aigueperse. Riom, thanks to its broad boulevards and bright open squares, struck us as the most cheerful and animated place we had seen in Auvergne; and it has, besides, a great air of Renaissance elegance, many of its old traceried hôtels having been built in the sixteenth century, when the chief development of the town took place.

Aigueperse, on the contrary, spite of its situation in the same sunny luxuriant plain, presents the morose aspect of the typical town of Auvergne, without many compensating merits, save that of two striking pictures of the Italian school which are to be seen in its modernized cathedral. From Aigueperse our road struck eastward across the Limagne to Gannat; and thence, through pleasant fields and woods, we returned to Vichy, on the opposite edge of the plain.

We started early the next morning on our journey to the north, for our slight experience of the inns of central France made us anxious to reach Orléans by night. Such long runs cannot be made without the sacrifice of much that charms and arrests one by the way; and this part of the country should be seen at leisure, in the long summer days, when the hotels are less sepulchrally damp, and when one can remain late out of doors, instead of having to shiver through the evening hours around a smoky oil-lamp, in a room which will not bear inspection even by that insufficient light.

We suffered, I remember, many pangs by the way; and not least, that of having to take in a mere parenthesis the charmingly complete little town of La Palisse on the Bèbre, with the ruined ivied castle of the Comtes de Chabannes overhanging a curve of the river, and grouping itself in a memorable composition with the picturesque houses below it.

Farther north, again, Moulins on the Allier inflicted a still deeper pang; for this fine old town has considerable claims to distinction besides the great triptych that made its name known through Europe after the recent exhibition of French Primitives in Paris. The Virgin of Moulins, gloriously enthroned in the cathedral among her soft-faced Lombard angels, remains undoubtedly the crowning glory of the town, if only on account of the problem which she holds out, so inscrutably, to explorers of the baffling annals of early French art. But aside from this preëminent possession, and the interest of several minor relics, Moulins has the attraction of its own amiable and distinguished physiognomy. With its streets of light-coloured stone, its handsome eighteenth century hôtels and broad well-paved *cours*, it seemed, after the grim black towns of the south, a singularly open and cheerful place; and one was conscious, behind the handsome stone gateways and balconied façades, of the existence of old panelled drawing-rooms with pastel portraits and faded tapestry furniture.

The approach to Nevers, the old capital of the Nivernais, carried us abruptly back to the Middle Ages, but to an exuberant northern mediævalism far removed from the Gallo-Roman tradition of central France. The cathedral of Nevers, with its ornate portals and fantastically decorated clock-tower, has, in the old ducal palace across the square, a rival more than capable of meeting its challenge on equal grounds: a building of really gallant exterior, with fine angle towers, and within, a great staircase commemorating in luxuriant sculpture the legendary beginnings of that ancient house of Cleves which, in the fifteenth century, allied itself by marriage with the dukes of Burgundy.

At Nevers we found ourselves once more on the Loire; but only to break

from it again in a long dash across country to Bourges. At this point we left behind us the charming diversified scenery which had accompanied us to the borders of the Loire, and entered upon a region of low monotonous undulations, flattening out gradually into the vast wheat-fields about Bourges. But who would wish any other setting for that memorable silhouette, throned, from whichever point of the compass one approaches it, in such proud isolation above the plain? One forgets even, in a distant view of Bourges, that nature has helped, by an opportune rise of the ground, to lift the cathedral to its singular eminence: the hill, and the town upon it, seem so merely the unremarked pedestal of the monument. It is not till one climbs the steep street leading up from the Place Saint Bonnet that one realizes the peculiar topographical advantages of such a site; advantages which perhaps partly account for the overwhelming and not quite explicable effect of a first sight of the cathedral.

Even now, on a second visit, with the great monuments of the Ile de France fresh in memory, we felt the same effect, and the same difficulty in running it down, in differentiating it from the richer, yet perhaps less deeply Gothic impression produced by the rival churches of the north. For, begin as one will by admitting, by insisting upon, the defects of Bourges — its irregular inharmonious façade, its thin piers, its mean outer aisles — one yet ends in a state where criticism perforce yields to sensation, where one surrenders one's self wholly to the spell of its spiritual suggestion. Certainly it would be hard to put a finger, either within or without, on the specific concrete cause of this feeling. Is it to be found in the extraordinary beauty of the five western portals, so crowded with noble and pathetic imagery and delicate ornamental detail? But the doors of Chartres surpass even these! Is it then, if one looks within, the rich blue and red of its dense ancient glass? But Chartres, again, has finer glass of that unmatched period. Is it the long clear sweep of the nave and aisles, uninterrupted by the cross-lines of transept or chancel-screen? But if one recalls the wonderful convolutions of the ambulatory of Canterbury, one has to confess that Gothic art — even in its conventionalized English form — has created curves of greater poetry and mystery, produced a more thrilling sense of shadowy consecrated distances. Perhaps the spell of Bourges resides in a fortunate accidental mingling of many of the qualities that predominate in this or that more perfect structure — in the mixing of the ingredients so that there rises from them, as one stands in one of the lofty inner aisles, with one's face toward the choir, that breath of mystical devotion which issues from the very heart of mediæval Christianity.

"With this sweetness," wrote Saint Theresa, of the Prayer of Quiet, "the whole inner and outer man seems to be delighted, as though some delicious ointment were poured into the soul like an exquisite perfume . . . as if we suddenly came to a place where it is exhaled, not only from one, but from many things; and we know not what it is, or from which one of them it comes, but they all penetrate us." . . . If Amiens, in its harmony of conception and vigour of execution, seems to embody the developing will-power of a people passionate in belief, and indomitable in the concrete expression of their creed, here at Bourges one feels that other, less expressible side of the great ruling influence of the middle ages — the power that willed mighty monuments and built them, yet also, even in its moments of most brutal material ascendancy, created the other houses, not built with hands, where the spirits of the saints might dwell.

(The End.)

THE ACCURSED ANNUAL

BY AGNES REPPLIER

"Why, by dabbling in those accursed Annuals, I have become a by-word of infamy all over the kingdom." — CHARLES LAMB.

THE great dividing line between books that are made to be read and books that are made to be bought is not the purely modern thing it seems. We can trace it, if we try, back to the first printing-presses, which catered indulgently to hungry scholars and to noble patrons; and we can see it in another generation separating *The Corsair* and *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, which everybody knew by heart, from the gorgeous *Annual* (bound in Lord Palmerston's cast-off waistcoats, hinted Thackeray), which formed a decorative feature of well-appointed English drawing-rooms. The perfectly natural thing to do with an unreadable book is to give it away, and the publication, for more than a quarter of a century, of volumes which fulfilled this one purpose and no other, is a pleasant proof, if proof were needed, of the business principles which underlay the enlightened activity of publishers.

The wave of sentimentality which submerged England when the clear-headed, hard-hearted eighteenth century had done its appointed work, and lay a-dying, the prodigious advance in gentility from the days of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to the days of the Countess of Blessington, found their natural expression in letters. It was a period of emotions which were not too deep for words, and of decorum which measured goodness by conventionalities. Turn where we will, we see a tear in every eye, or a simper of self-complacency on every lip. Moore wept when he beheld a balloon ascension at Tivoli, because he had not seen a balloon since he was a little boy. The excellent Mr. Hall explained in his *Memories of a Long Life* that, owing to Lady Blessington's anomalous position with Count D'Orsay, "Mrs. Hall never accompanied me to her evenings, though she was a frequent day caller." Criticism was controlled by politics, and sweetened by gallantry. The Whig and Tory reviewers supported their respective candidates to fame, and softened their masculine sternness to a lordly smile when Mrs. Hemans or Miss Landon, "the Sappho of the age," contributed their glowing numbers to the world. Miss Landon having breathed a poetic sigh in the *Amulet* for 1832, a reviewer in *Fraser* magnanimously observed, "This gentle and fair young lady, so undeservedly neglected by critics, we mean to take under our special protection." Could it ever have lain within the power of any woman, even a poetess, to merit such condescension as this?

Of a society so organized, the Christmas annual was an appropriate and ornamental feature. It was costly, — a guinea or a guinea and a half being the usual subscription. It was richly bound in crimson silk or pea-green levant; Solomon in all his glory was less magnificent. It was as free from stimulus as a bread pill. It was always genteel, and not infrequently aristocratic, — having been known to rise in happy years to the schoolboy verses of a royal duke. It was made, like Peter Pindar's razors, to sell, and it was bought to be given away. At which point its career of usefulness was closed. Its languishing steel engravings of Corfu, Ayesha, The Suliote Mother, and The Wounded Brigand, may have beguiled a few heavy moments after dinner; and perhaps little children in frilled pantalets and laced slippers peeped between the gorgeous covers, to marvel at the Sultana's pearls, or ask in innocence who was the

dying Haidee. Death, we may remark, was always a prominent feature of annuals. Their artists and poets vied with one another in the selection of mortuary subjects. Charles Lamb was first "hooked into the *Gem*," with some lines on the editor's dead infant. From a partial list, extending over a dozen years, I cull this funeral wreath:—

The Dying Child. *Poem.*
The Orphans. *Steel engraving.*
The Orphan's Tears. *Poem.*
The Gypsy's Grave. *Steel engraving.*
The Lonely Grave. *Poem.*
On a Child's Grave. *Poem.*
The Dying Mother to her Infant. *Poem.*

Blithesome reading for the Christmas tide.

The *Annual* was as orthodox as it was aristocratic. *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain* was not more edifying. *The Washerwoman of Finchley Common* was less conspicuously virtuous. Here in *The Winter's Wreath* is a long poem in blank verse, by a nameless clergyman, on *The Efficacy of Religion*. Here in the *Amulet*, Mrs. Hemans, "leading the way as she deserves to do" (I quote from the *Monthly Review*), "clothes in her own pure and fascinating language the invitations which angels whisper into mortal ears." And here in the *Forget-Me-Not*, Leontine hurls mild defiance at the spirit of doubt: —

Thou sceptic of the hardened brow,
Attend to Nature's cry!
Her sacred essence breathes the glow
O'er that thou wouldst deny;

—an argument which would have carried conviction to Huxley's soul, had he been more than eight years old when it was written. Poor Coleridge, always in need of a guinea or two, was bidden to write some descriptive lines, for the *Keepsake*, on an engraving by Parris of the Garden of Boccaccio; a delightful picture of nine ladies and three gentlemen picnicking in a park, with arcades as tall as aqueducts, a fountain as vast as Niagara, and butterflies twice the size of the rabbits. Coleridge, exempt by nature from an unserviceable sense of humor, executed this commission in three pages of painstaking verse, and was severely censured for mentioning "in terms not sufficiently guarded, one of the most impure and mischievous books that could find its way into the hands of an innocent female."

The system of first securing an illustration, and then ordering a poem to match it, seemed right and reasonable to the editor of the *Christmas Annual*, who paid a great deal for his engravings, and little or nothing for his poetry. Sometimes the poet was not even granted a sight of the picture he was expected to describe. We find Lady Blessington writing to Dr. William Beattie, — the best-natured man of his day, — requesting "three or four stanzas" for an annual called *Buds and Blossoms*, which was to contain portraits of the children of noble families. The particular "buds" whose unfolding he was asked to immortalize were the three sons of the Duke of Buccleuch; and it was gently hinted that "an allusion to the family would add interest to the subject;" in plain words, that a little well-timed flattery might be trusted to expand the sales. Another year the same unblushing petitioner was even more hardy in her demand.

"Will you write me a page of verse for the portrait of Miss Forester? The young lady is seated with a little dog on her lap, which she looks at rather pensively. She is fair, with light hair, and is in mourning."

Here is an inspiration for a poet. A picture, which he has not seen, of a young lady in mourning looking pensively at a little dog. And poor Beattie was never paid a cent for these effusions. His sole rewards were a few words of thanks, and Lady Blessington's cards for parties he was too ill to attend.

More businesslike poets made a specialty of fitting pictures with verses, as a tailor fits customers with coats. A certain Mr. Harvey, otherwise lost to fame, was held to be unrivaled in this art. For many years his "chaste and classic pen"

supplied the annuals with flowing stanzas, equally adapted to the timorous taste of editors and to the limitations of the "innocent females" for whom the volumes were predestined. "Mr. Harvey embodies in two or three lines the expression of a whole picture," says an enthusiastic reviewer, "and at the same time turns his inscription into a little gem of poetry." As a specimen gem, I quote one of four verses accompanying an engraving called Morning Dreams, — a young woman reclining on a couch, and simpering vapidly at the curtains: —

She has been dreaming, and her thoughts are still
On their far journey in the land of dreams;
The forms we call — but may not chase — at will,
And sweet low voices, soft as distant streams.

This is a fair sample of the verse supplied for Christmas annuals, which, however "chaste and classic," was surely never intended to be read. It is only right, however, to remember that Thackeray's *Piscator and Piscatrix* was written at Lady Blessington's behest, to accompany Wattier's engraving of The Happy Anglers; and that Thackeray confessed to Locker that he was so much pleased with this picture, and so engrossed with his own poem, that he forget to shave for the two whole days he was working at it. To write "good occasional verse," by which he meant verse begged or ordered for some such desperate emergency as Lady Blessington's, was, in his eyes, an intellectual feat. It represented difficulties overcome, like those wonderful old Italian frescoes fitted so harmoniously into unaccommodating spaces. Nothing can be more charming than *Piscator and Piscatrix*, and nothing can be more insipid than the engraving which inspired the lively rhymes:

As on this pictured page I look,
This pretty tale of line and hook,
As though it were a novel-book,
Amuses and engages:
I know them both, the boy and girl,
She is the daughter of an Earl,
The lad (that has his hair in curl)
My lord the County's page is.

A pleasant place for such a pair!
The fields lie basking in the glare;
No breath of wind the heavy air
Of lazy summer quickens.
Hard by you see the castle tall,
The village nestles round the wall,
As round about the hen, its small
Young progeny of chickens.

The verses may be read in any edition of Thackeray's ballads; but when we have hunted up the "pictured page" in a mouldy old *Keepsake*, and see an expressionless girl, a featureless boy, an indistinguishable castle, and no village, we are tempted to agree with Charles Lamb, who swore that he liked poems to explain pictures, and not pictures to illustrate poems. "Your wood-cut is a rueful *lignum mortis*."

There was a not unnatural ambition on the part of publishers and editors to secure for their annuals one or two names of repute with which to leaven the mass of mediocrity. It mattered little if the distinguished writer conscientiously contributed the feeblest offspring of his pen; that was a reasonable reckoning, — distinguished writers do the same to-day; but it mattered a great deal if, as too often happened, he broke his word, and failed to contribute anything. Then the unhappy editor was compelled to publish some such apologetic note as this from the *Amulet* of 1833. "The first sheet of the *Amulet* was reserved for my friend. Mr. Bulwer, who had kindly tendered me his assistance; but, in consequence of various unavoidable circumstances" (a pleasure trip on the Rhine), "he has been compelled to postpone his aid until next year." On such occasions, the "reserved" pages were filled by some veteran annualist, like Mr. Alaric Attila Watts, editor of the *Literary Souvenir;* or perhaps Mr. Thomas Haynes Bailey, he who wrote "I'd be a Butterfly," and "Gaily the Troubadour," was persuaded to warble some such appropriate sentiment as this in the *Forget-Me-Not:* —

> It is a book we christen thus,
> Less fleeting than the flower;
> And 't will recall the past to us
> With talismanic power;

which was a true word spoken in rhyme. Nothing recalls that faded past, with its simpering sentimentality, its reposeful ethics, its shut-in standards, and its differentiation of the masculine and feminine intellects, like the yellow pages of an annual.

Tom Moore, favorite of gods and men, was singled out by publishers as the lodestar of their destinies, as the poet who could be best trusted to impart to the *Amethyst* or the *Talisman* (how like Pullman cars they sound!) that "elegant lightness" which befitted its mission in life. His accounts of the repeated attacks made on his virtue, and the repeated repulses he administered, fill by no means the least amusing pages of his journal. The first attempt was made by Orne, who, in 1826, proposed that Moore should edit a new annual on the plan of the *Souvenir;* and who assured the poet — always as deep in difficulties as Micawber — that, if the enterprise proved successful, it would yield him from five hundred to a thousand pounds a year. Moore, dazzled but not duped, declined the task; and the following summer, the engraver Heath made him a similar proposition, but on more assured terms. Heath was then preparing to launch upon the world of fashion his gorgeous *Keepsake;* and he offered Moore, first five hundred, and then seven hundred pounds a year, if he would accept the editorship. Seven hundred pounds loomed large in the poet's fancy, but pride forbade the bargain. The author of *Lalla Rookh* could not consent to bow his laureled head, and pilot the feeble Fatimas and Zelicas, the noble infants in coral necklets, and the still nobler ladies with pearl pendants on their brows, into the safe harbor of boudoir and drawing-room. He made this clear to Heath, who, nothing daunted, set off at once for Abbotsford, and laid his proposals at the feet of Sir Walter Scott, adding to his bribe another hundred pounds.

Scott, the last man in Christendom to have undertaken such an office, or to have succeeded in it, softened his refusal with a good-natured promise to contribute to the *Keepsake* when it was launched. He was not nervous about his literary standing and he had no sensitive fear of lowering it by journeyman's work. "I have neither the right nor the wish," he wrote once to Murray, "to be considered above a common laborer in the trenches." Moore, however, was far from sharing this modest unconcern. When Reynolds, on whom the editorship of the *Keepsake* finally devolved, asked him for some verses, he peremptorily declined. Then began a system of pursuit and escape, of assault and repulse, which casts the temptations of St. Anthony into the shade. "By day and night," so Moore declares, Reynolds was "after" him, always increasing the magnitude of his bribe. At last he forced a check for a hundred pounds into the poet's empty pocket (for all the world like a scene in Caran d'Ache's *Histoire d'un Chèque*), imploring in return a hundred lines of verse. But Moore's virtue — or his vanity — was impregnable. "The task was but light, and the money would have been convenient," he confesses; "but I forced it back on him again. The fact is, it is my *name* brings these offers, and my name would suffer by accepting them."

One might suppose that the baffled tempter would now have permanently withdrawn, save that the strength of all tempters lies in their never knowing when they are beaten. Three years later, Heath renewed the attack, proposing that Moore should furnish *all* the letter-press, prose and verse, of the *Keepsake* for 1832, receiving in payment the generous sum of one thousand pounds. Strange to say, Moore took rather kindly to this appalling suggestion, admitted he liked it better than its predecessors, and consented to think the matter over for a fortnight. In the end, however, he adhered to his

original determination to hold himself virgin of annuals; and refused the thousand pounds, which would have paid all his debts, only to fall, as fall men must, a victim to female blandishments. He was cajoled into writing some lines for the *Casket*, edited by Mrs. Blencoe; and had afterwards the pleasure of discovering that the astute lady had added to her list of attractions another old poem of his, which, to avoid sameness, she obligingly credited to Lord Byron; enough to make that ill-used poet turn uneasily in his grave.

Charles Lamb's detestation of annuals dates naturally enough from the hour he was first seduced into becoming a contributor; and every time he lapsed from virtue, his rage blazed out afresh. When his ill-timed sympathy for a bereaved parent — and that parent an editor — landed him in the pages of the *Gem*, he wrote to Barton in an access of ill-humor which could find no phrases sharp enough to feed it.

"I hate the paper, the type, the gloss, the dandy plates, the names of contributors poked up into your eyes in the first page, and whistled through all the covers of magazines, the barefaced sort of emulation, the immodest candidateship, brought into so little space; in short I detest to appear in an Annual. . . . Don't think I set up for being proud on this point; I like a bit of flattery tickling my vanity as well as any one. But these pompous masquerades without masks (naked names or faces) I hate. So there's a bit of my mind."

"Frippery," "frumpery," "show and emptiness," are the mildest epithets at Lamb's command, as often as he laments his repeated falls from grace; and a few years before his death, when that "dumb soporifical good-for-nothingness" (curse of the Enfield lanes) weighted his pen, and dulled the lively processes of his brain, he writes with poignant melancholy, —

"I cannot scribble a long letter. I am, when not on foot, very desolate, and take no interest in anything, scarce hate anything but Annuals." It is the last expression of a just antipathy, an instinctive clinging to something which can be reasonably hated to the end.

The most pretentious and the most aristocratic of the annuals was the ever famous *Book of Beauty*, edited for many years by the Countess of Blessington. Resting on a solid foundation of personal vanity (a superstructure never known to fail), it reached a heroic measure of success, and yielded an income which permitted the charming woman who conducted it to live as far beyond her means as any leader of the fashionable world in London. It was estimated that Lady Blessington earned by the "gorgeous inanities" she edited, and by the vapid tales she wrote, an income of from two thousand to three thousand pounds; but she would never have been paid so well for her work had she not supported her social position by an expenditure of twice that sum. Charles Greville, who spares no scorn he can heap upon her editorial methods, declares that she attained her ends "by puffing and stuffing, and untiring industry, by practising on the vanity of some, and the good-nature of others. And though I never met with any one who had read her books, except the *Conversations with Byron*, which are too good to be hers, they are unquestionably a source of considerable profit, and she takes her place confidently and complacently as one of the literary celebrities of her day."

Greville's instinctive unkindness leaves him often wide of the mark, but on this occasion we can only say that he might have spoken his truths more humanely. If Lady Blessington helped to create the demand which she supplied, if she turned her friendships to account, and made of hospitality a means to an end (a line of conduct not unknown to-day), she worked with unsparing diligence, and with a sort of desperate courage for over twenty years. Rival Books of Beauty were launched upon a surfeited market, but

she maintained her precedence. For ten years she edited the *Keepsake*, and made it a source of revenue, until the unhappy bankruptcy and death of Heath. Like Mrs. Jarley, she was the delight of the nobility and gentry; and in her annuals we breathe the pure air of ducal households, and consort with the peeresses of England, turning condescendingly now and then to contemplate a rusticity so obviously artificial it can be trusted never to offend. That her standard of art (she had no standard of letters) was acceptable to the British public is proved by the rapturous praise of critics and reviewers. Thackeray, indeed, professed to think the sumptuous ladies who loll and languish in the pages of the year-book underclad and indecorous; but this was in the spirit of hypercriticism. Hear rather how a writer in *Fraser's Magazine* describes in a voice trembling with emotion the opulent charms of one of the Countess of Blessington's *Beauties:* — "There leans the tall and imperial form of the enchantress, with raven tresses surmounted by the cachemire of sparkling red; while her ringlets flow in exuberant waves over the full-formed neck; and barbaric pearls, each one worth a king's ransom, rest in marvellous contrast with her dark and mysterious loveliness."

"Here's richness!" to quote our friend Mr. Squeers. Here's something of which it is hard to think a public could ever tire. Yet sixteen years later, when the Countess of Blessington died in poverty and exile, but full of courage to the end, the *Examiner* tepidly observed that the probable extinction of the year-book "would be the least of the sad regrets attending her loss."

For between 1823 and 1850 three hundred annuals had been published in England, and the end was very near. Exhausted nature was crying for release. It is terrible to find an able and honest writer like Miss Mitford editing a preposterous volume called the *Iris*, of inhuman bulk and superhuman inanity; a book which she well knew could never, under any press of circumstances, be read by mortal man or woman. There were annuals to meet every demand, and to please every class of purchaser. Comic annuals for those who hoped to laugh; a *Botanic Annual* for girls who took country walks with their governess; an *Oriental Annual* for readers of Byron and Moore; a *Landscape Annual* for lovers of nature; *The Christian Keepsake* for ladies of serious minds; and *The Protestant Annual* for those who feared Christianity might possibly embrace the Romish Church. There were five annuals for English children; from one of which, *The Juvenile Keepsake*, I quote these lines, so admirably adapted to the childish mind. Newton is supposed to speak them in his study:

> Pure and ethereal essence, fairest light,
> Come hither, and before my watchful eyes
> Disclose thy hidden nature, and unbind
> Thy mistic, fine-attenuated parts;
> That so, intently marking, I the source
> May learn of colours, Nature's matchless gifts.

There are three pages of this poem, all in the same simple language, from which it is fair to infer that the child's annual, like its grown-up neighbor, was made to be bought, not read.

MR. MUDGE

BY HARRY JAMES SMITH

Out of the open windows of his private office, — open that April morning for the first time, — Aubrey Cutler and I had been watching the passing crowd below, and he had been making comments. Though it was a Sunday and the air was full of spring, he had remarked that the manner of the crowd could never have reminded you of anything less prosaic than a breakfast at Child's or a Jersey City ferry.

"The divorce of poetry from real life," he concluded, with the defiant air of one who announced a startling discovery, "that's the shocking price of commercialism. The man who stops to look at blue sky is a public nuisance, — in New York."

Because he seemed to expect it, I opposed him. "The fact is," I said tritely, "he's not contributive. Society gives your sentimentalist as much as he deserves."

As he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, he studied me with a pained look through half-shut eyes: thus I have seen him scrutinize some monstrosity of modern architecture. I leaned back in my chair and waited. I would have waited indefinitely for Aubrey; it is fascinating to watch the shades of expression that keep crinkling about his eyelids and touching the corners of his lips. And no matter how dogmatically he may finally bring out his opinions, you more than half suspect that underneath he's quietly laughing at himself all the time.

"You can't help saying that," he observed; "therefore you are not to be blamed. The whole race of sentimentalists has lately come into disrepute: and though it was n't to them that I was referring, but to the real poet, I'll take you up on your own statement. I maintain that the man of sentiment does a better quality of work than his pedestrian neighbor, because to him his work is as an art; he himself has one portion of the artist's birthright."

"I don't quite see it," I said.

"Of course not. I did n't expect it of a newspaper man, — and of one who does not know my friend, Mr. Mudge. There you have a tonsorial artist, — mind you, artist, — and the misunderstanding world, including myself, was on the point of pinning him ruthlessly to the wall like a butterfly; only that crime was prevented at the last minute."

"If you told me more of him, I might be converted," I said, — not too eagerly, though, for he always suspects me when I grow eager.

Aubrey hesitated. With all the assurance of his theories, he is singularly backward in talking about himself and his own personal experiences. His reputation embarrasses him; he knows that people say, "Is n't that just like Aubrey?"

As a matter of fact he is the most humanistic person I ever knew, never so happy as when getting acquainted with some new side of human nature, or discovering some purely unconventional and spontaneous reaction; and as a consequence he possesses an extraordinary set of friends. — You may have seen that funny little crack-brained French marquis who wanders about Harmony Row, — that's one of them; and then there's a bell-boy at the Murray Hill, and a curate of the Paulist Fathers, and a Russian anarchist from Hester Street, — nobody but Aubrey himself knows the whole list; but he's loyal to them all, and they love him, though they'd be at each other's throats if they met.

Observing that he still hesitated, I ventured to begin the story for him. "It was a pleasant day in the park; the sky was translucent amethyst," — I suggested, with the impudence of one who had written uncounted columns of Syndicate stuff, and who knew besides the manner in which Aubrey's adventures in humanity were likely to originate.

"Please don't make fun of me," he begged, with an earnestness not wholly feigned. "If I pretended to be a raconteur, I might be ashamed of such a crudity; but my theory is that if the thing happened in the park, why, I should n't be justified in transporting it to the conservatory."

"Tell me of Mr. Mudge," I urged seductively, in sudden fear that he might discuss the relation of sincerity to art. Aubrey's theories, despite the characteristic language in which he expounds them, are sometimes wearisome.

"It was a warm afternoon early last November," he said, "and I sat in the sun on one of the benches in Madison Square. There was a thin, almost a dreamy, haze in the air, which lent a peculiar suavity to the lines of the Garden tower; and on the summit of it the Diana gleamed and floated against pale clouds. And always in one's ears was the ceaseless rumble of the city, vague, indistinguishable, pervasive. — You get the setting?"

"And Mr. Mudge?" I asked.

"All things in due course," was his rejoinder. "You need the background, because otherwise Thomas may not compose properly: he demands the most delicate adjustment of high-lights and masses."

As has been said, [he continued, after a moment's silence] I was sitting there in the melancholy splendor of the autumnal sunshine, engrossed in a story of Tourgenieff's, — *Virgin Soil*, I believe, — when I was startled by a sigh — a sigh so gentle, so diffident, yet so undeniably audible, that my attention was at once alert. I did not look at the person beside me, — not directly, I mean, — but from the periphery of my eye I observed his neat checked suit, small patent leathers, and mauve socks clocked in cerise. I noticed too that his newspaper was lying unregarded in his lap, and that he seemed to be gazing pensively through the bare branches of the trees in the direction of the Garden. It seemed a strange and baffling source for such a melancholy, and I had turned again to my book, when for a second time the sigh startled me, — a somewhat conscious and obvious sigh, I thought, that seemed — with great modesty — to be requesting audience.

I could resist its appeal no longer. I shut my book and stretched myself a little. "It's a queer world," I announced finally. There's nothing like a piece of banality like that, you know, to establish an *entente cordiale:* it's a token of our common humanity.

My neighbor must have been pleased, for after a courteous lapse of time he replied, "It is that, sir. As I was just turnin' over in my mind, amongst other things."

"I hope I did n't interrupt," I murmured.

There was an urbanity almost professional in his tone. "It was a pleasure I'm sure, sir. There is things, sir, as ye may know, that brings queer feelin's to a man when he turns 'em over in his mind, — exceptionable queer."

I regarded him in deferential silence. He was a proper little man, as impeccable as the most scrupulous clothier's dummy on Broadway. More than clothes too, for his mustache was done with the same finished art, and there was a similar bloom of spring on his cheeks. His eyes, however, were not glassy. I wish you could have seen them — responsive, limpid, mellow — little lakes, one might say, of gentleness and innocence. It touched me.

Then he resumed: "And so as I sits

here, kind o' broodin'-like on things in general, it come to me as how that there lady on the tower dancin' and skippin' so airy in the sun, she has a cinch, ain't she, — nothin' to trouble or annoy and stir up her feelin's, — and all us people down here worriting our bloomin' heads off. . . . I suppose that's rot!"

At this strange anti-climax I sat up with a start. "What?" I ejaculated.

He looked at me a little sheepishly and let out a small, nervous giggle. "Most of what I say is rot," he explained meekly. "It's the way I'm made. I would n't care so much, only . . . there *is* things . . . any man knows what they be . . . and they don't always make you feel very funny."

I passed him a cigarette; but he declined it. "Thank you kindly," he said. "It's her, sir, — the one I'm tellin' you about. — She don't like me to."

I thought I scented the drift. "She's a bit fussy, perhaps," I hazarded. "Lots of them are."

He turned his eyes full upon me, reproachful, wondering, like the eyes of a spaniel maltreated. "No, she ain't fussy," he said. "She's only particular. You see, bein' a graduate of a Commercial College, she's got her ideas. I ain't objectin', sir. An' she plays the piano, too; it's — it's nice, I can tell you. A pianola ain't in it." His face beamed with pride and joy.

"You're engaged," I ventured amiably.

The smile faded. His whole personality drooped like the leaf of a sensitive plant too rudely handled. "No," he said, with sudden reticence. "We ain't engaged."

There was something so pathetic in this alteration, that I felt almost as if I had been gross, and sat silently for a time, wondering how I might make amends. He had not been offended, however.

In a minute he lifted his head and looked furtively around, as if to make sure that only sympathetic ears should hear his Confessio Amantis. "The truth is, sir," he said, in a dramatic whisper, "*I ain't worthy of her.*"

He waited to observe the effect of his words; but I did not speak: I could not think of anything to say.

"I suppose that sounds sort of funny to you," he explained, allowing his glance (almost imperceptibly) to make a hasty summary of his personal attributes (I noticed anew the cerise embroiderings on his socks), — "leastways when you think o' the bloomin' little shop I got, with four chairs and all the up-to-date fixin's — Parisian massage, electric shampoo, and all them; but Isobel, well, she's different to other girls. 'Thomas,' says she, — just that way, sir, pleasant-like and yet severe, — 'Thomas,' says she, 'You're *such a fool!* That's the only thing I've got against you.'"

His candid eyes met mine. "Well," he concluded. "That's it, sir; I be."

His self-knowledge struck me as so encyclopædic that it would have been an impertinence to contradict him. "How do you mean," I asked, — "a fool?"

"Well, you see I always was kind o' that way, a little moonshiny. What's the use, says I to myself, of eatin' your grub an' doin' your work an' goin' to bed day after day as long as you live if there ain't nothin' else to it? You might just as well be a — a animile if that's all. I've got to be thinkin' about things. Where's the good o' bein' in love if you can't get no enjoyment in it?"

"I don't quite follow," I remarked.

"Well, like this," he elucidated: "Says I to a lady, 'will ye marry me, ma'm?' — 'Yes, sure I will,' says she, or 'No, not I,' says she; and there you be! You ain't got nothin' to think about in that. It might as well not o' happened accordin' to me. I wants to figgur things out and 'ave 'em happen right — one way or another — and then you've got something nice to remember in after days."

His eyes began to glow reminiscently as he reverted to his own tender past.

"Why, sir, before I ever got the dip to Isobel, I used to see her trottin' by the winder on her way to work, airy as a little butterfly; and I'd be lookin' out for her and lookin' out for her, an' gett'n' that worked up — there's many a customer, sir, as don't know how near he come to havin' his ear chopped off by mistake. But she ain't that kind. 'Shut up, Thomas,' says she; 'You're such a awful fool!' says she."

I began to feel as if I had known Thomas Mudge all my life. Indeed it grew hard to realize that he was only a very small man sitting beside me on a Park bench; for in him my awakened imagination saw the type and perfect flower of all the Thomas Mudges, mute, inglorious, and obscure, that had sighed since the world was.

He was evidently glad to have discovered so appreciative a listener. And though, as he told me of himself and of Isobel, the mere facts were commonplace and familiar enough, they did not in the least give me that impression: each came touched and glorified by the same delicate aura of sentiment; of every bone was coral made. And I learned how for a year now he had been pressing his suit, and how she always let him give her flowers and candy, and take her to the Third Avenue to see "The Child Slaves of New York," or "A Crown of Thorns," — and twice last summer they had gone to Coney; — but how once when he had told her that she was like a violet only ten times more so, she had made up a face and said people who knew anything did n't talk that way nowadays.

"It's funny," he concluded confidentially, — "this 'ere business o' bein' thrown down by a girl. You'd think it would cut you up awful, and it do in one way, an' then in another, — well, put it like this: every mornin' when it comes time for her to pass, I'm a speculatin' on whether she'll give me one of her looks; an' suppose she goes by never turnin' of her head, I says to myself, 'Thomas, my boy, there goes a lady you ain't good enough for, — you ain't worthy of her,' I says. An' then I goes to work again, — say it's a man I'm shavin', — and acts as if I did n't care, so 's no one will see as I'm sufferin' like that inside. But I guess it's leaked out: one can't hide them things, can they?"

I made a sympathetic exclamation, which he took in good part.

"You may well believe, sir, as I've got plenty of things to think about when I comes out here like this into the square for a little spell. And then to-day, I thought she might be goin' by on her way home from work; but it's gettin' too late for her now."

"Tell me," I resumed, "how long is this going to keep up? It can't last always."

"I'm turnin' that over in my mind," he replied. "Somebody seen her with another fellow, and the last time I went to her house her mother said, 'Isobel was called away unexpected to-night,' — but I know there was somebody gigglin' around the corner. I did n't say nothin'. I wisht I had: I thought o' lots o' things since."

"What if she should marry him?" I asked with brutal directness. My motive was not mere curiosity, however. It was plain to me that someone ought to open Thomas's eyes.

He gazed pensively at the Diana glimmering through the soft curtain of haze. "Well," he said with a sigh, "it would make a pretty sad endin', would n't it?"

Thereupon he drew forth a fresh dotted lawn handkerchief, from which I caught a faint seductive scent of heliotrope, and flecked a bit of dust from his shoe. It had all the effect of bringing that chapter of our conversation to a perfectly-rounded period.

I got up to go. "I'll be walkin' along with you a little piece," said Thomas, "if it would be any pleasure to you. I ain't got to go back to the shop quite yet."

We walked through the Square together, speaking only of commonplaces, — of how quickly the winter was coming

on; — it was getting a little lonesome in the park, he said, now that the leaves were all gone and the flowerbeds empty; he hardly liked to go there any more because it made him think of how bright and sociable-like it had been in summer.

The full tide of the early afternoon traffic was flowing down Broadway, and in our attempts to make a safe crossing we were separated. For a moment I thought I had lost him; — then I spied him once more, leaning back limply against the rail of a show window, his mouth half open, and a look of consternation not yet gone out of his eyes. I made my way to him.

"Oh, oh," he blurted out faintly. "There she is, — and him!"

I followed the direction of his glance, and beyond the column of passing vehicles I caught a glimpse of Isobel and her escort just starting diagonally across the Square. I knew at once it was she: there was a tell-tale consciousness in her manner as she tossed her head archly at her companion — who, to judge by his shoulders, might have been a bookkeeper — and with one hand nervously fingered her back hair. A moment later they were lost to sight.

"I almost bumped into 'em crossing the street," gasped Thomas weakly, "and she never give me a look. And she was laughin' fit to kill."

He recollected himself; gave a tasteful twitch to the creases of his trousers; and together we turned into a side street. We had not gone far when he nudged my elbow politely and looked up into my face. "Do you mind, sir, if I makes bold to ask your advice?"

In the midst of the hurrying crowd we seemed for the moment curiously alone, — I face to face with my responsibility. His confidence in me was a trust, I felt, to which I must not be disloyal, and I could see but one way of answering.

"Thomas," I said, "my advice may not please you, but I think I ought to be frank. It's clear to me that you will have to give her up sometime: I counsel you to do it now, once and for all. It'll be the best thing in the end."

A look of gentle horror fled across his features. "O dear, but I could n't," he ejaculated weakly, — "not for ever, — and all to wunst."

"Well, a month to begin with," I qualified.

"For two weeks, — *if I can*," he consented despairingly. "I knowed already I'd ought to make up my mind that way. But you won't leave me do it all alone, will you?" he added, putting a detaining hand on my arm.

I took his card. "No," I said. "I'll drop in and see you."

I did. His shop was only a couple of blocks from my own office, and I used to run in for a shave every two or three days. Having involved myself so far in the affair, it was plainly my duty to stand by my protégé. And he needed support. It was really rather pitiful. The sacrifice cost him so much more than I could have predicted — out of my ignorance. I observed that he was looking old and worn; certainly the roses were fading from his cheeks, and there were blue channels under his eyes. He told me — with a certain dismal relish — that he was losin' his appetite, that nothin' tasted the same to him nowadays, that he could n't seem to get no enjoyment in things at all.

And as he shaved me (I cannot describe those shaves: every detail was touched with an artistic embellishment; it was an æsthetic privilege to submit one's self to his attentions), he insisted upon recalling in a reminiscent undertone various experiences out of his happier past, before the shadow of disillusion had fallen upon him.

"I wrote her," he explained, "that I guessed I was too busy to come round any more. I said me and you was very good friends, sir, — I thought that would make her feel funny, because she always told me my friends was a queer lot."

Thus Thomas would recount his heart's autobiography; and all the time

I supposed I was doing my duty: — that I was acting for his best good. Which only goes to show how fallible and materialistic all our theorizing is when it pits itself against that illogical and primitive thing which has made the world go round since before Eden. With the best intentions conceivable I was weeding a flower bed with a steam cultivator. It makes me shudder now to think of the harm I might have done, — ploughing around like that, reckless and insolent, among asphodels, bleeding-hearts, and love-in-a-mist! . . .

Aubrey shuddered dramatically, crossed his legs the other way, and relighted his pipe. I watched him with anxiety.

"Please go on with the story," I suggested, after a long and very inconclusive silence.

Aubrey looked annoyed. "I was n't telling you a story," he retorted. "I was trying to give you some insight into a significant type of character. It's disappointing to find that you're just like the rest of the world: — 'A story! Tell us a story!' — as if that mattered."

"What I am really asking for," I explained diplomatically, "is further insight. It's a mere matter of terms. Did he finally succeed in forgetting her?"

"I don't know what he would have done if he'd been left alone. But that was n't her idea. You see she was in love with him."

"She was!"

"Oh yes, — madly, passionately, and all that. I found it out in due time. . . .

Something more than a week had passed, [he resumed], — nine days, to be precise, — since I had so solemnly pointed out the way of salvation to Thomas. I was sitting in my office dictating a bunch of letters, when the door-boy brought word to me that a young lady wanted to talk with me personally. "Something very important," she had said, and she would n't send in her name.

"Show her in," I said, though there was a sudden presentiment of ill about my heart. An instant later she entered. I recognized her by the small green hat with a bunch of wings at the side.

A glance at her tight-shut lips was enough. I sent out my stenographer and pointed Isobel to a seat, which she took stiffly, as if under protest. The silence in the room was like that in which one watches a fuse.

"I — have — come —" she began, at last, biting off each of her words nervously, — and then she stopped. I was sorry for her but had to wait.

"I have come," she resumed, and I noticed a certain shrillness in her voice, "to ask if you would be so kind and polite as to explain to me why" — She broke off again, leaned forward, and clutched the edge of the desk with both hands. — "What have you been saying to Thomas, — that's what I want to know! He's my — I'm Isobel Higgins, and I've made up my mind to find out, so there!"

She rose to her feet with blazing eyes. Her tongue was loosened, it appeared. "I don't know what business you have talking about me anyway or meddling in my affairs," she proceeded headlong, — " but I wanted to tell you that I just would n't stand it, that's all; and you've got to explain."

It was clear that I must act quickly. Isobel had taken hold of one of the arms of the hat-tree, and I could see all the hats and canes on it trembling with sympathetic emotion.

"Miss Higgins," I said, attempting to assume a calmness which was far from being mine, "there's a mistake somewhere, I'm sure. Thomas said that you did n't have any use for him. He was all broken up about it. He thought there was n't any hope."

"He did!" — she looked at me with one of those strange, luminous flashes of comprehension which women sometimes have. Then she suddenly loosened her hold on the hat-tree and sat down.

"Oh, is n't Thomas a fool!" It would be hard to decide whether she was crying or laughing.

"He said you had refused him," I hastened to add, feeling that somehow my own reputation and not his was now at stake.

"Well, I did," she granted, without the slightest hesitation.

"And that you were going around with another man."

"I was," she said.

"And that you did n't recognize him."

She nodded.

"Well, what could one help inferring from that?" I asked, in a voice which did not sound so triumphant as I wanted it to.

She gazed at me with eyes in which pity and scorn were curiously blended. "I guess you ain't much on girls," she commented dryly.

I felt myself withering under that look; and that same full-rout shame seized me which one occasionally experiences in dreams, caught half-clad on a public thoroughfare.

"Excuse me just a minute," I blurted out, and fled from the place. It was not wholly cowardice. In the midst of my inner turmoil, an inspiration had come to me.

I gave a message to the boy. . . . "It's very important," I added. "Don't delay a minute, and be sure to bring him back with you."

Then I took a long breath and returned to Isobel.

I said, "I feel, Miss Higgins, as if I owed you an apology and an explanation. If you will be a little patient with me, I will tell you about my acquaintance with Mr. Mudge, and I think that will make some things clearer."

I told her, — not exactly what I have told you: — it was a sort of revised edition with a series of special marginalia, — you understand. She listened almost without comment; indeed I don't think she was more than half paying attention to what I said. It was clear that I might exonerate myself of perfidy, but never of stupidity.

I was just telling her how terribly to heart Thomas had taken his renunciation, how cast down and depressed he had been ever since, when I was interrupted by the long-expected knock at the door.

"Mr. Mudge, sir," said the boy, and disappeared.

Thomas entered, a little dazed still by the suddenness and obscurity of his summons; but his look changed to one almost of panic as he saw the lady in the chair.

Everything now depended on Isobel; but she was equal to the occasion: being, I may add, a woman, and very feminine, instinct and tact both came to her aid. She sprang to her feet and flung herself upon Thomas with a deliberate and thrilling abandon which his fondest dreams could hardly have given credence to.

"Thomas William," she cried, "you old dear!" and then they kissed each other and said a number of rather foolish things, as young lovers will. I stood a little at one side, silent and slightly embarrassed, but agreeably conscious that all things were working together for good; and if I add that Thomas looked at me two or three times over her shoulder to make sure that I appreciated the situ ation, you will not charge that unkindly against him.

An instant later Isobel drew herself hastily away. "Thomas," she said, and her face was very much flushed, "are n't you the biggest ninny that ever lived?"

"I suppose I be," said Thomas, with modest pride.

Isobel turned to me, quite herself again. "But we must n't keep you any longer," she said, and after a good deal of handshaking and so forth, they left the room.

But Thomas had forgotten something, and came back. Leaning over the desk he spoke almost in a whisper. "You would n't of thought that day we was sett'n' together in the park that it was

goin' to have such a pleasant endin' as this, would you?" . . .

It has its compensations, you know, this business of being patron-saint to two young things like that, even if your charges do go off and leave you alone with your hands still extended. And besides, Thomas has not forgotten me: I have the life privilege of being shaved at his shop without charge, — the only man, I dare say, in New York, who possesses so distinctive an honor.

BROWNING'S LINEAGE

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

How blind the toil that burrows like the mole,
In winding graveyard pathways underground,
For Browning's lineage! What if men have found
Poor footmen or rich merchants on the roll
Of his forbears? Did they beget his soul?
Nay, for he came of ancestry renowned
In poesy through all the world, and crowned
With fadeless light that shines from pole to pole.

The blazons on his poet's shield are these:
The flaming sign of Shelley's heart on fire,
The golden globe of Shakespeare's human stage,
The staff and scrip of Chaucer's pilgrimage,
The rose of Dante's deep, divine desire,
The tragic mask of wise Euripides.

LAFCADIO HEARN

BY FERRIS GREENSLET

On a memorable day some years ago a certain sub-editor exploring the morning's mail found his sense enthralled by a weird, sad, delicious odor. Perfumes in the mail were not unheard-of: violets there had been, and musk, and orange blossoms, and tobacco; and the sub-editor, with the fantasy appropriate to his station, even prided himself on his ability to close his eyes and pick out a California contribution by the unaided sense of smell. But never before had there been anything like this. Its chief essence was sandalwood, that was clear, but sandalwood so etherealized and mingled with I know not what of exotic scents and incense that it gave to the imagination a provocative ghostly thrill indescribable. The basket of the Muses, hastily tumbled, disclosed a portentous envelope of straw color, with queer blue stamps in one corner, and queer unknown characters in another; yet queerest of all was the address in an odd orientalized hand, done with delicate, curiously curving strokes of the pen. Within, in a script still less Spencerian, these words met the sub-editor's excited eye:

"*The Dream of Akinosuké*

"In the district called Toïchi of Yamato province, there used to live a gōshi named Miyata Akinosuké;" and so on through some twenty pages, telling a mystical legend of old Japan with exquisitely tinted colors, — in a singularly spare, yet lovely and melodious English style.

This was the writer's first introduction to Lafcadio Hearn, known to him up to that time only by a somewhat formidable repute as "the best interpreter of Japan," and mentally scheduled for perusal on a convenient opportunity which had never come. Since then Hearn's twenty volumes have been read and reread; there has been correspondence with his family and friends; his complicated life has been investigated in detail. Yet the sharpness, the intensity, of that first experience of his quality is not blurred. Studying his works in their order, studying his recently published *Life and Letters*,[1] one may derive fuller knowledge of the furnishing of his mind, the variety of his experience, the direction of the inner current of his life. Yet the impression that persists is that of weird, sad, delicious savor, of ghostly thrill.

I

In Elizabeth Bisland (now Mrs. Wetmore) Lafcadio Hearn has a biographer of an exceptional sort. His intimate friend for twenty years, to whom, we may guess, he disclosed only the best that was in him, she has been singularly well prepared to write of him from the angle of the angels; and of Hearn the *advocatus diaboli* has already said his say. The salient and enduring merit of Mrs. Wetmore's work is that, without being sentimental, it is finely feminine. It may be doubted whether perfectly even-handed justice, the justice of the quizzical, critical, analytical male mind, is ever quite fair to the peculiar. It is certain, at any rate, that this vivid, affectionate, one may almost say motherly, record of Hearn's fugitive and feverish life affords a view of him in more illuminating consonance with the quality of his work than any that has been offered by his friends of his own sex.

In one of his earliest letters to Mrs. Wetmore we find Hearn saying: "You

[1] *The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn.* By Elizabeth Bisland. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

have one very remarkable gift — that of creating an impression that remains, with a very few words." This gift is often in evidence in her narrative, nowhere more effectively, perhaps, than in a cleanly drawn pen portrait of Hearn's person and manner, which may serve to introduce us to the external semblance of the man whose inner life we are endeavoring to apprehend: —

"He was a most unusual and memorable person. About five feet three inches in height, with unusually broad and powerful shoulders for such a stature, there was an almost feminine grace and lightness in his step and movements. . . . A peculiar physical cleanliness was characteristic of him — that cleanliness of uncontaminated savages and wild animals, which has the air of being so essential and innate as to make the best-groomed men and domestic beasts seem almost frowzy by contrast. His hands were very delicate and supple, with quick timid movements that were yet full of charm, and his voice was musical and very soft. He spoke always in short sentences, and the manner of his speech was very modest and deferential. His head was quite remarkably beautiful; the profile both bold and delicate, with admirable modeling of the nose, lips, and chin. The brow was square, and full above the eyes, and the complexion a clear, smooth olive. The enormous work which he demanded of his vision had enlarged beyond its natural size the eye upon which he depended for sight, but originally, before the accident, — whose disfiguring effect he magnified and was exaggeratedly sensitive about, — his eyes must have been handsome, for they were large, of a dark liquid brown, and heavily lashed. In conversation he frequently, almost instinctively, placed his hand over the injured eye to conceal it from his companion. . . . One of his habits while talking was to walk about, touching softly the furnishings of the room, or the flowers of the garden, picking up small objects for study with his pocket-glass, and meantime pouring out a stream of brilliant talk in a soft, half-apologetic tone, with constant deference to the opinions of his companions. Any idea advanced he received with respect, however much he might differ, and if a phrase or suggestion appealed to him, his face lit with a most delightful irradiation of pleasure, and he never forgot it.

"A more delightful or — at times — more fantastically witty companion it would be impossible to imagine, but it is equally impossible to attempt to convey his astounding sensitiveness. To remain on good terms with him it was necessary to be as patient and wary as one who stalks the hermit thrush to its nest. Any expression of anger or harshness to anyone drove him to flight, any story of moral or physical pain sent him quivering away, and a look of ennui or resentment, even if but a passing emotion, and indulged in while his back was turned, was immediately conveyed to his consciousness in some occult fashion, and he was off in an instant."

It is a cause for thankfulness that the delicate, some might say ticklish, task of writing the authoritative story of Hearn's life should have fallen to the lot of one who had "stalked the hermit thrush to his nest."

II

But the bulk of the two volumes, and, we may believe, their weight in Time's scales, consists of the letters written to an astonishing variety of correspondents and covering a period of twenty-five years; and before attempting to reconstruct the spiritual drama of Hearn's life it will be of advantage to consider his quality as a letter-writer.

The first trait that strikes the attentive reader of Hearn's letters is a certain impulsive *speed*, rising at times into an almost lyrical cadence. There is little trace in them of the careful, somewhat mannered neatness of expression which has marked the work of most of the great letter-writers in English, — Gray, Cowper, FitzGerald, Lowell, Stevenson. It is not

so much that the classic letter-writers wrote with an eye to the printing-press, as that they regarded epistolization as a by-pursuit appropriate to the man of letters, that they were not oblivious of the traditions of the art, that they not seldom thought "What a charming letter this is. Where's your James Howell now?" With Hearn, on the contrary, there is never the least sense of artifice. His letters are "lyrical" in their self-revelation as in their cadence. They have a certain unpremeditated effusiveness as of a shy and reserved person suddenly at ease with a sympathetic friend. They are to be classed, therefore, so far as flavor is concerned, — there is at present no question of rank, — not with the letters of the neat-handed bookmen, but with those of warmer romanticists, — Shelley, Byron, Richard Wagner. Another and a connected trait is that few bodies of letters have ever shown so much mutuality. Few letter-writers have been so sensitive as Hearn to the personality of their correspondents, so unaffectedly interested in their affairs and thoughts, or have been so ready to take color from their playful, grave, or inquiring moods. This is the source of one great present attraction of the Hearn letters, they are a microcosmic cross section of the lives of himself and his friends, and they have at times a lively dramatic quality.

But it must not be inferred from this that the correspondence is primarily interesting as a "human document," an artless record of a picturesque and romantic life. Unpremeditated, and in a sense casual, as much of it is, it is, nevertheless, the work of a master of impressionistic prose, and the outpouring of a singularly vivid spirit. There is scarcely a page without its gem of phrase, its memorable sentence. Take a few found by turning at random half a dozen pages of the first volume: "a flash of the eye like the gleam of a black opal;" "a vast and varied ass;" "Whitman's is, indeed, a Titanic voice; but it seems to me the voice of the giant beneath the volcano, — half-stifled, half uttered, — roaring betimes because articulation is impossible;" "All history is illuminated by the Eternal Feminine, even as the world's circle in Egyptian mythology is illuminated by Neith curving her luminous woman's body from horizon to horizon." There are thousands of phrases and sentences as good or better. And the substance is as striking as the opulent felicity of expression. The book is in a way cosmic as well as microcosmic. It is vastly impressive to see so many regions of this colored world, so much of the grey realm of philosophy, of the black universe of modern science, through the temperament of a shy and passionate dreamer forever peering through the kaleidoscopic lens of his solitary eye.

How suggestive and haunting, to take but a single example, is this passage from a letter written to his friend, Mr. Ellwood Hendrick, on the morning after the birth of Hearn's first child: —

"What also much impressed me in your letter was the feeling of sadness the spectacle of the great Exposition gave you. But I scarcely think it was due to any reminiscence of boyhood — not simply because of its being certainly a feeling infinitely too complex to have sprung out of a single relative experience in the past (your confession of inability to analyze it, and the statement of others who had the same feeling, would show that), — but also because, if you reflect on other experiences of a wholly different kind, you will find they give the same sensation. The first sight of a colossal range of mountains; the awful beauty of a peak like Chimborazo or Fuji; the majesty of an enormous river; the vision of the sea in speaking motion; and, among human spectacles, a military sight, such as the passing-by of a corps of fifty thousand men, will give also a feeling of sadness. You will feel something like it standing in the choir of the Cathedral of Cologne; and you will feel something like it while watching in the night, from some mighty railroad centre, the rushing of glimmer-

ing trains, — bearing away human lives to unknown destinies beyond the darkness. . . .

"Now at the Exposition you had all the elements for what Clifford would call a 'cosmic emotion' of sadness. Vastness, which forced the knowledge of individual weakness; beauty, compelling the memory of impermanency; force, suggesting weakness also; and prodigious effort, — calling for the largest possible exertion of human sympathy and love, and pity, and sorrow. That you should feel like crying then, does you honour: that is the tribute of all that is noblest in you to the eternal Religion of Human Suffering."

But picturesque and variously suggestive as these letters are, interesting as every line of them is to the admirer of Hearn's work, it does not seem likely that in their present bulk they will preserve a permanent place in literature beyond the lives of his contemporaries. The cargo is too loosely stowed for that. But some day, perhaps, there will be made up from them a volume of pictures of American, West Indian, and Japanese life, of reflections upon the methods of literary art, of curious lore, of humane observations, of philosophical musings and lyrical confessions, that will take its place beside the *Journal Intime* of the Genevese professor as one of the minor but sincere and significant expressions of the soul of the nineteenth century.

III

The outline of the external course of Lafcadio Hearn's life is too well known to need repetition here. Mrs. Wetmore has not materially modified our notions of his career, but she has woven into her narrative a wealth of intimate and revealing detail that will make Hearn, for the first time to many of his readers, a credible, coherent, and even attractive human type. From her work and from the fuller revelation of the letters it is possible to revive a personality more definite and forceful than was to be felt beneath the multi-colored web of his formal writing.

Born in that Ionian Isle where Sappho destroyed herself for love, the child of an Irishman and a Greek, with an added strain of Gypsy blood, Hearn first takes on a human tangibility when we find him deserted by his parents and living in the ultra-religious household of a great-aunt in Wales, a little dark-eyed, dark-faced, passionate boy, "with a wound in his heart and gold rings in his ears." In the fragments of autobiography dealing with this time, which Mrs. Wetmore has printed, we find his visionary little mind occupied with highly significant images, — the horrors of hell-fire, ghosts, and "the breasts of nymphs in the brake" soon to be blotted out from the plates in his favorite book by the priest who had his education in charge.

After a romantic though somewhat vague Odyssey of misfortune, Hearn finally emerges in Cincinnati at the age of twenty as "Old Semi-Colon," a proof-reader and budding journalist by profession, a flame-hearted artist in words by aspiration. His appearance at this time, as a striking bearded portrait shows, was that of a Parisian poet not yet "arrived;" and that side of his temperament, which later made him style himself, half in irony, half in penitence "a vicious, French-hearted scalawag," was then, perhaps, most restive. He attended spiritualistic seances, he tried a little opium, and made other fantastic experiments in life. But these are topics that need not concern us here. The important point for us is that with the Cincinnati period the tale of Hearn's career as a literary artist begins. He "devours" Hoffmann and writes marvelous murder stories for the Sunday edition of his paper; he studies the methods of those great *prosateurs*, Flaubert and Gautier; and finally, before leaving Cincinnati in 1877, he completes the translation of the tales of Gautier which he published some years later as *One of Cleopatra's Nights and Other Fantastic Romances*. As a conveying of the flavor of a strongly-flavored

writer the work was singularly successful. It was dedicated "To the lovers of the loveliness of the antique world, the lovers of artistic beauty and artistic truth." A dedication to the lovers of *macabre* would have been more appropriate. In his choice of tales, in his gusto in the rendering of certain passages, in the "flowers of the yew" which he thought best to add in an appendix, Hearn showed himself more macabresque than his master.

As we look at the decade of Hearn's life at New Orleans the notable thing now is the growth of his artistic, and still more of his intellectual, power. At first his imagination was captured by the strange, tropical, intoxicating beauty of the old Creole city, its social and ethnological contrasts, its mysterious underworld, and barbaric cults. He felt it to be his artistic duty, he writes, "to be absorbed into this new life and study its form and color and passion." Yet little more than a year later we find him in a mood of disillusion and of something resembling remorse. He writes to Mr. H. E. Krehbiel:

"I am very weary of New Orleans. The first delightful impression it produced has vanished. The city of my dreams, bathed in the gold of eternal summer, and perfumed with the amorous odours of orange flowers, has vanished like one of those phantom cities of South America swallowed up centuries ago by earthquakes, but reappearing at long intervals to delude travellers. What remains is something horrible, like the tombs here, — material and moral rottenness which no pen can do justice to. You must have read some of those mediæval legends in which the amorous youth finds the beautiful witch he has embraced all through the night crumble into a mass of calcined bones and ashes in the morning. Well, I feel like such a one, and almost regret that, unlike the victims of these diabolical illusions, I do not find my hair whitened and my lips withered by sudden age; for I enjoy exuberant vitality and still seem to myself like one buried alive or left alone in some city cursed with desolation like that described by Sinbad the sailor. No literary circle here; no jovial coterie of journalists; no associates save those vampire ones of which the less said the better. And the thought — Where must all this end? — may be laughed off in the daytime, but always returns to haunt me like a ghost in the night."

Later, his advantageous connection with the *Times-Democrat*, his friendship with some of the best and most interesting people of the city, made him happier and wholesomer in his residence there; but from 1881, the date of the passage quoted, his preoccupation is more and more with books, and the things of the intellect and imagination, with "the life of vanished cities and the pageantry of dead faiths," less and less with "vampire associates." He purchases queer books, follows queer subjects, and "pledges himself to the worship of The Odd, The Queer, The Strange, The Exotic, The Monstrous," which, as he writes, "suits his temperament." The literary expression of this impulse in its early phase was his *Stray Leaves from Strange Literatures*, chiefly written before 1883, and published two years later. This, a series of reconstructions of what impressed him as most fantastically beautiful in the most exotic literature he was able to obtain, shows a remarkable growth in mere craftsmanship over his translations from Gautier. The cadences are surer, the weird or gorgeous pictures built up from simpler words, and the exotic atmosphere more enveloping and persuasive. In *Some Chinese Ghosts*, published in 1887, Hearn's *flair* for the black lilies and phosphoric roses of Chinese fancy is still keener, and the current of his prose still more luminous and suave.

The year 1883 marked an epoch in Hearn's intellectual life. Then for the first time he read Herbert Spencer, and by a singular paradox conceived a passionate

adoration for that passionless philosopher who, we may think, had the peculiar advantage of knowing so much about the "Unknowable." The secret of the paradox seems to have been that Spencer's vast synthetic panorama of the universe, outer and inner, was precisely the kind of vision to attract Hearn's gypsy intellect, so long bewildered by the "pageantry of dead faiths," so long obsessed by the incommunicable sorrow of the world, yet by all the forces of his Celtic and Hellenic ancestry pledged to the quest of "the absolute." At any rate the philosophy of Spencer came to him with something of the power and unction of an evangelical religion, bringing with it not only conversion, but "conviction of sin," and "regeneration." From this time on, despite some rather eccentric escapades, there was a new seriousness in his life and a new gravity in his work. Henceforth he was concerned about the Exotic and Monstrous chiefly as they could be employed as parables of the gospel according to Herbert Spencer.

A year or two later there came into his work another strain that was to remain potent, — the tropical. As early as 1879 he had felt the spell, and written: "So I draw my chair to the fire, light my pipe *de terre* Gambièse, and in the flickering glow weave fancies of palm trees and ghostly reefs and tepid winds, and a Voice from the far tropics calls to me across the darkness." In 1884 he made the visit to Grande Isle in the Mexican Gulf that resulted in his *Chita*, which is still in many respects his most astonishing *tour de force* in word-painting, though in it we see how far away he was from the English tradition of creative art in fiction. The only logic in the harrowing conclusion is the emotional logic of a temperament immitigably macabresque, that must make a tale of terror intensify in poignancy to the end.

In 1887, responding more freely to the call, he made his first trip to the French West Indies, and found there a theme perhaps more in consonance with the full current of his vein than any he afterwards encountered. In *Youma*, his West Indian novelette, the note is certainly falsetto, but in his *Two Years in the French West Indies* the luxuriant leafiness of his style, heavy with tropical perfumes, subtly interpenetrated with the sense of tropical horrors, rarely goes beyond the bounds of faithful depiction. And underneath it all we begin to see that impressive Spencerian perception of the fatal unity of the world.

In June, 1888, Hearn landed in New York, but drunken as he was with tropic light, he was terrified by the canyoned streets, and returned to Martinique by the same boat that had brought him. In the following year he was in Philadelphia, living with Dr. George M. Gould, a kindred wayfarer in the paths of cosmic speculation, and preparing his West Indian books for the press. At this time he suddenly conceived a passionate and characteristic interest in Japan from reading Mr. Percival Lowell's *The Soul of the Far East*. His correspondence is full of it. "How luminous," he exclaims, "how psychically electric!" It was with boundless delight and with the highest hopes that he welcomed a suggestion that he should go to Japan to prepare for *Harper's Magazine* a series of articles upon that country.

IV

Lafcadio Hearn's position as "the best interpreter of Japan" has been so adequately exploited in the *Atlantic*, and the peculiar potency of his chemical blending of Spencerian philosophy, Buddhistic theology, and Japanese legend, so ably analyzed with both a qualitative and a quantitative analysis,[1] that it only remains to point out in this section some significant *rapports* between Hearn's later life and his later work.

As one who reads his writings chron-

[1] See "Lafcadio Hearn: The Meeting of Three Ways," by PAUL ELMER MORE, in the *Atlantic* for February, 1903.

ologically passes from the West Indian books to the Japanese, there is evident a remarkable change, not only of atmosphere but of tone, and, despite the continuity of the Spencerian preoccupation, of what we may perhaps call "soul." The tropical luxuriance of his earlier manner has been replaced by quieter tints and subtler cadences, and henceforth he gives free rein to his faculty only in rare heightened passages, which rise above the narrow, quiet stream of his habitual prose with an effect incomparably telling. In part this was the result of his sensitive perception of the peculiar color of Japanese landscape, "a domesticated Nature, which loves man, and makes itself beautiful in a quiet grey-and-blue way like the Japanese women;" which must in consequence be reproduced in water-color rather than in the oils in which he had been working. In part it was the result of his greater maturity, and his perfected control over his medium, which left him no impulse to mere virtuosity. But still more, one thinks as one reads the letters, it was the result of happier and more normal conditions of life. As a professor of English literature, he had something approaching an assured social and economic position. As the friend of men like Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, and Paymaster Mitchell McDonald, some of his oddities were neutralized. (He felt always more of a man, he said, after contact with their reality, "like Antæus, who got stronger every time his feet touched the solid ground.") As the father of three boys and the head of a Japanese household of eleven persons, he had for the first time a stake in the world. And in what was clearly a marriage of almost miraculous suitability for him, his restless spirit found a measure of peace. After Hearn's autobiographic fragments, quite the most valuable material Mrs. Wetmore possessed for her portrait of his temperament was Mrs. Hearn's vivid reminiscences. It is the present writer's good fortune to have in hand Mrs. Hearn's account of her husband's death, which came to America too late for incorporation in the *Life and Letters*. The quaint and tender record will give the reader most convincing evidence of the man "Old Semi-Colon" had become:—

"About 3 P. M. Sept. 19th, 1904, as I went to his library I found him walking to and fro with his hands upon the breast. I asked him: 'Are you indisposed?' Husband: 'I got a new sickness.' I: 'What is your new sickness?' Husband: 'The heart-sickness.' I: 'You are always over anxious.' At once I sent for our doctor Kizawa with a jinrikisha furnished with two rikisha men. He would not like let myself and children see his painful sight and ordered to leave him. But I stayed by him. He began writing. I advised him to be quiet. 'Let me do as I please,' he said, and soon finished writing. 'This is a letter addressed to Mr. Ume. Mr. Ume is a worthy man. He will give you a good counsel when any difficulty happen to you. If any greater pain of this kind comes upon me I shall perhaps die,' he said; and then admonised me repeatedly and strongly that I ought keep myself healthy and strong; then gave me several advices, hearty, earnest, and serious, with regard to the future of children, concluding with the words, 'Could you understand?' Then again he said: 'Never weep if I die. Buy for my coffin a little earthen pot of three or four cents worth; bury me in the yard of a little temple in some lonesome quarter. Never be sorry. You had better play cards with children. Do not inform to others of my departure. If any should happen to inquire of me, tell him: "Ha! he died sometime ago." That will do.' I eagerly remonstrated: 'Pray, do not speak such melancholy thing. Such will never happen.' He said: 'This is a serious matter.' Then saying, 'It cannot be held,' he kept quiet.

"A few minutes passed; the pain relaxed. 'I would like to take bath,' he said. He wanted cold bath; went to the bath-room and took a cold bath.

'Strange!' he said, 'I am quite well now.' He recovered entirely; and asked me: 'Mamma San! Sickness flew away from me. Shall I take some whisky?' I told him: 'I fear whisky will not be good for heart. But if you are so fond of it I will offer it to you mixed with some water.' Taking up the cup, he said: 'I shall no more die.' He then told me for the first time that a few days ago he had the same experience of pain. He lay down upon the bed then with a book. When the doctor arrived at our house, 'What shall I do?' he said. Leaving the book, he went out to the parlour; and said: 'Pardon me, doctor. The sickness is gone.' The doctor found no bad symptom, and jokes and chattering followed between them.

"He was always averse to take medicine or to be attended by a doctor. He would never take medicine if I had not been careful; and if I happen to be late in offering him medicine he would say: 'I was glad thinking you had forgot.' If not engaged in writing, he used to walk in meditation to and fro in the room or through the corridor. So even in the time of sickness he would not like to remain quiet in confinement. . . .

"It was a few days before his departure. Osaki, a maid, the daughter of Otokitsu of Yaidzu, found a blossom untimely blooming in one of the branches of cherry-tree in the garden. She told me about that. Whenever I saw or heard anything interesting I always told it to him; and this proved his greatest enjoyment. A very trifling matter was in our home very often highly valued. For instance, as the following things: —

"Today a young shoot appeared on a musa basjoo in the garden.

"Look! an yellow butterfly is flying there.

"In the bamboo bushes, a young bamboo sprout raised its head from the earth.

"Kazuo found a mound made by ants.

"A frog is just staying on the top of the hedge.

"From this morning the white, the purple, and the red blossoms of the morning-glory began to bloom, etc., etc.

"Matters like those had great importance in our household. These things were all reported to him. They were great delight for my husband. He was pleased innocently. I tried to please him with such topics with all my heart. Perhaps if anyone happened to witness it would have seemed ridiculous. Frogs, ants, butterflies, bamboo-sprouts, morning-glory, . . . they were all the best friends to my husband.

"Now the bloom was beautiful to look. But I felt all at once my bosom tremble for some apprehension of evil, because the untimely bloom is considered in Japan as a bad omen. Anyhow, I told him of the blossom. He was interested as usual. 'Hello!' he said, and, immediately approaching to the railing, he looked out at the blossom. 'Now my world has come — it is warm, like spring,' said he; then after a pause, 'but soon it will become cold and that blossom will die away.' This blossom was upon the branch until the 27th, when toward the evening its petals scattered themselves lonesomely. Methought the cherry tree, which had Hearn's warmest affection for these year, responded to his kindness and bade goodbye to him. . . .

"Hearn was an early riser; but lest he should disturb myself and children, he was always waiting for us and keeping quiet in the library, sitting regularly upon the cushion and smoking with a charcoal-brazier before him, till I got up and went to his library. . . . In the morning of September 26th — the sad, last day — as I went to his library about 6.30 A. M., he was already quietly sitting as usual on the cushion. 'Ohayo gozaimasu' (good-morning) I said. He seemed to be thinking over something, but upon my salutation he said his 'good morning,' and told me that he had an interesting dream last night, for we were accustomed to tell each other when we had a pleasant dream. 'What was it?' I asked. He said: 'I had a long distant journey. Here I am smok-

ing now, you see. Is it real that I traveled or is it real that I am smoking? The world of dream!' . . . Thus saying, he was pleased with himself.

"Before going to bed, our three boys used to go to his library and say in English: 'Papa! Good-night! Pleasant dream!' Then he says in Japanese: 'Dream a good dream,' or in English: 'The same to you.'

"On this morning when Kazuo, before leaving home for school, went to him and said a 'good-morning,' he said: 'Pleasant dream.' Not knowing how to say, Kazuo answered: 'The same to you.'

"About eleven o'clock in the morning, while walking to and fro along the corridor, he looked into my sitting room and saw the picture hung upon the wall of alcove. The picture, entitled 'Morning Sun,' represented a glorious, but a little mistic, scene of sea-shore in the early morning with birds thronging. 'A beautiful scenery! I would like to go to such a land,' he remarked. . . .

"He was fond of hearing the notes of insects. We kept *matsu mushi* (a kind of cricket) this autumn. Toward evening the plaintive notes which matsu mushi made at intervals made me feel unusually lonesome. I asked my husband how it sounded to him. He said: 'That tiny creature has been singing nicely. It's getting cold, though. Is it conscious or unconscious that soon it must die? It's a pity, indeed.' And, in a lonesome way, he added: 'Ah, poor creature! On one of these warm days let us put him secretly among the grasses.'

"Nothing particularly different was not to be observable in all about him that day through. But the single blossom of untimely cherry, the dream of long journey he had, and, the notes of matsu mushi, all these make me sad even now, as if there had existed some significance about them.

"At supper he felt sudden pain in the breast. He stopped eating; went away to his library; I followed him. For some minutes, with his hands upon the breast, he walked about the room. He wanted to lie on bed. With his hands on breast, he kept very calm in bed. But, in a few minutes after, he was no more the man of this side of the world. As if feeling no pain at all, he had a little smile about his mouth."

V

Lafcadio Hearn has been called a "decadent;" the word does n't signify, but if by it is meant, as sometimes seems to be, a humanist without the physique, there is a considerable measure of truth in its application. There is, however, nothing more unjust to most human beings than the application to them of cant tags that have taken their color from trite literary usage and hasty popular association with a few notorious characters. This is especially true in Hearn's case. In 1885 he wrote to W. D. O'Connor: "If my little scraggy hand tells you anything you ought to recognize in it a very small, erratic, eccentric, irregular, impulsive, nervous disposition, — almost your antitype in everything except the love of the beautiful." The *advocatus diaboli* himself could scarcely have done better. Erratic, eccentric, irregular, impulsive, nervous, Hearn undoubtedly was; and these qualities, enhanced as they were by self-pity, so far from being what the psychologists call "independent variables," were of the very essence of his faculty. "Unless," he writes, "somebody does or says something horribly mean to me I can't do certain kinds of work;" and again, "I have found that the possessor of pure horse-health never seems to have an idea of the 'half-lights.' It is impossible to see the psychical undercurrents of human existence without that self-separation from the purely physical part of being that severe sickness gives like a revelation." For all his fine Byronic swimming of straits and wide bays Hearn was never the possessor of "pure horse-health," and it is pretty clear that to his lack of it, to his trembling sense of the hard attrition of the world, we owe his marvelous mastery of the "half light." A certain element

of unwholesomeness in this there may have been, — in his earlier life his preoccupations were distinctly those of the true Latin *decadent*, — yet with the growth of his domestic well-being and his artistic and intellectual powers, it became not so much "morbidness" in our English sense, as *morbidezza*, the quality of mellow-tinted color and soft harmonies. Late in life he wrote, "I like Kipling's morbidness, which is manly and full of enormous resolve and defiance in the truth of God and Hell and Nature, — but the other — no!" Of "the other" there is little trace in his own latest work.

The chief morbid factor in Hearn's physical constitution was his vision. One eye was totally blind, the other had, it is said, but one twentieth of normal vision; but too much has been made of this as a qualification of his genius. His monocular vision gave him, of course, landscape "flat," without perspective and depth; but undoubtedly, like the half-closed eye of the painter, it gave him color in wonderful harmonious intensity, and who shall say that it was with a vividness beyond Nature. The tremendous cumulative rhapsody of blue at the beginning of his *Two Years in the French West Indies* is said by those who best know the Southern seas not to exceed reality. And there is plenty of evidence that in his quick, comprehending glances through the single eyeglass that he habitually carried, he seized minute significant details of persons or objects which others missed. It has been said by one who should be qualified to know, that he saw his world as partially and obscurely as one who looks through the large end of an opera glass; but the analogy is imperfect unless we remember that objects so seen are given not only with remoteness, but with rich color, and with a curious artistic composition like a Claude Lorrain in miniature.

But after all it was the lens in the brain that counted with Hearn. As opposed to his vision, his visionary faculty was of the first order. From boyhood, "ghostly" was his characteristic, as it finally came to be almost his trick word. He envisaged wraiths and vanished cities with a definition more like that of objective than of subjective sight. Only his skeptical intelligence kept him from being a thorough-going spirit-seer. Perhaps his most characteristic mood was that reflected in his impressive essay on "Dust" in *Gleanings from Buddha Fields:* — "I have the double sensation of being myself a ghost and of being haunted, — haunted by the prodigious luminous spectre of the world."

It is not necessary to go much further about to apprehend the inner nature of Lafcadio Hearn. In the same "Dust" there is a "lyrical" paragraph that conveys him very perfectly: —

"I confess that 'my mind to me a kingdom is' — not! Rather it is a fantastical republic, daily troubled by more revolutions than ever occurred in South America; and the nominal government, supposed to be rational, declares that an eternity of such anarchy is not desirable. I have souls wanting to soar in air, and souls wanting to swim in water (seawater, I think), and souls wanting to live in woods or on mountain tops." And so on through a Homeric catalogue of his souls, till at the end he breaks out, "*I* an individual, — an individual soul! Nay, I am a population, — a population unthinkable for multitude, even by groups of a thousand millions!"

Half fantastic this passage may very well be, but none the less it is the faithful reflection of a temperament lacking the sane integrity of perfect health, a nature at odds with itself through many warring inheritances and subtle rebellions of the blood, yet mastered at the last in most of its human relations by a character essentially fine.

VI

The final estimation of Hearn's work is impeded by its bulk and by a certain repetitiousness in the Japanese volumes. To the student of Japan all of the studies,

however similar in texture and substance, will doubtless continue to have a certain value; but "the best of Hearn," in a set of three or four volumes, would make him look considerably more like a classic than he does in the mass of twenty. Such an edition, in the judgment of the present writer, should contain, of his West Indian writings, *Chita* and the earlier sections of his *Two Years in the French West Indies;* of his Japanese studies, "The Japanese Smile," "Of a Dancing Girl," "Dust," "Incense," "A Passional Karma," "The Screen Maiden," "The Corpse Rider," "Fuji-no yama," "Frogs," "A Woman's Diary," "A Drop of Dew," "The Dream of Akinosuké," "Mosquitoes," and "The Romance of the Milky Way;" of his cameos of weird ancestral sensation, "A Mystery of Crowds," "Sadness in Beauty," "Parfum de Jeunesse," "A Serenade," "Frisson," and "Azure Psychology." Some such selection as this would quite adequately represent the range of his power, and, unless I greatly err, stand very high in the second class of English prose, the class of the self-conscious *prosateurs*, Sir Thomas Browne, Thomas De Quincey, Walter Pater.

Had he lived longer his rank might have been higher still. He had outgrown his old, fallacious conception of style as separable from substance, as an end to be attained in itself, to be arrived at by miners' work in dictionaries and thesauri. His work never ceased to be conscious art, but in his very latest writing there is a more perfect fusion of his vigorous imaginative thought in the melancholy music of his cadenced prose. Towards the end of his life he had dreams more ambitious even than the stylistic ambitions of his youth so amply realized. In 1895 he wrote, "I really think I have stored away in me somewhere powers larger than any I have yet been able to use. Of course I don't mean that I have any hidden wisdom or anything of that sort, but I believe I have some power to reach the public emotionally if conditions allow." Still later the project is explicitly stated: "a single short, powerful philosophical story, of the most emotional and romantic sort." "I feel within me," he writes, "the sense of such a story — vaguely, like the sense of a perfume or the smell of a spring wind which you cannot define. But the chances are that a more powerful mind than mine will catch the inspiration first, as the highest peak most quickly takes the sun." Whether his imagination, with all its activity, had quite the creative, shaping energy ever to fulfill this dream, may be doubted. But it is certain at any rate that the last of his work, published posthumously, shows both a broadening and a deepening of what, despite the artifice of his method, we may justly call his inspiration. Had he lived to complete the imaginative autobiography of which fragments are printed in his *Life and Letters*, it might have proved his masterpiece. The fragments have a sincere and haunting poignancy, and his prose was never more vivid and musical. For all that "population" within him, his own imaginative life had been marked by a unity that would doubtless have induced a corresponding unity in the book, with striking artistic results.

The integrity of Hearn's imaginative and intellectual life consisted in his strangely single-hearted devotion to both artistic beauty and scientific truth. And precisely in this lies the final representative significance of his work. He is the most Lucretian of modern writers. It has been said that, as Spinoza was "a man drunk with God," so Lucretius was a man drunk with natural law. Well, Hearn was drunk with Herbert Spencer, and in all save the accident of form he was the poet of Spencerian evolution. As Lucretius, preaching his tremendous doctrine of the monstrous, eternal writhing of atoms through the world, wove into his great poem the glory of the old mythology, and the tragedy of passionate humanity, so Hearn, in his gentler fashion, steadily envisaged the horror that envelops the stupendous universe of modern science, and by evoking and reviving

ancient myths, ancestral shudders, and immemorial longings, cast over the darkness a ghostly light of vanished suns.

In the final paragraph of his "Romance of the Milky Way," — the River Celestial along which, in Japanese mythology, the spirits of the dead return to meet their loves beneath the moon, — we have the very quintessence of Lafcadio Hearn: —

"Perhaps the legend of Tanabata, as it was understood by those old poets, can make but a faint appeal to Western minds. Nevertheless, in the silence of transparent nights, before the rising of the moon, the charm of the ancient tale sometimes descends upon me, out of the scintillant sky, — to make me forget the monstrous facts of science, and the stupendous horror of Space. Then I no longer behold the Milky Way as that awful Ring of the Cosmos, whose hundred million suns are powerless to lighten the Abyss, but as the very Amanagowa itself, — the River Celestial. I see the thrill of its shining stream, and the mists that hover along its verge, and the water-grasses that bend in the winds of autumn. White Orihimé I see at her starry loom, and the Ox that grazes on the farther shore; — and I know that the falling dew is the spray from the Herdsman's oar. And the heaven seems very near and warm and human; and the silence about me is filled with the dream of a love unchanging, immortal, — forever yearning and forever young, and forever left unsatisfied by the paternal wisdom of the gods."

If, as some hold, the problem of modern romantic literary art is to portray the human spirit caught in a magic web of necessity, "penetrating us with a network subtler than our subtlest nerves;" to marry strangeness with beauty; to accomplish this in a style as express and gleaming as goldsmith's work; then few writers have solved it more brilliantly than Lafcadio Hearn. In this, rather than in his elaborate interpretation of Japan, may lie his enduring achievement.

PROGRAMME MUSIC THEN AND NOW

BY W. J. HENDERSON

DURING the peaceful summer of 1900, at the festival of the Society of Swiss Musicians held at Zurich, was produced the symphony in E minor, opus 115, of Hans Huber, a Swiss composer born in 1852. This formidable piece of music was planned at first as a melodic celebration of Arnold Böcklin, the painter, and the composer intended to name each movement after one of this artist's pictures. This purpose was afterward abandoned, and only in the finale, a series of variations, was the original idea of musically delineating paintings carried out. The other movements sought safety in the old and well established field of broad mood representation. Böcklin's temperamental and personal feelings, it seemed, might be expressed without binding the symphony to a programme so detailed as to be destructive of spontaneity of style.

But in the last movement the composer showed to what programme music in these days might aspire. No less than eight variations are found in this movement, and they represent the following pictures by Böcklin: The Silence of the Ocean (in the Berne Museum), Prometheus Chained (owned by Arohold of Berlin), The Fluting Nymph (owned by Heyl of Darmstadt), The Night (owned by Henneberg of Zurich), Sport in the

Waves (in the New Pinakothek, Munich), The Hermit Fiddling before the Statue of the Madonna (National Gallery, Berlin), The Dawn of Love (owned by Heyl of Darmstadt), and Baccanale (owned by Knorr of Munich).

Those who are familiar with the habits of composers will observe that all these pictures deal with subjects already introduced into the realm of musical representation. Silences and darknesses, either on sea or in mountains, have long found tonal embodiment in a more or less solemn *adagio molto*, major if peaceful, minor if troubled. Prometheus, both chained and unchained, has been done in music many times. Usually the composer seeks him in Æschylus, not in Böcklin. Fluting, guitarring, or harping nymphs, Greek, Roman, Alpine, and even Piccadilly, have been melodiously and harmoniously set forth in divers pieces. They are always *allegretto grazioso* and attended by triple rhythms. Night, with muted strings and distant horn calls, is an old orchestral friend, and is usually followed by morning, *crescendo*, with strings, wood, and all the brass unmuted. Love scenes, *andante molto espressivo e appassionata*, are always with us. Why not? Sidney Lanier, poet and musician, said, "Music is love in search of a word." As for bacchanales, we have had them in all styles, from *tempo di valse* to *allegro furioso*, according to the state of the bacchantes.

Huber is a fair example of the modern composer of programme music. He is not an extremist, like Strauss, nor a conservative, like Goldmark. In spite of his attempt to travel a roundabout way through painting, in itself a representative art, in order to utilize music as also representative, he has not undertaken to delineate in tones anything which has not been already delineated without the intervention of painting.

Upon his achievement, then, we may profitably hang a brief inquiry whether any of the modern writers of programme music are doing anything in itself new. We may ask ourselves whether it is not rather the manner than the matter that is novel, or at least whether the originality is not to be sought in incidents of detail rather than in the process itself.

To examine into this matter microscopically would be to make an essay at determining how far all music is representative or strictly absolute.[1] The loose dictum that music is the language of the emotions may after all mean a great deal, for music which represents nothing, but appeals to us wholly as tonal architecture, is so scarce that one hardly knows where to lay his hands upon it outside of the fugues of Jadassohn.

The early writers of sonatas formulated this scheme of movements: the first, an appeal to the intelligence through the exhibition of design; the second, a slow movement, seeking by its passion or its tenderness to move the feelings; and third, the finale, a lively movement to afford relief after the intensity of the second. Yet even in this plan, upon which the most extended compositions of absolute music have been built, we find that human feeling is always considered; for even in the display of design in the first movement, there is an endeavor to arouse that emotion which springs from a contemplation of the workings of Nature's first law, order.

The point which we must bear in mind is that the classic composers, who were the leading authors of absolute music, did not strive to blot out the emotional element from their works, but that they subordinated it to the demands of artistic form. When the romantic period arrived, composers had reached the decision that the representative powers of music were of greater importance than its formal beauties, and that thereafter forms must be occasional, not typical, — that every composer must feel at liberty to modify old forms or devise new ones according to the demands of the thought to be expressed.

[1] Musicians use "absolute" to indicate music without text or programme.

This seems to be the doctrine of the composers of the present period. No one seems to be willing to compose music in the broad and indefinite manner of the early sonata writers. Every one is burdened with a profound message, a message which he desires to frame in terms of tone. Yet it is rare indeed that the message is original in itself. We have come upon a period of literary music. We must go to the concert hall, not to listen to an "Eroica" symphony, a piece of programme music of which the programme was entirely original with Beethoven, but to hear a prelude to *Œdipus Colonnus*, a symphonic prologue to *William Ratcliffe*, a musical analysis of Nietsche's *Also sprach Zarathustra*, or a set of variations setting forth with manifold details the history of *Don Quixote*.

We have heard so much of this species of music that when a composer entitles his composition simply "Symphonic Variations," we grope blindly for an explanation, and we heave a sigh of relief when we learn from the programme book, inseparable companion of programme music, the information that each variation represents one of the composer's intimate friends. We do not know these friends ourselves, and in some cases even the programme-book writer does not know them; but still we are happy, for we have found that this music is not mere music, but that it represents something outside of itself.

The composers of to-day have a vast storehouse of musical materials from which to select their means of expression. In the first place they have all the conventional formulas which were invented by the fathers of the art, and which have been handed down from generation to generation, till there is nowhere a musical public to whom their significance is unknown. When we hear the oboe singing a solo in undulating triplets, with an accompaniment of soft strings, we know at once that we are in the presence of pastoral scenes. When the strings rush up and down the scale in alternate ascending and descending passages of considerable breadth and sonority, we know that we have embarked upon the multitudinous sea. It is unnecessary to recount the instrumental formulæ which have become parts of the common speech of music. It is necessary to do no more than to remind the reader of the readily accepted meaning of the major and minor modes, of chromatic scale passages, of sustained and slow movements as contrasted with those of rapid and agitated character.

All these things belong to the oldest machinery of composition. But in addition to these the contemporaneous composer has the enormous sweep and variety of modern harmony and the gorgeous tonal pallette of the modern orchestra. Haydn and Mozart managed to compose their symphonies within the range of half a dozen keys, none of them far away from that selected as the fundamental one. A composer of to-day chooses a key in order that he may at least finish in it, for the elasticity of the new harmony permits him to wander at will through all the major and minor keys in the course of a single movement.

Haydn and Mozart found it possible to say all that they had to say with two flutes, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, tympani, and the usual distribution of stringed instruments played with bows. In some of their later works they introduced clarinets. The symphonic composer of to-day equips himself with a piccolo, three flutes, two oboes, an English horn, four clarinets, a bass clarinet, a double-bass clarinet, three bassoons, a contra-bassoon, eight horns, three trumpets, a bass trumpet, three trombones, two tubas, kettle drums, bass drum, and cymbals, snare drum, triangle, bells, gong, six harps, and enough bowed instruments to bring out something approaching balance of tone. Sometimes even all these are not sufficient unto the day, and the composer introduces instruments not recognized in the honorable society of music at all. The far-darting

Strauss, for example, has borrowed the wind machine of the theatre to realize a storm in his "Don Quixote."

With such means of expression at hand it is not at all astonishing that the composers of to-day produce results which would have amazed the fathers of programme music. Yet the elders were not afraid, even with their slender means, to attempt quite as much as their Titanic progeny in the way of detailed description. True, they were not so overwhelmed by a consciousness of their own superiority. They approached their delineative undertakings in a charming spirit of innocence. Not fearing to drown the stars with their splashings, they plunged into the sea of tone-painting as children into woodland streams. Your modern, on the other hand, makes a to-do like the Cyclops bombarding the ship of Ulysses.

It is not essential to the purpose of this article to enumerate all the early attempts to write programme music. The most interesting, because the most logical, was that of Johann Kuhnau (1660–1722) in his "Bible Sonatas." In these six compositions for the clavier, the piano of his time, he essayed to describe such incidents as the battle of David and Goliath, the dissipation of Saul's melancholy by the power of music, the marriage of Jacob, and other similar topics. He wrote an interesting preface to his music, explaining his aims and defending this style of composition. He tells us of a remarkable piece of programme music by one of his predecessors. This composition was entitled "La Medica," and it described the sufferings of a sick man, the attentions of the physician, and the progress of the illness. At the end came a gigue, with this significant programme note in the score: "The patient is progressing favorably, but has not quite recovered his health." And the failure to reach recovery was indicated by the persistent postponement of a carefully prepared modulation in harmony! Thereupon Kuhnau imitated the deceit of Jacob by a similar postponement.

Kuhnau's Bible sonatas invite a much more extensive examination than is practicable here. Those who care to know more about them should read J. S. Shedlock's *The Pianoforte Sonata.* It is sufficient for us to note that Kuhnau proceeded logically. He admitted that only the broad emotions could be published in music, and that textual explanation was necessary when anything else was attempted. In this he joins hands with a more modern author, Wilhelm Ambros, who wrote an admirable little volume to demonstrate how far music could go in representation without the aid of poetry.

Kuhnau at any rate took care to write under the passage delineating the hurling of the stone at Goliath what may be called the stage business. "Vien tirata la selce frombola nella fronte del gigante." The passage is principally a rapid ascending scale, precisely the same idiom as that used by Wagner to illustrate the hurling of the spear at the head of Parsifal. The close relation of these two composers on this single point is further shown by the fact that a slurred scale on the clavier in the early music foreshadows the *glissando* passage for harp in the complex score of the later master. The calm confidence with which Kuhnau embarked upon the task of depicting the conflict between David and Goliath is delightful. This stupendous struggle was to be set forth by one player on one instrument. Richard Strauss would need for the same purpose an orchestra of not less than one hundred and twenty-five men.

The great Bach also exercised his ingenious mind, though briefly, in the field of programme music, when he composed his "Cappriccio on the departure of my dearly beloved brother." In this he depicts the persuasions of friends trying to induce him to give up the journey, makes a picture of the things which may happen to him, utters the lament of companions saying adieu, and winds up with a cheerful fugue on the post-horn call. Almost at the same time François Couperin composed a set of connected pieces called

"The Pilgrims," and Rameau was painting his "Tender Girl" and "The Cyclops." Both of these masters wrote for the clavier, thus providing food for the imagination by the fireside of a winter night.

These old writers of programme music seem to have been troubled with no misgivings. They formulated no theories. They followed the impulses of their charming natures and left posterity to solve the riddles of the speech of melody. The musicians of to-day are burdened with theories; and much of their programme music is open to the suspicion of being designed as much to support their doctrines as to provide the world with æsthetic joy. Wagner was not the only propagandist in the world of tonal art. Yet there are substantial arguments on both sides.

For example, Felix Weingartner, one of the coolest, keenest, and most scholarly of contemporaneous conductors, a student of the history and the philosophy of music, a thinker and a doer, has written a pithy little book called *The Symphony since Beethoven*. In it he awards a leading position among modern composers to Hector Berlioz, but finds himself unable to praise the final orchestral movement of his "Romeo and Juliet." This bears the inscription: "Romeo at the Tomb of the Capulets; Invocation, awakening of Juliet; frenzy of joy and first effects of the poison; anguish of death and parting of the lovers."

Weingartner admits that this is almost ridiculous. He declares that music is "debased and shorn of the subtle peculiarities of its being if he [the composer] attempts to bind it bar by bar or episode by episode to a programme. Music can interpret moods, it can represent a mental state that some event has caused in us, but it cannot picture the event itself."

On the opposite side, we find arrayed no less a champion than Ernest Newman, one of the two or three men in Great Britain who write pregnant criticism of musical art. He holds that Beethoven deceived even himself when he wrote a line over the score of his "Pastoral Symphony," requesting that it should be regarded rather as an expression of feeling than as mere tone-painting. Mr. Newman holds that tone-painting was its chief merit, and furthermore that tone-painting has come to be a clearly defined art. Composers photograph externals now as their predecessors of two hundred years ago could not. "Who," asks Mr. Newman, "would believe that a windmill could be represented in music? Yet Strauss's windmill in 'Don Quixote' is really extraordinarily clever and satisfying."

This same "Don Quixote" of Strauss is the most complicated and ingenious piece of musical realism invented in these strange modern times. Yet it contains nothing that has not already been attempted by other composers. For example, in a pamphlet written by Arthur Hahn for the purpose of elucidating this score we are informed that some strange harmonies introduced under a simple melody in the introduction "characterize admirably the well-known tendency of Don Quixote toward false conclusions." What have we here but a new avatar of Kuhnau's deception of Jacob?

What of the eighth variation, the "Journey in the Enchanted Bark?" Don Quixote, seeing an empty boat, is sure that it has been sent by a mysterious power that he may embark in it to do some glorious deed. Once he and Sancho are afloat, the knight's theme is transformed into a barcarolle. The boat capsizes, but the two reach the shore, and give thanks for their safety. But Froberger, who died in 1667, wrote for the clavier a description of the Count von Thurn's passage of the Rhine, in which all the dangers encountered by him are, according to the testimony of Matheson, set before our eyes in twenty-six little pieces. And the count's boat upset, too.

In his "Symphonia Domestica" Strauss went still further into the domain of musical realism. He told the story of a

day in his family life, using three principal themes, representing papa, mamma, and the baby. In this remarkable composition one even hears the baby spanked. But had not Kuhnau already composed the striking of Goliath's head by the stone from David's sling?

The truth is that Strauss, and the few who have chosen to bear him company, are, as Mr. Newman puts it, realists in music. In the programme music of today there are also idealists, and they are the men who are carrying out to their ultimate possibilities the ideas defined in the naïve compositions of Kuhnau. Mr. Newman argues that programme music of the most detailed and definite sort is good art, but only when accompanied by printed explanation of what it means. He has therefore little sympathy with that large number of modern composers who satisfy themselves and try to satisfy their hearers by giving a simple key, such as a quotation of verse, to the general purpose of a composition. This is what Liszt did with his finest symphonic poem, "Les Préludes," and Wagner with his splendid "Faust" overture. In the same way Schumann suggested the underlying thought of his great Piano Fantasia in C major. Others have contented themselves with mere titles, as Tschaikowsky did in the case of his "Symphonie Pathétique."

But taking all these moderns and their works into consideration, we find that one indisputable fact remains. They are doing in a larger way what their forerunners of more than two centuries ago did in a primitive fashion. In so far as its philosophy is considered, Kuhnau penetrated to the very heart of the matter, but he had neither the musical nor the instrumental materials for a more imposing embodiment of his thought. He recognized the fundamental truth that moods and feelings were the food of music. The greatest modern masters have adhered to this principle. Even Strauss, the arch realist, has succeeded best when he has done so.

There is still another factor in the development of programme music. The earliest writers of it did not conceive the notion of attempting to interpret literature. Kuhnau painted Bible pictures, for music was still the handmaid of religion; but in a secular literature whose best products were a translation of *Robinson Crusoe* and bad German imitations of the Italian jingles of Marini, he saw nothing suggestive of tone poems. The literary movement in music was to come much later. Since the dawn of the romantic period in German letters music has pursued poetry, fiction, and the drama in search of material.

Behold then the natural result when literature sought its own inspiration in the psychological dissecting-room. Soul analysis, the quest after the hidden springs of our moral corruptibility, so fascinated composers that the tragedies of Ibsen and Maeterlinck reëchoed in pessimistic proclamations through solemn assemblies of instruments. To this complexion have we come.

Were this a discussion, instead of a mere presentment, one might be tempted to ask, what next? To answer would not be difficult. Almost from the birth of instrumental music, composers have tried to make the art in some measure representative. Theorists and critics point out the impossibility of defining in music the cause of the emotion which the music can so beautifully embody. But one writer like Mr. Newman, declaring that every composition should be accompanied by a printed explanation, and that realistic programme music is genuine high art, is likely to command more sympathy from contemporaneous composers. He at any rate supports them in their practice. They are all traveling in the same path, and absolute music is apparently approaching the end of its history.

RECENT SOCIALIST LITERATURE

BY JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS

To spend a week, as the writer has just done, with a batch of new books exclusively on socialism recalls one of the many definitions of a pessimist as "a man who has had to spend several days shut up with an optimist."

This sustained feeding upon almost any *ism* would doubtless bring the same reaction. Indeed, an economist who has done some lively tilting against the socialists has said that if he were to dine six successive nights with the judges, business men, bankers, and clever women of his city, and listen to the conventional arguments meant to annihilate socialism, it would drive him from sheer weariness into the ranks of the socialists. He was not thinking of that helpless ignorance which merges anarchist, communist, and socialist into one object of supercilious disapproval. He was thinking rather of those who had read collectivist books; who had informed themselves about the general movement by listening to some of its agitators until the main "absurdities" had become defined. With this leisure-time equipment, the critical task of the superior person is easy and full of entertainment. "They want to destroy private property," "pay mind and muscle alike," "make all men equal," "divide up," "kill private enterprise," "make an end of individual liberty," "ignore nature," and even do away with the "survival of the fittest." With these and other phrases the discomfiture of the socialist is complete.

The intelligent socialist, of course, neither asks nor wants any of these things; but it is great fun to create imaginary buffooneries in your opponent. It is an easy use of the faculties, which saves all the worry of securing accurate information. That socialism will "destroy private property" is oftenest and most confidently said. The charge is false unless made with most important qualifications.

When President Roosevelt urges the withholding by the state of increasing forest and coal areas, he is attacking specific forms of private property. He is saying, "Here are properties open to such dangers, if left to free competition, that the state should extend over them its control." Many special *forms* of private property have been destroyed, — as in slaves and toll-roads, — and upon other such forms collectivism makes further attack, because it is believed their social utility is at an end. Neither do they ask to "level down" or "make men equal." They do not seek to curb personal liberty or cripple "private initiative." William Morris once told me the reason he was fighting for socialism was to get some real freedom for the English workingman. "They do not know what personal freedom means. Its very sources are choked by our capitalistic system. The fever took me when I discovered that no great art was possible until the people secured liberty and leisure for individual development and variation."

The inequalities at which these leaders strike are the artificial ones nursed under a property system and strengthened by inheritance laws which produce excesses and anomalies so grotesque in a republic, that the President himself gravely asks for remedies. That socialism, logically applied, would develop evils like loss of liberty, decreased wealth, and hampered individual initiative, is of course a thesis which one may stoutly maintain. There are reasons to fear such ultimate consequences. They are, however, to be viewed strictly as *results*, which the critic must base on probabilities.

We do not start fair with the collectivists until we stop telling lies about them. Their complaint is frequent and bitter that they always have to begin with a perverted statement of their faith and principles. "In the capitalistic press," says one of them, "we are handicapped by opponents who insist upon identifying what we want with what they think will happen if we get it." This is especially true of the socialist attitude toward private property.

It is one of the great services of this school to show how powerfully the process of wealthmaking influences our entire social life,—our religion, politics, education, customs, and manners. In the South every one of these was moulded by the kind of industry carried on there before the war with slave property. Though far more complicated, every phase of life in the North has been influenced by the forms of business into which our greatest strength has gone. For example, the economic struggle to organize monopoly privilege has almost exclusively determined the character of our politics. That we have now learned this belated lesson, is perhaps our surest hope of reform. This view does not exclude other influences. It insists that the economic forces have been immeasurably stronger over us than we have been willing to admit. It is for this reason that socialists seem always to be dealing with questions of property and its distribution. For this reason, unfair censors will have it that they are "mere materialists," when the most obvious of facts is that no world movement now carries with it a more impressive idealism.

The more recent literature is so informed by this spirit that one seems to be dealing with a religion. A man of university and legal training, Edmond Kelly, whose first book was as socialistic as it was religious, now gives us *A Practical Programme for Workingmen.*[1] Its opening chapters are almost perfervid religious exhortation. The volume closes with a rhapsody to Wisdom, Faith, and Love. Between these devout appeals to the wage-earners is the Book of Facts, an attempt to work out a positive and constructive policy on which labor can unite politically against the competitive capitalistic system. He holds that all attempts to reconcile Christianity with competition have definitely failed. Only so far as cooperation is substituted for competition does he see a ray of hope for a living religion of brotherhood among men.

Another stout volume, by James Mackaye, *The Economy of Happiness*,[2] is an elevated and closely knit moral system with an outcome frankly socialistic. It is a sustained plea for unselfish social conduct. Like Mr. Kelly, he finds the arch enemy to altruistic behavior in our competitive system. It leaves the real government in the hands of an oligarchy controlled by the rich. Like parrots we have been taught to call these the "fittest." But for what are they fittest? Their fitness, we are told, consists in acquired skill and cunning to play the competitive game largely against their fellows. But these very talents may work incalculable mischief. They may delay and defeat the moral forces on which the coming of a better social order depends.

The author's main charge against competition is that its normal working so sets men against one another, as to intensify self-seeking rather than brotherly and social instincts. He condemns it because it fails to make us happier. That it breeds infinite evasion and lying; that it is prolific of frauds, adulterations, and quackeries; that it stimulates a passion for mass and bigness as against quality and excellence has often enough been said. Beyond and deeper than all these, the evil, to Mr. Mackaye, is that happiness, hopefulness, and delight in one's work suffer irreparable hurt. Until these

[1] *A Practical Programme for Workingmen.* By Edmond Kelly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906.

[2] *The Economy of Happiness.* By James Mackaye. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1906.

higher values are rescued, our real "survivals" are the "survivals of the incompetent."

Social release from these ills the author finds only in socialism. His word is "Pantocracy;" the rule of all in contrast to the rule of the few. Socialism he identifies with realized democracy. Like William Morris, he holds that every highest end of life suffers permanent impairment under our reigning capitalism. The family, liberty, enthusiasm for one's work, the free use of faculty, and even private property, in its larger social sense, all alike feel the crippling influence of the brute struggle in industry called competition.

Precisely because our captains of industry have learned that competition is the death of trade as well as its life; because these masters for a quarter of a century have been using their cunning to control and to curb these forces, does the author see some hope of transition to a control — not alone for stockholders in sugar, oil, transportation, mines, but a control by all in the inclusive interests of society as a whole. We have indeed now passed into the stage of "pseudo-socialism" in which we shall agonize to regulate these vast interests for partial groups now in possession. That this halting regulation can succeed, he has, like all socialists, no hope. We shall madly plunge at it, and after many a fall and much floundering, take our punishment and pass gayly under pantocratic banners into the collectivist régime.

Once there, no soul of us can rob his fellow by taking a cent of interest on money, neither shall any private profits pass to our pockets, nor any rent from houses or lands. These forms of private property are to be taken from the individual and become a social possession.

This "shifting of burdens" is inevitable, because all means of production, land, capital, machinery in every shape, pass from individual to social ownership.

Whether one look farther, to the *Socialism*[1] of the veteran John Spargo, with its lucidity and good temper, or to the brilliant pages of Professor Jaurès' *Studies in Socialism*,[2] we are in the presence of the same moral revolt against competition, and the same religious faith that men are capable of a nobler and more unselfish social order.

The day has passed when this social challenge can be met either by railing or by raillery. Neither can the collectivist criticism as a whole be cried down. Much of it is morally sound and economically approved. We have already socialized vast areas of what was once private property. A further extension of this policy is now a working part of the responsible politics in every progressive nation.

It is now generally admitted that the more monopolistic forms of business do exploit labor, and the public generally, unless socially controlled. In several nations mere control has been found so difficult that governments have taken the monopolies wholly from the competitive field. No assumption in socialism is more fundamental than that this movement will continue until the whole capitalistic machinery is taken from private ownership and given to the public. To the socialist, all interest, rent, and profit-bearing forms of property are vicious and monopolistic.

He not only objects to the "swollen fortunes" that our Chief Executive finds so far threatening as to require legislative action, but upon principle he objects to the most moderate fortunes that are built up or maintained by receipts of rent and interest, or by profits on the sale of products. The true collectivist delights in Rockefellers and Carnegies, because they serve as shining object lessons in reducing the capitalistic system to an absurdity. One of them writes, "We love

[1] *Socialism.* By JOHN SPARGO. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1906.

[2] *Studies in Socialism.* By JEAN JAURÈS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1906.

the Rockefeller type because his very success works for us. He is not an iota worse than the whole hungry pack of little profit-makers, who do their utmost to take Rockefeller's place, but lack the strength. He exploits greatly, but the little ones exploit all they *can*, and no man can be bad beyond his capacity to be bad."

This admirably reveals the accepted logic of the movement. Not only are the railroads, the express companies, the coal combines, and the beef trust, vicious in private hands, but our entire agricultural and industrial system is vicious in the sense that under it labor does not get what it produces.

The farmer steals from his laborer in the field as truly as the railroad steals from the brakeman. To the socialist our universal business method so works that the wage-earner gets only a portion of his product. Because the farmer is allowed to own his land and hire helpers, he cannot avoid cheating them. They will be fleeced until the public owns the land and all men have free and equal access to it. Then, through coöperative methods, labor secures the strict equivalent of its toil. Whether it is the petty village shopkeeper, or a Wanamaker, matters not. Profit-making under our present wage system, is, at the very heart of it, a form of thievery from those who depend on wages.

The family living gorgeously at the Waldorf-Astoria upon coal royalties is of course a group of parasites sucking plentifully from the life blood of many miners; but parasitic also are those who own their garden plot from which they supply the local market. Here and there, able socialists shrink from their own logic and begin to make exceptions. They would distinguish between the greater and the lesser industries.

It is a dangerous concession. It not only gives up the imposing infallibilities and absolutism of the Marx School, but it implies that private interest and profits are socially useful on considerable areas of the industrial field. This point is vital. Scores of the ablest economists have long since shown the iniquities of wealth appropriation under which monopolies have despoiled the people. It has been held, however, that society could learn to meet this evil, either by taking them over, or through rigid regulation and control. This method does not "throw out the baby with the bath." It sees without the slightest fear that the "socializing" of many great industries — transportation, express companies, telegraph, and even mines — is likely enough to come on apace. In this country we are soundly committed to the policy of regulation. If, after trial, we are so discomfited as finally to acknowledge that "ownership" is still with the monopolies, they will certainly pass to the government.

New Zealand has done this already and much more, but that brave community is in no proper sense a synonym of socialism. With extreme daring, it is using its strength to socialize every monopoly-breeding industry, but it uses the same strength to stimulate hundreds of forms of property ownership that are the very antithesis of socialism. When it gives at least eight times as much of its relative wealth as we in the United States, in order to teach the application of science to the soil, it is hoped and believed that private profit-making will have immense fruitful development. To encourage investment and receipt of interest among the whole people is also a part of its policy.

All this, in the extremest democracy in the world, moves directly and defiantly away from the logical theory of collectivism. Fearless, as it is careless, of mere names, democracy in Switzerland and New Zealand is trying to work itself out without attacking the whole complicated order of rent-bearing forms of property. Socialism as a theory and a logic will thrive wherever private monopoly thrives, because these justify the attack.

What we now wish to see is the clean elimination of these private privileges.

We wish it not only for a greater economic equality, but, even more, in order to rescue the sources of our political life from defilement. Then and then only can we tell whether all land and all the "means of production" should be taken from private possession. It may prove of indispensable social utility to retain much land for intensive culture in private hands, and many forms of machinery also in private hands, for the interest and stimulus which this form of possession gives. The glaring abuses of capitalism are now fairly clear to us. When these abuses are under control, we shall for the first time be competent to reckon with its further *uses*. Switzerland and New Zealand have so far subdued the dangerous element in monopoly, that they already serve as the most enlightening examples of a steadily growing democracy. If a genuine democracy with its equalized privilege can be reached, it is a nobler goal than any which a logically developed socialism can possibly offer. This latter carries with it a certain fatalism of compulsion from which the friendliest student continually shrinks. To control *politically* not merely monopolies, but the whole infinite complexity of wealth-making and distribution, is a proposal as Utopian as any of the older schemes which the modern socialist now assures us were only amiable visions. They are very careful to tell us that Utopian socialism was really very absurd. But Utopia dies hard. It is at the heart of practically every "thorough" proposal made by the different schools in this country.

It is the very bravery of their dream that is the safety of society. The appeal to force has now dwindled to a minority which the collectivist leadership in every country treats kindly, but with assuring condescension. It is a leadership growing year by year more conservative, chiefly because it is learning the nature of the thing called politics, — that relentless practical art of making rules for social guidance by some form of majority vote. When once in the saddle, what will *it* do with importunate and unsatisfied minorities? We know well that no mere multiplying of wealth-products can bring docility or satisfaction. The hunger for power and distinctions underlies all this.

The rough-and-tumble of politics in the last quarter of a century has taught hundreds of these leaders that the government of men and the organization of society are tasks for sober men who get near enough to take their measure. But still more than this, they see that the economic method of socialism has to submit to terrible tests. It must *somewhere* be tried, and tried in spots. We have had a socialism which scoffed at this objection as frivolous. "Socialism never can be fairly tried until the whole nation tries it together." This is of Utopia with a vengeance. Even if it were conceivable that catastrophic changes should enable — let us say — France to adopt it at once and all together through her entire industrial life, even then the test is no less severe. France then must compete. Her collectivism, as an industrial method, is pitted against the capitalistic ways of surrounding nations. To stand against them, she must prove the preëminence of her industrial service to the French people.

Would it be ill news, that a sister nation had found new methods to humanize and enrich her organic life? One socialist friend will have it that the supreme trial must be among all the leading nations acting together, or the trial will be vain. This flight of fancy need not delay us. The sane men among them see that this cannot be. It must here and there, in specific industries, show its superiority in open competition with the despised methods of capitalism. Is it a thing to frighten us, if it can show superiority? It is a superiority moreover that must be passed upon in many places and many times by the larger part of society. If results of widely observed improvement, — empty almshouses, better homes, fewer hours, no unemployed, ampler income, new delight in one's work, — are found to

follow, who are they to fear so great a good?

Never a theory of social reconstruction was spun in the gray mists of the mind, that was not profoundly modified when applied to life. Socialism as a theory is already touching life at a hundred points and among many peoples. Upon the whole the touch is the touch of life. It makes for a better distribution of wealth and for more deserved equality. But everywhere socialist theory is transformed by that touch as much as the social order is transformed. The tugging drudgery of the world has still to be done, whether under one name or under another. It is a service of responsibility that never fails to sober him upon whom the burdens fall. The immediate work of the generation before us is marked out. That twin iniquity, industrial and political privilege, is the enemy against which socialist and individualist alike have to make war. Enough has already been cleanly achieved to show that the remaining task is within our power.

The truth is, society has not even faintly begun to use its strength against the monopoly privileges, that is, against the crass, exploiting abuses of capitalism.

For the first time a president becomes the disturber. Even if, as one somewhat bewildered, he strikes hotly at the enemy, he calls it by its proper name. He reaches for the great weapon — taxation. Our steel king runs him close; fifty per cent *at least* inheritance tax upon the intemperately rich! There have been no abler students than those who have long since held that through taxation the real menace of monopoly can be met. To this end, we have not even lifted a finger except here and there, tentatively and timidly, in states. So little are we democratic, that taxation protects and nurses the rich.

If it is true that an awakening is now at hand, this whole mass of economic aristocracies can be turned from the service of the few to the service of the many.

To do this work even decently would deprive socialism of its only danger. We should then not have to fight it or even oppose it, but rather to understand it, to give it freest critical fling, and, above all, to open to it a generous field for collectivist experimenting. If monopoly can be turned to these larger uses, such experimenting will be as safe as an agricultural college. Yes, it will be more than safe, it will be a wholesome critical stimulant. Socialism has been a faith. It is slowly becoming scientific, in the sense and to the extent that it submits its claims to the comparative tests of experience.

We are now too cowardly to face these tests as they apply to the deeper and determining life problems. We shrink because of our very vices and inequalities, as we cringe and shuffle before the only effective proposals to stop the blank horror of war. To win the courage of these new mental habits, socialism will aid us both by its spirit and by its criticism.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A RITUAL OF INFIRMITIES

Dr. Johnson has remarked that the office of a book is to help us either to enjoy life or to endure it. I wonder if he ever thought how much books may be made to help us excuse it. I do not think I could keep my countenance a week if it were not for the fact that I can nearly always turn the edge of my worst faults by recalling some classic instance of a much better man who was afflicted with the same weaknesses.

After many years I am now able to place against each of my infirmities the authority of some great name, the very mention of which produces a lull in the criticism of my own household. If I dare not employ these defenses out in the world, they render me good service at home. I do not know how I should have gotten through these years of late rising without Dr. Arnold. As a matter of fact — let it be confessed — Arnold did not lie abed, but only put on record that he never made any headway against the desire to do so. Of course one cannot make a single example do everything, any more than he can make a parable walk on all fours. In all literary matters selection is what we need, and I too have never made any headway against the desire. It has long been a comfort to me when I have lain in bed to recall that Dr. Arnold felt just as I do.

Of course all misquotation or imperfect reference is sooner or later found out, and the day came when Henrietta announced that Thomas Arnold had spoiled our breakfast quite long enough. She proposed to see for herself what his actual habits were. At length she found not only my favorite passage, but its untimely context, which averred that he did get up, no matter what it cost him. But while not infallible, literary reminiscences are inexhaustible, so that I have found another instance which I trust will last out my time.

For a cigar at bedtime I have found Emerson efficacious whenever I have felt need of a reason for a final smoke. But there was some attractive thing which Milton used to do toward the last of the evening, which I would give anything to remember, for I know that at the time of reading it, it seemed to me a perfect gem of an excuse for days to be; but it has utterly passed from my mind. I wish I knew what it was.

The best authority for late lunches is Coleridge. For me he takes off that feeling of animalism which is apt to assail me, so that by his aid I can stand before the dumb-waiter at midnight, with a consciousness quite transcendental. If I seldom quote this writer as an apology, preferring to bear the brunt of the matter alone, it is because it grieves me to hear him spoken of as "That Coleridge."

For absent-mindedness, forgetfulness of errands, and carrying letters in my pocket, I for some years employed Charles Lamb's friend, Mr. George Dyer, the gentleman who walked straight out of the Lambs' front door, across the road and into the river, and who, after being brought to, said cheerily, "Ah, I soon found out where I was." But I no longer dare mention the name of George Dyer in the family circle. He is too much. For some years he did very well, simply as a friend of Charles and Mary, but since I let out about that river episode I have never dared mention the name of Dyer again. Though literature has still great power within our walls, the name of dear George Dyer is the signal for a revolt against which my richest reminiscences are powerless.

When I am disagreeable I lay it all to Thoreau. I do not think he would much

care, while he might conceivably consider it a compliment, to be taken as authority in one's more iconoclastic moods. Henrietta says she has read in him hours at a time without finding anything particularly disagreeable, to which I reply that the real heart of such writers is not to be reached without giving one's days and nights to him. If reminded, as I frequently am in the continued playing of this Game of Authors, that all of these persons did many creditable things in their life which might much better be emulated than the characteristics which I have chosen, I reply that this is quite true, but that such matters hardly come within the province of the excusing function.

THE HONEST THEOLOGIAN

If newspaper space is any measure of public interest, there has been evidence enough during the past year that questions of religious belief hold their own as vital questions with a multitude of readers. Or is it rather that the public is intensely concerned with personal exhibitions and tests of honesty — not the honesty of the counting-room, but that of the mind and heart?

We have all been witnessing the spectacle presented by a gentleman whose outward and inward life have given him every claim to his reverend title, placed within a church with definite boundaries of public teaching, if not of private belief, and straining so violently the resistance of those boundaries as to cause his fellows to decide that the pressure had better cease. It has not been altogether an edifying spectacle: that seems to be precluded by the very fact of an ecclesiastical trial — a procedure which seldom reveals the ministers of a gospel of peace at their best. That the keen public interest in the whole affair has been primarily theological is too much to assume. The tenets and discipline of a body of Christians vastly outnumbered by other bodies in America are not of such general importance as to account for the columns and columns of news reports, editorial articles, and correspondence, which have flooded the secular journals.

The issue of personal intellectual honesty must surely be reckoned with in any accounting for the phenomenon as a whole. The unchurched have been asking as eagerly as the devout laity of various folds whether a man believing thus and so is justified in holding to ancient forms upon which he has come to place interpretations not yet sanctioned by authority; whether a church which charges its ministers "to teach nothing, as necessary to eternal salvation, but that which you shall be persuaded may be concluded and proved by the Scripture," is warranted in limiting too strictly those conclusions and proofs. Here indeed is a pretty matter for argument. Far be it from the present writer to embark upon that perilous sea. All that he wishes to suggest is that the whole secular public makes a rather reassuring exhibition of itself when it warrants the press in providing it so fully with the points at issue that it can arrive at a judgment of its own.

It is just as well to remind ourselves, however, that the whole tendency of a period is not summed up in a single case. Sixty years ago Theodore Parker was galloping far ahead of his Unitarian brethren, and frightening many of them out of their wits. Fifty years ago another Unitarian minister was pursuing precisely the opposite course. The newly published life of the late Bishop of Central New York [1] recalls an ecclesiastical episode in striking contrast to the case of Parker — and to that of the past year. The Reverend Frederic Dan Huntington, Plummer Professor at Harvard, chaplain to the college, one of the most popular and influential preachers in the Unitarian body, with every prospect of advancement in the region where Unitarianism then had everything its own way, deliberately turned his back upon it all,

[1] *Memoir and Letters of Frederic Dan Huntington.* By ARRIA S. HUNTINGTON. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

and took upon himself the very restraints from which others have been willingly or unwillingly freed. There was no possible foreseeing at the time that an important city parish and later an important bishopric, with a long career of conspicuous usefulness, were in store for him. When he made his decision that he could not honestly go on preaching within his fellowship what that fellowship had a right to expect of him, and must therefore place himself in other surroundings, the decision seemed associated, in its temporal aspect, only with sacrifice. A remarkable inheritance and cultivation of the spiritual sense enabled him always to give to his temporal concerns the subordinate place ideally proper to the ministerial life. Happily his change of association involved no ecclesiastical trial. It is the man who believes a little less, not a little more, than his fellows, who is put on the rack. The sincerity and dignity of Bishop Huntington's course won nothing but respect — even from those who could not in the least sympathize with it.

After all, this holding of respect is the important thing. One man finds his liberty too extensive, and seeks its abridgment; another finds it insufficient, and would enlarge it. Each of them knows that his associates will look upon him as abnormal, and wonder why, with suppressing a few mere fragments of the whole truth as he sees it, he could not have been content to continue where he was — speaking comfortably to Jerusalem. Now, who shall arbitrate? Certainly not the non-theological spectator. There are refinements of theological definition about which he cares no more than about the number of angels who can dance upon the point of a needle. He does, however, care greatly to see the members of a profession which has the spirit for its chief concern deal honestly with their own consciences and with one another. He may not go to church as often as his fathers did; but he cannot be thought indifferent to religion so long as he demands of its ministers an adherence to standards which he knows are the highest. Whether his attention happens to be fixed upon an unfrocked priest or upon a convert raised to the purple, he looks for absolute honesty, and when he finds it he is ready to appreciate and to applaud. Let those who are prone to despair of our too material civilization take heart.

THE MAGAZINE CHILD

I trust it is for no such petty personal reason as that I am myself childless, that I feel tempted to contribute a "club" to the collection of weapons with which a long-suffering public is at last arming itself in the hope of ejecting The Child from current magazine fiction.

Surely, a potent cause of the recent popularity of the juvenile is its felicitous lending of itself to illustration. How familiar we have all become with the shapeless-legged little girl in wrinkled stockings and outgrown frock, her lanky hair surmounted by a splashing bow, and with her straight-backed little brother with his Buster Brown suit and his "Dutch cut," — two trade-marks of the modern boy. The types are attractive and they are often remarkably well drawn, both by the descriptive and the illustrative pen, but the time has come when we have been served with child to repletion. We are heartily sick of the child of the slum and the child of fortune, of the Jewish child and the Bowery child, of the morbid, misunderstood child, and the sentimental, neglected child, of the tomboy and the prig, the natural and the unnatural child. In our state of surfeit we feel tempted to say with Lamb when asked how he liked children, "I like them fried."

People who enjoy reading about children derive a kindred pleasure to that afforded by the weather as a perennially popular subject of conversation. Childhood is a universal experience, and we are all sufficient egotists to enjoy reading about our dead selves, to nod our gray

heads and say, "Yes, that is true, I was like that;" for, though we all have not children of our own, we all have been children ourselves.

May not the present youthful epidemic among writers be due also in part to the comparative rarity of large families among the reading public to-day? As fewer examples of a specimen remain to be studied, more attention is focused on those that survive, and it is the cult of the hour to turn the light of scientific and psychological research on a child as on an interesting type of animal life slowly becoming obsolete. The ubiquity of the child in contemporary fiction is symbolic of the over-emphasis placed upon his every word and deed in daily life. Owing to the modern craze for the development of individualism — even in the immature — the child has become the father of the man in a sense never dreamed of in Wordsworth's philosophy. The sight of parents in such complete subjection tempts us to become reactionary, to revert to the primitive methods of the old woman who lived in a shoe, and it is not improbable that being whipped soundly and put to bed would be quite as beneficial for the children as being analyzed and put into a magazine.

The jaded traveler buys a "Weekly" or a "Monthly" at the news-stand, in the hope of temporarily forgetting his domestic duties and suburban sorrows; but instead of finding a tale of adventure, love, or crime, to refresh a soul thirsting for romance, he is confronted by an exhaustive study of the conditions leading to young Harry's latest deed, or the psychological motives inspiring little Lucy's last saying.

I am, by nature, as fond of children as if I had not a dozen badly brought-up nieces and nephews of my own; but if I am beginning to grow tired of young people, I represent one of a large class, and it is not our fault nor yet the fault of the children. It is a guilty trio of conspirators whom we hold responsible for our seeming heartlessness, and we hereby offer up a prayer to writers, illustrators, and editors, that the Magazine Child be at last allowed to grow up.

ON READING PROOF

A galley slave! The ancient representative was a wretch chained to the oars; the modern example is fettered to labor of more exacting *type*. What spirit of malicious satire, naming the instruments of modern printing, chose to devise the galley and its proof, true symbols of that black slavery into which innocent authors are forced by the modern press-gang?

There was a time when I looked upon the printed book as the sign of some one's felicity, the accomplished revelation to the world of the deepest truths perceived by the author; to-day I regard the volume as the triumph not of thinking but of inking. I render homage to the alert eye of the proofreader, whose devotion to truth leads him to observe so carefully the letter of the law and to contend against misspelling and other Capital offenses.

No mailed hand in the days of chivalry could strike so profound a blow as that of the postman who delivers a roll of proof. Summon all your faculties, try to be all vision, something will escape your vigilance, and in your poem, in your article, in your book, there will appear one of the petty, exasperating inaccuracies that brings a shame more unendurable than that attendant upon some actual misdeed. To find "lyrioal" gleaming derisively out of a page of serious disquisition, to discover Browning's line printed, —

"O lyric love, half orgel and half bird,"

is to suffer without hope. Sometimes one has an escape from life-long humiliation. A gifted friend of mine had the insight to insert a "t" in the following passage included by her printer in a chapter of noble idealism, — "We must rise to the level of our loftiest inquiry. The first suspicion we get of immorality makes us responsible for it." I can proudly boast of having rescued two verses from corrup-

tion. One compositor, firmly opposed to simplified spelling, established a new reading of a modern poem, —

> "With yellow evening in the skies,
> And rhyme upon the tawny hills."

Another improved Keats, ameliorated him, to speak truly:

"Honey from out the gnarled bevi I 'll bring."

Surely the psychologists have neglected their legitimate prey. Much could be learned by the study of such lapses from the normal, and the men and women who wrote volumes upon the subject would have, in support of their theories, what few psychologists do have, indubitable proof.

If, in these days, there be any one who has not appeared in print, let him be warned in time. The sentence that seemed to flow so melodiously will become, in the fifth earnest scanning of your proof, a thing more odious than the newspaper of a year ago. The adjectives that you chose with so much care for effectiveness will seem only pitfalls for misprinting; little by little you will arrive at the desperate mood of using only words of one syllable and those easy to spell. The colon and the semi-colon will disappear (except in messages from Panama). You will be glad that you learned Greek because you know how to make the mystic sign δ.

Certain voluble critics have said that Shakespeare's indifference toward the question of printing his plays was, and is, inscrutable. Let those triflers in human experience read *Henry VI*, where the poet in raillery anathematized the whole race of printers: "Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear."

I agree with Shakespeare; the old days of manuscript were better, when monks labored day by day over their copying, and adorned their pages with brightly colored letters. Then writers were really illuminating; they were never represented by a *leaden cast* of thought.

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LONGFELLOW

1807–1907

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Above his grave the grass and snow
Their soft antiphonal strophes write:
Moonrise and daybreak come and go:
Summer by summer on the height
The thrushes find melodious breath.
Here let no vagrant winds that blow
Across the spaces of the night
Whisper of death.

They do not die who leave their thought
Imprinted on some deathless page.
Themselves may pass; the spell they wrought
Endures on earth from age to age.
And thou, whose voice but yesterday
Fell upon charmèd listening ears,
Thou shalt not know the touch of years;
Thou holdest time and chance at bay.
Thou livest in thy living word
As when its cadence first was heard.
O gracious Poet and benign,
Belovèd presence! now as then
Thou standest by the hearths of men.
Their fireside joys and griefs are thine;
Thou speakest to them of their dead,
They listen and are comforted.
They break the bread and pour the wine
Of life with thee, as in those days
Men saw thee passing on the street
Beneath the elms — O reverend feet
That walk in far celestial ways!

THE STATESMANSHIP OF CAVOUR

I

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

I

Of all great prophecies ever made to a credulous world, the most futile and woful was uttered toward the end of the eighteenth century by Aurelio Bertola.

Having visited many countries, in various capacities, — at times a monk, at times a soldier, at times a man of letters and "philosopher," — flitting at times between the lecture-rooms of two renowned universities, but always an optimistic phrase-maker, he, first of all men, published what he called, *A Philosophy of History*, and, as the culmination of his work, summed up the condition of humanity on this wise: "The political system of Europe has virtually arrived at perfection. An equilibrium has been attained which henceforth preserves peoples from subjugation. Few reforms are now needed and these will be accomplished peaceably. Europe has no need to fear a revolution." [1]

And this in 1787! — the year in which the French Assembly of Notables opened the greatest era of revolution and war in human history, — an era which has now lasted over a century and which still continues; which, between that year and this, has seen every people on the European continent subjugated by foes foreign or domestic, every continental dynasty overturned or humiliated, and an infinite number of liberties crushed, or reforms wrested, by conspirators or soldiers; an era which, not only to every European nation, but to America, Asia, and Africa, has brought deluge after deluge of blood; which is blackened by thousands of battlefields, and, among these, by Marengo, Austerlitz, and Borodino, by Leipzig and Waterloo, by the Alma and Inkerman, by Magenta and Solferino, by Antietam and Gettysburg, by Sadowa and Plevna, by Gravelotte and Sedan; by the naval slaughters of the Nile, Trafalgar, Navarino, and Sinope; by the Japanese annihilation of Chinese and Russian armies and navies; by the storming of Badajoz, of the Malakoff, and of Düppel; by the sieges of Genoa, of Saragossa, of Sebastopol, of Paris, and of Port Arthur; with thousands of vast and bloody encounters besides, costing millions of lives; by a ghastly series of massacres, extending from those in the name of liberty, in 1792, to those in the name of the throne and altar, in 1815, and from those of the Commune, in 1871, to those throughout Russia, in 1906; by scaffolds innumerable, and by the remodeling of every European nation, save Great Britain, — some of them twice or thrice.

The world at large, which loves those who prophesy smooth things, took this utterance of Bertola complacently. To the warning of a very different tenor, given by Lord Chesterfield, it gave no heed.

Most of all was this optimistic prophecy enjoyed by Italians; for, of all great peoples, they had most reason to long for a future better than their past. During more than a thousand years Italy had been trodden by foreign rulers and soldiers, — Germans, Saracens, Frenchmen, and Spaniards. She had been torn also by feuds between countless tyrants of her own; between her city republics; between classes, between dema-

[1] See Cantu: *Histoire des Italiens*, vol. xi, p. 23; also vol. x, p. 449.

gogues — all howling for "liberty" or "religion;" so that, despite her vast achievements in literature, science, and art, her people had sunk more and more into superstition and skepticism. Their main reliance was apparently upon such helpers as St. Januarius at Naples, the Bambino at Rome, St. Anthony and his pigs at Padua, Buddha — transformed into a Christian saint —at Palermo, and ten thousand fetiches besides. Faith in anything worth believing was mainly gone. The mediæval city liberties had long been a vague remembrance. The utterances of Dante and Michael Angelo were, to the vast mass, as if they had never been.[1]

Their lay rulers were, mainly, frivolous and sensual, their priestly rulers mostly bigoted and cruel, their nobility given to futilities, their people groveling below these, — ignorant beyond belief.

But, shortly after Bertola wrote, the French Revolution made itself felt in Italy.

It raised many hopes, and, in 1796, came an apostle from whom Italians expected much: — Bonaparte, — an Italian who never spoke French until out of his boyhood; and, knowing this, Italy saw some reason for believing in him. Bringing his army over the Alps, he promised to the Italian people an end of the miseries which had been accumulating since the destruction of their municipal liberties, more than two hundred and fifty years before. He pledged to them the fulfillment of their wildest dreams, — liberty, fraternity, prosperity, glory. Some of these promises he redeemed, for he brought better ideas of liberty and justice; roads along which better ideas could travel; a system of taxation, which, though taking more money out of the country than it had ever yet paid, was better than any it had ever known before. He reduced some fifteen petty despotisms to three, cast out Bourbon, Papal, and Hapsburg administration, gave better laws, scared off Jesuits, discouraged monks, shot bandits, restored vigor to states which had seemed mere carcasses, and, best of all, gave an impulse to the idea of Italy as a nation.[2]

But at his downfall Italy, of all countries with which he had dealt, was left the most abject and distraught. Liberty he had never given them; he had played with Italian rights as suited his interest or fancy: had distributed the whole Italian territory as his private estate; had, more than once, thrown its liberties to the worst enemies Italians had ever known. While affecting veneration for the Republic of Venice and admiration for the men who represented it, he had tossed it over to Austria as a mere bagatelle, at the Treaty of Campo Formio, just ten years after Bertola's prophecy. He had carved out of Italian territories a kingdom for himself, with principalities and dukedoms for his family, his satraps, and his courtiers, much as any ordinary brigand might have distributed the plunder of a petty village. Works of art which were to Italians the proudest trophies of their past, he had sent to the contemptible Directory, at Paris. He had left the bones of Italian youth scattered

[1] For a most striking and convincing revelation of the complete moral and religious debasement of Italian life during the "Ages of Faith," see *From St. Francis to Dante*, by G. G. Coulton, London, 1906. This little book, a translation of all that is of primary interest in the Chronicle of the Franciscan Salimbene, is one of the most valuable contributions to Mediæval History and to sane religious thought published during the last twenty years.

[2] For a remarkable summary of Bonaparte's methods on arriving in Italy, see A. Sorel: *L'Europe et la Revolution Française*, vol. v, pp. 198 and following.

For a very good example of the beneficial side of the Napoleonic system in Italy, see Colletta: *History of Naples*, English translation, book viii, chap. i.

For an admirable short statement regarding the good and evil in Bonaparte's dealings with Italy, see Lemmi: *Le Origini del Risorgimento Italiano* (1789–1815), Milan, 1906, cap. iv and v.

on hundreds of battlefields, from Madrid to Moscow.[1]

Hence it was that, when, after his treachery in Italy, his infamy in Spain, and his folly in Russia, his throne tottered and fell, the Italians began listening to the Hapsburgs and Bourbons, and the race of princelings who returned in their train after the Peace of Vienna. In the anxiety of these old enslavers to recover Italian territory, their pledges were as splendid as any Napoleon had made; and especially alluring were their promises of liberties, constitutions, and reasonable government. But they, too, as soon as they were established, forgot all these fine pretenses, and the old despotism of the days before the French Revolution settled down upon the country more heavily than ever. Throughout the whole peninsula the influence of Austria now became supreme. The highest conceptions then applied to Italian development were those of the Austrian Emperor Francis, typical of which was his announcement to sundry delegates of the University of Padua, that he required of them not enlightened scholars but obedient subjects. Typical of his practice was his command to the jailers of Spielberg to shorten the diet of his Italian prisoners and to make them feel every day — more and more — the bitter results of their patriotism.

Acting through him was Metternich, the great apostle of reaction, whose contempt for Italian independence was expressed in his famous utterance, "Italy is simply a geographical expression." Back of both was the Holy Alliance, — especially Russia and Austria. Romanoffs, Hapsburgs, and, for a time, Hohenzollerns, united in the effort to quench instantly in Italy every spark of freedom, every beginning of constitutional government, — the Bourbons, in France, Spain, and Naples, applauding and helping them.

At the northern extremity of the peninsula, in Lombardy and Venice, Austria had established a kingdom peculiarly her own; honest in a way, but brutally stupid. All traces of earlier independence and liberties were uprooted. The reforms of Napoleon were, as far as possible, brought to naught, and from Milan, especially, radiated the new gospel of Hapsburg despotism; its apostles the hierarchy of the Church, and its disciples the whole army of place-holders and pelf-seekers.

Adjoining this territory on the northwest was the realm of the House of Savoy, to which had been recently attached the Republic of Genoa. Everything like constitutional liberty was blotted out from this territory also. As regards education, the Church, and especially the Jesuits, were given complete control; but in one thing this Piedmontese kingdom was vastly superior to any other part of Italy: it had a peasantry, hardworking, honest, and conscientious; a nobility, which, though often narrow-minded and even bigoted, was conscientious and patriotic; a monarchy differing in its whole spirit from that of the Hapsburgs and Bourbons; for, though the royal house had been, and, indeed, remained for some years after its restoration by the Treaty of Vienna, bigoted and despotic, it was straightforward and truthful, and, therefore, was respected by its subjects as Bourbons and Hapsburgs had not been for ages.[2]

[1] Of all who have ever unveiled the cynical treatment of Italy by Napoleon, and especially that masterpiece of treachery, the Treaty of Campo Formio, none has ever surpassed Lanfrey, in his *Histoire de Napoléon*. See, especially, vol. i, chap. ix. The number of Italian soldiers forced into the Napoleonic wars between 1796 and 1814, Lemmi gives as 358,000, and the number of lives lost, as 120,000. The losses were especially fearful in the insane Spanish and Russian campaigns, which touched no conceivable interest of Italy.

[2] For a careful delineation of the despotism of the House of Savoy during the early years of the eighteenth century, see Stillman, *The Union of Italy*, chaps. i, ii, and iii; and, for some better features, Cantu, *Histoire des Italiens*, vols. x and xi.

Going southward, the next main division was Tuscany, — ruled by a branch of the House of Hapsburg, — but this branch the best in all Hapsburg history. Its people were hard-working and generally contented; its beauty, its fertility, and the glories of the arts there developed had made it, for several generations, the most attractive part of the peninsula. Its rulers, indeed, resisted everything like constitutional government, but they devoted themselves to the welfare of their subjects paternally.

Neighboring Tuscany were a number of small states, like Parma, Lucca, and Modena, governed by petty despots, as a rule Austrian by birth or education, and among these, worst of all, the Duke of Modena, Francis IV. Even in that bad age he was despised and abhorred for his cruel cunning. No blacker stain rests upon the history of any modern man than his treacherous murder of Ciro Menotti and the patriots who had trusted in the ducal promises.

Next southward, among the main divisions, came the States of the Church, ruled from the early years of the nineteenth century by men of little force; one of them, indeed, Pius VII, beautiful in character and ennobled by adversity; others, like Pius VIII and Gregory XVI, narrow and intolerant. As to moral and religious traits they were, indeed, forced by the spirit of their time far above the level of such pontiffs as Sixtus IV and Alexander VI, but as to ability they were infinitely below such as Sixtus V, and Benedict XIV, and Leo XIII. None of them were strong enough to make headway against the political absurdities that had been so long developing throughout their dominions. To each and all of them anything like constitutional government was unthinkable. None knew any way of governing save by despotism, and just as little could any one of them think of conceding any effective part in administration to laymen. All rule must be entrusted to priests, — and these, the Monsignori, — mostly young ecclesiastics, who had won their way by family connection, or old ecclesiastics, cynical and sluggish; some, indeed, well intentioned, but, for the most part, giving the cities they ruled governments as degrading as any that modern civilization has known, — save, possibly, those to be seen in our own day in some of our American municipalities. To the whole Napoleonic tradition of public works they were, as a rule, invincibly opposed. When railways came, these functionaries, from the Pope downward, mainly abhorred them: for they saw but too well what Buckle afterward stated, that better systems of internal communication bring in new ideas. So bad was their government, in all its practical details, that even Austria remonstrated, and even Metternich complained, "The Papal Government cannot govern."

Last of all came, at the southern end of the peninsula, the Kingdom of Naples, or, as it was known after the Peace of Vienna, the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. In no part of Europe was the whole life of the people so degraded. The Roman states were possibly more wretchedly administered, but the popes who ruled them had been, since the Renaissance period, at least decent men. Not so the Bourbons who ruled at Naples. Throughout their entire dominion crime was rampant and murder almost as easy and carelessly treated as it is to-day in many of the states of our American Republic. The ignorance of the country was beyond that of any other which called itself civilized, save Russia. The court was the lowest, as regarded morality, in Europe; the palace, under the lead of the Hapsburg Queen Mary Caroline, hardly better than a brothel; the vileness of the Neapolitan populace proverbial.

The same city mobs which had committed every sort of cruelty, a few years before, in the name of liberty, had, at the return of the Bourbons, with the connivance of the Queen and under the lead of the Cardinal Archbishop Ruffo, committed even worse crimes in the name

of religion. Noble and thoughtful men, here and there in Naples, as in every part of Italy, strove to better this condition of things, but, by doing so, immediately fell under the ban of the court, lost all chance of promotion, and were fortunate if they escaped imprisonment or even death; on the other hand, spendthrifts and rakes, being considered not likely to conspire against the government, received all honors. The Neapolitan Bourbons also, like the popes, discouraged all public improvements of a sort likely to promote the circulation of ideas; and, several years after the middle of the nineteenth century, when Great Britain and Northern Europe generally were already enjoying extensive railway systems, there was hardly a mile of railway in the whole peninsula south of Genoa.[1]

To maintain this state of things, popular education was, throughout Italy, systematically discouraged. In Naples and Rome there was virtually no provision for the education of the people at large, and even in Turin, the capital of the most enlightened of all the Italian states, Piedmont, there were, as late as 1846, only fifteen hundred children in the public schools, in which to-day there are over thirty thousand. How dense popular ignorance thus became may be judged from an official report published as late as 1873, with a careful map giving the percentages of popular education in all parts of Italy. In the most enlightened regions the number of those who could neither read nor write was from forty to fifty per cent, but, in the greater portion of the country the number of illiterates far exceeded this, until, in the States of the Pope, it reached from seventy-five to eighty-five per cent, and, in nearly the whole of Naples and Sicily, above eighty-five per cent. Such was the intellectual condition of the people after they had been cared for by the Church during nearly two thousand years.[2]

The higher education had been reduced by the same influences as nearly to nothing as public opinion would permit. The utterance of Kaiser Franz to the Pavia professors was carried out to the letter. The Jesuits, who had been expelled by Clement XIV, and by various sovereigns of Europe, half a century before, were, in 1816, readmitted by Pius VII, and speedily secured control of higher schools and universities. These institutions had been among the greatest glories of Italy. They had, indeed, been interfered with by the Church, at former periods, in various ways, notably in the days when Vesalius, shielded by Venice, taught anatomy at Padua, and Galileo tried to teach astronomy and physics at Pisa and Florence. Under control of local governments, not especially in fear of the Church or of revolution, there was then some liberty. But all higher teaching was now more and more alloyed with Jesuitism and directed by the bishops and the Vatican. Sundry studies — Latin, mathematics, scraps of Greek, a little rhetoric, and concoctions of a suit-

[1] The statement regarding railways is based upon observations made in Italy by the present writer in 1856, when things were little if any better. For the character of the Italian governments at the outbreak of the French Revolution and afterward, see Sorel: *L'Europe et la Revolution Française*, vol. i, chap. iv; and especially for the Neapolitan Court, see pp. 386 and following. For the cruelties during the reaction, see Colletta, book v. chap. 1, and book viii, chap. i, and especially Sorel as above, vol. v, pp. 421 and following. Also Lemmi: *Le Origini del Risorgimento Italiano.*

[2] For the condition of general education in Italy before the establishment of the Italian Kingdom, see *L'Italia Economica*, vol. ii (Tavole), *Roma*, 1873, — map entitled, "Numero degli Analfabeti." For various striking facts showing the studied neglect of education in the period before Cavour came, see F. X. Kraus, in *Weltgeschichte in Karacterbildern* (Cavour), Mainz, 1892, final chapters. For very interesting comparisons between the educational system above referred to and that of the present time, see King and Okey, *Italy To-day*, chap. xii (London, 1901). For exact statements regarding education in Turin in 1905–06, I am indebted to Professor Dr. Peroni, of the university in that city, formerly a Member of Parliament.

able philosophy — were taught with skill. Manners also were attended to: as late as 1883, an Italian marquis at Milan informed the present writer that he sent his sons to the Jesuits "because they teach a young man how to enter a room." But studies which taught men to think, and, above all, history, political economy, and the like, were reduced to nothing. History, indeed, was apparently taught, but it was absurdly and comically distorted to meet the needs of theology and ecclesiasticism. Research in science, in spite of the great achievements in this field by Italians, was more and more discouraged, and the reading of Dante and other great writers who might suggest ideas of Italian nationality, was, in many places, forbidden.

In the Kingdom of Naples all this was at the worst. The university continued to exist and strong men occasionally arose in it, but, as a rule, its best professors were humiliated, and finally, for utterances which, in these days, would be thought harmless, imprisoned or set at work in the chain-gang. To keep out the higher thought and scholarship, there was issued a Neapolitan edition of the Roman *Index*.

In Tuscany it was better; for in that state lingered traditions of culture which could not be put down by papal fulminations or even by Austrian armies.

In the Papal States the repression of thought was carried out logically. At the University of Bologna, once a great centre of enlightenment, the dangers of research or publication of thought were warded off most carefully: any book, before it could be printed, must run the gauntlet of no less than seven censorships;[1] it must have the approval, first, of the literary censor, secondly, of the ecclesiastical censor, thirdly, of the political censor, fourthly, of the Inquisition, fifthly, of the archbishop, sixthly, of the police, and, seventhly, a second verification by the Inquisition.

Rome, too, as the spiritual centre of Italy and of the world, continued to issue the *Index*, which forbade the reading of nearly every book which represented any triumph of modern thought, and among them those of Galileo, supporting the movement of the earth around the sun, and of Grotius, supporting arbitration. Even as late as the latter half of the eighteenth century, when Beccaria, a deeply religious churchman, wrote his great work, *On Crimes and Punishments*, reasonable and mild to a fault, but taking ground against torture in procedure and penalty, that, too, was placed upon the *Index* of books forbidden to Christians, and to this decision infallibility was guaranteed by a Bull signed by a reigning pontiff. As regarded the Italian people at large, most things which reminded them of anything higher than futilities seemed forbidden. Typical was the fact that when the opera "I'Puritani" was given, the word "loyalty" was substituted for the word "liberty," and a singer who happened to forget this was imprisoned. The word "Italy" was as much hated as the word "liberty," and school children were at times punished for using it.

Nor was this all. The action of the various governments was not merely negative but positive. Patriotism and even the principles of morality underlying it were to be extirpated. For this purpose there were prepared political catechisms, and these were forced upon the schools in the name of religion. One of these, issued from Milan, in 1834, by the Austrian government, entitled, *Duties of Subjects Toward their Sovereign*, contained things like the following: —

"Question: How should subjects behave toward their sovereign?"

"Answer: Subjects should behave

[1] For striking examples of this debasement of higher education in Italy, see F. X. Kraus, a Catholic author, as above, and, especially Minghetti's *Memoirs*, cited on p. 15. For a special Neapolitan *Index*, see the edition in the A. D. W. Collection, published at Naples, in 1853. For the system repressing publication at Bologna, see Minghetti, cited in Kraus, *Weltgeschichte in Karacterbildern* (Cavour), p. 18.

like faithful slaves (*servi*) toward their master."

"Question: Why should subjects behave like slaves (*servi*)?"

"Answer: Because the sovereign is their master and has as much power over their possessions as over their lives."

"Question: How does God punish soldiers who forsake their lawful sovereign?"

"Answer: By sickness, want and eternal damnation."[1]

Most famous of all these catechisms was that prepared by Monaldo Leopardi, —father of the famous Liberal who afterward wrought so powerfully for free thought in Italy. This catechism was enforced especially in the Kingdom of Naples, being republished by Archbishop Apuzzo of Sorrento, the tutor chosen by King Ferdinand II for his son Francis II, better known as "King Bomba." The Neapolitan edition was entitled, *A Philosophical Catechism directed to Princes, Bishops, Magistrates, Teachers of Youth and to all Men of Good Will*, and it remains one of the most precious monuments of the counter-revolutionary reaction. Its main effort was nothing less than an attempt to root out from the mind of a whole people all that the modern world knows as patriotism, right, justice, and civic morality.

The first chapter is entitled, "Philosophy," and, after a diatribe against modern philosophers in general, it winds up with the following touching question by "The Disciple:" "Do all such persons wear beards and moustaches?" to which "The Master" answers that, while wearing beard and moustache is not necessarily evil, it is to be regarded with suspicion.

The third chapter is entitled, "Liberty." The first part of the dialogue runs as follows:—

"Disciple: Is it true that all men are born free?"

"Master: It is not true, and this lie regarding liberty is only one more piece of deceit that modern philosophers use in order to seduce people and upset the world."

The fifth chapter is devoted to "The Rights of Man," and in it occurs the following:—

"Disciple: Is it true that the supreme power resides in the people?"

"Master: It is not true. It would be absurd to affirm that by the disposition of Nature the people can control or moderate themselves."

The disciple then asks: "May it not be, as the liberal philosophers say, that the sovereignty resides in the people but may be exercised through their representatives?"

The master shows that this idea is utterly delusive, that the people cannot delegate a power which they have not.

Chapter seven treats of the constitution, and, in its defiance of political morality, is, perhaps, the boldest in the book. It is clear that, in some of the answers to the questions of the disciple, the archbishop was not unmindful of the famous perjuries of various kings of Naples, and, especially, of his royal master, in swearing to constitutions and then openly violating them. During the dialogue occur the following questions and answers:—

"Disciple: Can the people establish the fundamental laws of the State?"

"Master: They cannot, because the constitution and fundamental laws of a state are a limitation of sovereignty, and sovereignty cannot receive any bounds or measures except from itself."

"Disciple: But, if the people, in the act of choosing the sovereign, have imposed upon him conditions and agreements, are not these conditions and agreements the constitution and fundamental law of the State?"

"Master: They are not so, because the people, which was made for submission and not for command, cannot impose any law upon that sovereignty, which receives its power not from the people but from God."

[1] See Probyn, *Italy*, and F. X. Kraus, in the *Weltgeschichte in Karacterbildern*, as above.

"Disciple: Is not a prince, who, in assuming the sovereignty of a state, has accepted and sanctioned a constitution or fundamental laws of that state and has promised and sworn to observe them, obliged to maintain his promise and to observe that constitution and that law?"

"Master: He is obliged to observe them in so far as they do not infringe the foundations of sovereignty, and in so far as they are not opposed to the universal good of the state."

"Disciple: Who, then, is to judge when a constitution infringes on the rights of the sovereignty or injures the people?"

"Master: The sovereign has to judge, because in him exists the supreme power established by God in the state."

Chapter eight is devoted to "Government," and begins as follows:—

"Disciple: What is the best of all governments for a state?"

"Master: The best government for any state is that under which it is at the present moment legitimately ruled."

"Disciple: But, considering things in the abstract, what is the best of all governments?"

"Master: Hereditary monarchy, that is to say, that in which the sovereignty resides in the monarch alone and passes from him to his descendant."

Chapter nine is devoted to "Legitimacy," but, though it is, in some respects, the most subtle of the book, it is one of the most inconclusive. The archbishop evidently labors under difficulties. In view of the fact that the Church had sanctioned the usurpation of Napoleon in France, against the Bourbons, and of other rulers of the Napoleonic period, elsewhere, against the old ruling houses, nothing was possible here save to raise a cloud and escape in it.

But the charge of obscurity cannot be brought against the tenth chapter, which is entitled "Revolution." The archbishop adopts a view as clear as the day and shows the courage of his convictions. Being asked by the disciple whether the people have not the right to resist, "when the prince loads his subjects with enormous taxes and wastes the treasure of the state," the master answers: "The people have not the right to judge regarding the needs and expenses of the monarchy; the Holy Spirit, by the mouth of St. Paul declares to the people, 'Pay tribute,' but does not declare to the people, 'Examine the accounts of the king.'"

After arguments in this strain through thirteen chapters, the disciple says, "Then, according to your judgment, for the good of a state it would be well to favor ignorance rather than education?" to which the master, after various platitudes, answers as follows:—

"I have already said to you that it is necessary to follow a middle course. . . . For servants and ploughmen, a proper moderation consists in knowing the catechism and prayers to be said aloud, and nothing more; in other classes, moderation consists in knowing how to read, write and cast accounts a little, and nothing more; for other classes, moderation consists in studying that which regards the proper profession of each," etc.

Reading this, one ceases to wonder that the official map, issued shortly after this system had ended, showed that, throughout the whole extent of the combined kingdom of Naples and Sicily, the proportion of persons unable to read or write was over eighty-five in every hundred.

Later occurs an especially curious question:—

"Disciple: Tell me, do you believe that the newly invented savings banks are the carnal brothers of general instruction, and that philosophy is preparing, by means of them, to accomplish the diffusion of property and goods?"

"Master: Although few suspect it as yet, I am absolutely certain of it."

The fourteenth chapter is entitled "Our Country," and it reveals a desperate effort to root out from the Italian mind everything like patriotism.

The master tells his disciple that, if similar degrees of the thermometer make

men fellow-citizens, then the Romans and the Tartars are of the same country; that, as to similarity of language, the people at the two ends of Italy hardly understand one another, and that, if similarity of appellation gives fellow-citizenship, and all those are fellow-citizens who are called Italians, — "Then, because your name is Bartholomew, you are a fellow-citizen of all the Bartholomews throughout the world."

The book is at times witty and shrewd, and has in it, here and there, suggestions which look like wisdom. There is in it much historical allusion, but, of course, as in most cases where ecclesiastics write for the supposed benefit of religion, the author manipulates history to suit his necessities.

As to Italian independence, he insists that in three quarters of Italy, Italian independence is already established, and that those who deny it are, to use his own words, "simpletons who are looking round for their hats when their hats are upon their heads." He defends the rights of Austria in Lombardy and Venice as sacrosanct, and winds up by declaring that the "independence of Italy . . . is simply a cabalistic word, used by thieves and scoundrels."

In this work culminated an effort long and earnest. To its earlier stage belongs the *History of France for the Use of Youth, with maps, A. M. D. G*, published to uphold the French Bourbons, in 1820, by the Jesuit Father Loriquet. Father Loriquet's effort had been simply to efface all knowledge of the Napoleonic Empire from the French mind, and his history, therefore, made Louis XVII the immediate successor of Louis XVI, and Louis XVIII the immediate successor of Louis XVII, virtually leaving out Napoleon as ruler, mentioning him as little as possible and always under the name "Bonaparte."

Exquisitely naïve, also, was this Jesuit historian's attempt to discredit "Bonaparte" by falsified history. Perhaps of all the innumerable Jesuit attempts to manufacture history to suit ecclesiastical purposes, the most comical was the account given by Father Loriquet of the Battle of Waterloo. In the crisis of the battle, which the world knows by heart, he represents the Old Guard as a mass of madmen, firing upon one another while the British look upon them with horror.

The final effort of Archbishop Apuzzo to save the Neapolitan Bourbons turned out to be as futile as the effort of Father Loriquet to save the French Bourbons. Each book became a laughing-stock and was suppressed as far as possible by the reactionary governments in whose supposed interest it was written. Like some similar attempts in our own day to further ecclesiastical interests, each recoiled fatally upon those who prepared it.[1]

To maintain the system thus supported, stood Austria, the agent of the Holy Alliance, and, whenever there seemed special danger of any movement for inde-

[1] The original of the *Catechismo Filosofico* was written by Monaldo Leopardi, the reactionary father of the liberal historian and philosopher, Giacomo Leopardi, and published in 1832, and again in 1837. A careful comparison of these two early editions with the reprint above referred to, published at Naples in 1861 by the liberal enemies of the Bourbons, shows that they are substantially alike. It is of this later edition that I have a copy, for which I am indebted to the Reverend Father Casoli, of Sorrento. For an opportunity to examine the earlier editions of the book and various works bearing upon them, I am indebted to H. N. Gay, Esq., Fellow of Harvard University, now residing at Rome. The work is ascribed by various leading writers on Italian history, such as Montarolo in his *Opere Anonime*, 1884, p. 12, King, in his *Italian Unity*, vol. i, p. 367, Gladstone, and others, to Apuzzo, as they evidently had known only the Neapolitan edition.

For a more extended presentation of the questions and answers of this catechism, see a paper entitled "A Catechism of the Revolutionary Reaction," by A. D. White, in the Proceedings of the American Historical Association, vol. iv, p. 69.

A copy of the famous *History of France*, by Father Loriquet, published at Lyons, 1821, may be found in the A. D. W. Library. For his amazing account of the Battle of Waterloo, see vol. ii, p. 375.

pendence or constitutional government, international congresses were called, as at Troppau, in 1820, at Laybach, in 1821, at Verona, in 1822; and the Bourbons in France showed their sympathy by sending an army to put down constitutional government in Spain.

Was any concession to more reasonable ideas made in any Italian state, large or small, Metternich's emissaries were speedily upon the spot, using bribes, threats, or pressure. Austrian, Papal, or Neapolitan spies swarmed in churches, cafés, and throughout private society; they wrought steadily, at the post-office and in the confessional, to discover every man's political ideas. No family so high or so low as to be exempt from police interference. The slightest suspicion led to arrest, the pettiest utterances against despotic methods led to the chain-gang or to long, solitary imprisonment, and anything like effective resistance brought the best and bravest to the scaffold.

Such was the system which the great powers, assembled at Vienna, — Great Britain now and then halting and, at last, ashamed, — had developed in the most beautiful territory and for the most gifted people in the world. But one thing European rulers had left out of their calculations, — the great body of thoughtful and patriotic Italian men and women. Over all this misery and shame they brooded in every city and hamlet, in castles, in shops, in professors' chairs, — even in sacristies. To them Dante, Michael Angelo, and the long line of their inspired countrymen had spoken. More and more these men and women dreamed of independence, of unity, of liberty. These were, indeed, troubled dreams, always fitful, often absurd, sometimes criminal, but they were unceasing and foreshadowed much.

But all this the men who profited, or supposed they profited, by the existing state of things, could not or would not see or hear. When have men, profiting by unreason and wrong, ever, in any country, really seen their own true interests? The ruling classes in Italy were as blind to their own interests, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, as were sundry great American political leaders regarding slavery, in the middle of the same century, and as are sundry great American financial leaders in our own time. Both those and these have been and are really the most dangerous fomenters of revolution, sure to bring disaster upon their country and punishment upon themselves and their children.

The first main effort to realize something better in the Italy of that period was seen at Naples in 1820. The Bourbon king, Ferdinand I, was finally forced to grant a constitution, and this he again and again swore to maintain. Pathetic, at the time, were his profuse public thanks to God for permitting him to aid so great and good an action, — and to the leading revolutionists for showing him his duty. Especially dramatic was his oath in the chapel of his palace, when, with tears in his eyes, he, in the presence of a great assembly, swore to maintain the constitution and invoked the curse of Heaven upon his head if his oath should be broken.

The Holy Alliance took up the matter at once, and the three sovereigns of Austria, Prussia, and Russia wrote letters to King Ferdinand, identical in character, pointing out his duty to violate this oath. A little later he went to meet these advisers at Laybach, there took back his oath, thence returned with an Austrian army, abolished the constitution, and sent the men to whom he had rendered such profuse thanks for advocating it, to dungeons, galleys, and scaffolds.[1]

In the next year came a revolution at the other end of Italy, in Piedmont. Its population was far more sound and moral than that of Naples; its rulers, of the House of Savoy, far higher in character than the Bourbons. Deeply religious,

[1] For a careful account of this period by a Catholic historian, see Cantu, *Histoire des Italiens*, tome xi, livre 17. See also Probyn, *History of Italy from 1815 to 1878*, p. 26.

even bigoted, many of them had been. Against their fearful persecution of the Waldenses, Milton had testified, nearly two hundred years before, in verses that have echoed through human hearts from his day to ours.[1] The governmental creed of these rulers was absolutism; but, at least, they were brave and true, and this was destined to count for much — indeed, for everything — in the history which followed.

The demand of the Piedmontese revolution was for a constitution, but against this the Holy Alliance was so firmly set that, feeling unable to grapple with the difficulty, the King, Victor Emmanuel I, abdicated, giving over the succession to his brother, Charles Felix. As this brother was living in retirement at Modena, a regency was given to his nephew, and heir presumptive, Charles Albert, who, after much wavering, reluctantly promised a constitution. Against this constitution, Austria and the Alliance took ground at once: the regent's uncle, King Charles Felix, was made to repudiate the concessions of the young regent, to banish him to Tuscany with bitter reproach and insult, and at least to pretend to favor an intrigue for transferring the right of succession to the vilest and most despotic branch of the family, that of the murderer, Duke Francis of Modena.

Austria now pursued at Turin the same policy as at Naples. She sent an army which supported Charles Felix in annulling the constitution, in restoring absolutism, in sending constitutionalists to dungeons and scaffolds.

These examples served as powerful deterrents to every open effort for liberty, and there now came ten years of slumber, with dreams more feverish than before. No great demonstrations took place, but everywhere was seen and felt an active and even poisonous ferment of liberty. An early symptom of this was the secret society of the Coal Burners: the *Carbonari*. With ceremonies somewhat resembling those of Masonry and with fanatical vows against tyranny, this society spread throughout all the Italian-speaking peoples, and embraced vast numbers of devotees of freedom, from the highest classes to the lowest. Even Louis Bonaparte, who afterward became Napoleon III, was, in his youth, one of those who swore fidelity to it. Its fanaticism knew no limit; outrages and assassinations were everywhere, and this provoked successive rulers at Naples and elsewhere to oppose it with every sort of cruelty. Torture was freely used to detect it, and, in the Austro-Italian dominions, any connection with it was punished by death. Every expedient was tried, and a rival organization, in behalf of absolutism, the *Sanfedisti*, with vows and secret ceremonies equally fanatical, was created to ferret it out and fight it. The natural result followed. Absolutism pointed to these societies as its justification, and by their excesses general European public opinion was first made cool toward Italian liberty and, finally, hostile. These associations rapidly deteriorated and, in various regions, became a banditti, glorying in outrage and murder, as do "the gangs" in some of our great American cities of to-day. Typical was one of these bands — the Decisi — whose leader, an unfrocked priest, being brought to trial and asked how many persons he had himself murdered, answered, "Who knows! Sixty or seventy, perhaps."[2]

Supported by the public opinion thus caused, Austria and her subordinate

[1] The poem referred to is Milton's sonnet "On the Late Massacre in Piedmont," beginning with the words:

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

[2] For a very full account of the origin and rites of the Carbonari, see Johnston, *The Napoleonic Empire in Southern Italy*, and *The Rise of the Secret Societies*, London, 1904, vol. ii, chap. ii; for the fall of the Carbonari, see *ibid.*, chap. v; and for an example of a Carbonaro discourse, Appendix, p. 153. The same Appendix contains various interesting things relating to the revolutionary period, and, among these, the treaty of the Holy Alliance.

despotisms went further. Great numbers of thoughtful and serious men were seized and condemned, among them the heads of some of the most eminent Italian families at Milan, who were arrested and dragged to Austrian dungeons or scaffolds. Notable was the case of Silvio Pellico, a gentle, religious soul, known widely and favorably as a man of letters. Arrested for a petty infraction of rules, at Venice, he was kept, for nearly twenty years, in an Austrian dungeon, during part of the time chained to a fellow-prisoner who was suffering from a repulsive disease. His final account of his prison life, entitled *My Prisons*, with his simple recitals of sufferings and consolations, ran through Christendom, touching all hearts and inflaming all with a hatred of Austrian tyranny. Throughout Italy matters grew worse and worse, until even the most determined reactionaries, largely responsible by their theories or their acts for this state of things, found it necessary to express their horror and to throw blame on others. Chateaubriand, committed though he was to Bourbon despotism and the Church; Metternich, yet more devoted to Hapsburg despotism and reaction; and even Joseph de Maistre, hating liberty and devoted to the most extreme theories of papal authority, denounced governments responsible for this cruelty and folly.[1]

And yet the surface of things was charming: as free from forebodings as was the surface of society in the American Republic in 1860, when drifting toward the abyss of Civil War which swallowed nearly a million of the best lives our country had to give. Italy at large was immoral, superstitious, and happy. From the whole world pleasure-seekers were attracted by its "fatal gift of beauty," scholars by its monuments of former greatness, devotees by its pomps and ceremonies at the capital of Christendom.

But beneath this surface the political disease grew more and more virulent. In 1830 broke out the second stage of revolution in France, and in three days the French Bourbon monarchy was lost forever. Revolutions rapidly followed, in Italy. The murderer, Duke Francis IV, was driven out of Modena; Maria Louisa, the worthless widow of Napoleon, fled from her Duchy of Parma; a provisional government declared the Pope's temporal power ended in Bologna; rebellion was seething in Naples; and, most ominous of all, Charles Albert, with his tendencies to constitutionalism, succeeded to the throne in Piedmont.

Again came intervention by Austria. Every worthy effort for freedom was suppressed, every worthless sovereign was replaced; constitutionalists were again sent to dungeons and scaffolds. More than this, France, under pretext of jealousy of Austria, sent troops to Ancona, in the Papal States, and thus began a policy of French intervention to match Austrian intervention, — the policy of supplying "bayonets for the popes to sit upon." Beyond supplying this doubtful seat, the powers could really do nothing. Austria and France, whatever their cruelties and absurdities might be, had at least developed and observed decent rules in ordinary administration. Though they hanged lovers of liberty, they did not systematically foster sloth, poverty, and knavery; but the various governments throughout Italy, with the exception of those in Piedmont and Tuscany, seemed utterly given over to vicious administration, and among the worst, in this respect,

[1] For an account of the severities exercised in Northern Italy toward the Carbonari, see *An Epoch of my Life; the Memoirs of Count John Arrivabene*, London, 1862. For pictures of the cruel struggle in Southern Italy see Settembrini: *Ricordanze della mia Vita*, Napoli, 1886. As to the easy-going life of the time, see Silvagni: *La Corte e la Società Romana nel XVIII e XIX Secoli*, English translation by MacLaughlin. For the better side of Italian scientific and literary development under the old régime in Italy, see Cantu, *Histoire des Italiens*, vols. x, xi, xii; also, for a very interesting short statement, see H. D. Sedgwick, *Short History of Italy*, Boston, 1905, chapters xxxii and xxxiii.

was the Papal Kingdom. Under all save a few of the greatest popes it had been, and continued to be, a scandal to Christendom. All really important offices were filled by cardinals and Monsignori, and, while a few of these were statesmen, the vast majority were sluggish reactionaries. Against this state of things, as leading to revolution, Austria and France protested again and again; but all to no purpose; the Vatican would go on after the old, bad way, and, finally, it received its reward.

Still another government which gave constant trouble to the great powers banded against constitutional freedom, was Piedmont. Its new king, Charles Albert, was, indeed, strongly religious and inclined to the old ways, but more and more it was seen that he hated foreign intervention and that, to put an end to it, he might accept the aid of constitutionalists; but Austrian pressure was put upon him and, to all appearance, his patriotism ended.

So began a new period of eighteen years, hardly less sluggish than the old, — its hero Mazzini. He was one of the noblest of human beings. Hardly out of his boyhood, he launched every sort of brilliant and cogent attack against the oppressors of his country. Imprisoned in the fortress of Savona, he pondered over the great problem even more deeply, and, on his release, wrote a letter to King Charles Albert, urging him to head the movement for independence and liberty. This letter became a vast force in arousing a national spirit. Private letters and published articles rapidly followed from his pen, each a powerful blow at tyranny. In 1834 he created a new weapon. He had entered fully into the work of the Carbonari, had risked his life with them again and again, but having now ceased to believe in their system he founded the society of "Young Italy."

His activity seemed preternatural. He appeared to be in all parts of Europe at once, and did his work under every sort of disguise and stratagem. His power over the Italian youth was amazing: obedient to his call they rose in cities, villages, regiments, everywhere, — going to death joyfully. From London, where, after 1837, he made his headquarters, he inspired every kind of Italian conspiracy and revolt; but gradually it dawned upon him, as upon thinking friends of Italy everywhere, that these costly sacrifices of the most precious lives were not adequately repaid. From a practical point of view they availed little. His right to sit in his English retreat and send the flower of the Italian youth to be shot or hanged began to be widely questioned. His ideal was an Italian republic, but there were so few republicans! Republican government to him meant freedom, but even the simplest students of history could remember that the old Roman republic, and every one of the mediæval Italian republics, had resulted in the tyranny of illiterate mobs, always followed by the tyranny of single despots as a lesser evil. Men had learned the truth that a single despot can be made in some degree responsible to public opinion, but that a mob cannot.

The uprisings inspired by Mazzini, notably that of the Bandiera brothers, were mercilessly trodden down in blood. Nor did more quiet efforts fare better. Tuscany tried to give moderate freedom of the press, but Austria intervened and forced the Grand Duke to appoint ministers who ended it.

Yet forces were at work, more powerful by far than Austria and the Holy Alliance. Political activity being checked, genius and talent had long been mainly directed to literature, and the spectacle of Italy in the hands of her oppressors made this literature patriotic. There had come the poetry of Alfieri, Niccolini, Rossetti, and Giusti; the philosophy of Rosmini; the prison reminiscences of Silvio Pellico; the romances of D'Azeglio, Guerazzi, and, above all, the *Promessi Sposi* of Manzoni, the most perfect historical novel ever written. These were not all revolutionary by intention; some, like the writings of Pellico and Manzoni, were deeply and

pathetically religious, even inculcating submission to wrong; but all served to create Italian ideals, to stimulate Italian patriotism, and to give more and more life to the idea, so hated by Austria and the Holy Alliance, — the idea of Italy as a *nation*.

The patriotic thought, thus gradually evolved as a vast elemental force, was now brought to bear upon events by three great books.

First of these was the *Moral and Civil Primacy of the Italians*, by Vincenzo Gioberti. This was a glorification of Italy as a nation, displaying eloquently her greatness in the past and the possibility of her greatness in the future, and urging a confederation of the existing Italian states, with the Pope as perpetual president. Though in three large volumes, it was read and pondered by every thinking Italian, man or woman.

Closely following this was a treatise of a very different sort, by Cesare Balbo, entitled *The Hopes of Italy*. Though hardly more than a pamphlet, and though it gave up the idea of an Italian kingdom as chimerical, it pictured constitutional liberty and Italian independence with a clearness and strength which brought conviction to all patriotic hearts.

The third of these works was a small treatise by Massimo d' Azeglio, entitled, *The Latest Cases in the Romagna*. Of all the three writers, d' Azeglio was the most fascinating as a personality: a genius in sculpture, in poetry, and in statesmanship, who had traveled quietly through various governments of Italy and who reported what he saw with amazing lucidity and force. The latest cruelties of the papal subordinates in suppressing the uprisings in the Romagna had aroused him, and he made the world see and understand them. His work was not at all declamatory or hysterical; perhaps its most striking feature was its evidence of self-constraint; it was plain, simple, straightforward, and clear as crystal, but with a quiet and restrained eloquence which at times carried all before it.

Other writers of genius or talent followed these, — among them, Durando, Capponi, and their compeers, — each aiding to undermine the whole existing régime.

The votaries of science also wrought for the same ideals. The Science Congress at Genoa, in 1846, inevitably discussed Italian independence, freedom, and progress. The Agricultural Congress at Casale, in 1847, took the same direction, and to it came a letter from King Charles Albert, which set all hearts throbbing with patriotic emotion. For it contained these words: "If Providence sends us a war for Italian independence, I will mount my horse with my sons and will place myself at the head of my army. . . . What a glorious day will be that in which we can raise the cry of war for the Independence of Italy!"

Meantime, in 1846, an event of vast importance had occurred. There had come to the papal throne Pius IX. His nature was deeply religious, kindly, given to charitable effort, and his aversion to cruelty was, doubtless, a main cause of his desire to break away from the methods of his predecessors. His manner was most winning and he held wonderful sway over devout imaginations, for, in great religious functions and ceremonies he was supremely impressive, and his blessing, chanted forth from the balcony of St. Peter's, with his dramatic action in bestowing it, appealed to the deepest feelings even of those who differed most from him. But, as a sovereign, he was the last of men to carry out Gioberti's great programme, — to preside over an Italian confederation, or, indeed, to govern his own states. As a statesman he failed utterly, — beaten, in all attempts at reform, by the *Monsignori*, thwarted in all his good intentions by Jesuits and other intriguers, more or less religious. The times called for a Hildebrand, or an Innocent III, or a Sixtus V, and, instead of any one of these, there had come this shrewd, kindly, handsome bishop, vacillating, fitful, superstitious,

dreaded most by those who loved him best.

At first he mildly opposed Austria and appointed a quasi-constitutional ministry, but he could not rise above the old tradition, and in this new ministry there was no layman.

In January, 1848, a new constitutional movement began throughout Italy. Revolution broke out in Sicily, and Ferdinand II granted a constitution. This movement extended rapidly to all parts of Europe. The Grand Duke of Tuscany promised a constitution, the Pope showed an intention to grant reforms, and even called a new ministry in which, for a wonder, there were three laymen. An occurrence at one of the early meetings of this ministry threw a curious light on the character of Pope Pius. Presiding over this body, his eye happened to light upon the comet then appearing in the Roman sky. Rushing to the window and opening it, he fell on his knees and called on his ministers — among them such men as Mezzofanti and Marco Minghetti — to kneel also and to implore the Almighty to turn away the calamities of which the comet was the forerunner. The pontiff might well be pardoned this superstition, for everywhere throughout Europe were signs of coming political catastrophes. Under popular pressure various reforms were granted in Piedmont, among them more liberty to the press, — a condition of things under which the Piedmontese could at last discuss public questions to some purpose.[1]

[1] For Pope Pius's fear of the comet, see the *Deutsche Rundschau*, August, 1893, p. 210, citing Minghetti's "Mei Ricordi." The statement regarding his dramatic power in the great ceremonies at St. Peter's is based upon the personal recollections of the present writer.

And now, for the first time, Europe hears of Camillo Cavour. While as writer in newspapers and reviews he had long been known and prized by many statesmen and economists in Italy, and by a few thinkers in England and France, Europe and the people at large in Italy as yet knew him not. But it happened that, just as this time, Genoa, true to its old republican traditions, though incorporated into the Kingdom of Piedmont, began to be restive and to demand loudly various reforms of a petty sort, — among these, the banishment of the Jesuits and the creation of a national guard. This subject being brought up for discussion in a meeting of publicists and journalists, at Turin, Cavour rises and compresses the needs of Piedmont and of Italy into a single sentence. Casting aside all petty demands for changes in detail, he insists that the king be asked "to transfer the discussion from the perilous arena of irregular commotions, to the arena of legal, pacific, solemn deliberation." The audience and the country, thinking upon this utterance, soon recognized its demand for a constitution, with a free parliament, as wholly to the purpose, — as the solution of the first great Italian problem, — and during the great discussions which followed in the press, Cavour led triumphantly. His advice was at last followed, and, on February 7, 1848, King Charles Albert promised a constitution which, a few days later, took shape in a royal statute, the "Statuto." Thus began a great new epoch in which Cavour was to be the leader, and, to this day, the anniversary of this grant is celebrated throughout Italy as the date most significant for her Independence, Unity, and Freedom since the Fall of the Roman Empire.

(To be continued.)

THE SPIRIT OF OLD WEST POINT

(1858-1862)

II

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

V

OUR FIRST ENCAMPMENT

When the graduating exercises were over, the battalion formed in front of barracks, and, with the band at its head and its colors proudly borne, it marched across the plain to the camping-ground, alongside of old Fort Clinton. I remember very well the pleasing activity on all sides as soon as ranks were broken, and my surprise at seeing the tents go up so quickly, converting the site, like magic, into a little white city. Every cadet of that day will recall the streets of that little city, the commanding officers' tents — McCook's, Williams's, Hartsuff's and Saxton's — behind their respective companies, and Colonel Hardee's commodious, richly furnished marquee, which, situated at an impressive distance from his orderly's tent, overlooked and lorded the whole scene.

Just before going into camp I was assigned to "B" Company. Up to that time I had barely spoken to any one or been addressed by any one in it. Surely, if ever there was a waif on entering camp, I was one on that June afternoon long ago. But in the company was "Nick" Bowen. He was a second-class man, to whom, as it happened, I had recited, for he had been detailed with others to prepare us by preliminary instruction for our examination. Catching sight of him now as, in company with Powell, a blue-eyed Marylander, he was engaged in putting up his tent, I volunteered my help. I drove their tent pins, helped to tighten the tent cords, and finally, at a hint that some water would be desirable, set off with their waterpails and brought them back filled. After the tent was pitched, one or the other of them, seeing that I was homeless, brought the attention of the first sergeant to my case, and I was assigned to a tent on the left of the street, occupied by another plebe and a yearling, to whom reference has already been made.

Night finally came. I had lit a candle and, with my locker for a table, was writing a letter to my mother, — I daresay it was gloomy enough, — when some one struck the back of the tent with a broom, not only extinguishing the candle, but spilling the ink all over the letter and the tent floor as well. I had barely lit the candle again and taken account of the situation, when bang! went the broom, blowing it out again. Thereupon I sat down in the darkness and let the hours wear away. Later on in the night Farley and Noyes, "Gimlet" Lee and Watts and others yanked us out of bed several times. Our fastidious yearling tentmate was in the party, for all I know. Friendless, unknown, and with a natural reluctance to open my heart to any one, I don't think I ever passed a more dismal night. The sweetest note that could have reached my ear would have been the bark, across the fields, of the old home dog that I had hunted and played with as a boy.

All through that camp I carried water for Bowen and Powell, and did most willingly everything and anything that they wanted me to do for them. The former's

personality interested me more than that of any one else I met in the corps, and, notwithstanding the lapse of time, it remains with the freshness of morning. The only way I can account for it is that there was about him the mystical charm of unpremeditated kindness, and of the quiet ways which are associated with perennial content. They were augmented perhaps in his case by the reputation for abilities which would have put him, had he called on them, at the head of his class. He had a soft, pleasant voice, a keen sense of humor, and a smile that his laughing eyes always forecast before it set out on its rippling way. The last time I saw him was at the White House, on the Pamunkey, June, 1864, just after the frightful day of Cold Harbor. He was then "Baldy" Smith's adjutant-general, and I was depot ordnance officer of the Army of the Potomac, with my depot at that point. Long, long since he crossed the bar; and now, as I pen these lines, my heart beats with a muffled tenderness, for he was kind to me.

By the end of the first month hazing, with all its irritating and sometimes funny excesses, dies away, and the rigid discipline and cast-iron routine of everyday life, which at first seem so artificial and needlessly emphasized, become familiar and really easy of observance. Moreover, the plebe is no longer an *animal*, for he is clothed in the uniform of a cadet. To be sure, he cannot go to the hops, and is at the very foot of the battalion hierarchy; yet life offers its diversions.

And among these, in my case, was the dancing-master. As soon as admitted we were turned over to him for instruction in his art. His name was Ferraro, a self-conscious, proud Italian, who, in company with the sword-master and the leader of the band, always gave an impression of resenting the fact that their positions were not recognized as of equal importance with the heads of departments. The first time I ran across him after graduating was on the battlefield of Spottsylvania, where, as brigadier-general, he commanded a division of colored troops in Burnside's corps; and those of us who saw his division at Petersburg witnessed a display of unexcelled gallantry. What a dream it would have been to the aristocratic Delafield, if some night in 1858 a spectral figure had announced that his dancing-master, Ferraro, in less than four years would be a brigadier-general, commanding a division, and that the history of his division would be a beacon in that of the colored race! However this may be, Ferraro's instructions in dancing were diversifying, and contributed to the refining influences of West Point life; and if, with the proverbial heedlessness of youth, we treated him at times, in and out of the dancing-hall, with obvious indifference, on account of his calling, we may hope that in his old age he could forget it all in the satisfaction he must have had in contemplating his phenomenal career and the services he rendered to his adopted country.

In this connection another figure comes looming up, perhaps because of its very contrast in station with that of a dancing-master: it is that of Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott of Virginia, born in 1786, and then in command of the army, with his headquarters at West Point. The old general made himself heard, considered, and felt throughout the country. He was over six feet, six inches tall, and in frame was simply colossal. It so happened that only the rail separated his pew in the chapel from the one I occupied, — it was four or five pews back, on the right side from the chancel, — and I felt like a pigmy when I stood beside him. The old fellow was devout; but it was said that whatever church he attended, Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, or Roman Catholic, he threw himself into the service with the same depth of reverence. Nevertheless he would sometimes swear like a pirate. Surely, I think, nature must have been in one of her royal moods at his birth, for there was magnificence in the dignity

of his great, kingly, illuminated countenance. He filled my eyes, and I believe those of all the cadets, with a kind of reverential awe, for in his youth he had fought a duel, and he bore the scars of several deep wounds; moreover, as a background to his personality, lay Lundy's Lane of the War of 1812, and the conquest of Mexico. He seemed an especially fitting figure at West Point, throwing, as he did, into its daily life some of the splendor that attaches to actual heroism. We were all proud of the old hero, and more than ever when, in the blaze of full uniform and uncovered head, he stood at the left of the present King of England at the review given him at West Point in 1860.

When my class graduated in 1862, I was one of a committee of two to ask the old general if he would give us his photograph for the class album; and I recall the gracious way in which he took my hand, holding it in both of his, and his kind, beneficent look as he asked me what state I was from. That was the last time I ever saw the man whose towering personality threw its influence across the very entrance of my cadet life. He was in a way the culmination of the old army; he stood for its ideals of soldier and gentleman, and in great measure held to social standards and traditions that had prevailed from the time of the Revolution. With his career ended dueling, gaming (as engaged in by officers and men of station in civil life), and that pride of connection with the best families which in the old days gave to the army undisputed leadership in social affairs. It marked too the close of the period of pomp. For the advance in science has converted the art of war, since his day, from displays of strategy and great courage on the open field into problems of finance, of commercial ascendancy, and of the adaptation of scientific discoveries to the practical conduct of a battle. The old army, like the old knighthood, has passed away.

Chief among the impersonal influences that brightened the outlook was the childlike gayety that pervaded the social life of West Point. No face wore the harassing cares of business, there were no unapproachable lords of wealth and birth, no flaunting vulgarity, no time-servers or self-seekers, but everywhere genial good manners, cordiality, and the grace that comes from assured position. In fact there was light-heartedness everywhere, and happiness fairly beamed in the faces of the sweethearts, the sisters and mothers of the cadets, who during the encampment flocked to West Point in great numbers. If these lines bring back to the mild eyes of any old lady some pleasant memories of those distant and happy days at West Point, I shall be glad.

Among the immediate personal influences which are, so to speak, the initial processes of the spirit of West Point for transforming raw cadets into officers, are the stimulating effects which come with wearing the uniform, with the mastery of one's motions in walking, marching, or entering the presence of a superior, with the constant regard for neatness and the habit of scrupulous truth-telling. Moreover, there is something uplifting in finding one's self among high-minded equals, and in the recognition of the fact that in your superiors is lodged one of the most important functions of government, — the right and power of command. Then too, the cadet begins to be conscious of the exclusive and national distinction of the Military Academy. Very soon, the monuments, the captured guns and dreaming colors — which at the outset are mere interesting, historic relics — beckon to him; he feels that they have something to say. Before he leaves West Point they have given him their message, revealing from time to time to his vision that field from which lifts the radiant mist called glory.

Another potent influence is the scenery round West Point, which, as the world knows, has a sweet if not unrivaled charm. I have sometimes thought it con-

spired to bring to the intellectual vision and feeling of the cadet the spiritual significance of great virtues and great deeds; as, for instance, the unselfish sacrifice, for a great principle, of all that life holds dear. I do not know how warmly, if at all, nature becomes interested in us poor mortals; but I have a feeling that a noble thought never rises in the heart, that a heroic deed is never performed, but that the hills with their laurel, the ridges with their strong-limbed oaks, feel a responsive thrill, and convey to the winds and streams their secret joy.

It would be difficult to convey a sense of the glamour that invests the first class generally, and above all the first-class officers, in the eyes of the new cadet. It is a result of long tradition, leaving nothing at the Military Academy more real than their precedence. Thus, let the number of years be what it may, the old graduate sees again in his reveries the cadet officers of his first encampment, and with as much vividness as on the wall before him he sees the sword he wore in the field, — the sword that has so many things to talk to him of. He sees the adjutant, the sergeant-major, the captains and lieutenants arrayed for retreat, their erect and easy figures surmounted by broad and well-balanced shoulders, augmented in graceful effect by flowing silk sashes and hats proudly plumed. He sees them taking their places with the bearing of command, as the company falls in to the rapidly beaten call, expecting and alert to exact immediate promptness, and with courage to report the highest as well as the lowest for neglect or violation of duty.

In my own case (their heads are growing white and so is mine) I can see our first sergeant and hear his commands, — General James H. Wilson, known as Harry Wilson (and what a heart he carries!), now of Wilmington, Delaware, who led the great Selma campaign, captured Jefferson Davis, and whose whole career has been one of gallant and conspicuous service. And I can also see his classmate, Horace Porter, our sergeant-major, whose name need only be mentioned to bring into view his distinguished relations, historic and closely personal as well, with Grant. More than once I sat before the same camp fire with him and Babcock and others of Grant's staff, at the general's headquarters, while the general himself sat in the circle and smoked, and listened, and talked, and never showed himself greater than in the simplicity that was always his on such occasions. I can see Porter taking his place beside Collins, the adjutant, — tall, fair-haired, with rose-tinted cheek, pouting lips, and mild eyes, — Collins, whose life was so pathetically tragic that the bare mention of his name throws a shadow across this page like that of a summer cloud dragging silently across a field strewn with sheaves. I can see, too, the lieutenant of my company, the late General Joseph Wheeler, whose clay only a few months ago was borne in a spirit almost of triumph to its resting-place at Arlington, — he who led the Confederate cavalry so bravely, and who, when the Spanish War broke out, burst from the ashes of the Confederacy and once more took his place under the colors he set out with as a boy at West Point. I have often wondered whether there ever was deeper joy than that of Wheeler, Rosser, and Fitz Lee, when once more they put on the uniform and drew their swords for their united country.

I can see also the dark-eyed, stern, dignified Ramseur of North Carolina, who lost his life at Cedar Creek commanding a division in Early's corps. It was his fate to fall in the Confederate service, but he fell a Christian and a gentleman. There was an incident connected with his last hours that had a close relation with West Point, for when in the darkness our cavalry charged the broken and fleeing remnants of his division, Custer, who was in the midst, heard one of his troopers who had seized the horses ask the driver whom he had in his ambulance.

In a weak, husky voice he heard Ramseur say, "Do not tell him."

Whereupon Custer, who recognized the voice he had so often heard at West Point, exclaimed, "Is that you, Ramseur?" and had him taken to Sheridan's headquarters, where his old friends, Merritt and Custer and the gallant Pennington, gathered around him and showed him every tenderness to the last. He died about ten o'clock the following day.

The Merritt I have just mentioned is Major-General Merritt, who was one of Sheridan's great cavalry leaders, and who, with Griffin of the West Point battery, was selected to parole Lee's army at Appomattox. A class-mate of Porter, Wilson, and Bowen, he was a sergeant in my first camp, and had, I think, more of the sunshine of youth in his fair, open face and clear blue eyes than any other cadet in the corps could claim. I can hear his fine tenor voice now, rising high and sweet over the group that used to meet at the head of the company street and sing, in the evening. While I was carrying a dispatch to him at Todd's Tavern during the Wilderness campaign, an incident occurred that made a deep impression. Just before I reached Merritt, who was on the line, a riderless horse dashed back through the woods, coming almost squarely into collision with mine, — as it was, the saddle struck my left knee a severe blow. Soon there followed three or four men carrying an officer with the cape of his blue overcoat thrown over his face. I asked who it was; they told me it was Ash, of the cavalry, who had just been killed. He was about my own age, a very brave officer, and I knew him right well.

There is one other officer of the battalion whose resolute face, voice, and manner come into view along with Wilson's and Porter's and Ramseur's; and some of the old awe with which I viewed him in 1858 invests his image again as it emerges from the thicket of memory. It is Ben Hardin from Illinois, a son of the Colonel Hardin who fell at Buena Vista; and as Hardin was appointed while Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War, I have no doubt his name recalled his honored father to the distinguished secretary; for on that field the President of the Confederacy, leading the First Mississippi with great bravery, was severely wounded. Had I been called on to select from all his class the man likely to reach the highest honors as a soldier, I should certainly have chosen Hardin. Brevetted four or five times, he was mustered out a major-general at the close of the war. I remember the day when the news came to Meade's headquarters that he had been severely wounded in an encounter with guerillas. At close range they shot him, causing the loss of his left arm near the shoulder. When I was on the Board of Visitors in 1882, he came to West Point, and together we walked to Fort Putnam, and to that beautiful spot where so many of the friends of our youth were lying, the West Point cemetery. I discovered then, what I had not realized as a cadet, the simplicity, the modesty, and the natural sweetness of his nature.

There were in the battalion many other upper-class men to whom I might refer, who, as officers or privates, made fine records; but whatever station they reached, it is doubtful if they were ever dignified by a consideration so respectful as that from the new cadet in his first camp. I have called it glamour; but in a sense it was a fact, and a potent one, toward accomplishing the aims of West Point. It is true also that the commandant and superintendent were much greater relatively in the eyes of the cadets than were the professors. Grant says in this connection, referring to the visit of Martin Van Buren, then President, to West Point, "He did not impress me with the awe which Scott had inspired. In fact, I regarded General Scott and Captain C. F. Smith, the commandant of the cadets, as the two men most to be envied in the nation."

And in my eyes Hardee, our commandant, was a greater man than any one of

the professors, greater even than Jefferson Davis, — then in the Senate, — as I saw them walking side by side under the elms mottling green and gold in the autumn of 1860. I was mortally afraid of Hardee. The first time he entered my room, accompanied by the late Major-general A. McD. McCook, at Sunday morning inspection a few days after I reported, he came close up, his sword under his left arm, and bored his big gray eyes into me and asked my name.

"Schaff," I answered mildly.

"No, t'aint!" exclaimed McCook. "His name's Schoaff. I know the Schoaffs of Virginia well."

And from that time on I was called "Old Schoaff" by about half my class.

Grant in his memoirs, alluding to his first encampment, says, "The encampment which preceded the commencement of academic studies was very wearisome and uninteresting. When the 28th of August came — the date for breaking up camp and going into barracks — I felt as though I had been at West Point always."

I think that in the main General Grant's experience in his first camp is that of almost every cadet. There is no doubt of its wearisomeness, or that it seems without end; but there are incidents connected with it, and some of them common to all the experiences that come after it, which leave lasting impressions. They vary in character; some are trivial, some have relation to the buildings and batteries, others to the subtlest of the parts which nature plays in the cadet's education. Though the most memorable, I think, are associated with sentry duty, in my own case, I am sure, one of the most vivid was made by the library. I had never seen a public library, much less entered one and felt its presence; so that there comes back to me now that mystical address of books in their lofty silence as I wandered in for the first time one quiet, languid midsummer afternoon. It is not in reality a very large library, — at that time it had only about twenty thousand volumes, — and all the books were on shelves against the wall, some thirty odd feet high. But it looked vast to me as I entered it.

The rather tall librarian was an old soldier, a German by the name of Fries, with flaming red cheeks, a little brown silky hair trained from his temples up over his well-crowned head, and a voice and a manner that was sweetness and modesty itself. Over his desk was a full-length portrait of President James Monroe in Continental uniform, his white trousers lighting up the field of the painting. The old librarian came to me as I stood looking around, and asked what book I would like to see. I felt that I ought to ask for something, and having heard from some source (perhaps from a notice in the *Religious Telescope*, our family paper) of *Lynch's Expedition to the Sea of Galilee and the Jordan*, I asked for that. I wonder if its pages have been opened from that day to this.

Later, I browsed around. I used to take my seat in one of the windows, and I know of no place where a book can be read under more favorable conditions for author or reader. The light steals in so softly, the quiet is so deep, broken only by the notes of a bugle now and then, or at intervals by a vireo's limpid, short warble up in the trees outside. To be sure, if the eye lifts from the page it falls on a wooing landscape; but the effect is to elevate and dignify the book in one's hand when the eye comes back to it. There is no question in my mind that the library in my day had too little weight; its inspiration never was appealed to, in official or in private social life, and thus the graduates were deprived of that final satisfaction which comes and comes alone from the field of literature. I have reason to believe that under the present librarian, Doctor Holden, the well-known scientist and scholar, a change is being wrought.

There are some very amusing and some very beautifully impressive circumstances about sentinel's duty at West Point. The

amusing things come from the mighty seriousness and awe that later seem so funny, — the low tones in which the orders are communicated to the new cadet, the whispered countersign, what he must do if an enemy should approach, and finally the penalty of death if caught asleep.

The first tour I made was on a very murky black night, and when the corporal gave me the countersign, "Quatre Bras," which he whispered, I was in difficulty. Not knowing any French and never having heard of the celebrated battle, I asked him to spell it. He rattled it off and marched away. In my ear it did n't spell the words he had pronounced at all. I walked faithfully back and forth over my post, wondering what the word was.

After a while along came the sergeant of the guard, General John M. Wilson, lately a glowing satellite in the planetary system of Washington life, who, on or off duty, had an air that was fiercely military. Upon my demanding the countersign, he answered it in approved French.

Said I, "Spell it;" and, recruit-like, came to charge bayonets.

He took that as almost an affront, and I am surprised that it did not bring on a fatal attack of military vertigo; but he complied with the sentinel's request. Then, approaching, he asked me my orders, with overpowering importance, as if it depended on him and me whether the earth was to keep on in its orbit that night.

That summer Donati's comet appeared, and night after night streamed broadly in the northern heavens. Every cadet will remember the night boat from New York; it passed about half past nine, and with its numerous lights gleaming far down below was a gay and very pretty sight. He will remember also the large tows, with little, feeble, twinkling lights on the low canal boats; the dull splash of leaping sturgeon when all was still in the dead of night; the propellers chugging on their way to New York, carrying livestock, from which from time to time would come a long, deep low, or a calf's bleating anguish.

Every feature in the solemn progress of the night and the brightness of the coming day, the sentinel walking his post is a witness to: the moonlight lying wan on the steps of the chapel; the clock in the tower striking the deep hours; the flushing of the dawn; the fog that has lain on the river lifting and moving off; and finally the note of the reveille at the soldiers' barracks, and the appearance of the soldiers at the morning gun, the corporal standing with the colors in his hand till the sun clears the east, when the gun fires, and the colors ascend lovingly to the head of the mast.

VI

IN THE CLASSROOM

Upon going into barracks after breaking camp on the 28th of August, I was assigned to a room in the cock-loft of the Fourth Division, overlooking the area. I do not recall having spoken to my roommate during the camp. He was from Gloucester, Massachusetts, and pored lovingly over the *Cape Ann Breeze*, which was sprinkled with little woodcuts of ships, reported the going and coming of the fishing fleet, and all the home news of the old, redolent, seafaring port. He was a small fellow, but he was broad-shouldered and sturdy, with rather pensive blue eyes and raven black hair. He was scrupulously neat and took naturally to what is comprehended in the term "military." At Gettysburg it was his fortune to command the sections of artillery which opened that great battle; and visitors to the field have the positions of his guns pointed out as one of the historic spots. John H. Calef was his name, and our friendship is still green.

Across the hall lived Jasper Meyers of Indiana, one of the mildest, most naturally refined, and gentlest of men. He wore a great beard on his arrival at West Point, and Custer in his first interview

maintained that he ought to go right back home and send his son, — he evidently had made a mistake, he said; it was his boy that the government meant should have the appointment and not the old man. Meyers appreciated the fun, and met the joke with a spontaneous laugh and unconscious, happy eyes. He was a very genuine, true man, who brought little that added to the superficial West Point, but much to the ideal West Point; for surely it counts for something when a cadet joins her ranks bringing with him an honor as unclouded and a vision as clear as her own of what is high and modest and manly. That is what Meyers brought; the graft had the same sap and blossom as the tree itself. His roommate was a little imp from Louisiana, with skye-terrier yellow hair; he bore a fine name, and could speak French fluently. He spent about every waking hour in studying how he could make a nuisance of himself generally. To the comfort of everybody on our floor he was found deficient at the January examinations and thrown overboard.

An eager soberness settled in the faces of all our class as we set off on the academic course; for the very air was pervaded with the inexorableness of the standards in all the departments, especially in that of mathematics. It was in this department that the ground was strewn, so to speak, with the bones of victims. At its head was Professor Albert E. Church, a short, stocky, brown-eyed, broad-faced man, with a squeaky voice. He was almost bald and had the habit of carrying his head bowed, eyes on the ground, and hands clasped behind him under the tails of his deep blue dress-coat, which was ornamented with brass buttons. He had graduated at the head of his class, and was the author of the leading works studied in his department. Jefferson Davis was a classmate of his, and Robert E. Lee was in the next class below them, that of 1829. Except Mahan's, there never was a colder eye or manner than Professor Church's. Like Mahan, professor of engineering, civil and military, he always impressed me as an old mathematical cinder, bereft of all natural feeling. But on the terrible day the news of the defeat at Bull Run reached the Point, I saw that there was another side; the poor old fellow's face was draped with the sincerest distress.

We began our recitations with Lieutenant Adam Slemmer, one of Church's assistants. He was a solemn, hollow-eyed, spare man, wore glasses, and looked at us, standing there before him in the middle of the floor reciting, as if he were studying and trying to interpret an omen. No one ever credited him with being a hero, so mild and meditative was his manner; but at the breaking out of the war a few years afterward, he held Fort Pickens with the greatest bravery, receiving the highest praise, and was made a brigadier-general of volunteers.

In a few weeks, under the operation of a sifting process, we rapidly changed places in class standing, some going up and some down in our sections, according to Professor Church's judgment — which was rarely in error — as to ability. This threw me under the instruction of Major-General Alexander S. Webb, who is now living in New York after a most brilliant career, covering not only that of a soldier, but also that of a scholar at the head of Columbia College. He was nearly six feet tall, of soldierly bearing, spare and rather sallow, with deep gray, open fearless eyes, and straight, very black hair. His voice was rich, strong, and cultivated, and he had a natural and warm smile. Day after day I sat on the bench in his presence, and I recall his voice and manner with the greatest distinctness; they marked him for a gentleman through and through.

It was his division that Pickett struck at Gettysburg, and it was to him that Cushing made his last remark. It was he who at that very critical moment swung Norman H. Hall's brigade into the storm, striking the wavering Confederate col-

umn in flank at close range. Hall was a first-class man my first year, a mature, scholarly-looking man, with a large, broad, clear forehead, chestnut hair, and quiet, unassertive manner. General Webb was Meade's chief of staff at the close of the war, with the rank of major-general. He represented the best blood of the country, and he represented it well, and I have always had a feeling of satisfaction and pride in the fact that for nearly two years he was my instructor.

My other instructor in pure mathematics was Major-General O. O. Howard, probably known more widely among the church-going people of our country than any officer of his time. His head is now almost snowy white, and his armless sleeve tells its story; yet when I saw him last there was the same mild, deeply sincere, country-bred simplicity in his face that it wore when, so many years ago, he was my instructor. His voice too had barely changed at all; it was still pitched in the same mellow, clerical key, and accompanied, when humorous in its vein, with the same boyish smile in his earnest blue eyes, — eyes always filled with that light of another and a holier land which the Christian's gaze already rests upon. He organized among the cadets what was known as "Howard's little prayer-meeting," which met weekly, between supper and call to quarters, during the winter months, in a vacant room on the third floor of the "Angle."

I heard of this prayer-meeting through Elijah Henry Holton of Kentucky, of the class above me, and at his invitation attended its meetings. There never were more than ten or fifteen present, as I remember. General Howard conducted the services, which consisted of a hymn, a selection from the Bible, and a prayer, led by the general himself and at times by cadets, all kneeling. Among the latter were Ramseur of North Carolina, whom I have already mentioned; Benjamin of New York, who later was the commander of Benjamin's battery of heroic record, and son-in-law of Hamilton Fish; Moses White of Mississippi, a black-eyed, fine-spirited man, who graduated in 1859, and rendered great service to the Confederacy; and little Edmund Kirby, of Kirby's battery, who was mortally wounded at Chancellorsville. I heard each of them lead in prayer with their hands palm to palm in deep reverence; and I am sure that when death came to Ramseur and Kirby it found their hearts pillowed on the Bible. Religion has worn many beautiful garbs, yet those few young men in cadet gray, who had the courage to kneel and humbly make their prayer right out of the heart, for help to meet the duties of life, are encompassed with a heavenly light.

Kirby was a little fellow, two classes ahead of me, who was appointed at large by President Pierce. On reporting to General Hooker a few days before the battle of Chancellorsville, I visited from camp to camp and battery to battery my West Point friends, and among others Dimmock and Kirby. The former was a joyous-hearted man. He was mortally wounded, and died, I believe, on the field. Kirby was wounded during the frightful attack on the day following the mortal wounding of Stonewall Jackson. As soon as our defeated army recrossed the Rappahannock, I went back, accompanying my immediate commanding officer, Lieutenant John R. Edie of the class ahead of mine, to the ordnance depot at Aquia Creek, and during the afternoon a dispatch was received saying that Kirby was on the train, and that we must look out for him. It was after dark when the train, made up wholly of freight cars and filled with wounded, pulled in.

Edie and myself with a lantern went from car to car — there were no lights in them — calling, "Kirby!"

At last, "Here I am, John," he answered cheerily.

We helped him out and carried him to our quarters and laid him on Edie's bed. He was wounded just above the knee, and apparently the ball had gone in and out through his leg, but had not broken a

bone. We sat beside him and talked and laughed over his prospective furlough, and all of us were happy.

The next morning we put him aboard the boat and bade him good-by, thinking we soon should meet again. But in a few days we heard that he was not doing well; and shortly after, he died. It was found on amputating his leg that he had been hit simultaneously (his battery was under fire from several directions) by two bullets, one in front and the other almost directly in the back of his leg, both lodging in the bone.

When the surgeon told him that life was about over, his disappointment was so great that tears broke from his open, bold eyes; for he felt that he was so young, and that he was to leave his widowed mother and family without much means. Some one carried the news to Mr. Lincoln, who, having learned that he had sustained himself gallantly and conspicuously in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac, visited him in the hospital and soothed the boy's last hours by making him a brigadier-general. And now, as I see him across the years on his bended knees, with hands clasped before him and leading in prayer, I am led to say that, wherever the throne of God may be, I cannot but believe that little Kirby is not far away from it.

He was only twenty-three, — and that was Dimmock's age. Oh, Chancellorsville! while the star of Stonewall Jackson burns, the world will know of you; but *I* never see your name without seeing once more the faces of boys of twenty-three, and my affection runs to meet them.

One night, the venerable Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio was present at the prayer-meeting, and after leading in prayer, he told us of the days of 1825, when he was the chaplain and professor of ethics at West Point; of how he interested Bishop Polk, then a cadet, in religion, — the bishop who later was to lay aside his robes and put on the gray uniform of the Confederacy, and in its service to fall a lieutenant-general at Pine Mountain, Georgia. He spoke to us warmly also of how naturally and how rationally the life of a soldier and that of a Christian harmonized. It was a fine talk from a majestic old man.

Of that little group that used to gather at the prayer-meeting, but few are alive now. What it accomplished in the lives of living or dead may never be known; but surely it played a part, and, as I think, a divine part, in the midst of West Point life. Whether or not religion, as an instinct, be a lower or a higher thing than absolute knowledge based on determined properties of matter, I cannot conceive a greater splendor for mortals than a union of the transparency of the gentleman with the humility and trust of the Christian. And, moreover, I cannot conceive a national institution of learning whose ideals are truth and honor and courage, moving on to its aims without rising into those higher levels where imagination and sentiment have their eternal empire.

Our instructors in English studies under Professor French for the first two years were Lieutenant Symonds and Lieutenant John Greble. The former was a small, plump man, with sparkling blue eyes, short and snappy in speech, who, when I was on the Board of Visitors, handed me back with a very friendly smile the compositions I had written. I am free to say that, as I glanced them over, I heartily wished that he had burned every one of them.

Lieutenant John Greble, who was the professor's son-in-law, and for whom Fort Greble is named, was a very gentle and refined man of medium height. His forehead, defined by dark, silky hair, was the conspicuous feature of his face, in which nature had written plainly her autograph of gentleman. He was killed at Big Bethel, the first of the officers whom we knew, to lose his life; and he was mourned by us all. For although there were but few of the corps who had any acquaint-

ance with the professors' families, yet there were ties binding us to them all.

The course in English at West Point at that time (and I think it is so now) was notoriously held of minor importance by the Academic Board. While pure mathematics and engineering were rated as 3, English was rated as 1. In fact it was down on the level of tactics, which are mere memorizing exercises for the mind.

It is easy for every graduate to see the grounds for Jefferson Davis's recommendation of a five years' course; he felt, and every graduate feels, the inadequacy of the course in literature at that period, and he thought he could remedy it by adding the fifth year. But so entrenched was the theory that those powers of mind which are called into play in carrying on war can be trained to the highest efficiency by mathematics, and mathematics alone (and possibly this is so), that the experiment to introduce literature met with no encouragement, and after languishing a few years was dropped.

The course grew out of the fact that at the time of the founding of West Point a knowledge of military engineering was rare, if not wholly wanting, in our army; and for that reason, foreign officers, French, German, and Poles, had to be employed. But it only needs a comparison of the working drawings of Vauban's Front, the standard of the old-time fortress, with those of the modern works, to realize the decline in the importance of military engineering. It is true, the great advance in gun construction, and in applied science for their effective use, marks a much greater demand for scientific knowledge than formerly. But to supply this knowledge is the basis and aim of all technical schools; and, besides, it has become a necessary and well established feature of all large steel and ship-building works. So that whatever may have been the dependence of the government hitherto on its graduates at West Point for the proper adaptation of scientific knowledge to its defense, under present conditions that dependence must be much less. Therefore a change might well be considered, giving the graduate wider knowledge in the suggestive fields of history and literature.

But weigh the course as you may,— and certainly her graduates have worthily met the mighty problems of war,— this must be said: West Point is a great character-builder, perhaps the greatest among our institutions of learning. The habit of truth-telling, the virtue of absolute honesty, the ready and loyal obedience to authority, the display of courage, that virtue called regal, — to establish these elements of character, she labors without ceasing. The primary agency in accomplishing her ends is, and has been, the tone of the corps of cadets.

This tone, which is the very life and breath of the Military Academy, traces back to a fine source, to the character of Washington and the best society at the time of the Revolution. For, since the day when he had his headquarters at West Point, it has been exclusively a military post, completely isolated from the social ferment and adventitious standards of commercial life. His standards of private and official life, and those of the officers and the gentlemen of his day, were the standards of his immediate successors, who, in turn, transmitted them unimpaired to those who came after. Moreover, at his suggestion, West Point as an institution of learning came into being; and its foundations were laid on the solid virtues of his example. And thus to him and the high-minded men of his day, the tone of the corps of cadets for truth-telling, honesty, obedience to authority, and the considerate bearing of the gentleman, may fairly well be traced.

A significant fact in regard to this spirit is that it exists entirely disconnected from the official and social life of the officers and instructors. There is no hierarchy within or without the battalion charged with the maintenance of its standards, or with their inculcation; there

are no ceremonies or stage effects; it is not even discussed or referred to between cadets, but is as much an unconscious part of life as the air that is breathed. Approached from any direction, it has presented the same uplifting aspect; or tested at any period, let the parties to the test be powerful or weak, it has presented the same constant and admirable elements, coming very near being the realization of an ideal. It offers to the æsthetic sense, over-shadowed as the latter is by the gallant death of so many of the graduates in the very spring of life, that symbolism of youth and health and unconscious mission, that revealing of honor and truth and personal courage, which has spread the wings of the imagination in all ages.

VII

CADET ARISTOCRACY

It was not until the time of the war between the states that the present system of appointment by competitive examination came into vogue, — the result of the dodging of responsibility by the members of Congress, whose right it is to nominate for their districts cadets at West Point and Annapolis. Before this change of system the corps of cadets came nearer to being an aristocracy than any rank in government or society. Its classes had been chosen from the best families, — families which had made their mark in public service, in education, in the church, or in business. Moreover, like flowers under an oak, its members were a fostered part of the government itself, enjoying a life tenure of their position, and above all, in the sentiment of the people, consecrated to the defense of the rights and the honor of the country. Thus, without the prescriptive authority of aristocracy, it stood on one of its enviable and conceded eminences.

Besides, it had the glamour of youth, youth that between duty, life, and death would not deign to falsify or to hesitate. It is easy, therefore, to see how, like all things that satisfy the ideal, it lay in the hearts of the people; and also how its traditions ran from one year into another, making their appeal to its members for what was pure and manly and true. I do not wish to convey the impression that the corps of cadets was a body of young saints. Its language at times was not at all saintly; but there was no pretense of holiness, and man for man, they were no better and no worse than the young men of like age at any college.

In my day (and I have no doubt it is so now) the truth had to be told, let the consequences be what they might to one's self or to one's best friend. But it went farther than this. Let a man even shade the truth at a recitation or in reference to any transaction that would favorably affect his class standing, and he soon felt the condemnation of his fellows, — not in a chill that was temporary in his personal relations with them, but one that lasted while he was in the corps. For what is known there as "boot-licking" of older classmen or instructors there was no mercy.

We had a Washington directly from the great Washington family of Virginia; a Buchanan, the nephew of the President; an Anderson and a Jones, W. G., representing the Longworth and Anderson families of Ohio and Kentucky; a Breckinridge, son of the patriot, Robert J., and a cousin of John C., vice-president and major-general in the Confederacy; representatives of the Huger and Mordecai families of South Carolina; a Du Pont from Delaware, and a Hasbrouck from New York, and a Vanderbilt, son of the founder of the family, — a mighty good athlete and a mighty dull scholar. But they stood on exactly the same level as the humblest born; and, had any cadet shown the least acknowledgment of their social superiority, he would have met the scorn of the entire battalion. It was a pure, self-respecting democracy.

But, like all youth, the corps, in cling-

ing to its standards, sometimes made grievous mistakes. A touching instance was that of a Massachusetts man of my class, who by mistake took a Southerner's shoes instead of his own from the bootblack's, where our extra pairs were left to be blacked. Unfortunately he did not discover the mistake himself, and was charged openly by the Southerner with intending to steal the pair of shoes. Because he did not resent the charge, although he pledged his honor that it was a mistake, he was branded with cowardice, and about everybody "cut" him. But I felt that he was innocent and wronged. I visited him in his exile and walked with him in release from quarters; he told me of his family, and I knew how his heart beat. Well, in the Shenandoah Valley he was most seriously wounded, charging at the very head of his squadron; was brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct, and died within a few years. I blame not my impulsive friends, — we are all human; but I trust that henceforth no cadet will ever have to bear so unjust a burden. His life discloses the undercurrents of fate and has its misting shadow of pathos; but, like the heaven-trusting spire of a country church among pastured fields, his record pierces the sullen sky of his cadet life.

The first gentleman, the Saviour of the World, said, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." But sometimes I wonder if it would not have been better for this Northern man to have met the Southerner on the spot, with his chair or anything else he could lay his hand on. For he, like too many of our Congressmen and Northern men who stood insults, led the South to believe that the entire North was lacking in courage, and it took Gettysburg and the Wilderness and Chickamauga to prove to them their fatal error.

While it was assumed that no one would submit to humiliation or unjust discrimination in being reported, yet that was a purely personal matter, and, if not resented, passed without comment. But let there be a manifestation of the "cock of the walk" spirit by any one, and he would soon find some one ready to cut his comb for him; and let there be any disparity in size, indignation was aroused at once, and volunteers of equal size with the offender were ready to take the place of the smaller or the weaker.

I had a personal experience that illustrated it well. Just before the inauguration of Lincoln, the war spirit was flaming, and the whole corps was in a feverish, bristling state. Four or five of us gathered in a room in the 8th Division where some one had the *New York Herald* and was reading aloud what took place in Congress. The reader began to read what Ben Wade, Senator from my State of Ohio, had said, when a Southerner — several classes above me — over six feet tall, very powerful, and notorious both for his battles and, rightfully or wrongfully, for a very aggressive manner, remarked sneeringly, "Oh! — Ben Wade! — don't read what *he* says."

Whereupon some pretty violent language was interchanged between him and me, although my people were all Democrats and our sympathies or views were not at all in agreement with Mr. Wade's. My size alone saved me from a beating at the instant, and fortunately Bentz's bugle calling for recitation broke up the ill-natured party. On my return from recitation, Custer and "Deacon" Elbert of Iowa, who had both heard about the row, — and about the size of the Southerner, — met me in the area and said, "If he lays a hand on you, Morris, we'll maul the earth with him."

It may be asked what a man who from his size belonged in "B" Company, was doing in the 8th Division among the tall men of "D" Company. It came about in this way: In my second year, owing to an increase in the size of the battalion, the overflow of my company, "B," and the various other companies, had to room in what was called the "Angle," which threw me with John Asbury West, of

Georgia, of "D" company. West and myself became very close friends, and that we might continue to room together, just before the battalion was formed, in 1860, at the close of the encampment for division into companies, he suggested that I stuff some paper in my shoes to lift me up into the flank companies. Thereupon we inlaid a good share of a *New York Herald* in each shoe, lowered my trousers to the extreme limit to hide my heels, and, to my heart's delight, the result was, that in counting off the battalion, I fell just inside of "D" company. And on that bit of paper in my shoes all my life has hinged; for, had I stayed with the studious "B" company, I should in all probability have graduated in the engineers, and the stream of my life would have run through different fields. I was not smart enough to keep up in my studies and at the same time to visit to my heart's content with Custer, "Jim" Parker, and the crowd generally in "D" company, most of whom were from the South and West, and who cared mighty little as to where they stood in the class. The number of my demerit marks shows also that in my new surroundings I was foolishly heedless, to say the least.

I think I should fail utterly of lifting these articles to their proper level if I did not at least try to penetrate that enticing veil which God has hung over the spiritual significance of everything in this life.

I have intimated more than once that there are two West Points: the real West Point, and that overarching spiritual West Point, in whose sky float all of her ideals. On several occasions I have referred also to the tone of the corps of cadets and to the mystical influences of scenery, monuments, colors, batteries, and guns, in a cadet's education. In addition to these influences, and coöperating with them, I have often wondered what effect the splendid records of some of the officers over us had upon our young minds.

For instance, there was Hartsuff. He was our instructor in light artillery, and in command of Company "A" of the battalion, and later a major-general of volunteers. He was large, and sullen in appearance, but, as I discovered after the war, a most genial, sunny-hearted man. I think his record is worth telling. Just a short while before reporting for duty at the Academy, he had been wounded in an Indian ambush in Florida, and here is the account of it in Cullum's *Biographical Register of West Point.*

"Under such cover as his wagon afforded," so says the *Register*, "the brave lieutenant fought until so badly crippled himself by two wounds that he was unable to use a weapon, when, after having shot two Indians with his own pistol, he effected his escape almost miraculously by dragging himself through the high grass into a pond and sinking his body out of sight in the water. The Indians, perhaps awed by his gallantry and the mystery of his disappearance, quickly left the field with the plunder they had acquired. Refreshed by his immersion in the pond, but driven from it in about three hours by the alligators attracted by his blood, he began what turned out to be one of the most wonderful feats on record. It was Thursday morning. The nearest white man was at the fort, fifty-five miles distant. Lieutenant Hartsuff, binding and from time to time rebinding his own wounds as best he could, compelled to lie most of the time on his back, blistered by the hot sun and lacerated by thorns and briers, concealing himself during the day, and dragging his suffering body inch by inch during the night, remained until Saturday night continuously without food and without water, from the time he left the pond where he first took refuge. He was then found by the troops sent out in search of him, fifteen miles from the place of attack, exhausted, with his name and a brief account of the disaster written on a small piece of paper with his own blood, pinned on his wounded breast."

Just after he was relieved from duty at the Point in 1859, we heard of his heroic

conduct in the celebrated wreck of the Lady Elgin, that went down one stormy night on Lake Michigan. Hartsuff, so it was reported, provided the women with life-preservers and was among the last to leave the wreck. He swam until he found a bale of hay, and hearing the cry of a woman, brought her to the bale, and after spending eleven hours in the water was rescued. Only a fifth of all on board were saved.

With men about us with courage and manliness like this, and not one of them over twenty-six years old, is it not easy to imagine their influence on our growing ideals? Is it any wonder that the boys who day after day saw them through the glamour of their devotion to duty, met it when the time came with like heroism? that Cushing and Kirby and O'Rorke, and the sweet, lovable Sanderson of my class, who, after falling mortally wounded between his pieces at the battle of Pleasant Hill, lay on the ground still giving his commands, while his blood was pouring out, carrying voice and life with it, — is it any wonder that he and they met death with the bird singing in their breasts? Is it any wonder that Parsons of Parsons's Battery, who was brevetted over and over again for gallantry, and who after the war became an Episcopal clergyman, and was at Memphis when the yellow fever broke out, stayed with his little flock day and night, till he fell a victim?

(To be continued.)

THE CLIFFS

BY JOHN B. TABB

Forever face to face,
As towered of old
Within the Holy Place
The wings of gold.

One heralding the day,
With kindled crest;
One reddened with the ray
That fires the west.

The bosom-vale between
Alike their own;
To each a heaven unseen
A world unknown.

THE MELODRAMA

BY HARRY JAMES SMITH

For the purposes of profitable investigation we must be dispassionate, open-minded, judicial. This is often discouragingly hard; our inherited or conventional prejudices cling to us with the awkward tenacity of wet bathing-suits. When a younger sister asks us candidly for an opinion upon her newest gentleman acquaintance, — "Don't you think he 's perfectly great?" — she touches an inveterate perversity of mankind, and it is not to be charged against us if we speak disappointingly. In like manner, when a confidential office boy advises us to go to "How Hearts are Broken" at the Thalia, if we want to see "a corker of a show," we may indulgently remark that we 'd like to; but inwardly we chuckle over his unsophisticated enthusiasm.

To sit in the seat of the scorner is all very well, and no doubt rather gratifying to one's self-esteem; only it should first be found out whether the seat is firmly planted on all its four legs. The majority of us scoff at the popular melodrama as a matter of course, and, as a matter of course, we know nothing about it, except perhaps what we may have inferred from certain lurid bill-boards. It seems to occupy precisely the same place in the dramatic world that the hurdy-gurdy occupies in the world of music, and the old-fashioned camp-meeting in the world of religion.

For my own part, I should like to see the hurdy-gurdy defended. Its champion would not maintain that it was a musical instrument, or that its volleying scales and arpeggios had æsthetic value: he would simply point out that in the vast and complex economy of nature the hurdy-gurdy had a certain function — perhaps only an humble one — to perform, and that it performed it acceptably.

Observe — he would say — the crowd of excited youngsters that go dancing after it, oblivious of all else. Observe the groups of delighted servant girls and nursemaids in the areas, and the benevolently smiling policeman on the corner. The hurdy-gurdy is a significant product of social evolution; with marvelous skill and ingenuity it has been developed to fulfill a certain demand of our human nature; it illustrates the scientific principle of adaptation.

Among my friends I am proud to number a pædopsychologist. His favorite manner of passing a vacation is to attend as many camp-meetings as the time limits permit. From one seething centre of spiritual exaltation to another he hastens, all eyes and notebook.

"The majority of people," he said to me one day, " — I refer to those who call themselves cultivated — have turned their backs on all that. So much the worse for society. Hyper-refinement! Nothing healthy, primitive, or spontaneous, — imagination gone, simple emotions obsolete. That 's social decline."

"Do you recommend," I asked, " a return to the camp-meeting stage?"

"That is n't what I said, is it?" he retorted, with needless irritation. "But as a phenomenon it is most instructive. One may learn an infinite number of things from it."

Such an observation, I conclude, applies equally well to the popular melodrama. Is it not a curious fact that, undismayed, "The Queen of the White Slaves" and "No Mother to Guide Her" still open nightly doors of enchantment to many thousands of our species? Here should be a good field for the study of some aspects of human nature, on one side of the footlights, and of nature of

an anomalous variety on the other. It is too easy to assume that the appeal of the melodrama is to a degenerate taste. An inquiry may prove instructive.

More than that, it may turn out very entertaining. But it must be made without prejudice and in a receptive temper. The carping critic would be bored. He would come away pessimistic, disgusted with the hundreds of his fellow-men whom he had seen applauding and hissing and (possibly) throwing peanut-shucks.

The lady in the purple gown shakes her clenched fist vindictively and gives a final laugh, blood-curdling and malignant. "Ha! You shall not escape so easily another time, — we shall see!" she taunts brazenly, and glides from the scene.

The crowd behind the footlights hisses. There is an undeniable fascination about her; but she is very wicked, and the wicked are to be held in derision. That is to say, in melodrama. In real life it is often difficult to distinguish between the wicked and the elect; but here, — why her very name is Zidella St. Mar. Can any good come out of Zidella?

The heroine's name is Grace, — or it may be Gladys or Rose; that does not matter. "I swear to you that I am innocent," she declares, *molto tremoloso*, and with an appealing look that wings its way beyond the uttermost gallery-god.

No one but an habitué of the Thalia or some other shrine of the popular melodrama knows the authoritative pronunciation of that word *in-no-cent*. It should be dwelt on syllable by syllable, and a certain long-drawn prominence should be given to the n's. For gesture, one hand may be slightly extended and upraised, the other pressed timidly upon the breast; and at the close of the word the eyes should fall, the head droop forward with sweet submission. This position may be retained for several seconds. Then the gallery will clap, — tumultuously, sealing the truth of Grace's assertion. This is as much a foregone conclusion as the sentiment that calls it forth.

I have often wondered just what is the real cause of this applause for sententious virtue, and of the equally spirited hisses that greet the agents and deeds of iniquity. The audience is an eternal enigma. Certainly it is not credulous to the degree one is at first inclined to imagine: it does not forget that it is witnessing a stage play. Yet it is never Gracie's acting that wins the plaudits, but what Gracie essentially is and stands for, — dear familiar sentiments of primitive black-and-white morality.

"What, tell a lie? A thousand times *no!*"

. . . . . .

"Another word against my father, and I'll shoot you dead!"

. . . . . .

"Offer me what you will, I will never be false to a true friend!"

. . . . . .

"You may tie me to the railroad track if you want to. *Death* sooner than be married to a wretch like you!"

Partly, I think, the applause comes as one of the accepted and authorized conventions of the popular stage; partly because a perfectly real and normal sympathy for virtue and hatred for vice wants to express itself, — a sympathy which in real life is often puzzled by circumstances, but which finds all lines sharply drawn, all actions clearly labeled, upon the stage of the Thalia. And then, too, the spirit of *play* is certainly active here, the wish to enjoy the thing to the full and to give yourself a real part in it; you want to shed tears, to laugh, to be excited. The audience meets the actor more than half way; there is no inertia here, no superciliousness or sycophancy to be overcome. With an admirable and single-minded abandon it throws itself into the spirit of the game.

If your theatrical experiences have been bounded by Broadway and the po-

lite zone, there is a new delight for you in such eagerness and spontaneity. The happy giggles to left and right of you as during the entr'actes repartee and chocolate creams pass from one to another; the gayly-uniformed youngster who makes his way up the aisle shouting, "All the latest song hits o' the season, only fifteen cents, with an artistic pitchur 'And She Answered, Sure Ma Honey' on the cover. Get it now for your lady frien'! Only fifteen cents to-night. Reg'lar price thirty-five;" the orchestra that plays "Waiting at the Church" while the gallery whistles the chorus, — this is a world to which Art may be only the shade of a name, but which may after all possess another pearl of price quite as essential to the business of happy living.

For many of those present it is the single extravagance of the winter. You cannot help noticing the large number of shop girls who have come arrayed in their choicest finery, and accompanied by their "steadies." Three brief hours of enchantment ahead of them, a time when their five or six dollars a week, and the long day behind the counter or at the machine, can be forgotten. Every one of the magic moments must be realized. There were never such hilarious jokes as Sammy Ikenstein's; never was heroine so horribly persecuted, yet so often and so wonderfully rescued as Gracie.

Up there in the gallery, perhaps, criticism is a little more alert; the gallery is blasé as compared with the rest of the house. It knows all the tricks of the craft, it does not give itself with quite the same abandon to the emotional moment; but it knows when a thing is done to its liking, and it expresses opinions with unmistakable directness.

It was in "The Queen of the White Slaves," I remember, that a scene occurred where the villain, in a climax of insolence, struck the unhappy brother of the heroine in the face with his gloves. You could hear the blow to the top seat of the top gallery, and the cruel laugh that accompanied it. The audience recoiled, caught its breath, and above the storm of hisses that ensued, you heard a shrill shout from amid the gods, "Biff him back, George!"

As George had been previously drugged with opium by Lionel, it was obviously impossible for him to take the hint; but the uproar continued until Lionel, with a leer and another fiendish laugh, left the stage.

As characters, the villain and his lady accomplice are sure to be the most striking in the play. I often wonder whether they can enjoy their parts. Do they accept the hisses of the audience as a tribute to their art? Curious inversion of ambition! No floral tributes for Zidella, never the encores and curtain-calls, — only purple gowns, paste tiaras, and hisses. Yet she is indispensable. The audience would not part with her, and the play could not. Her raven-black hair, her dark reptilian eyes, — often provided with lorgnette, — her beautiful but wicked mouth, and those astonishing one-color-effect gowns of hers with their sweeping trains and frou-frou of silk petticoats, — it is something to marvel at, to shudder at: it excites commingled admiration and dread.

Gracie is a much simpler character than Zidella. Malignant tongues might suggest that she was just a shade too simple. She wants to do right, and that is doubtless an admirable quality. Gracie's career has rather more of shadow than of sunshine in it; but that is not her fault. She has no faults.

On a dozen or two occasions you are almost sure — I mean if you are following the play in the right spirit — that it is all over with her; but she has a wonderful host of friends. They smash windows to reach her, they break in doors, they climb down chimneys, they leap across abysses, they transform themselves into flights of human stairs that her escape may be made easy — and picturesque; fire, blood, and brass are helpless against the devotion of Gracie's friends.

One of the pleasantest proofs I know of the compelling power of helpless innocence and beauty was given in the third act of "The Way of the Transgressor," "a pictorial comedy melodramatic sensation in four acts." A lonely spot near the mouth of "the twin railroad tunnel!" The snow was falling, and the night was bitter cold, — so the flagman said, as he came out of the signal-tower. He set the switch, and with much creaking of pulleys adjusted the lanterns so that the yellow light, "track clear," would greet the night express; and then he went away upon some late-remembered errand, little dreaming of the events which were so soon to come crowding upon the stage. . . . Five minutes later Gracie, gagged and bound, lay helpless upon the railroad track.

"Well, she's fixed all right *this time*," hissed the burly villain, as he left her to her fate.

But (as so often) he was mistaken. He had not taken into account the fact that Gracie was mistress of two marvelous Landseer dogs, possessed of an intelligence almost human. The next moment you heard their eager barks as they came leaping upon the scene. Instantly they seemed to comprehend the situation, noble fellows that they were. Not a second was to be lost. The train was already overdue. While one of them skillfully unfastened the knots which bound the lady to the cruel rails, the other climbed the ladder to the top of the lantern-arm and — what, could it be? Yes — *with his teeth* he tugged the rope over the pulley until the red light of danger confronted the swiftly-approaching train. And just in time, too! Ah, Grace is fortunate in her friends.

And the greatest of these is George. We like him best because he likes Gracie best; and we clap as hard as we can at each one of his brave speeches. Perhaps the finest opportunity that he gets individually is when her persecutors have contrived to make it appear that she has been unfaithful. Point after point, the damning evidence is brought in. George wrings his hands; he looks wildly about the room; his eyes wink rapidly; his breath comes in gasps. It looks as if there were no hope for Gracie. But love triumphs.

"No! — No!" he breaks out finally, pointing a quivering finger at the false witnesses. "Leave me! I will not believe you. She is not — she cannot be false. I love her still — still!"

The wrong-doers cower before that. The audience breaks into cheers that refuse to be silenced by the fall of the curtain. Then George comes before the footlights, leading Grace by the hand, and something tells you that things are going to turn out all right for them in the end. Lionel hurries brazenly across the stage before the curtain, his mouth distorted by a most horrible leer. He evidently has more business yet. And after him Zidella makes a hasty transit, holding up her purple train and smiling in spite of the jeers that greet her.

No Thalia melodrama could exist without this quartette of antiphonal light and darkness. Next in importance are the comedy figures, who bump into each other and everybody else whenever they make their entrance. The melodrama is full of comedy; it is sure to follow every scene of pathos or violence. The posters of a "reigning sensation" announce, "For every smile a tear, for every tear a smile." That strikes the balance, you see. We cannot have Gracie wringing her hands forever: we could not endure the emotional strain. . . .

Maggie is usually a brave and clever little servant, who sings and dances specialties as she goes about her housework, or crosses the noon-day street; she is never hoodwinked by the wiles of the devil, and has a rather large fund of side-splitting humor.

Says she to the villain, "Say, mister, do you know what you look like?"

"No, what?" (He is singularly unsuspicious.)

"An egg when the insides has been et up and the shell trun away."

"Impudent girl," mutters Lionel angrily; but Maggie does not care.

Indeed (in "A Marked Woman") she thinks nothing of walking up to the dowager Empress of China, the great Noa Lu herself, and asking her, "Say, ma'am, where'd ye buy that lid? It ain't the swell thing at all for a lady like you. Why, you ought to o' wore a coal scuttle."

"Do you know who you are addressing, hussey?"

"Sure I do. Why you're the big Chink's mudder-in-law, ain't ye?"

Every one likes Maggie. She *is* impudent, you cannot deny that, and often wears red stockings and pigtail hair; but she is true blue, and she sticks by Grace through thick and thin.

Messenger-boys, bootblacks, Hebrew peddlers, are all old favorites in the comedy parts. You can't fool them. They're thorough New Yorkers. They stick their hands into their pockets, shuffle through a step or two, and deliver. "Tek me word fer it, missy. That leddy's a-tryin' ter josh ye." And they always hit it right.

The rest of the personages exist simply to fill in gaps. They fall conveniently into two groups: the good and the bad. Among the tools and accomplices of Zidella and Lionel you will find included the following: —

- Prison-wardens
- Frenchmen
- Lady Overseers
- English Lords
- Rich Widows
- Officers of the Gerry Society
- Chinamen
- Saloon-keepers
- Artists
- Italian Peddlers, etc.

Policemen and ministers may be either good or bad; but they tend toward the former. Ministers when they have erred are hypocrites; policemen, brutes.

To attempt to give an account of the plot would be useless. The more you examine it, the less there is. There is an abundance, an inordinate abundance, of situation; but there lies the distinction. The play is made up of a succession of exciting scenes, punctuated by comic episodes; but when you try to work out interrelations you are doomed to failure. It would take a higher intelligence — perhaps even than the author's — to answer all the hows and whys. In "The Queen of the White Slaves" the fourth act was laid in China, whither the unlucky heroine had been transported by her enemies. It was a garden scene, and very sad, for Gracie wished that she were at home again 'neath George's sheltering care. As she left the stage, dissolved in tears, who should come in from the other side, already in a most pleasing altercation over Chinese customs, but Maggie and her steady. It was a relief to know that they were still on deck, and they cheered one up wonderfully; but the question would arise, how did it happen? There were a few vague hints, — something about a special cruiser which came along just at the right time, something about fooling the guards at the gateway, — but if your mind was sophisticated enough to insist on logic, it was bound to be left in some confusion.

To feel the real spell of the play, you must slough off sophistication and let logic go, allowing yourself to be concerned exclusively in the situation of the moment. Then you will understand the short-drawn breath of the girl in the next seat to you; there will be an unlimited supply of thrills in store, and you will comprehend the eternal popularity of the Thalia type.

The last scene of "'Neath the Shadow of the Gallows" illustrated this thrill-producing quality in its most masterly form. It was short, — all over in less than ten minutes; but they were very busy minutes. At the rise of the curtain (Lights down and minor strains from orchestra), the muffled form of the lady villain stole out from the shadow and said, "Ha, ha! At last my designs are accomplished.

There is the jail," — a door marked JAIL stood at one side of the stage, — "here is the gallows," — the gallows held the centre, — "and when yonder clock-hand reaches the hour of five, he dies!"

She had neglected to mention that there was a railroad station at the right of the stage. It was an important oversight. In the background loomed a mountain chasm, bridged twice by trestles, and beyond that wild peaks cut the sky. The dawn was coming on apace, — by jerks. The lady retired.

(The girl in the next seat whispered, "I just hate that woman. I hope she'll get all that's comin' to her!")

The door of the jail opened, and a dismal cortège emerged. The hero was there, prepared for execution. They led him to the scaffold. It lacked five minutes of the hour. They blindfolded him.

"Has the condemned anything to say before his end?" inquired the savage warden with an insolent sneer.

("Yes, but *you* would n't believe him," is the commentary.)

In the distance is heard a faint toot-toot, and at the same time across the farthest trestle puffs a locomotive. It must be miles away, it looks so small; but you feel that there is a glimmer of hope for the hero, — if only the station can be reached in time. You know that Gracie has been harrying the governor for a pardon.

("Gee, look at the train! Ain't it the cutest?")

But it is the hero's cue to speak. "Only this," he says, slowly and with awful distinctness; "I am in-no-cent."

("That's right; he is. He never done it.")

After the applause has subsided Zidella comes forward once more and says, — it seems rash somehow, — "Ha, ha! So they have got you at last where you deserve to be, you *murderer!*"

George starts violently. "That voice —" he cries. "I have heard it before! — where? Ah, it is she, — the fiend who has wrecked my happiness."

("That's right. 'T was all her doin's from the start.")

But at this juncture the locomotive appears again, now on its way across the second trestle. The toot is louder. They are making the miles fairly fly behind them, I guess.

The clock hand jumps forward. It lacks only two minutes of five. Already the finger of the blood-thirsty warden is on the controller. There is a wicked triumph already in the glittering eyes of Zidella.

But hark! the roar of the oncoming train! It whistles like mad. ("*Go her, go her for yer life!*" whispers the girl, clutching the back of the seat ahead.) The wheels rumble. There is a grinding of brakes, and a monster locomotive rolls impressively out from the wings and comes to a stop just at the foot of the gallows.

Gracie leaps from the cab waving a very official-looking envelope. "Hold!" she cries. "I have brought the pardon."

The clock strikes five.

The warden gnashes his teeth. And Gracie cries, "Officer, arrest that woman. She is the guilty party."

But the lady in the veil confronts them, game to the last. "You shall not lay your hands on Zidella St. Mar. Back, all of you! She has a better way."

So she shoots herself and falls lifeless at the feet of the happily united pair, and with that down comes the curtain.

("Say! but that was a swell show!" sighs the commentator, as she struggles into her thin jacket and prepares reluctantly to leave the house of a thousand wonders.)

You observe that, after all, right is sure to triumph: the melodrama never leaves you in any doubt upon that point. In this loyalty to an immemorial tradition there is something staunch and genuine which you cannot help respecting.

Yet it is clear that this should not be credited so much to the nominal author

of the piece as to the people for whom it is produced. It is they who keep it to its standards. The individuality of the author counts for nothing. The popular melodrama is almost as exclusively the product of the society in which it has established itself as the old folk-ballad. From the nature of things there must be an author somewhere; but to hope to find him in the finished product would be futile.

The play is simply a new combination of various familiar and perfectly reliable situations drawn from a large common stock, a stock draughted with equal inveteracy into the service of the "Nick Carter Library," of the "Buckskin Bess Series," or of the editor of the *New York Journal*. Every melodrama that succeeds does so because it reblends with exceptional skill, and with enough disguise to give them an effect of novelty, a group of situations which the Bowery theatre-public has proved itself perennially eager to see.

There is something engagingly primitive in such a state of affairs. What people have always come first to care for in drama is situation. Interest in character as such and in literary form and in ethical significance comes only at a much later stage of evolution. It was so in the origins of our great English drama. The curious crowds that pushed up to the gilded pageant-wagon in the market-place of York or Chester, on Corpus Christi day, did not care much about the exact Biblical details of Noah's Flood or the Sacrifice of Isaac: they were eager to see something happen; they wanted to have their emotions stirred, their blood quickened.

There was not the least complexity in the characters of that open-air drama, — it would have made them harder to understand; but there was the same strong tendency toward a kind of realistic presentation that we have noted in the melodrama of to-day. The Judean shepherds were countrymen of Yorkshire and spoke its dialect; and they talked about the diseases of their sheep, and complained of the bitter winter, and played rough local jokes on one another, in a way that must have gone straight to the heart of the shrewd, illiterate, inquisitive peasant, as honestly unashamed of tears and noisy sobbing as of gales of contagious laughter; the mirror may have been only a homely kitchen pan, but it was held up to nature. Noah's wife was an English termagant, her mouth full of round Anglo-Saxon oaths, and sadly addicted she was to the good ale of merry England; and as for Herod the Great, with his terrific assortment of crimes and not one mitigating virtue, surely there is an interesting prototype of the villain in "Fast Life in New York;" and that most startling culmination of his career, when a crew of red devils carried him off bodily to hell, resembles the end of Lionel in something more than an accidental degree.

The desire for vivid sensation was the same then as now, and put the ingenuity of the play-maker to much the same kind of test. Glance at some of the stage directions in the "Sacrament Play," an anonymous dramatic production of the late fifteenth century.

A company of blasphemous Jews have gained possession by guile and bribe of the holy wafer, and have set out to test whether or no it be indeed the veritable body. But they are terribly rebuked by Heaven.

> *Here shall the 1111 Jewys pryk ther daggeris in 1111 quarters of the Ost, thus sayng . . .*
> *Here the Ost must blede. . . .*

In an agony of fear, the Jews kindle a cauldron of oil, thinking to effect the utter destruction of the sacred thing.

> *Here shalle the cawdron boyle, appery-ing to be as blood.*

Next they cast it into an oven.

> *Here the ovyn must rive asunder, & blede owt at the crannys, and an image appere owt with woundis bleding.*

This indeed is the climax of terror for the

Jews. "Owt! Owt!" they cry, "here is great wonder! . . . Yea, the ovyn on peacys gynneth to ryve asunder!"

Then the wondrous image speaks to them (in Latin) and tells them the way of salvation; the Jews fall on their knees, turn convertites, and are received into Holy Church.

For sheer sensation — sincere, no doubt, in its purpose; but who shall say that Gracie's rescue by the Landseer dogs is mere stage clap-trap? — it would be hard, I think, to improve much on this old-time "Sacrament Play." And the audience that thrilled to its crude violence was not so very unlike the audience of the Thalia, despite the passing of four centuries, and the coming and going of the spacious days of Shakespeare and his compeers in alchemy.

Indeed, as one comes to know more intimately the imaginative, eager, and in many respects childishly ingenuous public to whom the present-day melodrama makes its appeal, the more clearly the curiosities of its structure are accounted for. Its lack of a genuinely climactic plot, for example, is explained by the inability of the audience to remain long under the strain of suspense. Their attention soon flags, their interest becomes jaded. It is worth noting that the only other varieties of dramatic entertainment which are popular with them are the vaudeville (and could anything be more disjointed and scattering in its make-up?) and the penny-in-the-slot Arcades.

Whatever situation is proposed must come to its culmination rapidly, directly, and by means which require no thought in order to be fully grasped. There can be no real plot structure here: only episodes; the situations presented simply become more and more startling as the play nears its conclusion.

Then, too, since the appeal that it makes must be so largely through external means, the melodrama is led into that crude exaggeration which has brought it into its ill-repute. We ought to show some leniency in this matter. If it did not exaggerate it would run the risk of making no impression at all. Violence, blunderbuss-humor, and sledge-hammer pathos are its stock in trade. It deals with the people and scenes of every-day life, for that is the only kind of life that has much interest for the audience, — that seems to come near to them, to have relevancy; but in order to make this life worth paying one's hard-earned money to see (there's a plenty of real life of a kind for each of us), it becomes necessary to color it up, to provide it with glamour, with mystery, with terror, and with comicality. Realism and wild romance are curiously wedded in the result.

After all there is youth and the promise of youth in it; there is the material for a virile and significant drama. It was on much this same substratum that the glorious and incomparable structure of our Elizabethan drama was raised. Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* was one step away, and *Hamlet* — one does not count the steps any longer; but the substratum is there still.

It might indeed be safely predicted that if we were ever again to have a drama of which we might boast, it would bear a nearer kinship to this ridiculed product of the democratic and cosmopolitan Bowery, childish and inchoate as it is, than to that tribe of narrow-chested and anæmic plays which depict with fatiguing perverseness the complications of a fashionable and wholly unrepresentative society.

The boldness of its design, the unconventional freedom in its choice of material, is a striking and not altogether unhealthful contrast. The whole of contemporary life is its province, — the life of the tenements, of the lodging-houses, the dance-halls, the railroads, the parsonage, the demi-monde, the four hundred, the department stores, the street corners, the Subway, the police station, the East-River wharves, — every condition of life which offers dramatic opportunities is freely and unhesitatingly

laid under requisition. Life reaches so far beyond the drawing-room! Within the last few years our playwrights have begun to rediscover that fact — witness "Leah Kleschna," "The Great Divide," — even Mr. Belasco's latest success; and it is a sign of promise. A great play, if one may be pardoned the triteness of the observation, is a play which will not only spontaneously attract the large body of intelligent theatre-goers, thus proving itself to be related somehow to the main currents of popular thought and feeling, but will also reach out of the realities of the hour and join hands with permanent truth.

There are faults enough in the Thalia melodrama, blatant and ridiculous faults; but there is a soul of goodness there as well, which is not without a moral for skeptics. It is like some common, rough-barked root that creeps persistently along just beneath the surface of the soil: there is nothing here to arouse our admiration, unless it be the sheer persistence with which the creeping is done; but every now and then — please Heaven there may still be sap in it! — it puts up a green shoot: perhaps the world that so likes to wag its head may still find reason to pause before the wonder of a flower. A visit to the Thalia suggests that what our restless and dissatisfied dramatic public is waiting for is the coming of that man who will be able to utilize the material that lies at every man's door; but that still lies waiting there, because no one has yet shown himself to possess the seeing eye and the understanding heart, and the broad democratic and poetic outlook upon life, which are the inner requirements of the master-workman.

EFFICIENCY IN MAKING BEQUESTS

BY WILLIAM H. ALLEN

At the time when a civilized world was trying to decide how it ought to give away the Sage millions, a man in the throes of will-making wrote, — "Will you please send me the names of the most worthy charities in New York City, including hospitals?" Shortly before, a lawyer had inquired if a client's property one hundred miles away could be used as a fresh-air home; a widow asked how $100 could perpetuate her husband's interest in worn-out tenement mothers; another how the savings of a trusted servant — $20,000 — could be invested in health for infants.

Have you ever worked out details of a plan for using the interest on $70,000,000 so as to help, not injure, its recipients? When you try to cure insomnia by imagining yourself under obligation to give away $1000 every morning, do you ever get beyond the tenth morning? Then you know how great is the need of the prospective will-maker for don'ts, handbooks, and first helps. Volumes have been written to tell relief workers the danger of pauperizing needy families, begging letter-writers, and street mendicants; not enough has been written to show the danger of pauperizing the charity worker, college president, hospital trustee, ladies' auxiliary, board of aldermen, or posterity.

We have reached the point where it is generally believed that individual mendicancy cannot exist unless the applicant for relief is given that which harms and demoralizes instead of that which cures and elevates. More slowly are we coming to see that pauperism, whether in a man, a church, or a college, consists not in asking for aid on the street or from house to house, but in begging when one

does not need, when one does not intend or is unable to use aid for the purpose advertised, or when one does not give back service proportioned to his receipts. Generous men and women persist in giving poison to sick men because their attention is focused on the giver or recipient instead of on the gift itself, and its history after leaving the giver. Likewise benefactors of institutions do not want to increase the sum total of unhappiness in the world. No mother wants to hurt orphans by her gift to an orphan asylum, or to abet neglect of unsanitary conditions by her hospital gifts. Even when testators give for the sake of the world's applause they would undoubtedly prefer, if shown how, to avoid criticism for having endowed fraud or imposition, and thus having defeated their own purpose.

Because will-making starts with motive, some students fear that it must always be subject to caprice, therefore beyond help from efficiency tests. History has proved, however, that it is possible to attain efficient giving without attempting to improve upon the motives that seem most frequently to prompt public bequests: 1. Desire to perpetuate interest in a work or class of sufferers. 2. Desire to please a friend. 3. Desire to avoid post-mortem censure. 4. Desire to appear public-spirited. 5. Desire to establish a memorial for a relative. 6. Desire to do the fair thing by a society that protected the testator, and furnished opportunity for making his fortune. 7. Desire to help where suffering receives least attention. Whatever the motive, it is human and can be put to uses that will neither defeat the testator's purpose nor put obstacles in the way of human progress. Efficient giving from a selfish motive may give more happiness and do less harm than inefficient giving from an altruistic motive. To pay out money for certain disappointment, to buy censure where one aimed to silence it, to carve a family name on a gold brick, is not efficient giving. In every community are scores of instances which show that giving may be sadly inefficient. Whether or not it is efficient depends upon what is done with the gift, rather than upon the motive and the confidence of the giver or the worthiness of the recipient. A few instances will show the importance of a testator's desiring to know what will in all probability be done with his bequest.

A banker had heard so much from his family physician of the struggles and economies of a certain hospital that he determined to leave it $50,000 for a memorial wing. When the wing was finished it bore the tablet, *In Memoriam, Mrs. Grateful Patient,* — and added $55,000 to the hospital's annual burdens. No corresponding addition was made to the number of friends willing to support it. In fact, several large donations were reduced because it was imagined that the relatives of Mrs. Grateful Patient would give handsomely. The friend in need who had patiently met all former deficits announced that he could not carry the larger load, and after the first year would give $2000 and no more. There was nothing for the managers to do but to face about and solicit the public subsidy that they believed inimical to private hospitals. The contributing public gradually fell off, mistakenly believing that the city supported the hospital. For ten years every legacy received has gone to meet deficits; wards are repeatedly closed for months for lack of funds; to increase revenue private patients are given all choice windows; a large floating debt is carried — a veritable Minotaur ready to swallow the next legacy and the next forever. For fear of losing its subsidy the hospital managers have declined to take any part in the fight against preventable epidemics due to official neglect.

A society once strong shows signs of age. Love of struggle has given way to love of ease. Work once fitted to a city's need is now calculated to perpetuate that need. Organized to relieve suffering, it lives to-day for itself alone. A large endowment makes it unnecessary to raise more than one tenth of its support from

the public. Two or three more large legacies will remove this necessity. The bequests come. Income is assured. The work is now nobody's business but the Board of Managers', whose contempt for the community injures every other charitable society, inhibits the desire to give, and retards the development of constructive social enterprise. It will not permit vaccination, for it is stocked with lances for bloodletting. It refuses to learn bacteriology, for is it not death on fits?

A college was started to hold high the banner of Methodism in a western state. Inscriptions show that all of the money came from the East, where the president has spent most of his time. It is hardly worth while trying to get support from the Western country which benefits from his college; why bother with hundred-dollar gifts when some mourning parent in Springfield or Boston will give $10,000 or more? The college has never acclimated itself. The Western Methodists are pauperized, and their children educated with equipment and educational talent inferior to that of the indigenous state university.

Each of the instances cited can be multiplied almost indefinitely. In each the work that testators wished to further has been injured by their gifts. Instead of aid, the three beneficiaries received respectively impoverishment, gout, and pauperization. In emphasizing this fact there is here no intention whatever to criticise the will-makers, but merely to point out that they did not get their money's worth.

Three other instances illustrate the method that leads to efficient giving: Four years ago a retired manufacturer asked the president of his state Board of Health, what kind of help the very poor needed most. Numerous suggestions were made, including the need for leadership in a popular crusade against consumption. Without disclosing his own identity, the possible giver communicated for over one year with a physician thought to be eminently qualified to organize such a crusade. A hundred units of inquiry were found, — extent of the need, various methods of fighting tuberculosis, world evidence of successful treatment, a detailed plan of procedure, with estimates as to expense of publication, laboratories, dispensaries, administration. Had a steel mill been involved instead of a health crusade, the procedure could not have been more businesslike than that which gave the world the Phipps Institute for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis.

In May, 1906, Mr. Rockefeller sought from several social workers suggestions as to the use of certain vacant property overlooking the East River adjoining the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. Playgrounds were the first thought of several. Another mentioned three needs. 1. Farm gardens for crippled children, river breezes on the bluff for those not able to move about; 2. Day nursery; 3. Out-of-door fresh-air camp for very sick "summer complaint" babies and their mothers.

"Which will have the greatest educational results?"

"The camp demonstration that mothers can save their own babies in their own tenement homes if they will give them clean milk, clean air and clean bodies." An itemized estimate was required of cost, method of treating, teaching, and results to be expected. Inside of six weeks Junior Sea Breeze was opened, and throughout the summer led the fight against preventable infant mortality, giving 2050 days' care to 156 babies, 14,389 days' entertainment and instruction to an average of 232 tenement mothers and children, and suggestions for application elsewhere for 274 babies. It was visited by 1025 social workers and physicians.

The widow who wanted to establish a $100 memorial considered a score of means before finally purchasing two strong invalid revolving chairs. Forty mothers every summer will have ten days at the seashore, moving about among the hundreds of guests who are the living

memorial of her husband's interest in Sea Breeze. Her method was as commendable as that of the two millionaires, not because she had a mite, but because she spent it efficiently.

Efficiency in will-making is obviously more difficult than efficiency in making ante-mortem gifts. It is conceivable, for instance, that three wills drawn within the last four years provided for an educational crusade against tuberculosis, a first babies' camp in the heart of New York City's tenement district, and two rolling chairs for Sea Breeze. If so, the bequests, when available, would be duplicating effort already made, and would in no case fulfill the purpose of the testator. Most wills involving large gifts for public purposes are made when the giver hopes, even if he does not expect, to live many years. Under these circumstances an unelastic plan may, if executed, prove the maximum of inefficiency. Why, then, attempt to fit future resources to present needs? Is it not wiser to trust the spending of the legacy without condition to those whom the testator knows and likes? That depends upon the practice of the individual or agency one aims to help. If the amount of the gift is small, the possible evil that might result from inefficient giving may be so small as to be safely ignored; but if the amount is large enough to change the current of the beneficiary's life, the efficient testator will give in a way that will in all likelihood increase, not decrease, the beneficiary's welfare. The father who wants to keep his fortune in the family, ought to be able to give in such a way that the family will not promptly deprive itself of that fortune; a mother who loves her son so dearly that she cannot disinherit him, ought to be able to avoid encouraging him to disinherit and outlaw himself; a contributor wishing to continue indefinitely his annual gift of $500 to a trade school, ought to be able to prevent a legacy of $12,500 being swallowed the first year by deficit. The injunction, "Do not look a gift horse in the mouth" does not apply to givers.

What a charitable or educational agency will probably do with bequests can be discovered. If its current receipts are regularly below its current expenses there is every reason to believe that a legacy will be used, all at once or gradually, to meet the deficit, unless the interest on the bequest is sufficient to fill in the gap. If deficits are the exception rather than the rule, it is important to learn how former legacies were used: whether for sumptuous offices, Indian festivals during seasons of surplus, much needed additions to equipment, improvements in standards of service, experiments of vast consequence, or merely piling up a sterile surplus. It is probable that future legacies that impose no obligation on the recipient will be treated like the unrestricted legacies of the past. If the efficient will-maker decides that he prefers to share for all time in a society's work, he may stipulate that the principal shall remain intact, the interest only to be used. This often acts like a total abstinence pledge, a reminder in time of weakness of one's past intention when not under temptation. The efficient giver will impose no condition on the use of the interest beyond possibly a period of five or twenty-five years, during which he may reasonably expect that conditions will not have so changed as to make the stipulated work unnecessary. No efficient giver will subsidize a demand for distress, putting bounties on wolf-scalps when all wolves have been exterminated except those especially reared to earn the bounty.

Feeling that most testators have a desire, however vague, to perpetuate their coöperation, some societies provide in by-laws that all legacies, even when unrestricted, shall be placed at once in a reserve or endowment fund. Thus sometimes an unrestricted legacy becomes a restricted legacy by act of the beneficiary society; for example, the James C. Carter Fund, the interest to be used in promoting some distinctly civic effort, such

as securing adequate milk inspection, or proper administration of public baths. The floating or unrestricted fund known as endowment or reserve, made up of legacies or fragments of legacies received during twenty or fifty years, is safer when reserved for emergencies only and protected by by-laws as well as by tradition against hasty action. If a month's notice be required to draw upon the reserve fund other means will often be found of meeting what at first seemed an emergency. If after due consideration an emergency still confronts the society, or an exceptional opportunity to invest a legacy in the kind of happiness the testator wanted his gift to provide, many societies use their reserve. Relief societies, for example, often believe that their deceased benefactors would not wish them to refuse to relieve families in urgent need so long as there is one dollar of the unconditioned legacies left. Many hospitals would feel it an affront to the memory of their benefactors to put surplus revenue in the bank instead of into the fight against conditions that cause sickness and deplete vitality.

Conditioned or restricted legacies are in disfavor with many trustees. To them it seems inconsistent, to be interested enough in a college to leave it $250,000 and at the same time to distrust its ability to spend the money when and where most needed. But it happens that large gifts are quite as apt to be due to regard for the college name or its past management as for its present directors. It is definite tradition, not an uncertain future, that the alumnus wishes to endow. He intrusts interest only, restricting and perpetuating the principal, not because he lacks confidence in the trustees, but because he would rather give a ninety-nine year lease than a quit-claim deed. Many of us subscribe to a magazine we do not wish to buy outright, and trust a broker to buy stocks selected by us when we would not trust him to select the stock itself. Opposed as they are to gifts with a string tied to them, trustees generally manage to be sincerely grateful for annuities, but they respectfully petition you not to tie the annuity to any purpose that is not capable of re-definition as time may change needs and resources for meeting needs. A serviceable qualifying clause for restricted bequests would be, — "Whenever the need herein provided for shall have disappeared, or when responsibility for meeting it may be placed on some other agency better equipped to meet it, the annuity may be used for educational purposes in connection with the work conducted at that time by the beneficiary."

Because true affection for a society's name and work accounts for most bequests for public purposes, testators will continue to leave the spending of both interest and principal to the judgment of beneficiaries. Men and women who have themselves as trustees suffered the torments of uncertain income will continue to feel that they qualify their generosity by restricting a legacy, — too much like inviting a private detective to oversee a lunch party. Such loyal friends may safeguard their bequests and the traditions they love against the aggressive, money-spending minority known to be on every board, by asking that for ten, twenty-five, or fifty years the disposition of the capital be explained to friends of the society in successive annual reports. For example: —

C. C. Smith Memorial Fund, — $50,000 — 1885; intact. Interest used for five Smith Fellowships.

Mary J. Walker Legacy, — $152,500 — 1903; $100,000 remaining in General Endowment. $50,000 consumed in spreading broadcast the knowledge that bone tuberculosis is due to consumption; that it can be prevented; that it can be cured by out-of-door salt air treatment. Fund of $250,000 raised for the first American Seaside Hospital presented to New York City in 1907.

William Anderson Legacy, — $75,000; consumed for office building, 1903, that produces no revenue.

Helen Pullman Legacy, — $300,000; consumed for office building, 1903.

Legacies A — M, aggregating $37,800; consumed to meet annual deficits.

Legacies N — V, — $50,000; used for dressing room.

James Read Legacy, — $1000; used for portrait of giver.

In Memoriam N. D. $100,000; half consumed to erect laboratory; $50,000 invested; interest used in publishing facts as to preventable infant mortality.

In addition to the moral support such a restriction would give the trustees in time of need, is the incalculable advantage of compelling a policy of complete frankness between the board of managers and the solicited, prospective will-maker.

The road to efficiency in will-making is smoother when one has not yet made up his mind just what societies to help, and has no personal reasons for making the efficiency test seem out of place. Then most men will be grateful for fair answers to the one definite question in their minds, — "What are the worthy charities?" Unless we break that question up into parts, or unless their lawyer or consulting expert "factors" it, the Goodness Fallacy and Inefficiency will make most wills, and other soup kitchens or bread lines will be started where testators hoped to encourage industry. There is an ever-increasing class of men and women able to make large bequests, and willing to make them if shown how. Accustomed to apply the effectiveness test to investments during life, they come to believe sincerely with Professor Sumner that "the next most pernicious thing to vice is charity in its broad sense." They distrust emotional appeals. They wish to picture to themselves the probable results of their giving, and may be pardoned for preferring something distinctive, expressive of their personality, or at least assurance that their message shall not be misinterpreted, and that no business principle shall be violated. They have a right to expect that societies seeking their coöperation will welcome business-like questions necessary to insure efficiency in giving. More givers of this class would undoubtedly be forthcoming if societies would anticipate questions, forecast the needs in their own fields, and persistently offer opportunity to buyers.

What then does a business man mean by worthy charity? Among other things he means that which is worth while, not superfluous, well-managed, efficient, an investment that pays no less than the current rate of interest, and declares an occasional special dividend. Besides its practice with regard to endowment, he desires to know — although he may not be familiar enough with details to formulate questions — the extent to which the charity recognizes the partnership of its contributors and the public; whether it studies and learns from its own experience; whether it gladly modifies its policy and technique to fit changing needs; what portion of the community's work it does; whether it can easily be spared; its relative efficiency as compared with other charities doing the same work; what needs its plans for the future disclose. To answer these questions requires study, it is true. Here is a place for the business doctor, or for the prospective giver or his lawyer to turn diagnostician. It rests with societies that pray for bequests to accustom prospective will-makers to demand statements of fact, rather than expressions of personal preference, from those asked for advice. What graft is more reprehensible than that of educational and other benevolent agencies which use a lawyer's influence, rather than his intelligence or their own facts, to get bequests?

In default of reports and diagnosticians the following suggestions may be of service in making bequests for amounts small or large: —

1. Unless one cares, — can give himself with his gift, — leave it to the public treasury, where it will probably do less harm than if left to charity or education.

2. If one cares, let him make sure that

his gift will relieve, not increase, a burden. Do not give an elephant to a peasant, or an automobile to a push-cart merchant.

3. Insert no inelastic condition.

4. If temporary restrictions are to be imposed, give to the least popular or less popular rather than the most popular aspect of the beneficiaries' work. A relief society needs its need for coal quite as much as the coal; to relieve it of the need and the need's appealing power may reduce its total contributions by many times the value of the coal.

5. To specify of a legacy that its income shall not be used for salaries or other expenses of management may invite waste and inefficiency. It requires money to spend money efficiently.

6. To give specifically for salaries and management will often convert an inefficient into an efficient society, and enable it to increase the community's interest in its work; many societies fail for want of a hearing.

7. Accompany unrestricted legacies by a request for an annual accounting for the principal, through the first ten, twenty-five, or fifty years.

8. No society should be encouraged to prefer a surplus to service rendered. A work deficit is infinitely more dangerous and discreditable than a fiscal deficit.

9. The presumption is strongly in favor of a society's dependence upon the public for the major portion of its support. Do not debauch posterity or send a fatted calf to a prodigal son.

10. Endowed brains can readily be adapted to changing needs; brick and mortar cannot.

The large giving of recent years has sought educational opportunities. If the Carnegie libraries seem an exception, it must be remembered that each library is given on condition that books shall be forever accessible. Our universities and colleges are adding to equipment and endowment by leaps and bounds. In this prosperity charitable agencies have not participated largely, owing to the double conviction that the most efficient giving is for education, and that charitable work and education are mutually exclusive. An agency that is not called a school, college, or university, is not considered educational. The man who teaches outside of school walls is not called an educator. From this confusion of means with purpose it happens that the educational value of teaching done by civic, charitable, and religious organizations is not properly recognized. The new interest awakened by their teaching redounds, not to their own financial benefit, but to that of schools and colleges. As a matter of fact, much work done by colleges and schools is not educational and is charity. Too frequently research finds out nothing and schooling fails to educate, while the charity budgets, including free scholarships not earned but given, of Harvard, Pennsylvania, Vassar, and Smith, are larger than that of any relief society in New York City. The student whose wealthy father pays $150 for instruction that costs $500 is no less an object of charity than a woman who is paid $2 in a relief bureau for making a garment worth only $1; the mother who does that sewing is taking part in an educational process just as truly as is the college student.

The times call for endowments, not of things and names of things, whether charity, hospital, or college, but of truth.

Whatever the name of its beneficiary, no endowment can be truly educational that does not perpetually facilitate the application of truth to man's environment, in order that obstacles to human happiness shall progressively decrease, and opportunity for development toward happiness progressively increase. Of what avail to care for a few hundred infants at the seashore, if we are to send them back to an unclean milk supply that causes the death of thousands during the summer months. One bequest recently received by a hospital that is known to have a large surplus income might have established a fund for loans on personal credit or

wages, or the after treatment of hospital patients, or financed the national crusades against tuberculosis and child labor or child neglect for one whole year. To correct the evils of ignorance, bad business judgment, and disregard of the rights of tenants to healthful and decent surroundings, the facts learned by one efficient tenement house inspector, properly used, would accomplish more than a block of model tenements. Proper use is incompatible with burying such important facts as "at the present rate it will be over eighty-six years before the work of lighting the interior rooms is completed." One thousand dollars spent in proving the need for official attention to the physical welfare of school children will pay larger dividends than $1,000,000 spent in a child's hospital. From $350 to $500 per school-child is spent during the years from seven to fourteen because we believe in universal education; from the years fourteen to seventy universal education is left to chance, sensationalism, and methods antagonistic to or incompatible with true education and efficient citizenship.

Efficient citizenship, which is, after all, what college presidents and editors mean when they talk of good citizenship, is not possible without more information than we have to-day. To subsidize instruction in good citizenship and in civilization will accomplish less at this particular time than to subsidize research for facts registering the efficiency of our present civilization. Large endowments are needed to analyze budgets and to advertise community needs, establish fact centres for every group desiring to make to-morrow better than to-day.

A great service would be rendered if some philanthropist, seeking to crystalize our best analysis of past experience, should offer prizes for the best plan for using endowments of fifty thousand, five hundred thousand, and five million. These prizes should be large enough to entice the most capable students, and numerous enough to interest every city and every state. At least one prize should go to every state, for a plan best fitting local and state needs. Two or three or five general prizes might be given for papers superior in principle, as well as in technique of presentation. When local, state, and national needs are placed under observation and criticism, we shall not be so unprepared to dispose efficiently of large and small endowments as we seem to be at present.

LANDLESS MEN

BY E. S. JOHNSON

Klingel's Patch was bathing, talking, and eating supper. The wooden houses were full of bustle and merriment, and the open windows shared each room's clamor with the street. Men of the night-shift had gone to the shaft an hour ago; they were cutting coal by this time. The day-shift, the foundrymen, the women, and children, sought companionship and the gayety of warm April weather.

Jonas Mauditis, a Lithuanian, farmer by birth and huckster by his American profession, occupied one of the best houses on the street. Supper was late, and Jonas filled the time with discourse. The agent of whom he rented No. 218 had that day levied upon the furniture for arrears of income. It was a familiar situation, but the subject was one of which the head of the house never tired. Ignatz Marovaikas, the boarder, was away at work; Antonina, her mother, and

two grinning, silent lads in mine-black, made a pleasing audience.

"In Russia," Jonas began, "I paid no rent. I had my house and my fifteen acres. But I would not go for a soldier, nor have my sons soldiers; and anyway, there was not rye enough on my farm to make bread for as many as dwelt in my house. Now here I have no rye, but much money. I came to this country to be better off. Do you think I will pay rent so long as I have a nice cart to carry our things in? Is it what I came to this America for? No, no."

"The police were here to-day, — two of them, because it was two months' rent." Mrs. Mauditis cut the cabbage-head in half with one drive of the knife, and smiled blandly. In her placid, leisurely way she was preparing supper.

"Very good," nodded the head of the family. "This is Friday. Five days from Friday is Tuesday, — it gives all the Sunday to look about in, without wasting time from our jobs."

Joszie and Petrukas ran out into the shed.

"Some day," spoke Antonina from behind the ironing-board, "you will get the beds and tables sold."

"Not for five days can they touch one stick or one kettle."

"But every time the police come they make a list," the girl objected.

"Let them." Mauditis slapped his thigh. "In this country, see, they are of no account, harmless as rabbits. I am not afraid to let the police have lists of all my goods, in America. So long as I have Rasa, old gray Rasa with the cut-off tail, and a wagon for him to pull, my goods remain mine. So long as the nights have their darkness, my goods remain mine. Hoh, the police!"

"Something will come of it yet."

Her father surveyed the sleek brown head and flushed face pityingly.

"As soon as I came to this country, *dukteri*, our people told me about the Laws. One has Rights. Each person has them, and it is in everybody's mouth that you can hold them away from other people by means of the law. I put myself, see, to wisdom. And by means of the Laws, it is assured to me that if once my furniture is out of one house, and under another roof, it is wholly mine once more, and *that* debt is paid!"

"So you say," his wife put in. She was a short, stout, easy-going woman, and played the part of on-looker in her own family.

"I do not like it!" cried Antonina, jerking a flatiron vehemently up and down the folds of a sheet. "Do others of our people live this way? No. Besides, Ignatz says it is a bad thing. And Ignatz, see, has lived in America nine years."

"Ignatz does not like? Precious, precious! Marije, how can a woman get supper so slowly? — Well, very simple, too. He knows that I make a sweet profit on his board, better than other boarding-bosses, because I have no rent to pay."

"I went to a ball, and a fellow who was drunk mocked at me, and Ignatz had to lick him because he said you were a 'deh biet.' Now I cannot bear those things."

The pretty flushed face over the ironing-board was wet with angry tears. Antonina was small and well-knit, quick in her movements, gray-eyed, blond, and rosy with the freshness of good health at eighteen.

"Trash!" said Jonas. He smiled complacently. "So long as I own a house and farm in one part of the world, shall I pay rent to some other man to let me live in his? Certainly not. I come here to make money."

"Wages," said Mrs. Mauditis, "are grand in this America."

The cabbage was ready; she thrust it into the fish-kettle on the stove.

"I am not a Jew: he need not think I have nowhere to go, nowhere in the world to stay! Maybe he has never owned a farm in his life, while mine has always belonged to my grandfathers, back and back. Hoh! Should I, Jonas Mauditis, pay my money to a thief like that?"

He dashed out into the shed, where the boys were raising an uproar.

Mrs. Mauditis stood, iron spoon in hand, arms akimbo, and looked long at the girl. Sympathy, or at least concern, was evident in her face.

"He will not let you marry Ignatz," she said finally.

Antonina shook her head; words did not help matters.

"It will be yes and no, yes and no. It will be off and on and off again. Ignatz is a good boarder. But even Ignatz will lose his patience some time. He will give you up some time."

Antonina sobbed.

"He will get him another girl; no man could stand all this moving and chasing."

"Let him!" flashed Jonas's daughter. "I can get me, maybe, another man. They are ten to one girl in this town, among our people. Let him go!"

"Still, Ignatz, you see, is a good fellow. He would make a kind man for you, and he does not drink. Well, well.—But you will lose him. Your father is only teasing him along."

"Let him go when he likes," Antonina repeated, turning away to hide the stinging tears.

"He has been our boarder fourteen months now, and moved six times."

"I never asked him to," the girl murmured. "He came because he chose to, I suppose."

"Well, a man will do much for a girl, when he is mad to be married with her. But not forever. It wears off."

Antonina spread a starched apron and stretched the snowy hem with care before she answered.

"He says he likes to live with us. He says he likes the food; because a peddler's family often have to eat up all the things that were not sold from the cart, and that gives variety."

"He is not comfortable," returned the mother placidly. "He moves six times; how could a man be comfortable —"

Antonina shrugged. "I do not pity him."

"Well, I do. But he likes to talk to you in the afternoons, after he has had his sleep. He likes that. Your father is out selling, and Joszie and Petrukas are never seen around the house, even when they are not working in the mine. Other houses are crowded with babies and children all day long."

A slow smile crept about the corners of the girl's lips; a pink flush mantled to her hair. Those quiet afternoons had left their memories with another than Ignatz.

"It is his own affair where he boards."

"You say that, girl. But when he gets another one, and you hear them read off in church on Sunday for the first time, you will be angry. Men are that way, and girls are that way."

"Then I will hurry and forget." The flatiron ploughed up and down, up and down, with more violence than cunning. Presently the muslin stuck with the starch. Antonina shrugged and smote her bare foot upon the floor impatiently. "We move to another town, maybe?"

"If your father tells me where we go I will tell you, and you can whisper it to your man."

"Not whisper," the girl affirmed.

The older woman looked up sharply; she made as if to speak, then, upon second thought, was silent. Family discipline as practiced by the matrons of her world had always seemed beyond her gifts; and it did not now occur to her to undertake her daughter's struggle against destiny.

The next morning was Saturday. Jonas was off with his cart and his old horse Rasa before daylight. Ignatz Marovaikas came home at six, breakfasted, washed, and went to his own room. As by common consent, mother and daughter said nothing about moving.

Saturday passed, and Sunday. Antonina was alone in the house on Sunday evening when Ignatz came in from a stroll. Life looked rather long and dreary to her just then. She had cried a little, and her lashes were still tear-wet. Marovaikas, pleasantly tired after a day of idleness, noticed nothing unusual. He

loafed about in the warm lamplight, hands in pockets, talking commonplaces.

"I cut myself to-day when I shaved," he remarked. He took the bracket lamp from its hoop, and held it low to study his face the more carefully in the square mirror against the cupboard door. "Um, — Well, not so bad as I thought. Still, it shows, see. On Wednesday I will get a good mirror for my room, and nail it up between the windows where there is light."

Ignatz was a good-looking fellow, though undersized. Moreover, his best clothes were made to measure by an Irish tailor on Main Street.

"You will?" the girl repeated. A sob unaccountably came after.

The room was dim, so that Antonina looked pretty when she wept. Ignatz made haste to offer the primal comfort, a wire-hard shoulder to cry upon.

Commonly, Jonas's daughter repulsed such civilities; but to-night she leaned upon him, yielding, clinging with tender fingers, sobbing with a quick little catch of the breath. Antonina was eighteen, good to look at, wholesome to the touch. Dreams that had lain half dreamed in Ignatz's brain woke, and began to stir and dominate his thoughts.

"I supposed, a year ago, that we —"

Antonina listened motionless, breath-holden.

"— that we would be married before this Easter."

The girl sighed.

"And Easter is three weeks gone, now."

It was too true; Antonina could not dispute it.

"Instead of marriage, I — well, I keep finding out where you move to."

"But you know how my father is!" she cried. "He is terrible to persuade: he will not see reason unless he wants to."

"*Run away,*" said Ignatz. His voice sounded hoarse and distant to his own ears.

"But still I remember that he *is* my father."

"Forget to remember, then."

Yet Jonas's daughter, while clinging to her lover with more vehement affection than ever before, was still true to the old-world notion of a father's rights. To break with Ignatz utterly would break her heart. To leave Ignatz behind without a word, when the midnight flitting should take place, was almost as bad. Nevertheless, Antonina committed herself to nothing. Jonas remained lord paramount in his household, and his word gave the family law.

Monday passed at the Mauditis house without event. Jonas came home at half-past six, singing to old Rasa in his glee over an uncommonly good day's business. Silver jingled in the peddler's pockets as he bent to untie the flap of the tent which served as a stable. He led the old gray carefully up on the raised flooring and removed the harness. Jonas was fond of animals. He scratched the rough head and slapped the scrawny neck, humming a song.

"You 'ungree, 'oss?" he inquired in English. "Much eat, I guess, to-night. To-day much work. Aw-right. I give you lots, because tired, maybe. Very damn ol' you be, Dew'rop. Hoh!"

From a padlocked chest in the yard Jonas produced oats and an armful of hay. The old horse ate, neck stretched, knees bent awkwardly. His master brought a pailful of water and spoke in the Lithuanian language while he waited.

"There are five house-bosses in this town, — only five, see! I have fooled them all; one I have fooled twice. Ninety-four dollars saved on four men!"

Dewdrop munched.

"But there comes an end. Six times the five house-bosses prepare to sell my beds and chairs, and we fooled them, you and I. I hired a good house each time by signing a mark on a paper. But now that we have used up all the house-bosses, what are we to do?"

Dewdrop blew a great breath in the oat-box.

"Hoh! You will learn my language yet, you English horse! Well, I tell you.

We went about all day Sunday till we found a house that was bossed by the owner. We move ourselves. The name of the town is a secret for the present. Naturally, you will have to work to-night. I hope you are not very tired?"

The peddler tramped into the house. His family sat about, waiting for orders. Ignatz, of course, was at work.

"I have a house, a very nice house," Jonas announced, beaming. "Twelve dollars a month, and the water in the kitchen this time."

"Where?" inquired Joszie.

"Five miles only. It is very convenient for the streets where I make my trade."

"New jobs?" suggested Petrukas, cheerfully.

"For you boys, yes. Work for boys is easy to come at."

"*Noru*" (I like), said Joszie.

"*Gerai*," Petrukas assented. The brothers relapsed into their grinning silence.

"We leave Ignatz behind, this time. He has a good chamber now in his mine. It would be bad business to give it up. And our new place would be seven miles from his work. Too far, that. We can get another boarder easily."

"How many rooms? Is there a —"

"Just like a woman! Oh, dear, dear, dear, hear her! Why fuss about it? — And you, girl."

"There comes to me nothing to say," responded Antonina, quite literally.

"Aha! You mourn, that is all. Well, that was a wonderful piece of trading I did about that house. I signed the paper and paid one dollar, but first I talked that priest down, down, from sixteen dollars a month. Anybody can fool a German, — pah! But come, come! Supper first. Then we pack up. Then we place our things in the wagon. Then we move. Haste, hard work, industry, — that's life! Give me some coffee. Yes. Spry, now, all of you!"

On Tuesday morning, Ignatz came home at five o'clock to a house deserted, fireless. The door-key dangled by a string from the knob; the door stood ajar. The spring dusk showed the kitchen empty. The table was gone, and the chairs and holy pictures. The chimney-hole grinned blackly, and a little dust of soot upon the floor showed where the pipe had come away.

A crumpled newspaper lay in one corner. Ignatz tore strips from it, rolled them into tapers, and mechanically reached to the clock shelf for the match-box. It was not there, but three matches laid carefully end to end met his fingers.

The man sighed. He was tired, and Antonina was a good girl and did not forget. If he could settle her in a home of his own, and dwell in fixity for more than a month, how gentle life would be! He lighted one of the paper strips and looked about him till he found the candle end. Antonina always left a light for him in these movings; it had happened before.

By the winking flame, the miner searched the four rooms and the shed. Usually there were signs and messages concerning things Jonas wanted done, business transactions, and the like.

To-day, an empty milk bottle, three tickets, and six cents, were upon the kitchen window ledge. That meant the payment of arrears to the milkman; for Jonas was honest, in his way.

Upstairs, Ignatz found his clothing undisturbed. In the pocket of his Sunday coat jingled some silver, — a dollar and eighty-five cents. The boarder counted it twice before its import dawned upon him. Jonas was going farther afield than usual, and did not expect to carry his lodger with him; hence the credit balance was to be refunded. A scrap of paper dangling from his waistcoat button supplemented the message: it bore the name Dolgorski, and the Dolgorskis lived four doors down the alley.

Tub there was none, nor soap, nor hot water. Ignatz removed his sooty shirt and scrubbed off at the hydrant in the yard, shivering in the April chill. Thrifty housewives were astir in neighboring back yards, and Mrs. Szaltas amiably offered a snowy towel over the line fence.

Mrs. Szaltas also leaned upon the chicken coop, asked questions, and offered sympathy, while Ignatz mopped head and torso.

"They left me four times already, just like this," the homeless one concluded; "and twice, other times, they told me where to come after them. Sometimes two months in one house, sometimes three. Then I go board in some other place again till I find them. Then I go back. Then once more they skip with the furniture by night. And it is all to do over. I have been in seven houses with them in one year."

"God, how much work it makes, to clean seven new houses a year!" breathed Mrs. Szaltas, awe-stricken.

"They always pick out good houses," sighed the abandoned member of the family. "But I, myself, would rather have a cheaper house, and pay, and stop going. They do not feel it so; they put the money in the bank, and are full of strength, and change, change. Nothing can stop them. I suppose I shall have a great fuss to find them, too."

"Let them go," advised the matron practically. "Stay at any house you like. Why should you chase after them?"

"She is my girl." Ignatz smiled and shook his head. "She can write, but she will not. She says if I do not find her it is all the same; she will get another man, and I can get me another girl. But I do not choose to be forgotten."

"God, God, what an idea!" The brown face of the older woman wrinkled with sly laughter. "What a witch!"

Ignatz shrugged.

"She leads you by the whiskers, does n't she? Oh, these girls in America!"

Ignatz caressed his upper lip. "Right. But my time will come. And when it comes, then I command and she listens. She is a good little one, that of mine. She says she is worth some trouble to a man, and myself I think so."

"I wash to-day," said the matron, extending a thick arm for the towel. "Go and get some clothes on your chest; it is cold in the dew. I will give you a breakfast, but you can't board with me because my house is full already. Dolgorskis, though, have a place for one man."

Marovaikas went in and dressed himself in clean clothing. There were no beds left, and he had done a laborer's work besides his own the past night. He threw himself upon the clean boards of his bedroom and slept till noon.

For the rest of the week, Ignatz lived at the Dolgorski house. He was as cheerful as ever, and laughed with the neighborhood over his predicament. None the less, an upright furrow deepened between his brows, as noon by noon he clad himself in second-best, and went out to walk the streets.

For a long time he had no clue. Marovaikas reckoned the chances wearily, and summed up twenty towns and "patches" within easy driving distance of the peddler's customers. It was a long quest. The country was so thickly settled, the "patches" took so little account of one family more or less, that Jonas Mauditis might move and move again before one could overtake him.

In one particular only did the young man systematize his search. The twenty towns had among them eight Lithuanian churches. Ignatz himself went to church on Christmas and Easter, or occasionally between times. But with the Christian certainty that Antonina never missed mass, the young man began to address himself to weekly religion in good earnest.

What with eight-o'clock mass, ten-o'clock mass, Benediction at half past three, Ignatz spent four hours of his first Sunday actually inside the doors of a church, and time unmeasured in traveling twice to Slaterville and back. Of course he had chosen the wrong town. Evening found him cross and resolute. It was a dreadful bore for a worldling; but sooner or later he would find Antonina by her infernal habit of church-going.

On the sixth Sunday, and with the sixth church, the abandoned lover expe-

rienced a distinct loss of courage. The weary hour between first and second mass must be yawned through on the steps of a closed store, among strangers, with the emptiness of a strange street in a strange town drawn out east and west before him. Ignatz had come home from the mine at two o'clock that morning, and Mrs. Dolgorski had called him at six in order that he might get an early train. Perching there upon the sill of Miliauckas's Shoe Parlors, his trouser legs drawn prudently upward to save the creases at the knees, the young man questioned whether girls were worth while.

Then—the world changed. Antonina Mauditis, with Joszie and Petrukas half a step behind her, turned into the long street. She was pale and a little worn. She carried a prayer-book, and beads that were wound into a ball inside her handkerchief; she was going to second mass.

The night-shift does not work on Sunday evenings, and by ten o'clock Marovaikas had moved for the eighth time, and established himself and his trunk in the latest Mauditis domicile. The family were unfeignedly glad to see him. Antonina bloomed and dimpled ravishingly, though her welcome was of an extreme reserve. Life settled comfortably into its old groove.

Sixteen days later, Ignatz walked up the hill from the trolley line in the dewy coolness of a June morning to find confusion and dismay on Rock Street. Some old mine workings, long since abandoned, had begun to cave during the night, and had disturbed the surface in places. The German priest's property was affected; a small funnel-shaped cave-hole had appeared in the gravel behind the kitchen shed, and a four-inch crevice cleft a corner of the yard.

The house itself was undamaged; it was no more endangered than at any time since it was built. Nevertheless, Jonas Mauditis and his wife had taken the castrophe very seriously. Their furniture was marshaled in the dooryard. Mrs. Mauditis, with bitter tears and imprecations, was packing a trunkful of clothes. Jonas strode up and down the path to the gate, calling his neighbors to witness the danger in which he stood, and firmly avowing his intention to leave without paying the German priest any rent.

Ignatz shouldered his way through between spectators and bedsteads, and went into the kitchen. Antonina was there, beside the fireless stove. Forgetful of his sooty clothes, she sprang to meet him, and clung sobbing.

"I would not go away, not till you came! I told them I would not. I kept the stove hot as long as there was any wood left, and they could not load it. They did n't know why it stayed hot so long. Oh, Ignatz, Ignatz, at least you are here. You can move with us this time, can't you?"

"A cave is nothing," Marovaikas assured her. "Lots of people do not mind a cave. There is no danger, if you put the fire out so the house will not catch."

"Oh, but I am so tired, so tired! And I am afraid to stay."

"Maybe it will never cave again. And if it begins, pretty one, there is lots of time. If you worked in the mines you would know that a cave on the surface is just nothing. It can't kill you."

"But my father is frightened! Even he, see. He says he will move all the time rather than fall through the ground. He will move to —"

The front door of the house opened rudely. Heavy footsteps, and breathing, like that of men who carry loads, sounded through the hall. Two policemen of the city force tramped in, bearing the kitchen table. A man in brown clothes with a constable's shield on his waistcoat thrust a patent rocking-chair into the corner. A stout man in Roman collar and clerical black stood in the hall and rumbled orders to three Germans, brawny fellows, who passed dismembered bedsteads in at second-story windows.

"What's de matter?" Ignatz inquired of the bluecoat, in his best English.

The intonation was frankly Irish-American, and the girl was pretty; the officer replied with more civility than he usually accorded to "for'ners," —

"You dares n't move to-day, that's all. Father Rinkstein says you dares n't."

"I ain't anxious to," Marovaikas responded, grinning wickedly, with a flash of white teeth sharp against the blackness of his face. He tightened an arm aggressively about Antonina's waist. "I'm fixed pretty good for the day, I guess."

The officer guessed so. Antonina blushed exceedingly, but made no effort to go free. The constable retreated. The other policeman spoke haltingly: —

"It's the rent."

"Well, I ain't the man that owes it. You want to see *him* about it. Youse get outer here, please: I want to talk to this here lady."

The intruders withdrew. While they were busied in other parts of the house, the boarder opened his great subject.

"This is once too many, Antonina. See, I want to get married."

"I am only eighteen now," she sighed. "Wait three years. Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

"But I am not willing to wait," Ignatz pronounced. "And as for moving to another house, I said before and I say now that this was the last time. Here we stay. Here we have the wedding. Or I go to British Columbia and end the affair."

"I should be sorry," Antonina admitted, studying the floor.

"There is no reason why your father should not listen to me. Only he has made up his mind that he can keep me always by means of you. And that has come to an end."

"We treat you badly, Ignatz."

"Yes. So now it has got to stop."

"You mean — Oh, but I wish there were no laws in this country. Without a license the priest cannot marry us, and you know *he* went to the government long ago, and told them not to give us that paper because I was too young. You know how it was when we tried, Ignatz; I remember. They laughed so, all those men. Oh, the wretched day! So how can I do anything but wait to grow older?"

"It can be done if you will show courage, though. Not without."

"To run away? But no priest will marry you without a letter from your own priest."

Ignatz laughed. "So! Were you finding out, eh? You asked, maybe?"

"The priest told me so, my last confession, without asking. I guess my father had been after him too, for it was a dreadful scolding!"

"Jonas is a fox," the suitor admitted, shaking his head in grudging admiration. "All law, law; since he came to America he is always hunting after some law or other, and making it serve him."

A few great tears gathered and rolled down Antonina's cheeks. Ignatz threw an arm across her shoulders and kissed her.

"The mayor marries people. So does a squire," he said persuasively.

Jonas's daughter drew back with a jerk.

"There! There!" she cried. "What marriage is that? A deadly sin. You are no good Catholic, Ignatz Marovaikas, to dare think of such wickedness."

"Well, no," the wooer agreed. "Maybe I am not, though I have been to church a good deal lately. What I want is to be married; and if the priest won't earn his pay by doing it for me, I look around for a man who will. Very reasonable."

"No, no, no!" cried the girl vehemently, and smote away his hands.

The man laughed, then sighed.

"Very well," he assented. "It will be a waste of money, a very wicked waste of money. There is one other way. I can afford it if I have to. I have been expecting this trouble. I have been finding out what I could do for a whole week. Listen, you."

And then, with whispers and due caution, and many glances backward at the

open windows of the house, Ignatz discoursed high treason, law, and strategy to Jonas Mauditis's daughter. Their plan was made.

The koszes stood hot and waiting upon the fire that evening when Jonas came home, at seven o'clock. He fed Dewdrop, then bustled into the house, all confidence and self-gratulation.

"Precious, precious! A priest is not harder to fool in business than any other man, for all the robes look so fine, and send the cold chills down your back when you see him sailing about in them in the altar Sundays. God, a priest's only a common man when it comes to money questions. If anything, I say he is easier to cheat than wicked people because he supposes we all respect him too much to dare try it. But I'm a match for him, I, Jonas!"

"The police were here again this afternoon," Mrs. Mauditis contributed.

"They wrote down everything in the house, even the frying-pans and the cups," piped Joszie, removing a black rye-crust from his mouth to speak. "They never did that before. Maybe these police are smarter than any of those others."

"They looked smarter," Antonina added, a curious glint in her usually mild eyes.

But Jonas was above all warnings. He waved aside all doubts.

"Let us eat and have done with it," he said. "I have found another house, not so very far off. It is better than this, too, and not caving into the mines. Eat a good supper; then we will take out the fire a second time and let the stove cool, and begin to pack."

A step sounded in the shed. The door opened, and Ignatz came in. Jonas looked at him with cunning amusement.

"Hoh! You have no job to-night, boy? Why are you not at work?"

"I am not lazy, Jonas. You will find that I can do plenty, if it is necessary."

"God, he is not going to be left behind, cat-fashion, another time! The boy is smart, a keen fellow! Your health could not stand another spell of church-going, Ignatz. It would be terribly hard on you. Hoh, Ignatz chasing to three masses on Sunday, the pirate!"

"Sit down and eat with us," spoke Jonas's daughter, eyes downcast.

"I ate what was in my can. I am not hungry."

"Well, I am," bubbled Jonas, all eagerness. "I have a right to be, too. I have saved two months' rent on the priest, and all the kindling-wood that lay in the shed into the bargain. I'm glad to move, now that the place is falling into the mines. Good, holy man, Christ save him! I'll teach him how to be a house-boss. I'll move every match and button out of the place before daylight, see."

"Do you think so?" questioned Ignatz composedly.

"Nothing will happen. I know the laws. He will not come here and sit and watch the things from now till selling time. Maybe, if he was a sharp man, he might guess the plan I have made, and watch, and have me sent to jail for cheating. But no. He sleeps on the deepest feather tick in town. No danger."

The meal drew on, Mauditis himself talking continuously. Ignatz sat in the rocking-chair by the window. The women's conversation turned forebodingly upon soap powders and insecticides.

"Jonas, why don't you let me get married on your girl, there?" demanded the boarder suddenly, in English.

Mauditis stopped in mid-flow; his mouth fell open.

"I want her. She wants me. Now I want to fix it up in a hurry."

"Yes," said Mrs. Mauditis. "Better talk our language, though."

"She is young, young. Three or four years yet."

"I won't wait."

"Neither will I!" cried Antonina.

"Mother of God! Does a girl talk that way to me when I have given her

her living free all these years? Is n't it time she worked and earned me some money? Well, well! God, she is impudent to her old father!"

"Forty-six years old last Christmas," supplemented his wife.

"That is all talk," Ignatz told him squarely.

"No such thing. No, no! I need her this moment. Antonina, wash these dishes. Then carry the chairs out to my wagon. You hear? Be spry. I will move out of here before midnight."

"Not move!"

"Yes, I say!"

"You will not move. Alone, you can go if you choose. The things you brought here are held for two months' rent, twenty-three dollars; you paid one dollar at the beginning."

Jonas sputtered. "Me? Me not go? Why? Who will stop me? Hoh!"

"The house-boss will stop you," said Marovaikas very quietly. He got to his feet, and stood ready. Jonas was a heavier man than he.

"The priest? Oh, *that* is the game, is it, my little spy, my dirt-sucking Russian Jew? You 'll help the smart police, will you, and save the priest his money, so as to get him on your side? Very pretty! Dear, dear!"

"It needs no police. I am not an informer. And you know if you are looking at me that I am a good enough fighter to lick you, single!"

Combat was the very elixir of life to Jonas. He came up heavily, eyes wild, arm unready from surprise at the turn affairs had taken, breath all devoted to stupendous oaths in mixed languages.

No sooner was he afoot than his prospective son-in-law felled him with a crashing blow on the mouth. Mauditis fell backwards, and struggled with his chair-legs, so that a few seconds elapsed before he was ready to continue the struggle.

The odds, curiously enough, had lengthened during those few seconds. Jonas apprehended the change in a glance. Ignatz was armed with a mining-needle, a rapier-like rod of steel set in a wooden handle; moreover, he meant to use the tool. And behind, standing eight feet distant, with a short, shiny revolver leveled full at him, menaced his daughter, Antonina.

"I shoot you if you hit my fellow!" quavered the girl's voice in English.

"Heh?"

"Don't you hit him!"

Mauditis returned to the attack vocally, but his feet and hands unaccountably failed to assist his effort.

"Be careful, girl," warned Ignatz. "Your hand shakes; if you shoot, try to shoot low and take him in the knees. Otherwise you might kill him."

"Then you would be hung!" Jonas added briskly. "That is the law in this country, and it will happen to you. *I* know!"

"Come on, Jonas. Fight if you are going to."

"What was it about?" parried the huckster cannily, his glance on the mining-needle.

"Do not quarrel about a house-boss," put in Mrs. Mauditis. "We don't know him."

"Yes we do!" cried Antonina.

"I tell you I *will* move, too!" shouted Mauditis, getting his grievance again in a rush. "I *will* pack in an hour! I *will* pack in a minute! And I will put you, tied, in the bottom of the first load, you cat-spawn!"

"You will not!"

To it they flew again, fighting savagely. At the end of a minute the elder man was down, bruised and bloody, beaten, while the conqueror sat on his neck and rubbed his chin on the flooring.

"Listen," panted Ignatz. "You will not move the things away till the house-boss gets his rent. See, I am your house-boss now! I bought the house off the priest, debts and all."

"True! It is true! I saw the paper!" shrilled Antonina, bending over the disordered supper-table.

"I have — the — papers," Ignatz repeated, rhythmically enforcing his words. "I bought — this house — with my — money. Pay me — the rent. Pay —"

"How much?" cried the peddler, cruelly overwhelmed all at once. "How much did you give for it? This lot is caving into the mines."

"It was very cheap," Ignatz returned. "He was in a hurry to sell. I beat him down, too."

A hollow groan was all Jonas could utter.

"I can move the house. Or I can go to law against the coal company for damages."

"God!" screamed the victim. "I might have done it myself! I could have made much money. And I never thought of it, because I already possess one house of my own, back in the old country! Ah, a fool can make more money than a sensible man can save in a lifetime!"

"Will you — say you will — pay me?" inquired the new house-boss. The mining-needle fell with emphasis across Jonas's legs between words.

"The debt, yes. But I can never do it again. Twelve dollars a month, Ignatz, is an awful price, a cannibal's price. I will pay up, and move away, and you can rent the house to some one else."

"You will — not. You have — to stay. One year. You signed — the — lease. You stay — and you — pay. Yes, you — do. It is — the law. You — know what — law is — in America."

"Let me get up! Oh, Ignatz, my good boy, come to your senses and let me get to the doctor, quick!"

"One other thing, first."

"Yes, yes. Quickly."

"You let your girl get married on me. Hoh? You will?"

"You are the man I should pick for her. The very man!" Jonas swore devoutly.

"Right. So it is settled?"

"Settled," cried the father.

"And the wedding will be this month, eh?"

"Settled also."

"Very good! You improve, Jonas. Now here is a fine offer for you: you live in my twelve-dollar-a-month house, and pay me no rent: I marry your girl and live in my house and pay you no board any longer. How is that?"

"Very good. Yes, Ignatz. Does that mean the two months' rent also? Or not?"

"No, that is separate. You consent?"

"Yes, I consent. Oh, my bones are sore! Marry her as soon as you like, boy. You will have a pretty wife, too. Oh, make her put down that pistol, can't you, son-in-law? Women with guns are so uncertain, — dear, dear! Yes, that's better. Oh, my poor bones, my old bones! Poor Rasa will live beyond his master, I should n't wonder."

Careless of possible reprisals, the successful wooer dropped his mining-needle. He strode over to the girl's side, put an arm around her, and gently took the pistol from her cold fingers.

"It is all right," he observed, smiling down at her. "The moving has stopped; we will live in one house now and have peace. If there is anything moved at all now, it will be the whole house on rollers, and very likely that will not happen. Kiss me, Antonina. Your father says that he will let you take me, and you can be married by the priest, after all."

But Antonina, blushing, brought out her little confession.

"I know. Still, I was going to tell you, — If he licked you — the alderman — would do about as well."

HYMN OF THE DESERT

BY M'CREADY SYKES

I

Long have I waited their coming, the Men of the far-lying Mist-Hills
Gathered about their fires and under the kindly rains.
Not to the blazing sweep of thy Desert, oh Lord, have they turned them;
Evermore back to the Mist-Hills, back to the rain-kissed plains.

Long through the ages I waited the children of men, but they came not:
Only God's silent centuries holding their watch sublime.
Gaunt and wrinkled and gray was the withering face of thy Desert:
All in thine own good time; O Lord, in thine own good time.

II

Lo! thou hast spoken the word, and thy children come bringing the waters
Loosed from their mountain keep in the thrall of each sentinel hill.
Lord, thou hast made me young and fair at thine own waters' healing,
Pleasing and fair to mankind in the flood of thy bountiful will.

Wherefore in joy now thy children come, flying exultant and eager;
Now is thine ancient Earth remade by thy powerful word.
Lord, unto thee be the glory! Thine is the bloom of the Desert.
Hasten, oh Men of the Mist-Hills! Welcome, ye Sons of the Lord!

THE YEAR IN MEXICO

BY FREDERIC R. GUERNSEY

In 1906, as during recent years in Mexico, all conditions, political and economic, favored the growth of the new middle class upon whom so directly depends the future welfare of the country. Indeed, the rise to a position of influence in public affairs of this new class must be a guarantee of peace and order to foreign investors, who cannot but be benefited by the existence of a fairly prosperous and comfortable, and always growing, section of the community, placed above the poorer social strata, and just below the lords of the soil and the great native capitalists. It is with much interest that public men in Mexico regard the emergence of this intermediate social group, destined to exert a powerfully conservative influence upon the politics of the nation.

This slowly evolving middle class has been benefited not only by the political tranquillity, the "long peace," which has prevailed since General Porfirio Diaz came into power, more than thirty years ago, but, during the past two years, by the stabilizing of the currency under the operation of the new monetary system, which has given steadiness to prices and

certainty to calculations, and thus favored the modest householder in preparing his budget, as well as the great capitalist in promoting undertakings which afford new avenues of employment to capable and ambitious young men.

All is changing in Mexico by reason of the progressiveness of the national administration,— a remarkable example of patriotic paternalism,—and also because of the presence of men of various nationalities who have introduced new methods in mining, manufacturing, tropical cultures, transportation, etc. The contagion of these examples of enterprise has begun to affect even the great landed proprietors, formerly for the most part types of an ultra-conservatism, who now take a broader view of their lives and opportunities, and do not remain haughtily apart from the general business movement.

The telegraph, the telephone, and the railway, now penetrating so many once remote corners of the land, make it possible for the owner of huge estates to reside practically the year through at the state capitals or the City of Mexico. Thus has come about a somewhat intimate contact of the great territorial lords with the modern life of the cities. No longer looking on land as the one thing worthy of a gentleman's heed, the modern *hacendado* becomes a director in a bank, or sits on the board of direction of an industrial company. He also comes into relations with the clever lawyers of the cities, with noted engineers, financiers, and other people of the modern sort, who are accomplishing much in twentieth-century Mexico.

The ownership of land will long be the ambition of all classes of Mexicans, from the *ranchero* to the well-to-do urban resident. Men of the new middle class, when they have acquired capital, often buy estates in the country. Thus they often come into touch with the old landed families, and the result is beneficial to the nation through the more general mingling of classes, of the new with the old. From the "arrived" middle-class man of intelligence and enterprise, perhaps also of technical knowledge, the descendant of a long line of lords of the soil acquires information, comes to see that money can be invested in other ways than in mortgages and usurious loans, and learns that modern industrial undertakings have their special fascinations.

These matters have a direct bearing on the near political future of Mexico, for never before in the history of the republic have there been so many men interested in the conservation of public order. The new middle-class people have their "stake in the country," and the great landed proprietors have capital invested in undertakings which, ten or fifteen years ago, would have been regarded as out of the scope of a *hacendado's* legitimate activities.

The stability of Mexican institutions, the continued peaceful progress of the nation, are bound up with the new economic conditions and the broadening ideas of the wealthy landowners, as also with the easily understood desire of the middle-class people that there be no violent and ruinous changes.

So it is apparent that the Mexico of today must be considered in another light than the Mexico of the turbulent past. There are more elements that make for peace, a broader basis for a higher national edifice, room for more varied activities, a path open to talent, and the beginnings of thrift, which is a conservative force in all lands.

On Saturday, February 3, 1906, President Diaz, accompanied by Vice-President Corral, other officials of the government, and members of the diplomatic corps, as well as by Mrs. Diaz and a party of ladies, departed from the capital for Veracruz, en route to Yucatan, there to visit the recently reëlected governor, Lic. Olegario Molina. Important public edifices had just been completed at Merida, the capital of the State of Yucatan, and it was formally to inaugurate them that President Diaz was invited to visit

the Peninsula. As there is as yet no all-rail communication between Mexico City and Yucatan, President Diaz at Veracruz went aboard the national man-of-war Bravo. Most of the other guests sailed in the Fürst Bismarck of the Hamburg-Amerika Line. The stay of President Diaz in Yucatan was the occasion for a brilliant round of festivities, and elicited a grand demonstration of goodwill towards him, and of loyalty to the Mexican Union.

In by-gone times the people of Yucatan, owing in part to their isolation from the rest of the country, and in part to their economic independence,—due to the extensive and profitable commerce which their large output of henequen or sisal hemp has always enabled them to conduct with foreign parts,—were rather lukewarm in their devotion to the Mexican nationality, and at one time developed strong separatist tendencies. Again, at the time of the French intervention the Yucatecos were pronouncedly imperialistic.

These facts being borne in mind, the enthusiastic reception of President Diaz in Yucatan, and the outburst of patriotism which it elicited, take on added significance. It is not the least of the glories of his administration that his efficiency and popularity have effaced all regional lines, and knit all classes and sections of the Mexican people in a common effort for the advancement of the grand ideals of national solidarity.

The President returned to the capital on Sunday, February 11.

On March 21, 1906, Mexico celebrated the centenary of the birth of Benito Juarez, the champion of the Liberal party in its chronic struggle with the Church. Juarez was born on March 21, 1806, in the little village of San Pablo Guelatao, in the state of Oaxaca. His parents, who were full-blooded Zapoteca Indians, died while he was very young, and he was left to the care of an uncle who employed him to tend a flock of sheep. One day the shepherd lad, who was much given to self-communing, neglected and lost his flock, and fearing chastisement at the hands of his uncle, fled to the city of Oaxaca. At that time he was almost twelve, but did not speak a word of Spanish or of any other tongue than his native Zapoteca. Young Juarez at the city of Oaxaca was befriended by a Franciscan friar, and to priests he owed his first education. But in the mind of Juarez an evolution was in progress, leading him away from sacerdotal influences, and preparing him for the task of dislodging the Church from the historical position which it had held in Mexico.

The fame of Juarez has been rudely attacked in recent times in Mexico, not so much by the clerical party, which naturally is unalterably opposed to the principles which he incarnated, as by publicists of the Liberal school. But if Juarez had done nothing else than frame the law of 1855, which abolished the odious *fueros*, or immunities and privileges of the military and ecclesiastical classes, he would still have rendered an incalculable service to his country. This law he framed as Minister of Justice in the cabinet of General Juan Alvarez, and it is necessary to know the almost unbounded power and prestige which the Church and the army enjoyed in Mexico at that time to do adequate justice to the intellectual independence and moral courage of the statesman who first took effective measures to limit the extraordinary privileges of those institutions.

The other legislation against the Church with which the name of Juarez is identified, will continue to be discussed, as will also his conduct of national affairs during the French intervention and the ephemeral empire of Maximilian, not excluding his unrelenting attitude to that ill-advised and unfortunate prince. But certainly no one can deny to Juarez the praise of patriotic intentions, and of inflexible firmness and perseverance in the attainment of any object which he had set before himself. Maximilian himself paid a tribute to these latter qualities of

Juarez, in the last communication which he addressed to him, on the morning of his execution.

It has been said that the name of Juarez is identified with other legislation against the Church besides the abolition of the *fueros*. But though Juarez is generally credited with the paternity of the laws generically known as the Reform Laws, and although he undoubtedly was the life and soul of the secularizing movement of his day, it is worthy of note that he had no formal participation in the chief measures aimed against the Church, other than that already mentioned. He was not a signatory of the Constitution of 1857, which first attacked the existence of the religious orders; the law for the confiscation of church property was framed by Miguel Lerdo de Tejada, the Finance Minister of President Comonfort (1856); and the constitutional amendments which definitely established the separation of Church and State, instituted civil marriage, placed monastic communities outside the pale of the law, and forbade open-air religious services, were not enacted until 1873 and 1874, after the death of Juarez, and during the presidency of Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada.

March 21, 1906, was, by a decree of Congress, observed as a general holiday in Mexico. Pilgrimages to the tomb of Juarez took place in the morning; commemorative tablets were unveiled in the afternoon, and at night General Diaz, surrounded by his cabinet, presided in the Arbeu Theatre at an apotheosis of Juarez, during which the career and character of the reforming president were extolled in an eloquent oration by Hon. Justo Sierra, Minister of Public Instruction. On the stage with the President during these exercises were the son and other surviving descendants of Juarez, who are numerous.

Curiously enough, a question involving the interpretation of the Reform Laws arose soon after the celebration of the Juarez centenary. The ministers of all denominations in Mexico had been accustomed to conduct a service at the graveside in connection with the burial of the dead. It was generally held that this practice did not conflict with Article 5 of the Law of December 14, 1874, forbidding all forms of religious service other than those held inside the churches. But in May, 1906, the Interior Department issued a circular declaring open-air burial services conducted in the cemeteries to be illegal. This ruling has led to the erection of mortuary chapels in the cemeteries which previously were unprovided with them, and the burial services are held inside these chapels.

While this episode shows that there is no intention on the part of the governmental authorities of Mexico to relax one iota of the laws which curtailed the power of the Church, it is worthy of note that there is no serious religious conflict in Mexico at the present time; and, under laws which are probably as restrictive as those recently enacted in France, which have so agitated that country, Church and State in the Mexican Republic move smoothly in their separate orbits, with conciliatory, if not cordial, sentiments towards each other.

Some irresponsible persons started the rumor that an anti-foreign sentiment had taken hold of the masses in Mexico, particularly the working class, and that overt acts of violence against foreign residents were being planned for the national holiday on September 16. Unfortunately various circumstances concurred to give color to this baseless rumor. On June 1 last, somewhat serious riots, growing out of a strike on the part of Mexican laborers, occurred at the property of the Greene Consolidated Copper Company at Cananea, in the State of Sonora, just across the boundary from Arizona. During these riots both Mexicans and Americans were killed, and the authorities of the State of Sonora had to act with great vigor and promptitude in order to quell the disturbance. But there was no anti-foreign or anti-American motive in the Cananea occurrences. It was a strike

degenerating into a riot, and it happened that the employers of the discontented labor were Americans.

During the course of the year there were numerous evidences of a sense of growing power on the part of the working class in Mexico, who have become more and more numerous as a consequence of the industrial development of the country, and who, reading in the penny papers of the power of organized labor in other lands, have been stimulated to get together for the defense of their common interests. Never before in the history of Mexico have there been so many strikes as at the present time, some of them incipient, others overt and protracted; some pacific, and others turbulent. On more than one occasion President Diaz, owing to his personal prestige and the confidence felt in his fairness by employers and employed, has by their common consent been selected as arbiter of their disputes, and has adjusted them in a manner eminently satisfactory to both sides.

It must be observed that a great many, though by no means all, the employers of mechanical labor in Mexico, are foreigners, and, therefore, it was easy for ill-intentioned persons to represent the new movement of Mexican labor as prompted by a spirit of xenophobia. But in reality it is nothing but a token of changing social and economical conditions.

It is needless to add that the celebration of the national holiday on September 16 passed off quietly and harmoniously, the foreign colonies as usual taking a hearty part in the rejoicings.

President Diaz has also played the part of a peacemaker on an international scale. His prestige in the other Latin-American republics is very great, and when, during the course of the summer, war broke out between some of the Central-American republics, and notably between those traditional enemies, Guatemala and Salvador, Presidents Roosevelt and Diaz coöperated in the restoration of peace, the chief share in that happy result belonging to the Executive of Mexico, as Mr. Roosevelt himself has made a point of acknowledging. On the other hand, during the revolutionary troubles in Guatemala the Mexican government acted with exemplary propriety, preventing the use of its territory as a base for the operations of the disaffected, and detaining General Barillas, the Guatemalan revolutionary leader, as he was about to penetrate into Guatemala from Mexico with a band of his followers.

The correctness of Mexico's attitude at this conjuncture was the more creditable, in that the Cabrera régime is not popular in Mexico, and that, whereas in the past Mexico has sometimes had occasion to complain of unfriendly acts on the part of the Guatemalan authorities, General Barillas proclaimed as one of the salient features of his policy, in the event of the success of his movement, the cultivation of intimate and cordial relations with Mexico. The Mexican government however, was not to be thus enticed into an attitude of disregard for its international obligations.

Last year was Mexico's first full year under the new monetary régime, established by law of March 25, 1905. On the first day of January of the past year a party of bankers and business men, at the invitation of Finance Minister Limantour and Mr. Pablo Macedo, chairman of the Exchange and Currency Commission, met at the National Bank of Mexico to listen to statements from those gentlemen as to the working of the new currency system, and to inspect the gold which, beginning on November 10, 1905, had accumulated in the vaults of the Commission and the Bank to the amount of about $13,500,000. In making his annual budget statement to Congress, on December 14, 1906, Minister Limantour was able to give a more extended review of the effects of the monetary reform. He showed that Mexican gold coins of $5 and $10 had been struck under the new currency system, up to November 30 last,

to a total amount of $51,606,500. Of these coins, $30,000,000 were minted at Philadelphia, by the courtesy of the American government, and the remainder at the Mexico City mint. In addition, subsidiary silver coins, largely derived from remintage of the old subsidiary coins, had been issued to the amount of $9,729,000, nickel coins to the amount of $601,728, and bronze coins totaling $803,950, giving a grand total of $62,741,178 of the new currency put into circulation.

The fact that silver, for some time past, has been at a price which is higher than the legal parity adopted by Mexico, has put the new monetary system of the country to a very severe test. The profit in exporting *pesos* is so great that not only the banks, but business firms, and even private individuals, have been tempted to engage in the operation, with the result that between July 1, 1905, and October 31, 1906, $55,600,000 in silver *pesos* had been shipped from Mexico,—a very serious drain on the circulating medium. It is true that the silver *pesos* had been to a large extent replaced by gold; but, even so, the dislodgment of so considerable an amount of the current coin could not fail to cause much inconvenience, owing to the scarcity which it produced of silver money for minor every-day transactions. The gold coins are largely absorbed by the banks, and are held by them as part of the legal stock of cash serving as the basis for their note circulation. But whether the gold actually circulates or becomes the basis of note issues by the banks, the result, so far as small transactions are concerned, is the same; for the banks issue no note of a lower denomination than five dollars, and the smallest gold coin is of the same value.

The Mexican government purposes to remedy the situation by a pretty plentiful mintage of silver fifty-cent pieces. Its reason for preferring this step to the other measure which some financial advisers have urged upon it, namely, the mintage of a new *peso*, is an important one, affording, as it does, an indication of the trend of Mexico's monetary policy. That reason, as stated by Minister Limantour himself, is the reluctance of the government to commit itself to any action in monetary matters that may retard the country from reaching the goal at which it now aims, namely, the adoption of the gold standard to the exclusion of any other legal-tender currency.

At present Mexico has what has been called the limping standard, both gold and the silver *peso* (but not the subsidiary silver coins) being unlimited legal tender, and silver still being retained for currency purposes, but at a fixed exchange relation with gold. But Minister Limantour's declaration foreshadows the complete demonetization of silver by Mexico at no very distant date. In the meantime, as there has undoubtedly been of late a larger exportation of silver *pesos* than can be accounted for by the importations of gold, the government considered it necessary to check this movement, and at its request Congress, in November last, placed an export tax of 10 per cent on *pesos* shipped out of the country, without proof being furnished that the shipment was being made for the specific purpose of procuring gold in exchange.

In other respects, the monetary reform has fully realized the expectations formed of it. One of the strongest arguments for giving the country a currency of fixed value was that it would attract foreign capital to Mexico for investment. This prediction has been amply fulfilled. During the last fiscal year foreign capital is known to have entered the country and been placed in banks, industrial concerns, mines, land, and railways, to the amount of $86,500,000. This is not an exhaustive statement of foreign capital invested in Mexico during the year ended June 30 last, but only represents the money involved in a few well-known transactions. If we argue from the known to the unknown, and take into account the investments made by corporations or individuals, as to which no public statement has

been made, and the large influx of money due to the growing demand abroad for the government's bonds and other kinds of securities, the result becomes still more gratifying. Canada has been very much to the fore in Mexican investments for some time past, and last April Canadian capitalists purchased from Wernher, Beit & Co., of London, the Mexico City and Federal District system of electric tramways. The amount involved in the transaction was $11,250,000, gold.

Governmental finances in Mexico continue in a prosperous condition. In making his annual Budget statement to Congress, in December last, Minister Limantour was able to announce that the last fiscal year had been wound up with a surplus of $22,500,000, equal to more than 50 per cent of the entire revenue of the Republic no longer than eleven years ago.

Taking advantage of the plethoric condition of the exchequer, the government asked Congress to pass laws suppressing or reducing various taxes, and increasing the salaries of some of the civil and military servants of the nation. The measure in question received prompt legislative sanction. One of the most interesting of the proposed reductions in taxation is that of the Federal Contribution. This tax is the special contribution of the states to the expenditure of the Federation. Originally it was 25 per cent on all payments made in the states of the Mexican Union for local taxes of every kind. When the great slump of silver occurred through the closure of the Indian mints, some thirteen years ago, the Mexican government was brought face to face with a serious crisis, which happened to be aggravated by bad harvests in the cereal-growing regions of Mexico. The administration at that time had to have recourse to special measures in order to meet the situation, and among those measures was the raising of the Federal Contribution from 25 per cent to 30 per cent. But in 1902 the situation of the exchequer had so far improved that it was deemed possible to reëstablish the old rate of 25 per cent. This restoration proved one of the most popular moves of the Diaz régime. Now, the government is prepared to go further in the same direction, and by the terms of the law which passed Congress at its initiative, the Federal Contribution, after July 1 next, will be only 20 per cent of the local taxes in the states. Other fiscal changes to be made, as a consequence of the prosperous situation of the exchequer, aim at cheapening staple foodstuffs in the Federal District, particularly at the capital, where they have been getting beyond the reach of the needy.

The other feature of the government's financial programme, namely, the raising of the pay of several classes of civil and military employees, is dictated by a spirit of equity, in view of the increased cost of living at the capital and other great centres of population.

The political horizon of Mexico continued serene.

On January 4, 1906, Hon. Blas Escontria, Minister of Fomento in the cabinet of General Diaz, succumbed to a protracted illness, causing a vacancy in the official family of the President, which had not been filled, up to the close of the year, though it is believed that Lic. Olegario Molina, governor of the State of Yucatan, will ultimately be called to take the portfolio, which is a very important one, embracing as it does mining, agriculture, commerce, and industry.

On October 12 President Diaz accepted the resignation of Lic. Joaquin D. Casasús as Ambassador of Mexico at Washington. Mr. Casasús had filled this post to the entire satisfaction of his government, and was recognized as one of the ablest members of the foreign diplomatic corps at Washington. His share in preparing the programme for the Pan-American Conference at Rio de Janeiro won for him considerable reputation for foresight and political acumen, and though he did not attend the Conference as one of Mexico's delegates, as had been

originally intended, the skill of his preliminary work proved a great factor in expediting and facilitating the deliberations of the assembly and obviating the intrusion of vexatious side-issues. The motive of Mr. Casasús for resigning the ambassadorship was persistent ill-health, due to excessive intellectual labor and to a very active career as a corporation lawyer and public man. Mr. Casasús is now enjoying a period of complete rest in Europe. In the middle of December, Enrique C. Creel was appointed to succeed Mr. Casasús as Mexican Ambassador at Washington. Mr. Creel's family is of American extraction, settled many years ago in the State of Chihuahua. The new ambassador is a son-in-law of General Luis Terrazas, one of the wealthiest and most influential landed proprietors in northern Mexico, and until his recent appointment was governor of his native state.

So much is said by the chauvinists of Mexico about the Americanization of the country, that it is a fact of no small interest that the son of a Kentuckian (for Governor Creel's father was from the Blue Grass State) goes to Washington as the accredited representative of his adopted land. Mr. Creel is an admirer of the United States, but is a patriotic Mexican, and belongs to the group of progressive public men who have done so much to promote the material and intellectual development of Mexico.

On March 3, a new American ambassador arrived in Mexico City in the person of E. H. Thompson.

General Diaz was the recipient during the year, from King Edward, of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. All other European sovereigns had conferred high decorations on the Mexican President, which he has accepted with the permission of Congress, a necessary formality according to the terms of the Federal Constitution. But Mexicans were particularly gratified by the fact that a high distinction of this character was at last forthcoming from Great Britain, which is known to be much more conservative than other European countries in the distribution of such honors. The insignia of the Order were delivered to General Diaz in the Hall of Ambassadors of the National Palace, in the presence of high officers of state, and a large concourse of the general public, on September 29, by Reginald Thomas Tower, the British Minister to Mexico.

On November 7 General and Mrs. Diaz quietly celebrated their silver wedding anniversary. Mrs. Carmen Romero Rubio de Diaz, the President's wife, is the daughter of the late Don Manuel Romero Rubio, who, until his death in October, 1895, was Minister of the Interior. Mrs. Diaz, by her active philanthropy and unfailing tact, has added to the popularity of her husband's administration.

Mexico, in September last, entertained the Tenth International Geological Congress. The sessions were formally opened by General Diaz on September 6, and in addition to their scientific discussions the geologists of the world were given an opportunity to visit Mexico's chief points of interest, and were handsomely entertained.

1906 was a year of railway consolidations in Mexico. In March last, the National Railway of Mexico bought the Hidalgo Railway, which starts from the capital, passes through the important mining camp of Pachuca, and will ultimately reach the port of Tuxpam on the Gulf of Mexico. But by far the most important operation of the year along these lines was announced by Finance Minister Limantour on December 14. The Minister, in an address to Congress, informed that body that the negotiations, which for some time past had been in progress, for the reorganization of the finances of the Mexican Central Railway, had culminated in a plan for the consolidation of that property with the Mexican National, and the incorporation of a new company, with headquarters in

the City of Mexico, to own and operate the merged system. Moreover, the Minister informed the legislature that the Mexican government, which had owned a controlling interest in the Mexican National, would hold an absolute majority of the stock of the new corporation.

The transaction is an important one, as by it the Mexican government gains unquestioned control of the transportation system of the Republic. The properties in which it acquires a controlling interest are the two trunk lines connecting Mexico City with the United States; the International, once the property of the late C. P. Huntington, extending from Eagle Pass to the city of Durango; the Monterey and Mexican Gulf, extending from Reata on the International through Monterey to the city of Tampico; the Central's branches, from Aguascalientes to Tampico and from Irapuato to Guadalajara, and the extension of the latter towards the Pacific; the National's branch into the fertile state of Michoacan; the road connecting Mexico City with Cuernavaca, the favorite residence of Cortés and Maximilian, and thence extending through the sugar plantations of the state of Morelos into the great mineral belt of Guerrero; the Hidalgo Railway; and the Interoceanic, connecting the port of Veracruz with the capital, and also having a branch which penetrates the rich semi-tropical state of Morelos. In all, the system in which the government thus acquires a controlling interest aggregates 6732 miles.

It must also be remembered that, altogether aside from this transaction, the Mexican government is the sole owner of the Tehuantepec National Railway (193 miles), the new transcontinental route which is about to be formally opened to the traffic of the world, though it has admitted the English firm of S. Pearson & Son, Limited, to the position of its partner for the operation of the road for fifty-one years; and that the nation also owns a controlling interest in the Veracruz and Pacific (265 miles), which constitutes the link between the general railway system of the country and the Tehuantepec National. It will thus be perceived how far-reaching and comprehensive is the government's hold on the transportation situation of Mexico, seeing that out of a total mileage of 10,900 it owns or controls 7190.

In his statement to Congress, on December 14 last, Minister Limantour explained that the government had acquired a preponderating interest in the new corporation without any pecuniary sacrifice whatever, as it would get part of its controlling share of the new stock in exchange for its present holdings of securities of the Mexican National, and the remainder in consideration of its guaranteeing interest and sinking fund on the second mortgage bonds to be issued by the new company; and inasmuch as the net earnings of the Mexican Central and the Mexican National are even now sufficient to meet the liability thus assumed, the government's guarantee is rather nominal than real.

A group of New York financiers has cooperated with the Mexican government in carrying through this transaction. The list includes such firms as Speyer & Co., Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Ladenburg, Thallman & Co., and Hallgarten & Co.

Minister Limantour informed Congress that the main object of the government's railway policy had been to avoid the absorption of the railways of Mexico by corporations owning connecting lines in the United States, which would have constituted a menace to the economic development of Mexico, and would have placed the transportation interests of the country in a position of subservience to those of its powerful neighbor.

The subsidiary motives of the government were to prevent friction and injurious competition between rival lines and to bring about a more scientific and economical "routeing" of freight.

The necrological record of the year in Mexico was a heavy one. Blas Escontria,

Minister of Fomento in the cabinet of General Diaz, died on January 4. Trinidad Garcia, a public man of prominence, who was Minister of the Interior during the first presidency of General Diaz, died on February 18. Lic. Genaro Raigosa, who was chairman of the Pan-American Conference, held in Mexico City in the winter of 1901–1902, and who was a jurist and publicist of note, died on September 1. Lic. Alfredo Chavero, statesman, author, and archæologist, died on October 24. He was followed to the grave next day by Lic. Emilio Velasco, former Minister of Mexico to Italy and France, and the chief author of the railway legislation of Mexico. A link with the past was severed by the death of General Ignacio Mejia on December 2, at the advanced age of ninety-three. General Mejia was Minister of War for President Juarez. The ranks of the American colony in Mexico were thinned by the death of Major R. B. Gorsuch, who had resided in the country for over fifty years. The English colony suffered the loss of George Foot, also an old-time resident, and chief engineer of the Veracruz Railway.

THE HELPMATE[1]

BY MAY SINCLAIR

IX

It was Anne's birthday. It shone in mid-May like the front of June. Anne's bedroom was over Edith's, and looked out on the garden. A little rain had fallen over night. Through the open window the day greeted her with a breath of flowers and earth; a day that came to her all golden, ripe, and sweet from the south.

Her dressing-table was placed sideways from the window. Anne, fresh from her cold bath, in a white muslin gown, with her thick, sleek hair coiled and burnished, sat before the looking-glass.

There was a knock at the door, not Nanna's bold awakening summons, but a shy and gentle sound. Her heart shook her voice as she responded.

"Is it permitted?" said Majendie.

"If you like," she answered quietly.

He presented his customary morning sacrifice of flowers. Hitherto he had not presumed so far as to bring it to her room. It waited for her decorously at breakfast time, beside her plate.

She took the flowers from him, acknowledged their fragrance by a quiver of her delicate nostrils, thanked him, and laid them on the dressing-table.

He seated himself on the window-sill, where he could see her with the day upon her. She noticed that he had brought with him, beside the flowers, a small oblong wooden box. He laid the box on his knee and covered it with his hand. He sat very still, looking at her as her firm white hands caressed her coiled hair into shape. Once she moved his flowers to find her comb, and laid them down again.

"Are n't you going to wear them?" he inquired anxiously.

Her upper lip lifted an instant, caught up, in its fashion, by the pretty play of the little sensitive amber mole. Two small white teeth showed, and were hidden again. It was as if she had been about to smile, or to speak, and had thought better of it.

She took up the flowers and tried them, now at her breast, and now at her waist.

"Where shall I put them?" said she. "Here? Or here?"

[1] Copyright, 1906, by May Sinclair.

"Just there."

She let them stay there in the hollow of her breast.

He laid the box on the dressing-table, close to her hand where it searched for pins.

"I've brought you this," he said gently.

She smiled that divine and virgin smile of hers. Anne was big, but her smile was small and close and shy.

"You remembered my birthday?"

"Did you think I should forget?"

She opened the lid with cool, unhurried fingers. Under the wrappings of tissue paper and cotton wool, a shape struck clear and firm and familiar to her touch. A sacred thrill ran through her as she felt there the presence of the holy thing, the symbol so dear and so desired that it was divined before seen.

She lifted from the box an old silver crucifix. It must have been the work of some craftsman whose art was pure and fine as the silver he had wrought in. But that was not what Anne saw. She had always found something painful and repellent in those crucifixes of wood which distort and deepen the lines of agony, or of ivory which gives again the very pallor of human death. But the precious metal had somehow eternalized the symbol of the crucified body. She saw more than the torture, the exhaustion, the attenuation. Surely, on the closed eyelids there rested the glory and the peace of divine accomplishment?

She stood still, holding it in her hand and looking at it. Majendie stood still, also, looking at her. He was not quite sure whether she were going to accept that gift, whether she would hesitate to take from his profane hands a thing so sacred and so supreme. He was aware that his fate somehow hung on her acceptance, and he waited in silence, lest a word should destroy the work of love in her.

Anne, too (when she could detach her mind from the crucifix), felt that the moment was decisive. To accept that gift, of all gifts, was to lay her spirit under obligation to him. It was more than a surrender of body, heart, or mind. It was to admit him to association with the unspeakably sacred acts of prayer and adoration.

If it were possible that that had been his desire; if he had meant his gift as tribute, not to her only, but to the spirit of holiness in her; if, in short, he had been serious, then, indeed, she could not hesitate. For, if it were so, her prayer was answered.

She laid down the crucifix and turned to him. They searched each other with their eyes. She saw, without wholly understanding, the pain in his. He saw, also unintelligently, the austerity in hers.

"Are you not going to take it, then?" he said.

"I don't know. Do you realize that you are giving me a very sacred thing?"

"I do."

"And that I can't treat it as I would an ordinary present?"

He lowered his eyelids. "I did n't think you'd want to wear it in your hair, dear."

She was about to ask him what he did mean then; but some instinct held her, told her not to press the sign of grace too hard. She looked at him still more intently. His eyes had disconcerted and baffled her, but now she was sheltered by their lowered lids. Then she noticed for the first time that his face showed the marks of suffering. It was as if it had dropped suddenly the brilliant mask it wore for her, and given up its secret unaware. He had suffered so that he had not slept. It was plain to her in the droop of his eyelids, and in the drawn lines about his eyes and mouth and nostrils. She was touched with tenderness and pity, and a certain unintelligible awe. And she knew her hour. She knew that if she closed her heart now, it would never open to him. She knew that it was his hour as well as hers. She felt, reverently, that it was, above all, God's hour.

She laid her hand on her husband's

gift, saying to herself that if she took that crucifix she would be taking him with it into the holy places of her heart.

"I will take it." Her voice came shy and inarticulate as a marriage vow.

"Thank you," he said.

He wondered if she would turn to him with some sign of tenderness; whether she would stoop to him and touch him with her hand or her lips; or whether she looked to him to offer the first caress.

She did nothing. It was as if her intentness, her concentration upon her holy purpose held her. While her soul did but turn to him in the darkness, it kept and would keep their hands and lips apart.

He divined that she was only half won. But, though her body yet moved in its charmed inviolate circle, he felt dimly that the spiritual barrier was down.

She turned from him and went slowly to the door. He opened it and followed her. On the stair she parted from him and went alone into his sister's bedroom.

Edith's spine had been hurting her in the night. She lay flat and exhausted, and the embrace of her loving arms was slow and frail.

Edith was what she called "dressed," and waiting for her sister-in-law. The little table by her bed was strewn with the presents she had bought and made for Anne. A birthday was a very serious affair for Edith. She was not content to buy (buying was nothing; anybody could buy); she must also make, and make beautifully. "I may n't have any legs that can carry me," said Edith; "but I've hands and I *will* use them. If it was n't for my hands I'd be nothing but a great lumbering, lazy mass of palpitating heart." But her making had become every year more and more expensive. Her beautiful, pitiful embroideries were paid for in sleepless nights. And at six o'clock that morning she had given her little dismal cry: "Oh Nanna, Nanna, my beast of a spine is going to bother me to-day, and it's Anne's birthday!"

"And what else," said Nanna severely, "do you expect, Miss Edith?"

"I did n't expect this. I do believe it's getting worse."

"Worse?" Nanna was contemptuous. "It was worse on Master Walter's birthday last year."

(Last year she had made a waistcoat.)

"I can't think," moaned Edith, "why it's always bad on birthdays."

But however badly "it" might behave in the night, it was never permitted to destroy the spirit of the day.

Anne looked anxiously at the collapsed, exhausted figure in the bed.

"Yes," said Edith, having smiled at her sister-in-law with magnificent mendacity, "you may well look at me. You could n't make yourself as flat as I am if you tried. There are two books for you, and a thingummy-jig, and a handkerchief to blow your dear nose with."

"Edie —"

"Do you like them?"

"Like them? Oh, you dear —"

"Why don't you have a birthday oftener? It makes you look so pretty, dear."

Anne's heart leaped. Edie's ways, her very moods sometimes were like Walter's. "Has Walter seen you?"

Anne's face became instantly solemn, but it was not sad.

"Edie," she said, "do you know what he has given me?"

"Yes," said Edith. Her eyes searched Anne's eyes, with pain in them that was somehow akin to Walter's pain.

"She knows everything," thought Anne, "and it was her idea then, not his."

"Edith," said she, "was it you who thought of it, or he?"

"I? Never. He did n't say a word about it. He just went and got it. He thought it all out by himself, poor dear."

"Can you think why he thought of it?"

"Yes," said Edith gravely. "I can. Can't you?"

Anne was silent.

"It's very simple. He wants you to trust him a little more, that's all."

Anne's mouth trembled, and she tightened it.

"Are you afraid of him?"

"Yes," she said. "I am."

"Because you think he is n't very spiritual?"

"Perhaps."

"Oh, but he's on his way there," said Edith. "He's human. You've got to be human before you can be spiritual. It's a most important part of the process. Don't you omit it."

"Have I omitted it?"

She stroked one of the thin hands that were outstretched towards her on the coverlet, and the other closed on her caress. The touch brought the tears into her eyes. She raised her head to keep them from falling.

"Dear," said Edith in answer to her question, and paused and reiterated, "dear, you have all the great things that I have n't. You're splendid. There is only one thing I want for you. If you could only see how divinely sacred the human part of us is — and how pathetic."

Anne looked at her as she lay there, bright and brave, untroubled by her own mortal pathos. In her, humanity, woman's humanity, was reduced to its simplest expression of spiritual loving and bodily suffering. Anne was a child in her ignorance of the things that had been revealed to Edith lying there.

Looking at her, Anne's tears grew heavy and fell.

"It's your birthday," said Edith softly.

And as she heard Majendie's foot on the stairs Anne dried her eyes on the birthday handkerchief.

"Here she is," said Edith as he entered. "What are you going to do with her? She does n't have a birthday every day."

"I'm going," he said, "to take her down to breakfast."

Their meals so abounded in occasions for courtesy that they had become profoundly formal. This morning Anne's courtesy was colored by some emotion that defied analysis. She wore her new mood like a soft veil that heightened her attraction in obscuring it.

He watched her with a baffled preoccupation that kept him unusually quiet. His quietness did him good service with Anne in her new mood.

When the meal was over she rose and went to the window. The sedate Georgian street was full of the day that shone soberly here from the cool, clear north.

"What are you thinking of?" said he.

"I'm thinking what a beautiful day it is."

"Yes, is n't it a jolly day?"

"If it's beautiful here what must it be in the country?"

"The country?" A thought struck him. "I say, would you like to go there?"

"Do you mean to-day?"

Her upper lip lifted, and the two teeth showed again on the pale rose of its twin. In spite of the dignity of her proportions, Anne had the look of a child contemplating some hardly permissible delight.

"Now, this minute. There's a train to Westleydale at nine fifty."

"It would be very nice. But — how about business?"

"Business be —"

"No, no, *not* that word."

"But it is, you know; it can't help itself. There's a devil in all the offices in Scale at this time of the year."

"Would *you* like it?"

"I? Rather. I'm on!"

"But — Edith — Oh, no, we can't."

She turned with a sudden gesture of renunciation, so that she faced him where he stood smiling at her. His face grew grave for her.

"Look here," he said, "You must n't be morbid about Edith. It is n't necessary. All the time we're gone, she'll lie there, in perfect bliss with simply thinking of the good time *we*'re having."

"But her back's bad to-day."

"Then she'll be glad that we're not there to feel it. Her back will add to her happiness, if anything."

She drew in a sharp breath, as if he had hurt her.

"Oh, Walter, how can you?"

He replied with emphasis: "How can I? I can, not because I'm a brute as you seem to suppose, but because she's a saint and an angel. I take off my hat and go down on my knees when I think of her. Go and put *your* hat on."

She felt herself diminished, humbled, and in two ways. It was as if he had said, "You are not the saint that Edith is, nor yet the connoisseur in saintship that I am."

She knew that she was not the one; but to the other distinction she certainly fancied that she had the superior claim. And she had never yet come behind him in appreciation of Edith. Besides, she was hurt at being spoken to in that way on her birthday.

Her resentment faded when she found him standing at the foot of the stairs by Edith's door, waiting for her. He looked up at her as she descended, and his eyes brightened with pleasure at the sight.

Edith was charmed with their plan. It might have been conceived as an exquisite favor to herself, by the fine style in which she handled it.

They set out, Majendie carrying the luncheon basket and Anne's coat. He had changed, and appeared in the Norfolk jacket, knickerbockers, and cap he had worn at Scarby. The pang that struck her at the sight of them was softened by her practical perception of their fitness for the adventure. They became him, too, and she had memory of the charm he had once worn for her with that open-air attire.

An hour's journey by rail brought them to the little wayside station. They turned off the high road, walked for ten minutes across an upland field, and came to the bridle path that led down into the beech-woods of Westleydale, in the heart of the hills.

They followed a mossy trail. The shade fell, thin, warm, and colored, from leaves so tender that the light passed through their half-transparent panes. Overhead there was the delicate scent of green things and of sap, and underfoot the deep smell of moss and moistened earth.

Anne drew the long breath of delight. She took off her hat and gloves, and moved forward a few steps to a spot where the wood opened and the vivid light received her. Majendie hung back to look at her. She turned and stood before him, superb and still, shrined in a crescent of tall beech stems, column by column, with the light descending on the fine gold of her hair. Nothing in Anne even remotely suggested a sylvan and primeval creature; but, as she stood there in her temperate and alien beauty, she seemed to him to have yielded to a brief enchantment. She threw back her head, as if her white throat drank the sweet air like wine. She held out her white hands, and let the warmth play over them palpably as a touch.

And Majendie longed to take her by those white hands and draw her to him. If he could have trusted her — but some instinct plucked him backward, saying to him, "Not yet."

A mossy rise under a beech-tree offered itself to Anne as a suitable throne for the regal woman that she was. He spread out her coat, and she made room for him beside her. He sat for a long time without speaking. The powers which were working that day for Majendie gave to him that subtle silence. He had at most times an inexhaustible capacity for keeping still.

Above them, just discernible through the treetops, veiled by a gauze of dazzling air, the hill brooded in its majestic dream. Its green arms, plunging to the valley, gathered them and shut them in.

Majendie's figure was not diminished by the background. The smallest nervous moment on his part would have undone him, but he did not move. His profound stillness, suggesting an inter-

minable patience, gave him a beautiful immensity of his own.

Anne, left in her charmed, inviolate circle, surrendered sweetly to the spirit of Westleydale.

The place was peace folded upon the breast of peace.

Presently she spoke, calling his name, as if out of the far-off unutterable peace.

"Walter, it was kind of you to bring me here."

"I am so glad if you like it."

"I do, indeed."

He tried to say more, but his heart choked him.

She closed her eyes, and the peace poured over her and sank in. Her heart beat quietly.

She opened her eyes and turned them on her husband. She knew that it was his gaze that had compelled them to open. She smiled to herself, like a young girl, shyly but happily aware of him, and turned from him to her contemplation of the woods.

Anne had always rather prided herself on her susceptibility to the beauty of nature, but it had never before reached her with this poignant touch. Hitherto she had drawn it in with her eyes only; now it penetrated her through every nerve. She was vaguely but deliciously aware of her own body as a part of it, and of her husband's joy in contemplating her.

"He thinks me good-looking," she said to herself; and the thought came to her as a revelation.

Then her young memory woke again and thrust at her.

"He thinks me good-looking. That's why he married me."

She longed to find out if it were so.

"Walter," said she, "I want to ask you a question."

"Well — if it's an easy one."

"It is n't — very. What made you want to marry me?"

He paused a moment, searching for the truth.

"Your goodness."

"Is that really true?"

"To the best of my belief, madam, it is."

"But there are so many other women better than me."

"Possibly. I have n't been happy enough to meet them."

"And if you had met them?"

"As far as I can make out, I should n't have fallen in love with them. I should n't have fallen in love with *you*, if it had n't been for your goodness. But I should n't have fallen in love with your goodness in any other woman."

"Have you known many other women?"

"One way and another, in the course of my life — yes. And what I liked so much about you was your difference from those other women. You gave me rest from them and their ways. They bored me even when I was half in love with them, and made me restless for them even when I was n't a little bit. It was as if they were always expecting something from me, — I could n't for the life of me tell what, — always on the look-out, don't you know, for some mysterious moment that never arrived."

She thought she knew. She felt that he was describing vaguely and with incomparable innocence the approaches of the ladies who had once designed to marry him. He had never seen through them; they (and they must have been so obvious, those ladies) had remained for him inscrutable, mysterious. He could deal competently with effects, but he was not clever at assigning causes.

He seemed conscious of her reflections. "They were quite nice, don't you know. Only they could n't let you alone. You let me alone so perfectly. Being with you was peace."

"I see," she said quietly. "It was peace. That was all."

"Oh, was it? That was only the beginning, if you must know how it began."

"It began," she murmured, "in peace. That was what struck you most in me. I must have seemed to you at peace, then."

"You did — you did. Were n't you?"

"I must have been. But I've forgotten It's so long ago. There's peace here, though. Why did n't we choose this place instead of Scarby?"

"I wish we had. I say — are you never going to forget that?"

"I've forgiven it. I might forget it if I could only understand."

"Understand *what?*"

"How you could be capable of caring for me — like that — and yet —"

"But the two things are so entirely different. It's impossible to explain to you how different. Heaven forbid that you should understand the difference."

"I understand enough to know —"

"You understand enough to know nothing. You must simply take my word for it. Besides, the one thing 's an old thing, over and done with."

"Over and done with. But, if the two things are so different, how can you be sure?"

"That sounds awfully clever of you, but I'm hanged if I know what you mean."

"I mean, how can you tell that it — the old thing — never would come back?"

It *was* clever of her. He realized that he had to deal now with a more complete and complex creature than Anne had been.

"How could it?" he said.

"If *she* came back —"

"Never. And, if it did —"

"Ah, if it did —"

"It could n't, in this case — my case — your case —"

"Her case," she whispered.

"Her case? She has n't got one. She simply does n't exist. She might come back as much as she pleased, and still she would n't exist. Is *that* what you've been afraid of all the time?"

"I was never really afraid till now."

"What you're afraid of could n't happen. You can put that out of your head forever. If I could mention you in the same sentence as that woman, you should know why I am so certain. As it is, I must ask you again to take my word for it."

He paused.

"But, since you have raised the question — and it 's interesting too — I knew a man once — not a 'bad' man — to whom that very thing did happen. And it did n't mean that he'd left off caring for his wife. On the contrary, he was still insanely fond of her."

"What did it mean, then?"

"That she'd left off showing that she cared for him. And he cared more for her, that man, after having left her, than he did before. In its way it was a sort of test."

"I pray heaven —" said Anne; but she was too greatly shocked by the anecdote to shape her prayer.

Majendie, feeling that the time, the place, and her mood were propitious for the exposition, went on.

"There's another man I know. He was very fond of Edie. He's fond of her still. He'll come and sit for hours playing backgammon with her. And yet all his fondness for her has n't kept him entirely straight. But he'd have been as straight as anybody if he could have married her."

"But what does all this prove?"

"It proves nothing," he said almost passionately, "except that these two things, just because they're different, are not so incompatible as you seem to think."

"Did Edie care for that man?"

"I believe so."

"Ah, don't you see? There's the difference. What made Edie a saint made him a sinner."

"I doubt if Edie would look on it quite in that light. She thinks it was uncommonly hard on him."

"Does she know?"

"Oh, there's no end to the things that Edie knows."

"And she loves him in spite of it?"

"Yes. I suppose there's no end to that either."

No end to her loving. That was the secret, then, of Edie's peace.

Anne meditated upon that, and when she spoke again her voice rang on its vibrating, sub-passionate note.

"And you said that I gave you rest. You were different."

He made as if he would draw nearer to her, and refrained. The kind heart of Nature was in league with his. Nature, having foreknowledge of her own hour, warned him that his hour was not yet.

And so he waited, while Nature, mindful of her purpose, began in Anne Majendie her holy, beneficent work. The soul of the place was charged with memories, with presciences, with prophecies. A thousand woodland influences, tender timidities, shy assurances, wooed her from her soul. They pleaded sweetly, persistently, till Anne's brooding face wore the flush of surrender to the mysteries of earth.

The spell was broken by a squirrel's scurrying flight in the boughs above them. Anne looked up, and laughed, and their moment passed them by.

X

"Are you tired?" he asked.

They had walked about the wood, made themselves hungry, and lunched like laborers at high noon.

"No, I'm only thirsty. Do you think there's a cottage anywhere where you could get me some water?"

"Yes, there's one somewhere about. I'll try and find it if you'll sit here and rest till I come back."

She waited. He came back, but without the water. His eyes sparkled with some mysterious, irrepressible delight.

"Can't you find it?"

"Rather. I say, do come and look. There's such a pretty sight."

She rose and went with him. Up a turning in the dell, about fifty yards from their tree, a long grassy way cut sheer through a sheet of wild hyacinths. It ran as if between two twin borders of blue mist, that hemmed it in and closed it by the illusion of their approach. On either side the blue mist spread, and drifted away through the inlets of the wood, and became a rarer and rarer atmosphere, torn by the tree-trunks and the fern. The path led to a small circular clearing, a shaft that sucked the daylight down. It was as if the sunshine were being poured in one stream from a flooded sky, and danced in the dark cup earth held for it. The trees grew close and tall round the clearing. Light dripped from their leaves and streamed down their stems, turning their gray to silver. The bottom of the cup was a level floor of grass that had soaked in light till it shone like emerald. A stone cottage faced the path; so small that a laburnum brushed its roof, and a maytree laid a crimson face against the gray gable of its side. The patch of garden in front was stuffed with wall-flowers and violets. The sun lay warm on them; their breath stirred in the cup, like the rich sweet fragrance of the wine of day.

Majendie grasped Anne's arm and led her forward.

In the middle of the green circle, under the streaming sun, cradled in warm grass, a girl baby sat, laughing and fondling her naked feet. She laughed as she lay on her back and opened one folded, wrinkled foot to the sun; she laughed as she threw herself forward and beat her knees with the outspread palms of her hands; she laughed as she rocked her soft body to and fro from her rosy hips; then she stopped laughing suddenly, and began crooning to herself a delicious, unintelligible song.

"Look," said Majendie, "that's what I wanted to show you."

"Oh — oh — oh —" said Anne, and looked, and stood stock still.

The beatitude of that adorable little figure possessed the scene. Green earth and blue sky were so much shelter and illumination to its pure and solitary joy.

"Did you ever see anything so heart-

rending?" said Majendie. "That anything could be so young!"

Anne shook her head, dumb with the fascination.

As they approached again, the little creature rolled on its waist, and crawled over the grass to her feet.

"The little lamb — " said she, and stooped, and lifted it.

It turned to her, cuddling. Through the thin muslin of her bodice she could feel the pressure of its tender palms.

Majendie stood close to her, and tried gently to detach and possess himself of the delicate fingers. But his eyes were upon Anne's eyes. They drew her; she looked up, her eyes flashed to the meeting-point; his widened in one long penetrating gaze.

A sudden pricking pain went through her, there where the pink and flaxen thing lay sun-warm and life-warm to her breast.

At first she did not heed it. She stood hushed, attentive to the prescience that woke in her; surrendered to the secret, with desire that veiled itself to meet its unveiled destiny.

Then the veil fell.

The eyes that looked at her grew tender, and before their tenderness the veil, the veil of her desire that had hidden him from her, fell.

Her face burned, and she hid it against the child's face as it burrowed into the softness of her breast. When she would have parted the child from her, it clung.

She laughed: "Release me." And he undid the clinging arms, and took the child from her, and laid it again in the cradling grass.

"It's conceived a violent passion for you," said he.

"They always do," said she serenely.

The door of the cottage was open. The mother stood on the threshold, shading her eyes and wondering at them. She gave Anne water, hospitably, in an old china cup.

When Anne had drunk she handed the cup to her husband. He drank with his eyes fixed on her over the brim, and gave it to her again. He wondered whether she would drink from it after him (Anne was excessively fastidious). To his intense satisfaction, she drank, draining the last drop.

They went back together to their tree. On the way he stopped to gather wild hyacinths for her. He gathered slowly, in a grave and happy passion of preoccupation. Anne stood erect in the path and watched him, and laughed the girl's laugh that he longed to hear.

It was as if she saw him for the first time through Edith's eyes, with so tender an intelligence did she take in his attitude, the absurd, the infantile intentness of his stooping figure, the still more absurdly infantile emotion of his hands. It was the same attitude which had melted Edith, that unhappy day when they had watched him as he walked disconsolate in the garden, and she, his wife, had hardened her heart against him. She remembered Edith's words to her not two hours ago: "If you could only see how unspeakably sacred the human part of us is — and how pathetic." Surely she saw.

The deep feeling and enchantment of the woods was upon her. He was sacred to her; and for pathos, it seemed to her that there was poured upon his stooping body all the pathos of all the living creatures of God.

She saw deeper. In the illumination that rested on him there, she saw the significance of that carelessness, that happiness of his which once troubled her. It was simply that his experience, his detestable experience, had had no power to harm his soul. Through it all he had preserved, or, by some miracle of God, recovered, an incorruptible innocence. She said to herself, "Why should I not love him? His heart must be as pure as the heart of that little blessed child."

The warning voice of the wisdom she had learnt from him whispered, "And it rests with you to keep him so."

He led her to the tree, where she seated

herself regally as before. He poured his sheaves of hyacinths as tribute into her lap. As his hands touched hers her cold face flushed again and softened. He stretched himself beside her, and love stirred in her heart, unforbidden as in a happy dream. He watched the movements of her delicate fingers as they played with the tangled hyacinth bells. Her hands were wet with the thick streaming juice of the torn stalks; she stretched them out to him helplessly. He knelt before her, and spread his handkerchief on his knees, and took her hands and wiped them. She let them rest in his for a moment, and, with a low panting cry, he bowed his head and covered them with kisses.

At his cry her lips parted. And as her soul had called to him across the spiritual ramparts, so her eyes said to him, "Come;" and he knew that with all her body and her soul she yearned to him and consented.

He held her tight by the wrists and drew her to him; and she laid her arms lightly on his neck and kissed him.

"I'm glad now," she whispered, "that Edith did n't tell me. She knew you. Oh, my dear, she knew."

And to herself she said proudly, "It rests with me."

XI

It was October, five months after Anne's birthday.

She was not to know again the mood that determined her complete surrender. Supreme moods can never be recaptured or repeated. The passion that inspires them is unique, self-sacrificial, immortal only through fruition; doomed to pass and perish in its exaltation. She would know tenderness, but never just that tenderness; gladness, but never that gladness; peace, but never the peace that possessed her in the woods at Westleydale.

The new soul in her moved steadily to a rhythm which lacked the diviner thrill of the impulse which had given it birth. It was but seldom that the moment revived in memory. If Anne had accounted to herself for that day, she would have said that they had taken the nine-fifty train to Westleydale, that they had had a nice luncheon, that the weather was exceptionally fine, and that, — well, yes, certainly, that day had been the beginning of their entirely satisfactory relations. Anne's mind had a tendency to lapse into the commonplace when not greatly stirred. Happily for her, she had a refuge from it in her communion with the Unseen.

Only at times was she conscious of a certain foiled expectancy. For the greater while it seemed to her that she had attained an indestructible spiritual content.

She conceived a profound affection for her home. The house in Prior Street became the centre of her earthward thoughts, and she seldom left it for very long. Her health remained magnificent; her nature being adapted to an undisturbed routine, appeased by the well-ordered, even passage of her days.

She had made a household religion for herself, and would have suffered in departing from it. To be always down before her husband for eight o'clock breakfast; to sit with Edith from twelve till luncheon time, and in the early afternoon; to spend her evenings with her husband, reading aloud or talking, or sitting silent when silence soothed him; these things were as sacred and imperative as her punctual attendance at St. Saviour's. Indeed, she had left off going to the week-day services, because they were appointed for five o'clock.

For, above all, she had made a point of always being at home in time for Majendie's return from his office. At five o'clock she was ready for him, beside her tea-table, irreproachably dressed. Her friends complained that they had lost sight of her. Regularly at a quarter to five she would forsake the drawing-rooms of Thurston Square. However

absorbing Mrs. Eliott's conversation, towards the quarter, the tender abstraction of Anne's manner showed plainly that her spirit had surrendered to another charm. Mrs. Eliott, in letting her go, had the air of a person serenely sane, indulgent to a persistent and punctual obsession. Anne divided her friends into those who understood, and those who did n't. Fanny Eliott would never understand. But little Mrs. Gardner, through the immortality of her bridal spirit, understood completely. And for Anne Mrs. Gardner's understanding of her amounted to an understanding of her husband. Anne's heart went out to Mrs. Gardner.

Not that she saw much of her, either. She had grown impatient of interests that lay outside her home. Once she had decided to give herself up to her husband, other people's claims appeared as an impertinence beside that perfection of possession.

She was less vividly aware of her own perfect possession of him. Majendie was hardly aware of it himself. His happiness was so profound that he had not yet measured it. He, too, had slipped into the same imperturbable routine. It was seldom that he kept her waiting past five o'clock. He hated the people who made business appointments with him for that hour. His old associates saw little of him, and his club knew him no more. He preferred Anne's society to that of any other person. They had no more fear of each other. He saw that she was beginning to forget.

In one thing only was he disappointed. The trembling woman who had held him in her arms at Westleydale had never shown herself to him again. She had been called, created, for an end beyond herself. The woman he had married again was pure from passion, and of an uncomfortable reluctance in the giving and taking of caresses. He forced himself to respect her reluctance. He had simply to accept this emotional parsimony as one of the many curious facts about Anne. He no longer went to Edith for an explanation of them; for the Anne he had known in Westleydale was too sacred to be spoken of. An immense reverence possessed him when he thought of her. As for the actual, present Anne, loyalty was part of the large simplicity of his nature, and he could not criticise her. Remembering Westleydale, he told himself that her blanched susceptibility was tenderness at white heat. If she said little, he argued that (like himself) she felt the more. And at times she could say perfect things.

"I wonder, Nancy," he once said to her, "if you know how divinely sweet your voice is?"

"I shall begin to think it is, if you think so," said she.

"And would you think yourself beautiful, if I thought so?"

"Very beautiful. At any rate, as beautiful as I want to be."

He could not control the demonstration provoked by that admission, and she asked him if he were coming to church with her to-morrow?

His Nancy chose her moments strangely.

But not for worlds would he have admitted that she was deficient in a sense of humor. She had her small hilarities that passed for it. Keenness in that direction would have done violence to the repose and sweetness of her blessed presence. The peace of it remained with him during his hours of business.

Anne did not like his business. But in spite of it, she was proud of him, of his appearance, his charm, his distinction, his entire superiority to even the aristocracy of Scale.

She no longer resented his indifference to her friends in Thurston Square, since it meant that he desired to have her to himself. Of his own friends he had seen little, and she nothing. If she had not pressed Fanny Eliott on him, he had spared her Mrs. Lawson Hannay and Mrs. Dick Ransome. She had been fortunate enough to find both those ladies

out when she returned their calls. And Majendie had spoken of his most intimate friend, Charlie Gorst, as absent on a holiday in Norway.

It was, therefore, in a mood of more than usual concession that she proposed to return, now in October, the second advance made to her by Mrs. Hannay, in July.

Majendie was relieved to think that he would no longer be compelled to perjure himself on Anne's account. The Hannays had frequently reproached him with his wife's unreadiness in response, and, as he had told her, he had exhausted all acceptable explanations of her conduct. He had "worked" her headaches "for all they were worth" with Hannay; for weeks he had kept Hannay's wife from calling, by the fiction, discreetly presented, of a severe facial neuralgia; and his last shameless intimation, that Anne was "rather shy, you know," had been received with a respectful incredulity that left him with nothing more to say.

Mrs. Hannay was not at home when Anne called, for Anne had deliberately avoided her "day." But Mrs. Hannay was irrepressibly forgiving, and Anne found herself invited to dine at the Hannays' with her husband early in the following week. It was hardly an hour since she had left Mrs. Hannay's doorstep when the pressing, the almost alarmingly affectionate little note came hurrying after her.

"I'll go, dear, if you really want me to," said she.

"Well — I think, if you don't mind. The Hannays have been awfully good to me."

So they went.

"Don't snub the poor little woman too unmercifully," was Edith's parting charge.

"I promise you I'll not snub her at all," said Anne.

"You can't," said Majendie. "She's like a soft sofa cushion with lots of frills on. You can sit on her, as you sit on a sofa cushion, and she's as plump, and soft, and accommodating as ever the next day."

The Hannays lived in the Park.

Majendie talked a great deal on the way there. His supporting and attentive manner was not quite the stimulant he had meant it to be. Anne gathered that the ordeal would be trying, — he was so eager to make it appear otherwise.

"Once you're there, it won't be bad, you know, at all. The Hannays are really all right. They'll ask the very nicest people they know to meet you. They think you're doing them a tremendous honor, you know, and they'll rise to it. You'll see how they'll rise."

Mrs. Hannay had every appearance of having risen to it. Anne's entrance (she was impressive in her entrances) set the standard high; yet Mrs. Hannay rose. When agreeably excited, Mrs. Hannay was accustomed to move from one end of her drawing-room to the other with the pleasing and impalpable velocity of all soft round bodies inspired by gayety. So exuberant was the softness of the little lady, and so voluminous her flying frills, that at these moments her descent upon her guests appeared positively winged, like the descent of cherubim. To-night she advanced slowly from her hearthrug, with no more than the very slightest swaying and rolling of all her softness, the very faintest tremor of her downy wings. Mrs. Hannay's face was the round face of innocence, the face of a cherub with blown cheeks and lips shaped for the trumpet.

"My dear Mrs. Majendie — at last." She retained Mrs. Majendie's hand for the moment of presenting her to her husband. By this gesture she appropriated Mrs. Majendie, taking her under her small cherubic wing. "Wallie, how d'you do?" Her left hand furtively appropriated Mrs. Majendie's husband. Anne marked the familiarity with dismay. It was evident that at the Hannays' Walter was in the warm lap of intimacy.

It was evident, too, that Mr. Hannay

had married considerably beneath him. Anne owned that he had a certain dignity, and that there was something rather pleasing in his loose, clean-shaven face. The sharp slenderness of youth was now vanishing in a rosy corpulence, — corpulence to which Mr. Hannay resigned himself without a struggle. But above it the delicate arch of his nose attested the original refinement of his type. His mouth was not without sweetness, Mr. Hannay being as indulgent to other people as he was to himself.

He received Anne with a benign air; he assured her of his delight in making her acquaintance, and refrained from allusions to the long delay of his delight.

Little Mrs. Hannay was rolling softly in another direction.

"Canon Wharton, let me present you to Mrs. Walter Majendie."

She had risen to Canon Wharton. For she had said to her husband, "You must get the canon. She can't think us such a shocking bad lot if we have him." Her face expressed triumph in the capture of Canon Wharton, triumph in the capture of Mrs. Walter Majendie, triumph in the introduction. Owing to the Hannays' determination to rise to it, the dinner-party, in being rigidly select, was of necessity extremely small.

"Miss Mildred Wharton — Sir Rigley Barker — Mr. Gorst. Now you all know each other."

The last person to be introduced had lingered with a certain charming diffidence at Mrs. Majendie's side. He was a man of about her husband's age, or a little younger, fair and slender, with a restless, flushed face and brilliant eyes.

"I can't tell you what a pleasure this is, Mrs. Majendie."

He had an engaging voice and a still more engaging smile.

"You may have heard about me from your husband. I was awfully sorry to miss you when I called before I went to Norway. I only came back this morning, but I *made* Hannay invite me."

Anne murmured some suitable politeness. She said afterwards that her instinct had warned her against Mr. Gorst, with his restlessness and brilliance; but, as a matter of fact, her instinct had done nothing of the sort, and his manners had prejudiced her in his favor. Fanny Eliott had told her that he belonged to a very old Lincolnshire family. There was a distinction about him. And he really had a particularly engaging smile.

So she received him amiably; so amiably that Majendie, who had been observing their encounter with an intent and rather anxious interest, appeared finally reassured. He joined them, releasing himself adroitly from Sir Rigley Barker.

"How's Edith?" said Mr. Gorst.

His use of the name and something in his intonation made Anne attentive.

"She's better," said Majendie. "Come and see her soon."

"Oh, rather. I'll come round to-morrow. If," he added, "Mrs. Majendie will permit me."

"Mrs. Majendie," said her husband, "will be delighted."

Anne smiled assent. Her amiability extended even to Mrs. Hannay, who had risen to it, so far, well.

During dinner Anne gave her attention to her right-hand neighbor, Canon Wharton; and Mrs. Hannay, looking down from her end of the table, saw her selection justified. In rising to the canon she had risen her highest; for the ex-member hardly counted: he was a fallen star. But Canon Wharton, the vicar of All Souls, stood on an eminence, social and spiritual, in Scale. He had built himself a church in the new quarter of the town, and had filled it to overflowing by the power of his eloquence. Lawson Hannay, in a moment of unkind insight, had described the canon as "a speculative builder;" but he lent him money for his building, and liked him none the less.

Out of the pulpit the vicar of All Souls was all things to all men. In the pulpit he was nothing but the vicar of All Souls.

He stood there for a great light in Scale, "holding," as he said, "the light, carrying the light, battling for light in that capital of commerce, that stronghold of materialism, founded on money, built up in money, cemented with money!" He snarled out the word "money" and flung it in the face of his fashionable congregation; he gnashed his teeth over it; he shook his fist at them; and they rose to his mood, delighting in little Tommy Wharton's pluck in "giving it them hot." He was always giving it them hot, warming himself at his own fire. And then little Tommy Wharton slipped out of his little surplice and his little cassock, and into the Hannays' house for whisky and soda. He'd drink peg for peg with Lawson Hannay, without turning a hair; while poor Lawson turned many hairs, till his little wife ran in and hid the whisky, and shook her handkerchief at the little canon, and "shooed" him merrily away. And Lawson, big, good-natured Lawson, would lend him more money to build his church with.

So the vicar of All Souls, who aspired to be all things to all men, was hand in glove with the Lawson Hannays. He had occasionally been known to provide for the tables of the poor, but he dearly loved to sit at the tables of the rich; and he justified his predilection by the highest example.

Anne, who knew the canon by his spiritual reputation only, turned to him with interest. Her eye, keen to discern these differences, saw at once that he was a man of the people. He had the unfinished features, the stunted form of an artisan; his body sacrificed, his admirers said, to the energies of his mighty brain. His face was a heavy, powerful oval, bilious-colored, scarred with deep lines, and cleft by the wide mouth of an orator, a mouth that had acquired the appearance of strength through the canon's habit of bringing his lips together with a snap at the close of his periods. His eyes were a strange opaque gray, but the clever canon made them seem almost uncomfortably penetrating by simply knitting his eyebrows in a savage pent-house over them. They now looked forth at Anne as if the canon knew very well that her soul had a secret, and that it would not long be hidden from him.

They talked about the Eliotts, for the canon's catholicity bridged the gulf between Thurston Square and vociferous, high-living, fashionable Scale. He had lately succeeded (by the power of his eloquence) in winning over Mrs. Eliott from St. Saviour's to All Souls. He hoped also to win over Mrs. Eliott's distinguished friend. For the canon was mortal. He had yielded to the unspiritual seduction of filling All Souls by emptying other men's churches. Lawson Hannay smiled on the parson's success, hoping (he said) to see his money back again.

Money, or no money, he left him a clear field with Mrs. Majendie. Ladies, when they were pretty, appealed to Lawson as part of the appropriate decoration of a table; but, much as he loved their charming society, he loved his dinner more. He loved it with a certain pure extravagance, illuminated by thought and imagination. Mrs. Hannay was one with him in this affection. Her heart shared it; her fancy ministered to it, rising higher and higher in unwearying flights. It was a link between them; almost (so fine was the passion) an intellectual tie. But reticence was not in Hannay's nature; and his emotion affected Anne very unpleasantly. She missed the high lyric note in it. All epicurean pleasures, even so delicate and fantastic a joy as Hannay's in his dinner, appeared gross to Anne.

Majendie at the other end of the table caught sight of her detached, unhappy look, and became detached and unhappy himself, till Mrs. Hannay rallied him on his abstraction.

"If you *are* in love, my dear Wallie," she whispered, "you need n't show it so much. It's barely decent."

"Is n't it? Anyhow, I hope it's quite decently bare," he answered, tempted by her folly. They were gay at Mrs. Hannay's end of the table. But Anne, who watched her husband intently, looked in vain for the brilliance which had distinguished him when he dined in Thurston Square. These Hannays made him dull.

Now, though Anne did n't in the least want to talk to Mr. Hannay, Mr. Hannay displeased her by not wanting to talk more to her. Not that he talked very much to anybody. Now and then the canon's niece, Mildred Wharton, the pretty girl on his left, moved him to a high irrelevance, in those rare moments when she was not absorbed in Mr. Gorst. Pretty Mildred and Mr. Gorst were flirting unabashed behind the roses, and it struck Anne that the canon kept an alarmed and watchful eye upon their intercourse.

To Anne the dinner was intolerably long. She tried to be patient with it, judging that its length was a measure of the height her hosts had risen to. There she did them an injustice; for in the matter of a menu the Hannays could not rise; for they lived habitually on a noble elevation.

At the other end of the table Mrs. Hannay called gayly on her guests to eat and drink. But, when the wine went round, Anne noticed that she whispered to the butler, and, after that, the butler only made a feint of filling his master's glass, and turned a politely deaf ear to his protests. And then her voice rose:—

"Lawson, that pineapple ice is delicious. Gould, hand the pineapple ice again to Mr. Hannay. I adore pineapple ice," said Mrs. Hannay. "Wallie, you're drinking nothing. Fill Mr. Majendie's glass, Gould, fill it — fill it." She was the immortal soul of hospitality, was Mrs. Hannay.

In the drawing-room Mrs. Hannay again took possession of Anne, and led her to the sofa. She fairly enthroned her there; she hovered round her; she put cushions at her head, and more cushions under her feet; for Mrs. Hannay liked to be comfortable herself and to see every one comfortable about her.

"You come," said she, "and sit down by me on this sofa, and let's have a cosy talk. That's it. Only you want another cushion. No? Do! Won't you really? Then it's four for me," said Mrs. Hannay, supporting herself in various postures of experimental comfort, "one for my back, two for my fat sides, and one for my head. Now I'm comfy. I adore cushions, don't you? My husband says I'm a little down cushion myself, so I suppose that's why."

Anne in her mood had crushed many innocent vulgarities before now; but she owned that she could no more have snubbed Mrs. Hannay than you could snub a little down cushion. It would be impossible, she thought, to make any impression at all on that yielding surface. Impossible to take any impression from her, to say where her gayety ended and her vulgarity began.

"Is n't it funny?" the little lady went on, unconscious of Mrs. Majendie's attitude. "My husband 's your husband's oldest friend. So I think you and I ought to be friends too."

Anne's face intimated that she hardly considered the chain of reasoning unbreakable; but Mrs. Hannay continued to play cheerful elaborations on the theme of friendship, till her husband appeared with the other three men. He had his hand on Majendie's shoulder, and Mrs. Hannay's soft smile drew Mrs. Majendie's attention to this manifestation of intimacy. And it dawned on Anne that Mrs. Hannay's gayety would not end here; though it was here, with the mixing of the company, that her vulgarity would begin.

"Did you ever see such a pair? I tell Lawson he's fonder of Wallie than he is of me. I believe he'd go down on his knees and black his boots for nothing, if he asked him. I'd do it myself; only

you must n't tell Lawson I said so." She paused. "I think Lawson wants to come and have a little talk with you."

Hannay approached heavily, and his wife gave up her place to him, cushions and all. He seated himself heavily. His eyes wandered heavily to the other side of the room, following Majendie. And as they rested on his friend there was a light in them that redeemed their heaviness.

He had come to Mrs. Majendie prepared for weighty utterance.

"That man," said Hannay, "is the best man I know. You've married, dear lady, my dearest and most intimate friend. He's a saint — a Bayard." He flung the name at her defiantly, and with a gesture he emphasized the crescendo of his thought. "A *preux chevalier; sans peur*," said Mr. Hannay, "*et sans reproche.*"

Having delivered his soul, he sat, still heavily, in silence.

Anne repressed the rising of her indignation. To her it was as if he had been defending her husband against some accusation brought by his wife.

And so, indeed, he was. Poor Hannay had been conscious of her attitude, conscious, under her pure and austere eyes, of his own shortcomings, and it struck him that Majendie needed some defense against her judgment of his taste in friendship.

When the door closed behind the Majendies, Mr. Gorst was left the last lingering guest.

"Poor Wallie," said Mrs. Hannay.

"*Poor* Wallie," said Mr. Hannay, and sighed.

"What do you think of her?" said the lady to Mr. Gorst.

"Oh, I think she's magnificent."

"Do you think he'll be able to live up to it?"

"Why not?" said Mr. Gorst cheerfully.

"Well, it was n't very gay for him before he married, and I don't imagine it's going to be any gayer now."

"*Now*," said Mr. Hannay, "I understand what's meant by the solemnization of holy matrimony. That woman would solemnize a farce at the Vaudeville, with Gwen Richards on."

"She very nearly solemnized my dinner," said Mrs. Hannay.

"She does n't know," said Mr. Hannay, "what a dinner is. She's got no appetite herself, and she tried to take mine away from me. A regular dog-in-the-manger of a woman."

"Oh come, you know," said Gorst. "She can't be as bad as all that. Edith 's awfully fond of her."

"And *that 's* good enough for you?" said Mrs. Hannay.

"Yes. That's good enough for me. *I* like her," said Gorst stoutly; and Mrs. Hannay hid in her pocket-handkerchief a face quivering with mirth.

But Gorst, as he departed, turned on the doorstep and repeated, "Honestly, I like her."

"Well, honestly," said Mr. Hannay, "I don't." And, lost in gloomy forebodings for his friend, he sought consolation in whisky and soda.

Mrs. Hannay took a seat beside him.

"And what did you think of the dinner?" said she.

"It was a dead failure, Pussy."

"You old stupid, I mean the dinner, not the dinner-party."

Mrs. Hannay rubbed her soft cherubic face against his sleeve, and as she did so, she gently removed the whisky from his field of vision. She was a woman of exquisite tact.

"Oh, the dinner, my plump Pussy-cat, was a dream — a happy dream."

XII

"There are moments, I admit," said Majendie, "when Hannay saddens me."

Anne had drawn him into discussing at breakfast time their host and hostess of the night before.

"Shall you have to see very much of them?" She had made up her mind that

she would see very little, or nothing, of the Hannays.

"Well, I have n't, lately, have I?" said he, and she owned that he had not.

"How you ever could —" she began, but he stopped her.

"Oh well, we need n't go into that."

It seemed to her that there was something dark and undesirable behind those words, something into which she could well conceive he would not wish to go. It never struck her that he merely wished to put an end to the discussion.

She brooded over it and became dejected. The great tide of her trouble had long ago ebbed out of her sight. Now it was as if it had turned, somewhere on the edge of the invisible, and was creeping back again. She wished she had never seen or heard of the Hannays — detestable people.

She betrayed something of this feeling to Edith, who was impatient for an account of the evening. (It was thus that Edith entered vicariously into life.)

"Did you expect me to enjoy it?" she replied to the first eager question.

"No, I don't know that I did. *I* should have enjoyed it very much indeed."

"I don't believe you."

"Was there anybody there that you disliked so much?"

"The Hannays were there. It was enough."

"You liked Mr. Gorst?"

"Yes. He was different."

"Poor Charlie. I'm glad you liked him."

"I don't like him any better for meeting him there, my dear."

"Don't say that to Walter, Nancy."

"I have said it. How Walter can care for those people is a mystery to me."

"He ought to be ashamed of himself if he did n't. Lawson Hannay has been a good friend to him."

"Do you mean that he's under any obligation to him?"

"Yes. Obligations, my dear, that none of us can ever repay."

"It's intolerable —" said Anne.

"Is it? Wait till you know what the obligations are. That man you dislike so much stood by Walter when your friends, the Eliotts, my child, turned their virtuous backs on him — when none of his own people, even, would lend him a helping hand. It was Lawson Hannay who saved him."

"Saved him?"

"Saved him. Moved heaven and earth to get him out of that woman's clutches."

Anne shook her head, and put her hands over her eyes to dispel her vision of him. Edith laughed.

"You can't see Mr. Hannay moving heaven?"

"No, really, I can't."

"Well, *I* saw him. At least, if he did n't move heaven, he moved earth. When nothing else could shake her hold, he bought her off."

"Bought — her — off?"

"Yes, bought her — paid her money to go. And she went."

"He owes him money, then?"

"Money, and a great many other things besides. You don't like it?"

"I can't bear it."

"Of course you can't. It hurts your pride. It hurt mine badly. But my pride has had to go down in the dust before Lawson Hannay."

Anne raised her head as if she refused to lower her pride an inch to him. She was trying to put the whole episode behind her, as it had come before her. She had nothing whatever to do with it. Edith, of course, had to be grateful. She was not bound by the same obligation. But she was determined that they should be quit of the Hannays. She would make Walter pay back that money.

Meanwhile Edith's eyes filled with tears at the recollection. "Lawson Hannay may not have been a very good man himself — I believe at one time he was n't. But he loved his friend, and he did n't want to see him going the same way."

"The same way? That means that, if it had n't been for Mr. Hannay, he would never have met her."

"Mr. Hannay did his best to prevent his meeting her. He knew what she was, and Walter did n't. He took him off in his yacht for weeks at a time, to get him out of her way. When she followed him he brought him back. When she persecuted him — well, I've told you what he did."

Anne lifted her hand in supplication, and rose and went to the open window, as if, after that recital, she thirsted for fresh air. Edith smiled, in spite of herself, at her sister-in-law's repudiation of the subject.

"Poor Mr. Hannay," said she, "the worst you can say of him now is that he eats and drinks a little more than 's good for him."

"And that he 's married a wife who sets him the example," said Anne, returning from the window-sill refreshed.

"She keeps him straight, dear."

"Edith! I shall never understand you. You're angelically good. But it's horrible, the things you take for granted. 'She keeps him straight'!"

"You think I take for granted a natural tendency to crookedness? I don't, I don't. What I take for granted is a natural tendency to straightness, when it gets its way. — It does n't always get it, though, especially in a town like Scale."

"I wish we were out of it."

"So did I, dear, once; but I don't now. We must make the best of it."

"Has Walter paid any of that money back to Mr. Hannay?"

Edith looked up at her sister-in-law, startled by the hardness in her voice. She had meant to spare Anne's pride the worst blow, but something in her question stirred the fire that slept in Edith.

"No," she said, "he has n't. He was going to, but Mr. Hannay cancelled the debt, in order that he might marry. — That he might marry you."

Anne drew back as if Edith had struck her bodily. She, then, had been bought, too, with Mr. Hannay's money. Without it, Walter could not have afforded to marry her; for she was poor.

She sat silent, until her self-appointed hour with Edith ended; and then, still silently, she left the room.

And Edith turned her cheek on her cushions and sobbed weakly to herself. "Walter would never forgive me if he knew I'd told her that. It was awful of me. But Anne would have provoked the patience of a saint."

Anne owned that Edith was a saint, and that the provocation was extreme.

In the afternoon, Edith, at her own request, was forgiven, and Anne, by way of proving and demonstrating her forgiveness, announced her amiable intention of calling on Mrs. Hannay on her "day."

The day fell within a week of the dinner. It was agreed that Majendie was to meet his wife at the Hannays', and to take her home. There was a good mile between Prior Street and the Park; and Anne was a leisurely walker; so it happened that she was late, and that Majendie had arrived a few minutes before her. She did not notice him there all at once. Mrs. Hannay was a sociable little lady; the radius of her circle was rapidly increasing, and her "day" drew crowds. The lamps were not yet lit, and as Anne entered the room, it was dim to her after the daylight of the open air. She had counted on an inconspicuous entrance, and was astonished to find that the announcement of her name caused a curious disturbance and division in the assembly. A finer ear than Anne's might have detected an ominous sound, something like the rustling of leaves before a storm. But Anne's self-possession rendered her at times insensible to changes in the social atmosphere. In any case the slight commotion was no more than she had come prepared for, in a whole roomful of ill-bred persons.

"Pussy," said a lady who stood near Mrs. Hannay. Mrs. Hannay had her back to the doorway. The lady's voice rang on a low note of warning, and she

brought her mouth close to Mrs. Hannay's ear.

The hostess started, turned, and came at once towards Mrs. Majendie, rolling deftly between the persons who obstructed her perturbed and precipitate way. The perfect round of her cheeks had dropped a little; it was the face of a poor cherub in vexation and dismay.

"Dear Mrs. Majendie —" her voice, once so triumphant, had dropped, too, almost to a husky whisper — "how very good of you."

She led her to a sofa, the seat of intimacy, set back a little from the central throng. Majendie could be seen fairly immersed in the turmoil, struggling desperately through it, with a plate in his hand.

Mrs. Hannay was followed by her husband, by the other lady, and by Gorst. She introduced the other lady as Mrs. Ransome, and they seated themselves, one on each side of Anne. The two men drew up in front of the sofa, and began to talk very fast, in loud tones and with an unnatural gayety. The women, too, closed in upon her somewhat with their knees; they were both a little confused, both more than a little frightened, and the manner of both was mysteriously apologetic.

Anne, with her deep insulating sense of superiority, had no doubt as to the secret of the situation. She felt herself suitably protected, guarded from contact, screened from view, distinguished very properly from persons to whom it was manifestly impossible, even for Mrs. Hannay, to introduce her. She was very sorry for poor Mrs. Hannay, she tried to make it less difficult for her, by ignoring the elements of confusion and fright. But poor Mrs. Hannay kept on being frightened; she refused to part with her panic and be natural. So terrified was she that she hardly seemed to take in what Mrs. Majendie was saying.

Anne however conversed with the utmost amiability, while her thoughts ran thus: "Dear lady, why this agitation? You cannot help being vulgar. As for your friends, what do you think I expected?"

The other lady, Mrs. Dick Ransome, could not be held accountable for anything but her own private vulgarity; and it struck Anne as odd that Mrs. Dick Ransome, who was not responsible for Mrs. Hannay, seemed, if anything, more terrified than Mrs. Hannay, who was responsible for *her*.

Mrs. Dick Ransome did not, at the first blush, inspire confidence. She was a woman with a great deal of blonde hair, and a fresh-colored, conspicuously unspiritual face; coarse-grained, thick-necked, ruminantly animal; but kind; kind to Mrs. Hannay, kind to Anne,— kinder even than Mrs. Hannay, who was responsible for all the kindness.

Charlie Gorst hurried away to get Mrs. Majendie some tea, and Lawson Hannay's large form moved into the gap thus made, blocking Anne's view of the room. He stood looking down upon her with an extraordinary smile of mingled apology and protection. Gorst's return was followed by Majendie, wandering uneasily with his plate. He smiled at Anne, too, and his smile conveyed the same suggestion of desperation and distress. It was as if he said to her, "I'm sorry for letting you in for such a crew, but how can I help it?"

She smiled back at him brightly, as much as to say, "Don't mind. It amuses me. I'm taking it all in."

He wandered away, and Anne felt that the women exchanged looks across her shoulders.

"I think I'll be going, Pussy dear," said Mrs. Ransome, nodding some secret intelligence. She elbowed her way gently across the room, and came back again, shaking her head hopelessly and helplessly. "She says I can go if I like, but she'll stay," said Mrs. Ransome under her breath.

"Oh — h-h," said Mrs. Hannay under hers.

"What am I to do?" said Mrs. Ransome, flurried into audible speech.

"Stay — stay. It's much better." She plucked her husband by the sleeve, and he lowered an attentive ear. Mrs. Ransome covered the confidence with a high-pitched babble.

"You find Scale a very sociable place, don't you, Mrs. Majendie?" said Mrs. Ransome.

"Go," said Mrs. Hannay, "and take her off into the conservatory, or somewhere."

"More sociable in the winter-time, of course." Mrs. Ransome in her agitation almost screamed it.

"I can't take her off anywhere, if she won't go," said Mr. Hannay in a thick but penetrating whisper. He collapsed into a chair in front of Anne, where he seemed to spread himself, sheltering her with his supine, benignant gaze.

Mrs. Hannay was beside herself, beholding his invertebrate behavior. "Don't sit down, stupid. Do something — anything."

He went to do it, but evidently, whatever it was, he had no heart for it.

A maid came in and lit a lamp. There was a simultaneous movement of departure among the nearer guests.

"Oh Heavens," said Mrs. Hannay, "don't tell me they're all going!"

Anne, serenely contemplating these provincial manners, was bewildered by the horror in Mrs. Hannay's tone. There was no accounting for provincial manners, or she would have supposed that Mrs. Hannay, mortified by the presence of her most undesirable acquaintance, would have rejoiced to see them go.

Their dispersal cleared a space down the middle of the room to the bay window, and disclosed a figure, a woman's figure, which occupied, majestically, a settee. The settee, set far back in the bay of the window, was in a direct line with Anne's sofa. That part of the room was still unlighted, and the figure, sitting a little sideways, remained obscure.

A servant went round lighting lamps.

The first lamp to be lit stood beside Anne's sofa. The effect of the illumination was to make the lady in the window turn on her settee. Across the space between, her eyes, obscure lights in a face still undefined, swept with the turning of her body, and fastened upon Anne's face, bared for the first time to their view. They remained fixed, as if Anne's face had a peculiar fascination for them.

"Who is the lady sitting in the window?" asked Anne.

"It's my sister." Mrs. Ransome blinked as she answered, and her blood ran scarlet to the roots of her blonde hair.

A cherub, discovering a horrible taste in his trumpet, would have looked like Mrs. Hannay.

"Do let me give you some more tea, Mrs. Majendie?" said she, while Mrs. Ransome signaled to her husband. "Here, Dick, come and make yourself useful."

Mr. Ransome, a little stout man with a bald head, a pale puffy face, a twinkling eye and a severe mustache, was obedient to her summons.

"Let me see," said she; "have you met Mrs. Majendie?"

"I have not had that pleasure," said Mr. Ransome, and bowed profoundly. He waited assiduously on Mrs. Majendie. The Ransomes might have been responsible for the whole occasion, they so rallied round and supported her.

Hannay and Gorst, Ransome and another man, were gathered together in communion with the lady of the settee. There was a general lull, and her voice, a voice of sweet but somewhat penetrating quality, was heard.

"Don't talk to me," said she, "about women being jealous of each other. Do you suppose I mind another woman being handsome? I don't care how handsome she is, so long as she is n't handsome in my style. Of course, I don't say I could stand it if she was the very moral of me."

"I say, supposing Toodles met the very moral of herself?"

"Could Toodles have a moral? I doubt it."

"I want to know what she'd do with it."

"Yes, by Jove, what *would* you do?"

"Do? I should do my worst. I should make her sit somewhere with a good strong light on her."

"Hold hard there," said her brother-in-law (the man who called her Toodles). "Lady Cayley does n't want that lamp lit just yet."

In the silence of the rest, the name seemed to leap straight across the room to Anne.

The two women beside her heard it, and looked at each other and at her. Anne sickened under their eyes, struck suddenly by the meaning of their protection and their sympathy. She longed to rise, to sweep them aside and go. But she was kept motionless by some superior instinct of disdain.

Outwardly she appeared in no way concerned by this revelation of the presence of Lady Cayley. She might never have heard of her, for any knowledge that her face betrayed.

Majendie, not far from the settee in the window, was handing cucumber sandwiches to an old lady.

And Lady Cayley had taken the matches from the maid, and was lighting the lamp herself, and was saying, "I'm not afraid of the light yet, I assure you. There — look at me."

Everybody looked at her, and she looked at everybody as she sat in the lamplight, and let it pour over her. She seemed to be offering herself lavishly, recklessly, triumphantly, to the light.

Lady Cayley was a large woman of thirty-seven, who had been a slender and a pretty woman at thirty. She would have been pretty still if she had been a shade less large. She had tiny upward-tilted features in her large white face; but the lines of her jaw and her little round prominent chin were already vanishing in a soft enveloping fold, flushed through its whiteness with a bloom that was a sleeping color. Her forehead and eyelids were exceedingly white, so white that against them her black eyebrows and blue eyes were vivid and emphatic. Her head carried high a Gainsborough hat of white felt, with black plumes and a black line round its rim. Under its upward and its downward curve her light brown hair was tossed up, and curled, and waved, and puffed into an appearance of great exuberance and volume. Exuberance and volume were the note of this lady, a note subdued a little by the art of her dressmaker. A gown of smooth black cloth clung to her vast form without a wrinkle, sombre, severe, giving her a kind of slenderness in stoutness. She wore a white lace vest, and any quantity of lace ruffles, any number of little black velvet lines and points set with paste buttons. And every ruffle, every line, every point and button was an accent, emphasizing some beauty of her person.

And Anne looked at Lady Cayley once and no more.

It was enough. The trouble that she put from her came again upon her, no longer in its merciful immensity, faceless and formless (for she had shrunk from picturing Lady Cayley), but boldly, abominably defined. She grasped it now, the atrocious tragedy, made visible and terrible for her in the body of Lady Cayley, the phantom of her own horror made flesh.

A terrible comprehension fell on her of that body, of its power, its secret and its sin.

For the first moment, when she looked from it to her husband, her mind refused to associate him with that degradation. Reverence held her, and a sudden memory of her passion in the woods at Westleydale. Mercifully they veiled her intelligence, and made it impossible for her to realize that he should have sunk so low.

Then she remembered. She had known

that it was, that it would be so, that sooner or later the woman would come back. Her brain conceived a curious twofold intuition of the fact.

It was all foreappointed and foreknown, that she should come to this hateful house, and should sit there, and that her eyes should be opened and that she should see.

And the woman's voice rose again. "Do I see cucumber sandwiches?" said Lady Cayley. "Dick, go and tell Mr. Majendie that, if he does n't want all those sandwiches himself, I'll have one."

Ransome gave the message, and Majendie turned to the lady of the settee, presenting the plate with the finest air of abstraction. Her large arm hovered in selection long enough for her to shoot out one low, quick speech.

"I only wanted to see if you'd cut me, Wallie. Topsie bet me two to ten you would n't."

"Why on earth should I?"

"Oh, on earth, I know you would n't. But did n't I hear just now you'd married and gone to heaven?"

"Gone to —?"

"Sh—sh—sh—I'm sure she does n't let you use those naughty words. You need n't say you're not in heaven, for I can see you are. You did n't expect to meet me there, did you?"

"I certainly did n't expect to meet you here."

"How can you be so rude. Dick, take that tiresome plate from him; he does n't know what to do with it. Yes, I'll have another before it goes away forever."

Majendie had given up the plate before he realized that he was parting with the link that bound him to the outer world. He turned instantly to follow it there; but she saw his intention and frustrated it.

"Butter? Ugh! You might hold my cup for me while I take my gloves off."

She peeled two skin-tight gloves from her plump hands, so carefully that the operation gave her all the time she wanted.

"I believe you're still afraid of me?" said she.

He was doing his best to look over her head; but she smiled a smile so flashing that it drew his eyes to her involuntarily; he felt it as positively illuminating their end of the room.

"You're not? Well, prove it."

"Is it possible to prove anything to you?"

Again he was about to break from her impatiently. Nothing, he had told himself, would induce him to stay and talk to her. But he saw Anne's face across the room; it was pale and hard, fixed in an expression of implacable repulsion. And she was looking, not at Lady Cayley, but at him.

"You can prove it," said Lady Cayley, "to me and everybody else — they're all looking at you — by sitting down quietly for one moment, and trying to look a little less as if we compromised each other."

He stayed, to prove his innocence before Anne; and he stood, to prove his independence before Lady Cayley. He had longed to get away from the woman, to stand by his wife's side; to take her out of the room, out of the house, into the open air. And now the perversity that was in him kept him where he hated to be.

"That's right. Thank heaven one of us has got some presence of mind."

"Presence of mind?"

"Yes. You don't seem to think of *me*," she added softly.

"Why should I?" he replied with a brutality that surprised himself.

She looked at him with blue eyes softly suffused, and the curve of a red mouth sweet and tremulous. "Why?" her whisper echoed him. "Because I'm a woman."

Her eyelids dropped ever so little; but their dark lashes (following the upward trend of her features) curled to such a degree that the veil was ineffectual. He saw a large slit of the wonderful, indomitable blue.

"I'm a woman, and you're a man, you see; and the world's on your side, my friend, not mine."

She said it sweetly. If she had been bitter she would have (as she expressed it) "choked him off;" but Lady Cayley knew better than to be bitter now, at thirty-seven. She had learnt that her power was in her sweetness.

His face softened (from the other end of the room Anne saw it soften), and Lady Cayley pursued with soundless feet her fugitive advantage.

"Poor Wallie, you need n't look so frightened. I'm quite safe now, or soon will be. Did n't I tell you I was going there too. I'm going to be married."

"I'm delighted to hear it," said he stiffly.

"To a perfect angel," said she.

"Really? If you're going up to heaven, he, I take it, is not coming down to earth?"

"Nothing is settled," said Lady Cayley, with such monstrous gravity that his stiffness melted and he laughed outright.

(Anne heard him.)

"Who, if I may ask, is this celestial, this transcendent being?"

She shook her head. "I can't tell you, yet."

"What, is n't even that settled?"

Majendie was so genuinely diverted at that moment that he would not have left her if he could.

She took the sting of it and flushed dumbly. Remorse seized him, and he sought to soothe her.

"My dear lady, I had a vision of heavenly hosts standing round you in such quantities that it might be difficult to make a selection, you know."

She rallied finely under the reviving compliment. "My dear, it's a case of quality, not quantity —" Her past was so present to them both that he almost understood her to say "this time."

"I see," he said. "The wings. But nothing 's settled?"

"It's settled right enough," said she, by which he understood her to imply that the "angel's" case was. She had settled him. Majendie could see her doing it. His imagination played lightly with the preposterous idea. He conceived her in the act of bringing down her bird of heaven, actually "winging him."

"But it's not given out yet."

"I see."

"You're the first I've told, except Topsie. Topsie knows it. So you must n't tell anybody else."

"I never tell anybody anything," said he.

He gathered that it was not quite so settled as she wished him to suppose, and that Lady Cayley anticipated some possible dashing of the cup of matrimony from her lips.

"So I'm not to have panics, in the night, and palpitations, every time I think of it?"

"Certainly not, if it rests with me."

"I wanted you to know. But it's so precious, I'm afraid of losing it. Nothing," said Lady Cayley, "can make up for the loss of a good man's love. Except," she added, "a good woman's."

"Quite so," he assented coldly, with horror at his perception of her drift.

His coldness riled her.

"Who," said she with emphasis, "is the lady who keeps making those awful eyes at us over Pussy's topknot?"

"That lady," said Majendie, "as it happens, is my wife."

"Why did n't you tell me that before? That's what comes, you see, of not introducing people. I'll tell you one thing, Wallie. She's awfully handsome. But you always had good taste. Br—r—r, there's a draught cutting my head off. You might shut that window, there's a dear."

He shut it.

"And put my cup down."

He put it down.

(Anne saw him. She had seen everything.)

"And help me on with my cape."

He lifted the heavy sable thing with

two fingers and helped her gingerly. A scent, horrid and thick, and profuse with memories, was shaken from her as she turned her shoulder. He hoped she was going. But she was not going; not she. Her body swayed towards him sinuously, from hips obstinately immobile, weighted, literally, with her unshakable determination to sit on.

She rewarded him with a smile which seemed to him, if anything, more atrociously luminous than the last. "I must keep you up to the mark," said she, as she turned with it. "Your wife's looking at you, and I feel responsible for your good behavior. Don't keep her waiting. Can't you see she wants to go?"

"And I want to go, too," said he savagely. And he went.

And as she watched Mrs. Walter Majendie's departure, Lady Cayley smiled softly to herself, tasting the first delicious flavor of success.

She had made Mrs. Walter Majendie betray herself; she had made her furious; she had made her go.

She had sat Mrs. Walter Majendie out.

If the town of Scale, the mayor and the aldermen, had risen up and given her an ovation, she could not have celebrated more triumphantly her return.

(To be continued.)

ON ARRANGING A BOWL OF VIOLETS

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

I DIP my hands in April among your faces tender,
O woven of blue air and ecstasies of light!
Breathed words of the Earth-Mother — although it is November —
You wing my soul with memories adorable and white.
I hear you call each other:
"Ah, Sweet, do you remember
The garden that we haunted — its spaces of delight?
The sound of running water — the day's long lapse of splendor —
The winds that begged our fragrance and loved us in the night?"

THE CENTENARY OF LONGFELLOW

BY BLISS PERRY

We allow the centenaries of our men of letters to pass without general observance. The one hundredth anniversaries of the births of Poe, of Hawthorne, and of Emerson, were duly celebrated at Charlottesville and at Brunswick, at Salem, Concord, and Boston. But these were exercises of local piety, the expression of a laudable provincial pride. A wide, national recognition of such anniversaries does not yet come easily to us; "they order this matter better in France," with a more spontaneous clashing of the cymbals, a more graceful processional to the shrine. It is possible that the anniversary of Longfellow's birth — on February 27, 1807 — may be more generally and tenderly remembered than that of other American authors of his time. Multitudes of his countrymen to whom Hawthorne and Poe were mere necromancers, and Emerson a shining seraph announcing unintelligible things, thought of Longfellow as a familiar friend. But twenty-five years have already elapsed since his death. To a busy republic, swift to forget even its best servants, a quarter of a century is a long period, and the startling political and social changes which have been brought about within that interval make it seem even longer still. Longfellow's noble life and work have indeed kept him in remembrance; but apparently it is only Lincoln, among all the figures of that generation, who has grown steadily in popular fame.

It is inevitable that there should be some reaction against the extraordinary popularity which Longfellow's poetry enjoyed during his lifetime. Nor should his most loyal admirers quarrel with the spirit which to-day seeks to scrutinize the causes of such a popularity. To the true lover of books, the quality of a poet is everything; the counting of the heads of the poet's audience is but an idle occupation. It is difficult for Colonel Higginson to write otherwise than delightfully, but I wish that he had not begun his *Life of Longfellow* by giving the British Museum statistics of the demand for Longfellow's writings, and the editions in the various languages of the world. Do not even the publicans and the historical novelists the same? Such figures — unless they cover more than a single generation — raise more doubts than they allay. Nowhere is a little wise distrust of the popular judgment more sanative than in the field of poetry. The literary mass-meeting settles nothing. If it records an enormous majority for some candidate to-day, it is likely to-morrow to vote his name wearisomely familiar, imitating that illogical but very human and likable Athenian who petulantly marked his ballot against Aristides.

Yet if a little skepticism as to the wisdom of the general contemporary verdict is wholesome, a complete skepticism is rash. I know a shrewd and slightly cynical publisher who insists that the popularity of a piece of literature is always in an inverse ratio to its excellence. This is a pleasing and easily-remembered formula. It collapses, however, when you say "Hamlet." And I think it collapses when you say "Evangeline." The presumption may be, and for certain fastidious minds it always will be, that a popular poem cannot have a high literary rating. But it is one of the most unsafe presumptions upon which a critic can put out to sea. There is, to be sure, a natural commonplaceness which forms a solidarity of sympathy between certain authors and their public. I once asked a poet: "How does our friend Blank, the novelist, man-

age to hit the average vulgar taste with such wonderful accuracy?" "He does n't *hit* it," said the poet gloomily, "he *is* it." But this complete identity of author and audience must be sharply distinguished from that exquisite gift possessed by a few men of essential distinction,—like Gray, like Goethe, like Longfellow, — of giving perfect expression to certain feelings which are

"in widest commonalty spread."

Both of these classes of writers may produce a widely popular poem or book. But the difference in the result is that which separates *David Harum* from *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and *The Old Oaken Bucket* from the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. Longfellow, it is true, sometimes allowed himself to print rather commonplace pieces. Like most poets, and like every American poet of his generation except Poe, he published too much. He had a sympathetic perception of the moods of unsophisticated people, and he usually preferred to interpret such feelings rather than the more recondite aspects of human experience. He felt, as we all feel, that the rain is beautiful, and he did not hesitate to say in verse,—

"How beautiful is the rain!"

That he ran a certain risk in thus carrying simplicity to the verge of guilelessness he must have been aware, through the early and constant parodies upon this vein of his poetry. But he knew his course. He gained and held his great circle of readers by precisely this obedience to his instinct. His contemporaries felt what Emerson (with perhaps a touch of unconscious patronage) wrote about *Hiawatha:* "I have always one foremost satisfaction in reading your books, that I am safe." To speak safely to one generation is to speak with some hazard to the generations following, and Longfellow's beautiful work has already paid a penalty for his overwhelming immediate success.

In one other respect, too, we must note a sort of whispered reservation that is sometimes made when Longfellow's name is spoken. One need not fear to utter it, even in the magazine to which he was such a friendly and honored contributor. Was he, after all, a great poet? Mr. Longfellow himself, with his delicate sense of literary values, would have respected the scruple which prompts such a question. One may easily imagine what he would have replied. He was once showing the Craigie House, with his unmatched courtesy, to one of those ignorant bores whom he patiently allowed to ravage his golden hours. The stranger asked if Shakespeare did not live somewhere about there. "I told him," said Mr. Longfellow, "I knew no such person in this neighborhood." Exactly. No such person as Shakespeare has ever been in the Cambridge Directory. But what of it? Why should size be snatched at as the chief criterion of poetic performance? The nightingale, type and symbol of all poets, is but a small brown bird.

How Longfellow himself regarded an indubitably great poet may be seen in his incomparable sonnets upon the *Divina Commedia*. Dante's poem is there likened to a cathedral, within whose doors the tumult of the time dies away,—

"While the eternal ages watch and wait."

Old agonies and exultations haunt these shadows; here are echoes of tragedies and of celestial voices. The windows are ablaze with saints and martyrs; the organ sounds; the unseen choirs sing the Latin hymns; and the head is bowed in the presence of the ineffable mysteries of the Faith. Nothing built by human hands has the dark grandeur of such a minster. There is only one other place that may be as sacred, — and that is the home. To open Dante is like passing within the solemn portal of a cathedral; to read Longfellow is like entering the Craigie House. The fine dignity of the vanished eighteenth century is here. From the doorway stretches a gentle landscape, with its winding river and low hills. All around there is a quiet beauty, with lilacs and elms and green lawns sweet with child-

ren's voices; within the old mansion wait hospitality, and gracious courtesy, and the savor of worn books, and the sanctities of long, intimate converse with all lovely and honorable things. It is a friend's roof, and it welcomes us in hours when the cathedral oppresses or appalls.

It is no wonder that men and women of New England blood are loyal to Longfellow. His stock was of the finest of our sifted wheat. John Alden, the young lover in his most perfect narrative poem, — the "bunch of May-flowers from the Plymouth woods," — was his maternal ancestor. Among his forbears were men distinguished for gallantry in the country's service, and for stainless integrity of private character. His boyhood in Portland was typical of the time and section, in its moral sweetness, its intellectual hunger and fine ambition. He had the look of his family, — the slim straight figure, the waving brown hair, the blue eyes, the quickly flushed cheeks. He read in his father's library the sound English classics of the eighteenth century, but the first book to fascinate his imagination was Irving's *Sketch-Book*. "I was a schoolboy when it was published," he wrote forty years afterward, "and read each succeeding number with ever increasing wonder and delight, spell-bound by its pleasant humor, its melancholy tenderness, its atmosphere of revery, — nay, even by its gray-brown covers, the shaded letters of its titles, and the fair, clear type, which seemed an outward symbol of its style." Such was the boy of whom — at the ripe age of six — his schoolmaster had testified that "his conduct last quarter was very correct and amiable," and of whom a classmate at Bowdoin — in that famous class of 1825 — said, "It appeared easy for him to avoid the unworthy."

One is reminded of the remark made by Puvis de Chavannes in the hour of his long-deferred triumph as an artist. "Who was your master?" he was asked. "I never had any master," said the painter, thinking perhaps of his restless, friendless journeys from one atelier to another; "my master has been a horror of certain things." That fineness of nature which made it seem easy for Longfellow, as for his classmate Hawthorne, to avoid the unworthy, was perfected by the firm intellectual discipline and the clear flame of aspiration that characterized the years spent in the struggling country college. Typical of that period was his unashamed acknowledgment of his heart's ambition, revealed in a well-known letter to his father: "The fact is, I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it." How charming it is, this boyish ardor! Longfellow's was but one of hundreds of such voices rising from every home of learning in New England, three quarters of a century ago. We hear them still, in the fresh tones of this eager, generous, high-minded youth, who had the good fortune to realize his dream.

It was fulfilled, as most dreams are, in unforeseen ways. Through the range and the quality of Longfellow's life-work he was enabled to perform a spiritual service for his countrymen. He was to become a national, rather than a merely provincial figure. In our imaginations, indeed, he lingers as a lovely flowering of all that was most fair in the New England temperament and training, in that long blossoming season which began with Emerson's *Nature* and ended — no one knows just when or how — within a decade or two after the close of the Civil War. There is but too much truth in Mr. Oliver Herford's witty description of the present-day New England as the abandoned farm of literature. Apparently the soil must lie fallow for a while, or someone must plough deeper than our melancholy short-story writers seem to go. But when the old orchard was bearing, what bloom and fruitage were hers!

Yet Longfellow was far more than a melodious voice of that New England springtime. It became his privilege to

interpret to his generation the hitherto alien treasures of European culture. He brought Spain and Italy, France and Germany and the shadowy northern races, into the consciousness of his countrymen. While Irving and Bryant were the pioneers in this adventure, it was through Longfellow, more than any other man, that the poetry of the Old World — the romance of town and tower and storied stream, the figures of monk and saint and man-at-arms, of troubadour and minnesinger, of artist and builder and dreamer — became the familiar possession of the New.

This immense service was made possible through Longfellow's scholarship. When he was graduated from Bowdoin, at the age of eighteen, he had a good knowledge of Latin and Greek, and a fair amount of French. Receiving the promise of a professorship of modern languages at his alma mater, upon the condition that he should prepare himself by European study, he sailed in 1826 for a three years' absence. After two years and a half he was able to write to his father, "I know you cannot be dissatisfied with the progress I have made in my studies. I speak honestly, not boastfully. With the French and Spanish languages I am familiarly conversant, so as to speak them correctly, and write them with as much ease and fluency as I do the English. The Portuguese I read without difficulty. And with regard to my proficiency in the Italian, I have only to say that all at the hotel where I lodge took me for an Italian until I told them I was an American." He then proceeded to master German, and in subsequent years familiarized himself with several other languages of northern Europe. During the five or six years of his Bowdoin professorship, and for eighteen years at Harvard, he gave careful and competent instruction in these languages, lecturing regularly upon various foreign literatures, and superintending the work of the picturesque and often extremely difficult foreign gentlemen (the "four-in-hand of outlandish animals all pulling the wrong way, except one") who acted as his assistants. Of the extent and accuracy of his linguistic attainments his published translations from no less than nine languages are a sufficient proof. His college tasks left him scanty leisure; his eyesight was early impaired; and he gave himself freely to the claims of hospitality; and yet in spite of these drawbacks his acquaintance with the literatures of mediæval and modern Europe became extraordinary. He made no pretense, however, to strictly philological erudition, and he would probably have regarded with mild surprise the formidable apparatus of learning which our contemporary scholars love to concentrate — like the irresistible wedge of close football formation — upon the weakest points in their opponent's line. One may even venture to think that Longfellow would have found such philological contests rather dull. He played by preference the open game, moving with a delightful swiftness and ease from folklore and drinking-song to missal and codex. His prose volumes, *Hyperion* and *Outre-Mer*, reflect something of the variety of his reading, and his natural sympathy with that European Romantic movement which was still occupied, in the thirties, with revivifying the past and lending an emotional coloring to the present. For years after his return from his first long sojourn in Europe this seemed to be his calling: to give a few American boys some bright glimpses of those illuminated pages which had fascinated his own fancy.

Then, after a decade of teaching, came the revelation of his true power. He discovered that he was himself a poet. He had written boyish verses, such as we all write, and the constant practice in metrical translation had perfected his sense of poetical form. But here was a new impulse. His Journal notes [Dec. 6, 1838]: "A beautiful holy morning within me. I was softly excited, I knew not why; and wrote with peace in my heart and not without tears in my eyes, *The Reaper and*

the Flowers, a Psalm of Death. I have had an idea of this kind in my mind for a long time, without finding any expression for it in words. This morning it seemed to crystallize at once, without any effort of my own." How familiar that "soft excitement" is to those who listen to the confidences of the poets; and how inadequate an explanation, after all, of the miracle by which a poem comes into being!

Longfellow was now in his thirties. He had been called from Brunswick to Cambridge. The wife of his youth was dead in a foreign land, and he had returned from that melancholy second visit to Europe, to live with books and a few friends. His youthful ambition for eminence had deepened into a love of the beautiful and a desire to speak truth. "Fame must be looked upon only as an accessory," he wrote, in a heart-searching letter to his friend Greene. "If it has ever been a principal object with me — which I doubt — it is so no more." Like Hawthorne, he found fame when he ceased to seek it. *The Psalm of Life, The Reaper and the Flowers, The Wreck of the Hesperus, The Skeleton in Armor, The Rainy Day, Maidenhood, Excelsior,* followed one another as thrushes follow one another in the deep woods at dawn, with melodies effortless and pure. Everybody listened. Two of these poems, *The Psalm of Life* and *Excelsior,* have indeed paid the price of a too apt adjustment to the ethical mood of that "earnest" moment in America. They were not so much poems as calls to action, and now that two generations have passed, those trumpets rust upon the wall. It is enough that they had their glorious hour.

To appeal through verse to the national as well as to the individual conscience was not for Longfellow, as it was for Whittier and Lowell, a natural instinct. His path lay for the most part outside the field of political poetry. Yet by his anti-slavery poems of 1842 he placed himself unmistakably on record against the most gigantic evil of his day; and in his anti-militaristic poem, *The Arsenal at Springfield,* he protested against the most widespread evil of our own. History loves to be ironical. Longfellow lived to see those very Springfield rifles help to end slavery in the United States; he lived to see "Enceladus arise" and shake off by force of arms the shackles of Italy; but he did not live long enough to hear his "holy melodies" of international love succeed to the diapasons of war. The high priests of the present dispensation assure us that his vision of universal disarmament is only a dream, and a dangerous dream. Yet there are and will be others to dream it until they make the dream come true.

The happiness of an assured recognition by the public was now followed by the deeper joy of a new home, but his habitation still remained the Craigie House. Friends multiplied, although a chosen few, like Felton and Sumner, had still their privileged place. Longfellow began to build in fancy a great poem, dealing with no less vast a theme than "the various aspects of Christendom in the Apostolic, Middle and Modern Ages." For thirty years it was to occupy his mind. The second portion, *The Golden Legend,* was finished first: a lovely, full-blown rose of learning, of sympathetic insight, of imagination. The third part, *The New England Tragedies,* followed after nearly a score of years, and *The Divine Tragedy,* which now introduces the completed poem, was written last. Thus the poet's task was ultimately finished; whether it was truly accomplished, according to the measure of his aspiration, who can say? He was not by nature a tragic poet. The New England dramas, faithfully as they reproduce the colonial atmosphere, seem but a provincial conclusion for the poet's comprehensive scheme. The sacred theme of *The Divine Tragedy,* and the scrupulous fidelity with which Longfellow weaves the words of the Scripture into his pattern, tend to remove the poem from the unimpeded scrutiny of criticism. We know that it possessed a deep signifi-

cance to the author, that more is meant than meets the ear, completely as the ear is charmed. It is one of the instances, not rare in the history of letters, where a poet's greatest work — as conceived by himself — has been relatively unregarded by his public.

For it is unquestionable that to his contemporaries, both here and abroad, Longfellow was recognized as the author of tender lyrics, and of *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, and *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. These narrative poems have become so secure a national possession that criticism seems an intrusion: it is like carrying a rifle into a national park. And it is to be suspected that the most formidably armed critic would return from his unlawful excursion with a rather empty bag. He would discover, no doubt, a few weak hexameters in *Evangeline*, an occasional thinness of tone in *Hiawatha*. He would point out the essentially bookish origin of all three poems, or in other words — what is true enough — that Longfellow loved to enter the House of Life by the library door. Very possibly there might never have been an *Evangeline* if there had not been a *Hermann and Dorothea* first. Very probably Felton and T. W. Parsons and other scholarly friends of Longfellow were right in their feeling that the dactylic measure of *Evangeline* is less suited to our English speech-rhythms than the iambic. Certainly the hexameters of *Miles Standish*, with their frequent iambic substitutions, are more supple and racy than those of the earlier poem. But this does not take us very far. We are no nearer the heart of the mystery of poetry for knowing that the rhythm of *Hiawatha* was borrowed from the Finnish *Kalevala*, and that the legends were taken, with due acknowledgments, from Schoolcraft. After all, the crucial question about Hiawatha's canoe was not where he got his materials, but whether the finished craft would float; and it is enough to say of the poem, as of the gayly colored canoe itself, —

> And the forest's life was in it,
> All its mystery and its magic,
> All the lightness of the birch-tree,
> All the toughness of the cedar,
> All the larch's supple sinews;
> And it floated on the river,
> Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
> Like a yellow water-lily.

Evangeline had been finished on the poet's fortieth birthday, and *The Courtship of Miles Standish* was written when he was fifty-one. That decade, so rich in poetic productiveness, was the happiest of Longfellow's life. He had been granted what Southey, another library poet, had craved for himself, —

> "Books, children, leisure, all the heart desires."

Success — a ghastly calamity for some writers — did not spoil the simplicity of his nature and the sincerity of his art. As the years went by, he discovered that college teaching, which had been pleasant enough at first, grew wearisome. His journal is full of half humorous, half plaintive references to the "treadmill" and the "yoke;" he likens himself to a miller, his hair white with meal, trying to sing amid the din and clatter; he finds it hard to lecture on so delicate a subject as Petrarch "in this harsh climate, in a college lecture-room, by broad daylight." In 1854 he surrendered his college chair to Lowell, and gave himself henceforward wholly to his true vocation. He could not, indeed, summon the ungracious courage to protect himself from the merciless demands of callers, correspondents, and admirers of every sort. In one week he wrote nothing but letters; in one forenoon he entertained fourteen callers, thirteen of them English. But aside from these intrusions, which are the unavoidable impost-tax upon popularity, he was enabled, in almost as full a degree as Tennyson after 1850, to ripen upon the sunny side of the wall. The sheltered life was best, no doubt, for that delicate nature of his, disliking to strive and cry in the streets, and finding, as he confesses in his journal, "life and its ways and ends prosaic in this country to the last degree."

He was too true a poet not to feel the possibility of a poetic inspiration in the dominant chords of that competitive civilization which was already vibrating all about him. He notes in a morning walk: "I see the red dawn encircling the horizon, and hear the thundering railway trains, radiating in various directions from the city along their sounding bars, like the bass of some great anthem, — our national anthem." But he never — save possibly in *The Building of the Ship* — tried to set that anthem to music of his own. One is reminded of that other sensitive and withdrawn person, Nathaniel Hawthorne, who said regretfully of the rude life which he witnessed upon the wharves of Boston, "A better book than I shall ever write was there." Yet it would not be strange if both Hawthorne and Longfellow were to outlast the author of "McAndrew's Hymn,"

In fact, the last decade — which has ordered its writers to serve up life in the raw, to write with their eye upon the object, and to sacrifice beauty to the thrilling sense of contact with actual experience — has been hardly fair to the Cambridge and Concord men. It is undeniable that there was a transient phase of "softness" in the forties, which Longfellow did not escape. He thought it "exquisite to read good novels in bed with waxlights in silver candlesticks," and exclaimed, after reading Frémont's account of the Rocky Mountain expedition of 1842, "But, ah, the discomforts!" He remained in lifelong unacquaintance with the physical aspects of his own country. Yet we forget how quickly the bookish man, provided he have the search-light of imagination upon his desk, can dispense with first-hand observation of scenery. Coleridge wrote the *Hymn to Mont Blanc* and *The Ancient Mariner* without having seen the Vale of Chamounix and the tropic ocean. The northwestern and southwestern American landscapes in *Hiawatha* and *Evangeline* are no less "true to nature" than the realistic picture of the rainy morning in Sudbury, in the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. The misfortune of the home-keeping poets lies not so much in any artistic limitation, as in our own lurking sense that some bolder and more enfranchising spiritual adventures might have been theirs if they had more often, as it were, gone down to the sea in ships and done business in great waters.

Yet we know but little, either from his Journal or his poems, of Longfellow's inner life. When his hour of dreadful trial came, in 1861, he met it with a gentleman's silent courage. In the years that followed he turned again for solace to his translation of Dante, begun long before. He found also, in his device of the *Wayside Inn*, a happy mode of linking together many a mellow story which he still wished to tell. The various *Interludes* reveal, to a fuller degree than any previous work of his, the ease of the finished artist, playful and adroit. The stories are for the most part Old World tales, — of Arabia and the East, of Sicily and Tuscany, of the green Alsatian hills and the gray Baltic, — but here too are *Paul Revere's Ride* and *Lady Wentworth*. It is inevitable that in such a rich collection there should be some tales in which Longfellow's masters in the story-telling art would have surpassed him; stories to which Boccaccio would have imparted a gayer drollery, or Chaucer a more robust breath of the highroad. But we who have loved these stories in youth rarely tire of them, and the most brilliant, I think, are those that are most completely the product of Longfellow's own fancy, —

> an invention of the Jew,
> Spun from the cobwebs in his brain,
> And of the same bright scarlet thread
> As was the Tale of Kambalu.

With the completion of *The Divine Tragedy*, the trilogy now published under the title *Christus: A Mystery* was finished. Longfellow began almost immediately another long dramatic poem, *Michael Angelo*, which was found in his desk after his death. It is difficult to characterize it fitly, or to realize all the subtle bonds of affinity which drew the thoughts

of the aging Longfellow to the last survivor of the greatest artistic period of Italy. Mr. Horace Scudder, one of the most sympathetic and best equipped critics of American verse, used to consider this poem as Longfellow's *apologia pro vita sua*, wherein the reader is always aware of Longfellow's presence, "wise, calm, reflective, musing over the large thoughts of life and art." I confess that I cannot see so clearly as this beneath the smooth, shadowed surface of the poem. It is Longfellow's most finished blank verse, — a verse that sings, mourns, and aspires, but never quite laughs; indeed, this was no time for laughter, after the sack of Rome. In lieu of action, there is a succession of charming or grave conversations, woven together out of the gossipy pages of Cellini, Vasari, and many another chronicler; to read them is to see again the yellowing travertine, the broken arches, and the stone pines against the Roman sky; it is to feel the pathos of unfulfilled dreams, of a titanic, unavailing struggle against a petty world; in a word, it is to watch the red melancholy sunset of the Renaissance. But it is a strange *apologia* for the American poet.

Although the last two decades of Longfellow's life produced these longer poems, with a deeper symbolism that may escape the casual reader, they also gave to the world some of his best known and most characteristic work. The range of his poetic faculty and the ripeness of his technical skill were exhibited in lyrics fully as lovely and varied as the old: in descriptive pieces like *Keramos* and *The Hanging of the Crane;* in such personal and "occasional" verses as *The Herons of Elmwood* and the noble *Morituri Salutamus;* and finally in sonnets, — like those upon Chaucer, Milton, the *Divina Commedia*, *A Nameless Grave*, Felton, Sumner, *Nature*, *My Books*, — which are already secure among the imperishable treasures of the English language.

There is no formula which adequately explains and comments upon such a career. It is apparent that Longfellow possessed, to a very notable degree, an instinctive literary tact. He knew, by a gift of nature, how to comport himself with moods and words, with forms of prose and verse, with the traditions, conventions, unspoken wishes of his readers. Literary tact, like social tact, is more easy to feel than to define. It does not depend upon learning, for professional scholars conspicuously lack it. Nor does it turn upon mental power, or moral quality. Poe, who could not live among men without making enemies, moved in and out of the borderland of prose and verse with the inerrant grace of a wild creature, sure-footed and quick-eyed. Lowell, whose social tact could be so perfect, sometimes allowed himself, out of sheer exuberance of spirits, to play a boyish leap-frog with the literary proprieties. The beautiful genius of Emerson often stood tongue-tied and awkward, confusing and confused, before problems of literary behavior which to the facile talent of Dr. Holmes were as simple as talking across a dinner-table. But Longfellow's literary tact was always impeccable: he divined what could and could not be said and done under the circumstances; he escorted the Muses to the banquet hall without stepping on their robes; he met the unspoken thought with the desired word, and — a greater gift than this — he knew when to be silent.

It is possible to misjudge this fineness of artistic instinct, this professional dexterity. Browning, who analyzed, and perhaps overanalyzed, Andrea del Sarto as the "faultless painter," has, by dint of forcing us to consider what Andrea lacked, made us too forgetful of what he really possessed. Once made aware of the Florentine's limitations in passion and imagination, we tend, under the spell of Browning's genius, to give him insufficient credit even for his grace in composition, his pleasant coloring, his suave facility. And it is true that the greatest painters have something which Andrea somehow missed. No doubt the most masterful poets have certain qualities

which we do not find in Longfellow. But that is no reason for failing to recognize the qualities which he did command in well-nigh flawless perfection. There are candid readers, unquestionably, who feel that they have outgrown him. But for one, I can never hear such a confession without a sort of pain. It may be that these readers are naturally passing on from room to room of the endless palace of poetry. It may be that they seek a ruder, more athletic exercise of the mind than Longfellow offers them, and that they find this stimulus in Browning or Whitman or Lucretius. Concerning such instinctive preferences there can be no debate; the world of letters is fortunately very wide. But sometimes, it is to be feared, a loss of enjoyment in Longfellow is the symbol of a lessening love for what is simple, graceful, and refined.

These characteristics of Longfellow's art were rooted in his nature. Here is an entry from his Journal, on August 4, 1836: "A day of quiet and true enjoyment, travelling from Thun to Entlebuch on our way to Lucerne. The time glided too swiftly away. We read the *Genevieve* of Coleridge and the *Christabel* and many scraps of song, and little German ballads of Uhland, simple and strange. At noon we stopped at Langnau, and walked into the fields, and sat down by a stream of pure water that turned a mill; and a little girl came out of the mill and brought us cherries; and the shadow of the trees was pleasant, and my soul was filled with peace and gladness." Nowadays many a tourist motors through Switzerland without ever discovering the valley of Langnau; or, whirling past it, has no desire to rest under the shadow of the trees by that stream of pure water. Indeed, it would be foolish for the hurrying tourist to tarry there. He would not find in himself, as Longfellow did, a new peace and gladness; and besides, he might miss his dinner in Lucerne.

A clear transparency of spirit, an *anima candida* like Virgil's, an unvarying gentleness and dignity of behavior: these were the traits which endeared Longfellow to those who knew him. The delicacy of his literary tact was one secret of his welcome, but the deeper secret — though this too was an open one — lay in the beauty of his character. There could be no better illustration of this than the familiar story of the pathetic but perfect tribute paid by Emerson, who, broken by age, and with a memory that had almost lapsed, attended Longfellow's funeral. They had been friends for nearly forty years. "I do not remember the name of the gentleman whose funeral we have attended," he said; "but he had a beautiful soul."

Those of us who once begged for Mr. Longfellow's autograph, or besieged, shyly or brazenly, the always open door of his home, can do no more than transmit our own impression of his personality. The coming generations will select their own poets, in obedience to some instinct which cannot be divined by us. For myself, I have no doubt that Americans, in a far distant future, will look back to the author of *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha* as we look back to his favorite Walter von der Vogelweide, a Meistersinger of a golden age. Now and again, very likely, he may be neglected. He is already thought negligible by some clever young men of over-educated mind and under-educated heart, who borrow their ethics from the cave-men, their philosophy from the raft-men, and who, in the presence of the same material from which Longfellow wrought delightful poetry,—the same landscape, the same rich past and ardent present and all the "long thoughts" of youth,— are themselves impotent to produce a single line.

But Longfellow's reputation may be trusted to safer hands than theirs. There can be no happier fortune than that which has made him the children's poet. These wise little people know so well what they like! They are untroubled with scruples and hesitancies. With how sure an instinct do they feel — without com-

prehending or analyzing — the note of true poetry! Will Stevenson be one of the enduring writers? I look at his twenty-five volumes in shining red and gold, and cannot tell; but when I hear a child murmuring *My Shadow*, I think I know. If there were a language for such childish secrets, the sweet voices that recite with delicious solemnity *The Children's Hour* might tell us more about Longfellow than we professional critics — with our meticulous pedantry, our scrutiny of "sources," our ears so trained to detect over-tones that we lose the melody — shall ever learn.

The children go to the heart of the matter. And so do many of those larger children — the men and women of simple soul who keep an unsophisticated way of looking at the world. There are some very highly organized persons who amuse themselves with poetry as they would with chess, or Comparative Religion, or *The Shaving of Shagpat*. They can criticise and expound verses, and invent theories of poetics, and compile anthologies. But these valuable members of the intellectual community are not the real readers of poetry. To find the true audience of a Heine, a Tennyson, a Longfellow, you are not to look in the Social Register. You must seek out the shy boy and girl who live on side streets and hill roads, — no matter where, so long as the road to dreamland leads from their gate; you must seek the working-girls and shopkeepers, the "schoolteachers and country ministers" who put and kept Longfellow's friend Sumner in the Senate; you must make a census of the lonely, uncounted souls who possess the treasures of the humble. These readers are sadly ignorant of Ibsen and Bernard Shaw and Fogazzaro; but when the conversation shifts to Shakespeare they brighten up. They know their Shakespeare, and they know Longfellow. They are sometimes described as the intellectual "middle class;" but a poet may well say, as a President of the United States once said of a camp-meeting at Ocean Grove, "Give me the support of those people, and I can snap my fingers at the rest."

It is folly to worship numbers. But it is a deeper folly not to perceive that among the uncritical masses there may be a right instinct for the essence of poetry. It is glory enough for Longfellow that he is read by the same persons who still read Robert Burns and the Plays of Shakespeare and the English Bible. Until simplicity and reverence go wholly out of fashion he will continue to be read. In that quaint Flemish city which Longfellow's verses have helped to make famous there is a tiny room, in the Hospital of St. John, in which are treasured some of the loveliest pictures of Hans Memling. The years come and go, in Bruges; the streets and canals grow quieter here, noisier there, than they used to be; the belfry that Longfellow admired looks down to-day on advertisements of Sunlight Soap and American Petroleum. Yet in that hushed room in the inner courtyard of the Hospital, visitors still linger entranced, as of old, over Memling's Marriage of St. Catherine, his Adoration of the Magi, and his Shrine of St. Ursula. Purity of color and of line are there, delicate brush-work, a charming fancy, a clear serenity of spirit; they are masterpieces of a born painter whose nature was also that of the dreamer, the story-teller, the devotee. There are Venetian and Roman painters far greater than Hans Memling. And there are poets whose strength of wing and fiery energy of imagination are beyond Longfellow's. But no truer poet ever lived.

RODERICK EATON'S CHILDREN

BY CLARE BENEDICT

Roderick Eaton did not, as a rule, leave town so early; but then, to-day was not like other days; it was, in fact, his fortieth birthday, and he had promised to celebrate the event. He did not, it is true, feel much like celebrations; he was not a celebrating man; having lost — eight years before — his one great treasure, he could not see the sense in marking time. It was long enough at best; why deck it out with flowers, — for he knew that flowers would be in the thing, a cake festooned with them, no doubt. He gazed before him moodily. The car was full, the air was suffocating.

He wished he had not strained a point to catch the 3.15 accommodation; he might have come as usual by the 6 o'clock express; then his face changed, — his dead wife's children, how could he grudge them the two extra hours! They had been away from him so long, ever since their frail young mother had been taken, the doctors having advised for them a milder air; and so the girl and boy had grown up in California, seeing their busy father only now and then.

And they had thriven, — yes, physically they had thriven; but mentally! The father looked harassed. Well, mentally, so far as he could judge, they were but infants, babes in arms, to put it figuratively. He had not realized this at the beginning; it had taken three months' observation to make sure. Three months, — the time seemed longer to him, somehow, since his children had come home to live; he could not get accustomed to their presence, having steeped himself in solitude hitherto.

He loved them, yes, of course he loved them, dear, delightful cherubs that they were. There, that was it, he thought of them as cherubs, whereas the girl had passed her fourteenth birthday, and the boy was scarcely eighteen months behind. Could they be slow? The idea hurt him; his children slow, her children! His face lit up again. Where there had been such perfect love, such understanding, — no, the fault must lie elsewhere. It must be some defect in their upbringing; single women were apt to coddle young people too much; he had been wrong to waive his right of supervision; between the nurse and the governess the children had had full swing; and full swing seemed to have consisted in unlimited time for playing. Apparently their days began and ended with childish games; he had not, to be sure, been able to investigate the matter thoroughly; still there were little things, — one could put two and two together.

The tired man removed his glasses; they pressed uncomfortably; his head ached, too, from the stifling atmosphere. Why must people eat bananas on slow trains! He felt peculiarly aggrieved because of his good intentions; he was planning to give his children a surprise. They were not expecting him until the usual hour, but on their account he had cut short his working-day. He had, besides, another grievance, one that rankled bitterly: that morning he had met an old acquaintance, a man he had not run across for years, and this man in talking had alluded to his children. It was this allusion that rankled in Eaton's mind, jostling certain thoughts which had been lurking there and miserably confirming his own fears.

"At fourteen," the friend had said, "my girl is quite a little woman; she supplements her mother in every way; and my boy, who is nearly two years younger, has taken strides in mathematics this last term."

Now Hilda Eaton had never supplemented any one, nor had Jack evinced a growing aptitude for sums; in his dejection, the father saw black visions of the future, a future in which his children were not to shine. Nevertheless, some effort must be made; there were responsibilities. To Eaton, fatherhood had chiefly stood for personal toil; he had worked himself unmercifully, in the hope of putting by a competence; but he knew that making money was not his sole parental task. Nor did he feel that this one had been accomplished; partial success had come, yet nothing was secure. Meanwhile those for whom he worked were now beside him, filling the silent house with strange new sounds. His children's presence did not, however, lessen his despondency; their gayety seemed rather to increase his gloom; life was very grave, — he, at least, had found it so, nor could it be a pantomime even to the young. He must reason with them, he must let them see things clearly; he could not provide for them at all luxuriously, they must make their own way in the world. He thought of Hilda, little sweet-faced Hilda with her mother's eyes! No. she must not make *her* way, she must be lifted; but first, she must be taught to walk alone. The problem of the boy was still more perplexing. His name was entered for the Paton School; but Eaton had grave doubts of Jack's capacity; he thought him very backward, if not actually slow of mind. What if he should fail to keep up with his classes?

The thinker sighed and glanced impatiently about him. Ah, the train was slackening speed. In another moment the discontented traveler was breathing delicious draughts of fresh June air.

When Eaton reached his house — a detached one with a garden — he noticed that the parlor curtains were drawn. As he applied his key, the sound of youthful voices greeted him; but no one ran to meet him in the hall. He paused. The voices came from the adjacent sitting-room, — how strange that Hilda did not rush to take his hat. Then he remembered that he was not expected; usually both children had been on the watch. He listened, for the noises were peculiar, — a muffled roar, followed by scraping sounds. He gained the door and pulled aside the hanging; but the scene within was deeply veiled in gloom.

"What is this?" he asked. "What are you doing?"

The girl and boy raised startled eyes to his, after which they jumped up in a kind of panic.

"What is it?" Eaton repeated. "Why are you shut in here on this lovely afternoon? Open the curtains at once, and open the window."

The boy obeyed, the girl shrank back into the corner, as though, if possible, to evade the light; but when the sun poured in, she faced it desperately, even shielding her brother on his return. And so the two stood there together, waiting, the girl protective, the boy half defiant, half dismayed. In spite of his real anger, Eaton pitied their discomfiture, for discomfited they were from head to foot; their little figures fairly trembled with confusion under the cruel illumination of the sun.

"Now," the judge began, "will you kindly answer a few questions. Why are you dressed in this amazing style? Why is the sitting-room turned into a nursery? What were those sounds I heard when I came in?"

The words were carefully controlled; but Hilda felt their latent sarcasm.

"We were playing," she stammered. "We did n't know that — you were coming."

Eaton turned on her.

"Then you only play this when I am away?" he questioned sharply. "Is it a game you think I would not like?"

"It's a good game," Jack put in. No one but himself must bully Hilda. "We don't hurt the room a bit," he added eagerly; "we're awfully particular about everything; Hilda always makes me play this part in stocking feet."

Eaton sat down; the whole thing was

so ridiculous, and yet his irritation was intense. Besides all else, these exasperating babies were actually capable of subterfuge.

"If it's such a good game," he said, "I should like to learn it. Please explain it to me, point by point."

Jack glanced doubtfully at his sister; he had great faith in her initiative, but as she made no sign, he was forced to venture. After all papa *might* understand.

"It's a splendid game," he began, "though it's rather hard to tell about; but perhaps I could explain the easiest parts."

"Kindly first explain your costumes."

"Oh, that's an easy one," the boy exclaimed. "We're dressed this way because we're acting characters. I'm a lion on a desert island and she's a doe, — an enchanted one, of course."

The father surveyed both performers critically.

"I see," he said, "that's why you're wearing my fur rugs; but what's the point of Hilda's get-up? It suggests a tight-rope dancer more than anything else."

Hilda winced, glancing miserably at her stockings. The long expanse of them seemed hideous to her now. Before this she had loved the gay, pink petticoat, even if it was a trifle short.

"Oh, she can't dress like a doe," Jack replied unconcernedly, "and anyway, until the transformation scene, the room is always very dark, — just like you saw it, — then afterwards she turns into a queen. So she has to wear a pretty dress with jewels; you see the silver star, don't you, in her hair?"

The girl made a faint attempt to interrupt him, but Jack was sure now of his ground; papa liked the game, as might have been expected, though with grown-up people you had to feel your way.

"Yes," he continued, ignoring his sister's signals, "she's a fairy princess; that's why I want to catch her for my lair, — that's my lair, over there under the writing-table; those sofa cushions are enchanted animals, too. If I could capture her, she would have to stay there with the others; but you see I can't get in her magic wood — that's it, over there by the sofa. You have to know the charm before you can. So she's safe from me inside there; but sometimes she has to come out to get her food."

He paused, as if to give his listener time for comprehension, and in the pause his sister used her eyes; but Eaton disregarded the mute petition; it was his obvious duty to be firm.

Then the girl spoke. "Of course it sounds silly," she began apologetically, still begging with her eyes for comradeship. "We read it in a book."

"Oh, no, we did n't," Jack objected, — "at least we made up a good lot."

Hilda fingered her tinsel ornaments nervously (they had figured on a former Christmas tree); she saw her father's frown grow heavier, so she racked her little brains despairingly for some conciliatory word.

"We have other games," she faltered, — "several about history."

"Oh, yes," cried Jackie, "there's one where I'm King Arthur. We play that when there is n't time to fix the room. This game needs such a lot of fixing; we only play this when we have a whole afternoon."

Eaton raised his hand. "That will do," he said abruptly. "I think now that I fully understand."

His manner had changed so much that both children were confounded; even Jackie lost his jaunty air. They felt intuitively that something bad was coming.

"Yes," Eaton resumed. "I have given you a full chance to explain, and your explanation has caused me to make two decisions, — decisions which have been greatly on my mind. The fact is, I find you both extremely backward, very immature in every way. Hilda will be fifteen in December, and yet without a nurse she would n't know where to turn; and Jack is over thirteen, and yet he spends his time in playing games which

might possibly amuse a child of ten. Nor do either of you take the slightest responsibility; you seem to think the world was made for you. If I were a rich man, this would be more excusable; but I am not rich, though I have worked for you with all my strength. I don't mind the work, but I expected a return for it, — I expected you to do me honor as you grew up, whereas I am now obliged to spend a great deal of extra money in order that you should not be laughing-stocks. Jack will have to be coached a year by an expensive tutor before he can enter creditably the Paton School, and Hilda must be sent away to boarding school, to teach her at least how to dress herself."

He paused, but his listeners were speechless. Evidently they had been quite unprepared. Hilda caught her brother's arm and clung to it, and Jack, for once, was glad to have her cling.

"Oh, of course, it will be hard," the father continued (he did not altogether enjoy his part). "You will miss each other dreadfully, but sooner or later the break is bound to come; and if you learn to be independent, I shall feel a little happier about it all. I shan't feel that I have turned you out quite helpless; for that is how you seem to me at present."

The speaker rose, and left the room abruptly.

The children waited until they heard his bedroom door close behind him; then by common consent they sought the lair. They felt safer there, somehow, cuddled against the cushions. Hilda's fingers still clutched her brother's arm; they were strangely cold, those little fingers and they trembled visibly, — whereupon the lion made a rally; it frightened him to see the doe in such a state.

"My goodness, he's forgotten about his birthday, and all our work will be no good at all."

"How *can* you think of that, compared to other things?"

But the lion still maintained a sturdy front.

"Oh, I don't believe he meant it, — anyway, a tutor is n't bad."

The girl sat up, releasing her brother as she did so.

"Jack, I don't believe you understand. He means that you don't *know* enough to enter school like other boys, — he means that you are awfully behind. Of course it is n't true, but — Oh, how *can* he think it — you've got the best memory I ever knew — Miss Susie always said so — and you were never backward — never. You could always learn whatever you chose."

Jack's spirits rose; his sister's confidence was bracing.

"Perhaps other fellows do know more," he said magnanimously. "I never was very much at examples."

"But examples are not the only things," she cried. "You are ahead in history and spelling and geography. Oh! he does n't understand a bit. I knew he did n't. That's why I made you write the composition. I am so glad now that I did, for you never show off; you let him think you are a baby. He has n't the least idea how much you know. But he's going to have, — this very evening. We've simply *got* to make him understand!"

Hilda's eyes were flashing; the deep, maternal instinct was aroused; Jack had been misjudged and she must right him — she — who knew his brilliant powers so well.

"I don't see how we can," the boy objected.

"Now answer this," his sister interposed. "Do you, or do you not, want me to go to boarding school?"

Jack flinched. He had not faced this possibility; life without Hilda was quite unthinkable.

"I don't believe he'll send you," he murmured feebly.

"Oh, yes he will, unless we stop him, you and I together, — working hard."

"I've worked awfully hard on that composition," was Jack's inconsequent reply.

"But that's the splendid part of it,"

the girl cried eagerly. "All our preparations are finished up; otherwise we should n't have time, — we've only got two hours, — but the composition and the handkerchiefs are done."

"And the cake," Jack reminded her, "and the flowers. I wish we had n't done so much for him."

"Oh, no, you don't, Jack, we must do everything, — a great deal more than we had planned. That's our only chance to prove to him that he's wrong about our being behind our age."

"I don't see how we're going to prove it."

"Well, first, we're going to carry out our plan, — about the presentation of the handkerchiefs. They will show him I can embroider pretty well; then after that, you present your composition; that will prove to him in an instant how much you know."

"I've put nearly everything I could think of into it."

"Oh, it's perfectly splendid," the girl replied. "But," she added, "there must be something extra, after what he said to us just now. We must make some special effort."

Jack assented doubtfully.

"I don't believe I could *possibly* write another composition."

"No, of course not. That is n't what I mean; but you could give a recitation, — something from Shakespeare. I know the very thing."

"Oh, do you?" Jack asked half-heartedly. "It's not so easy to recite things as you think."

"It's easy for *you*, — besides we've got to make an effort. Well, I think Mark Antony's speech would be just the thing. You say that splendidly, and we could fix the library easily; you only need a raised place to speak from, — I will be the Fourth Citizen and the Mob."

"That is n't anything," Jack said discontentedly. "The Roman People hardly say a thing; but I'll have to study the words like everything. Probably I've forgotten a whole lot."

"But I'll help you, we'll go over it together. Oh, papa will be amazed. I don't believe a single Paton boy could hold a candle to you, Jack, when you recite!"

At this Jack looked distinctly mollified; still he was for balance in the game.

"What are you going to do to match with Antony?"

"Well, I have a plan," the girl said hurriedly. "You see my object is to convince him that I'm grown up, so I'm going to wear a long skirt — the white silk one we use for tableaux — and I'm going to put my hair on top of my head."

"That is n't much," the boy complained; "it won't take a minute."

"Oh yes, it will — you don't understand. Ladies often spend hours doing their hair; and as I have never tried it, I shall probably be a long time in getting it right. But I mean to do it, and to dress myself entirely, — Minnie is not to come near the room, — so when papa sees me, and I tell him that I did it, he will realize that there is no sense in my leaving home."

Her brother gazed at her admiringly.

"You're awfully good at thinking up things," he said. "I guess we'll settle him between us. My goodness, though, it makes a lot of work for us."

"Oh, it won't be hard," she said persuasively. "We must just pretend it is a game, that we are playing grown-up; it's specially important that we should *talk* grown-up the *entire* evening, — he understands talking better than anything."

But the lion was still covertly dissatisfied, and the doe feared a further loss of time; for in spite of her brave words, she was extremely doubtful of her powers, — hair-dressing was such an unknown art.

"Now Jack, what *is* the matter?"

"I think you ought to show off more," he said. "He won't think much of a long skirt and your hair up; when girls really grow up they're not a bit like you."

"Oh, I sha'n't be like myself, don't you worry. I shall be *quite* different in every way, — and after dinner I am going to sing a song and play the accom-

paniment. There,—will *that* match Antony?"

Jack beamed on her. "Yes, that will be splendid; he does n't know how splendidly you sing."

"Oh, what *you've* heard will be nothing to it. Just you wait and see!"

With this mysterious hint, the girl sprang up; the boy did likewise, and speedily the room was put to rights,—after which Hilda brought in the birthday flowers, three elaborately arranged vases and two bowls.

"Now come upstairs," she urged. "We had better go on tiptoes. Oh, I hope he won't forget the dinner hour."

"Hilda," the boy asked, as they parted temporarily, "you don't think that he will want to kiss us when he thanks us for the things?"

Hilda hesitated.

"No, I don't think so," she said, a little wistfully,—"and anyway he would n't do it to you. If he *did* want to kiss some one, why I would be there, and I don't mind it the way you do, you know."

When Eaton finally emerged from his bedroom, he descended the stairs with the intention of being genial, of making up, if possible, for his earlier mood; he had not changed his mind, yet he knew that he had expressed it harshly, nor should he, on a holiday, have expressed his mind at all. But youth was easily appeased.

He had reached the lower hall,—dear me, how old he felt at forty years! For the second time that day, he pulled aside the parlor curtain; but what a different scene revealed itself,—no lair, no disorder, no enchanted animals,—only two silent children seated sedately on the sofa.

They rose at once and came to meet him. Roderick Eaton gave a violent start. Jack was all right, though very solemn; but Hilda! The father caught his breath. This was not his girl; this was a little woman, the picture of her mother at eighteen. At the sight, the man was overwhelmed by tender memories,—dear, poignant memories, which he had tried for years to banish, and which, nevertheless, now that they had come back in spite of him, seemed to make his heart of a sudden infinitely less unhappy.

He stood motionless, gazing at the tall, girlish figure; for the long white skirt accentuated Hilda's height and slimness, her delicate throat rose gracefully from her rather narrow shoulders, her face was prettily framed by her hair, which was golden-brown and curly. The gazer caught his breath a second time. Great Heavens, the child had actually put up her hair! His consternation held him speechless, while the cause of it now addressed him ceremoniously.

"Shan't we sit down?" she said, backing towards the sofa. It was hard for her to manage her limp train.

"How do you like the flowers?" Jack inquired eagerly; he could never learn that grown-ups don't go straight at points.

"They are lovely. Did you arrange them all yourselves?"

"Oh, it was n't difficult," Hilda answered frigidly. "Did you find the heat oppressive to-day in town?"

Now this was positively ludicrous,—to be put down by babies in this way,—and yet Eaton could not regain his self-possession; it had been too rudely shaken by Hilda's strange appearance.

"Yes, it was rather hot," he murmured. "The train was overcrowded."

To his immense relief, the maid announced the dinner.

"Shall we adjourn?" said Hilda loftily.

Jack lingered, edging towards his father. He had a fellow-feeling for him somehow; when Hilda played grown-up, she *was* so awfully stiff.

"There's going to be a surprise," he muttered in an aside.

By his gesture Eaton tried to be jocose and utterly failed; for Hilda had preceded them into the dining-room, and her slender little back gave him a pang; she was growing too fast; he must take her to the doctor; her cheeks, too, were unnaturally flushed, he fancied.

At the table, after the first exclamations, which Eaton prolonged determinedly, praising everything he saw, from the flowers to the menu, he spent his time in stealing looks at Hilda. She presided at the feast with stately calm, though her costume showed plain signs of previous struggle. Evidently Minnie had had no hand in it. The thin muslin waist was fastened painfully at the collar by a most eccentric, a most unnatural bow of blue ribbon, — he hoped her tender throat had not been injured in the tying of it. But oh! the twisted agony of her coiffure! He could detect a perfect forest of steel hair-pins, and yet the curls ran riot in all directions; over one ear she had stuck a white carnation, probably to hide some fatal joining-place.

He was so absorbed in these observations and so bewildered that he failed to answer Hilda's question, whereupon Jack translated it as follows: —

"She wants to know whether our boat is going to beat?"

What Hilda had said was, —

"At the clubs do they feel confident of our victory?"

Eaton roused himself.

"Oh, I don't know, dear; no one knows ahead."

He was convinced that she would resent the least advance, the least familiarity on his part; but Heavens, how sweet she was, how truly womanly, as she sat there entertaining him to the best of her girlish ability.

And so he let her introduce each topic, — the heat, the yacht race, the foreign news, — and by degrees her face became less anxious; she felt that she and Jack were doing well; though occasionally the latter disappointed her, as when, for instance, he drew attention to the cake, saying that it was all trimmed up with flowers, because Minnie would n't let them put on candles.

"Clever Minnie," Eaton murmured smiling. "She knew that forty of them would be too many. But you and Hilda must have candles."

Hilda's stare was disconcerting. "Oh, Jack and I don't have birthday cakes," she said.

"Why not?" the father asked. His panic was increasing. Were his children growing up before his eyes? Oh, if he could only take them on his lap and pet them, — that would surely break the dreadful spell. But the cake was being cut, and he and Jackie watched the process. Hilda did it carefully, knitting her brows.

"Now, papa, please take a piece."

He did so meekly, and Jack followed suit immediately.

"It's excellent," the former proclaimed; the latter looked elated.

"Hilda made every bit of it herself. Oh, she can do lots of things, — she did her hair, too, and her skirt, and everything. Minnie did n't even come near the room. And she 's going to do more things, too, after dinner."

Hilda frowned, but Jack had thrown off all control.

"So there is n't any use in her going away to boarding-school, and you can save a lot of money after all."

Hilda rose. "Papa, shall we go into the library?"

Her father followed her submissively, and again the pang came at the sight of her tall slimness, and again he longed to take her on his knee.

He soon perceived, however, that the evening's work was only just beginning; for Hilda and Jack had assumed a still more solemn air; they approached him, each in turn, and each handed him a package.

"All our own work, papa," they said together.

Eaton clutched the parcels dumbly; he could not take his eyes off the pair; their gravity depressed him beyond expression, but their strained politeness hurt him more than all.

"Oh, for me?" he asked, in feigned astonishment. "Why, I did n't expect as much as this. Which shall I open first?"

His forced hilarity having met with no

response, he hurriedly untied the larger parcel.

"What, handkerchiefs? And did you work the letters? They are beautifully embroidered, I can see. I have n't had my initials worked since — well, since I can remember. It's the best birthday present you could have given me."

He bent forward and kissed his daughter's cheek. He did not have the nerve to catch her to him; her strange, elusive dignity seemed to put a barrier between them. Meantime Jack's trepidation was increasing. What if papa should want to kiss him also!

The latter, however, on discovering the composition, merely shook the author's unwilling hand.

"Please read it," Hilda said excitedly. "Jack wrote every word of it himself."

It was the first time that she had relaxed her rigid manner. Eaton drew a long breath of relief; perhaps now his punishment was over, perhaps the disenchantment was at hand.

"Of course I will — on 'Men of War.' Why, that's an excellent title, — about ships, I suppose? Oh no, you mean the other kind. What — Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal, Napoleon — dear me, how many generals you know!"

As he read, however, his face grew very sober. The children watched him anxiously. The essay was, in truth, a curious medley; but the knowledge it contained amazed the man. How far afield the little brain had traveled! how patiently each thread was woven in! The father became still more uneasy; undoubtedly the boy had worked too hard.

"It's excellent, Jack," he said in a low voice; "much beyond your age in every way."

His words were cold, but Hilda judged by his expression; her own eyes sparkled like two happy stars.

"Jack is *very* bright," was all that she said; but she cast a meaning glance in his direction; whereupon the boy rose gloomily.

"He will now recite something from *Julius Cæsar*. Will you kindly keep your seat, papa?"

Eaton almost groaned. "What, — anything more?"

But Hilda's gaze restrained him, so he settled himself obediently in his chair. Jack, with some reluctance, had mounted a kind of dais, which consisted of three footstools beneath a rug. When he began to speak, his voice was very low, but gradually it rose, filling the room with ease. Hilda hardly breathed, almost forgetting her part in her eagerness to watch her two companions. Eaton leaned back in his chair. His heart had grown strangely warm, for through the present he heard the past, — dim echoes, yet vibrant ones to him. He remembered that he, too, had loved the stirring words, that he, too, had declaimed them as a boy, — and at the thought he suddenly felt young again, younger than he had felt for years. The ecstasy was so intense that he closed his eyes in order to prolong it; and all the while the childish voice went on, saying the mighty lines and calling up the splendid visions. To Eaton it was the vision of his youth.

"Why, Jack," he said (he had to force himself to break the silence, when the declamation was at an end), "you did it beautifully — I could n't have done it at your age. Why have n't you recited for me before?"

"There was n't time, — and you did n't ask him." This was Hilda's nearest approach to a retort.

The youthful orator, however, was growing restive. The evening had been a heavy strain; why not hurry up and get it over; they had played grown-up quite long enough.

"Hilda's part comes next," he announced decidedly; and his sister left her place, with nervous haste. Jack's success had raised her flagging spirits; but the effort of the evening had begun to tell upon her physically. Still she must not fail.

She seated herself at the piano, and got her right foot firmly on the slippery

loud pedal, for it would be a friend in case of serious trouble.

"This is a Scotch song, papa; it is one of my great favorites."

Her careless tone did not deceive her audience; even Jack saw how her fingers trembled.

"Oh, that?" he cried, with a vague desire to help her; "why don't you sing *The Two Grenadiers?*"

But Hilda had begun. Though her voice at first was weak, soon the girlish notes rang out. Eaton watched her eagerly. How like, how very like her mother she was, — the same soft grace, the same reserve, the same marked delicacy, alas! Then suddenly a new terror came on him.

> "Had we never loved sae kindly,
> Had we never loved sae blindly,
> Never met, or never parted,
> We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

The man almost cried out, — how blind, how utterly blind he had been! She sang that like a woman; the thrill of unknown passion was in her voice, her slim young body seemed to vibrate with strong feeling. The new idea laid heavy hold of him. This then would be the end of it, — she would be snatched away, not by death, but by a lover. For who could see and not desire her, — who could know and not adore her, — and yet who, having once had her as a daughter, could ever live without her!

He sprang up, for the song was finished and both children looked cast down, they had counted so on applause. Jack's indignation was extreme, — it was at least, until he saw his father's face.

"Come here, quickly, both of you!"

They ran to him in alarm, and he took them in his arms and kissed them many times; then — before they knew — they were seated on his knees. He could not talk as yet, but he fondled them and smiled; and Hilda smiled back at him, and laid her cheek against his breast, for she was very tired, and she loved so to be held.

Presently Jack slipped to the floor, and stood by his father's chair; he did not like to be held, though it was all very well for a girl.

Then Eaton got his hand on Hilda's hair and began to pull out the numerous pins.

"Shan't we let the curls go free?" he said unsteadily.

And so the curls came down, and Eaton felt a little happier. The next thing that he did was to tuck up the limp white train.

"It bothers you, does n't it?" he asked.

After this, no more was said until Eaton had commanded himself. This he did before long, though his voice had an odd, new sound.

"Well, Jackie," he remarked, "I think we'll risk the Paton School."

The sobriety of this reassured the boy; he had greatly feared a scene, for grown people were so queer: they either jumped on you, or else they wanted to spoon.

"I'm not very good at fractions," was what he decided to reply.

Eaton laughed. It was either that or tears; but Hilda threw her arms about his neck.

"Oh, papa, I *am* so glad! If he had n't gone, it would have been *so* unfair; he's *so* much cleverer than other boys!"

Eaton held her close. What a loyal little heart, — what a wife the child would make. But Heaven defer the day, — he must have her at least ten years. His mind worked feverishly; girls need n't come out till twenty-one; it was absurd to force eighteen.

"Let me see," he said aloud, "you are only just fourteen?"

Hilda raised wondering eyes. "Fifteen, the 10th of December."

"But this is only June," the infatuated father exclaimed. "Besides, that is n't the point, — the point is that you're *my* little girl, the only one I have, so you must n't leave me alone!"

Jack gave a shrill hurrah. "I knew he would n't send you to school."

Eaton turned a dazed face towards the boy.

"Oh, I had forgotten about the school. No, of course she is n't to go; we need her at home, you and I. There would be no one to be the fairy queen. By the way, I've been thinking about that game; it has excellent points after all. I was wondering if a third person could play?"

Jack's astonishment knew no bounds; but here astuteness was demanded.

"Do you mean a grown-up person?" he inquired cautiously.

"Oh, no one is grown-up here; we are all children together, — you and I and Hilda, — but Hilda is the youngest of the three!"

She gave him a tender smile; she seemed half to understand. Then she nestled to him again.

MODERN SPANISH FICTION

BY WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT

The battle between the old and the new, between the conservative spirit and the spirit of progress, is being fought out still to-day in Spain as perhaps nowhere else in Europe. This fact gives a special interest to the Spanish fiction of the last half-century. This fiction is almost unknown in the United States. Save in our universities and colleges, it is not known that Spain possesses a modern fiction of great wealth and interest. Yet a score of novelists of the first order have combined to give such a picture of the social, political, and religious condition of their picturesque land as charms the student and piques the curiosity of even the casual browser in the field of foreign literature. Sufficient attention is now devoted to the Spanish language in our country, and sufficient translations are easily accessible, to warrant some account of the development of Spanish fiction since 1850.

The first half of the nineteenth century saw in Spain, as elsewhere, the regrettable triumph of the pseudo-historical novel. Absence of style, prodigality of imagination, with unreliability and lack of inspiration, are the marks of the *genre* in Spain. Seldom was a literary reform more urgently needed. Seldom has a clearer call been uttered than that of Fernán Caballero, whose *La Gaviota* appeared in 1848. After all the false coloring and fulsome nonsense of the romantic novels came the healthy dictum of Fernán Caballero: "A novel is not the product of invention, but of observation." In a letter to a friend she developed this thesis by declaring that it was her only desire to write "in smooth Castilian prose of what really happens in *our* towns, of what *our* people think and do in the different classes of *our* society."

Such statements are forcible as the platform of a new school of realism just coming into prominence. They are truly remarkable when we know that they were made by a woman (Cecilia Böhl de Faber), born in Switzerland in 1796, the daughter of a Hamburg merchant with literary tastes, and of a Spanish mother. Of her biography there need only be added the diversified details that she outlived three husbands, that she was an ardent Catholic, and that she was devoted to her adopted province of Andalusia, living in the neighborhood of Seville until 1877.

It is clear from the preface of *La Gaviota* that this woman had a distinct purpose upon entering the ranks as a historian of Spanish society. This purpose was — while cherishing the glorious national tradition and while looking to a new Spain which should rise upon its own wings to happier things — to set

her adopted country before the eyes of Europe in its true colors. Fernán Caballero did well to decry that servile foreign imitation which has always wrought havoc with the Spanish national genius. But she contributed nothing toward that political and social regeneration of Spain for which others have more effectively yearned. Hopelessly optimistic, she dwells fondly upon just those peninsular qualities of mediæval Catholicism, narrow provincialism, and local prejudice, which have enhanced the fiction of Spain while they have impeded national progress; which, in short, make some of us love Spain while we pity her.

Eschewing all foreign influence, Fernán Caballero succeeded in the task she set herself. She has presented the Andalusian peasant in all the high lights and shades of his peculiar character. One who would know this southern province — where passions run high, where the luxury of ease and diversion is allowed to replace the necessities of life, where the people are morally aristocrats while remaining material paupers — should read *La Gaviota*, *Clemencia*, *La familia de Alvareda*, and *Elia*. Fernán Caballero has the faults of a foreigner and of an innovator: she is discursive, almost incorrect as a stylist, over-sentimental in her moral teachings and in her enthusiasm for the humble life which she shared. But her importance is that of the painter of the Spanish life and character. Her most solid qualities are her knowledge of popular tradition and her sympathy with its spirit.

It is by these latter qualities that this foreigner was destined to inaugurate a new *genre* in Spanish literature, — the regional novel. She lived to see grow up to the point of production a school of young writers who devoted themselves to the social history of a restricted province. Estébanez Calderón, Juan Valera, and Alarcón carried on the regional novel in Andalusia. Then there is Pereda, with his many novels dealing with the fishing villages around Santander in the northwest; Señora Pardo Bazán, the Galician novelist; Alas, and his favorite province of Asturias; Valdés, who presents the mining populations of this same province.

This list of authors may be said to include, with one notable exception, the most distinguished Spanish novelists of the last half-century. They represent a formidable production, of which little idea can be given in a brief survey. They all deserve to be known outside of Spain by any one who wishes to form at first hand an accurate conception of the Spanish people. Further, they are all in some degree exponents of the regional novel. They have followed Fernán Caballero in utilizing for their local color the social, political, and religious atmosphere of some obscure provincial community with which they are intimately familiar. Therein lies their appeal as novelists and their value as historians of a still existent mediæval society which may soon disappear.

Our own American public has shown such favor toward regional novels that we may pause a moment to learn what the Spaniards mean by a *novela regional*, and what their method of procedure in its production may be.

To begin with, it must be understood that Spain is essentially provincial: that is, though a political entity, the provinces are socially distinct. The Andalusian has little in common with the Galician; Catalonia has totally different traditions and ideals from those of Don Quixote's La Mancha. No one writer can hope to have a thorough conception of the character of more than one of these isolated provinces. To write a faithful regional novel he must restrict himself to one province, preferably his native province, whose local spirit he has absorbed with his very life blood. A Galdós may discuss broad national questions in a problem novel. But a national novel, in the sense of the term as employed in America, is inconceivable as a literary possibility. Provincialism is imposed upon the Spanish novelist of manners. The varying mixture of Keltic, Roman, Moorish, Gothic, and Gypsy blood prevents

any literary merger which shall express the traditions and ideals of the entire nation. In Madrid and in Barcelona alone is there a faint suspicion of cosmopolitanism. Spanish novelists, then, have played their strongest card in adhering closely to the life which they know best, instead of falling in with the long line of French chroniclers of Cosmopolis.

Pereda, who was the most consistent of the regional novelists, may speak first for the school of writers to which he belonged. He defines the regional novel as one "the subject of which is developed in a district or town which has a life, character, and color of its own, which enter into the work as its principal feature." Upon this platform Pereda stood so firmly that only the human interest of the drama he unfolds can save his masterpiece (*Sotileza*) from the charge of being narrow. Needless to say, Pereda *does* escape this charge unscathed. Early in his career, in *Escenas montañesas* (1864), this same eulogist of the good old times thus put his own sentiments in the mouth of one of his characters: —

"I cannot help remembering with enthusiasm those antique customs which are nowadays so ridiculed by modern reformers. They nourished me, among them I grew up, and to them I owe the establishment of this family which today surrounds me, and which, though brought up in modern fashion, still respects my 'hobbies,' as you gentlemen call them, and permits me to live fifty years behind the times."

Hatred of exterior forces in literature and politics, a passionate sympathy with the drama of life in the humble fishing towns of the Biscayan coast, — such are the salient traits of the marked personality who was until last year the *doyen* of Spanish fiction. His novels, with all their localism and difficult dialect, head the list in the *genre* we are discussing.

In so far as Pereda's theory of the regional novel stands for observation, realism, and provincialism, it has been echoed by others of his generation. Estébanez Calderón thus prefaces his fragrant short stories, *Escenas andaluzas:* "Their principal object is to relate and reveal Spanish manners and customs in such fashion as shall be as peculiarly local as possible."

Valdés thus explains his reasons for placing his story *El cuarto poder* in an obscure locality: "In the small towns and villages, on account of the long, intimate and constant association of the characters, it is possible to penetrate much deeper into the soul of each individual than it is possible to do in the large cities."

The lamented Juan Valera, a man of the world, and, by his training in diplomacy, rather cosmopolitan than provincial, still acknowledged the demands of the national taste in the preface of *Juanita la Larga* (1896): "This kind of novels is now greatly in vogue, an exact copy of reality and not a creation of the poetic spirit." At the same time he further proclaims himself to be "rather a faithful and veracious historian than a novelist of rich imagination and invention."

These declarations indicate in what channel the current of fiction has run in Spain since the impulse was given by Fernán Caballero. The work of almost all the writers who have been mentioned is essentially regional and realistic. Some drama of human passion is set forth with characters and scenery that are new to us.

The appeal to the foreign reader made by these writers is like the appeal to the foreign traveler made by a walking tour through the Spanish provinces. In a regional novel we are not concerned with the right and wrong of political and social institutions. Like the writer in this respect, we accept conditions as they are. We are simply fascinated by the objective presentation of these tableaux of a civilization unknown to us. As I write these words a score of memories crowd in: of bull-fights, street-fights, village dances, rustic wooings, provincial elections, petty ecclesiastical jealousies, noisy discussions in the cafés and the casinos,

convent scandals, and the idle gossip of the *tertulias*.

The Spanish novel, however, has of late had a more serious function than the artistic presentation of *genre* pictures which should interpret provincial life. It is in the novel and in the drama that the intellectual emancipation of Spain is working itself out. In the toils of mediæval superstition until the nineteenth century, Spain has joined in the march of European intellectual progress only within the last half-dozen decades. Her intellectual life is still comparatively stagnant; her social life is provincial; her religious life is saturated with superstition and unproductive mysticism; her political life is unstable and puerile. If we think as we read, all this sad state of affairs is evident from an acquaintance with the regional novel. But, beside the self-satisfied partisans of the mediæval régime of intolerance, superstition, and intense insularity, we have a group of novelists whose point of view is altogether different. To be sure, controversy has from time to time been introduced into the novels of such facile writers as Valera, Valdés, Alas, and the Jesuit Father Coloma. But with them the dose of criticism is comparatively mild.

We come now to the recognized leader of another school, — a man who is a thorough iconoclast, the apostle of free thought, a renovator who would put out all the drones from the hive of politics and religion, and hand it over to young workers who are trained in the generous spirit of modern science. Turning our back upon the regional novel and its pictures of the conservative past, we must fix our attention upon the liberal aspirations of young Spain. They are expressed preeminently in the novels and dramas of Don Benito Pérez Galdós.

That acute and caustic critic, the late Professor Alas, had a profound admiration for Galdós and for the work he is doing for the intellectual emancipation of Spain. Speaking of Galdós in 1881, he hails him as "the most appropriate writer to dare to tell the Spanish public, so recently emerged from fanaticism and intolerance, that above the artificial distinctions which create diversity of creeds and parties, there exist the natural laws of human society, — love of family, love in marriage, love of country, love of truth, and love for one's neighbor."

These words indicate that a campaign of education needed to be undertaken in Spain. Such is the case, and no one is doing more than Galdós to carry it on in his novels and dramas.

The life of Señor Galdós has been very retired. He has said nothing about himself in his novels. We may here direct our attention exclusively to his profession of faith, and to his method of combating the retrogressive tendencies which we have already remarked in Spanish fiction. Of quiet and amiable conversation, a listener rather than a talker, this man for over quarter of a century has been mercilessly showing up in his work one after another of Spain's sore spots. His popularity, in spite of this antagonistic attitude, is extraordinary. Let us quote once more his best informed critic by way of explanation.

The novels of Galdós "do not attack the foundations of Catholic dogma, they attack only the customs and ideas which are held with the sanction of the Church by popular fanaticism. Only with this proviso could the novels of Galdós penetrate to the very bosom of families in every corner of Spain. This guarded attitude, this prudence is not calculated on the part of Galdós. It is natural for him to write this way. But the result is the same as if Galdós proposed to prepare the ground to preach the most open rationalism. There is, perhaps, in no literature a case similar to that offered by the influence of Galdós upon the public, and by the popularity of his essentially anti-Catholic novels in this Spain of ours, so Catholic, so prejudiced, and, until recently, so intolerant. It should be remembered that there is no civilized country where fanaticism has such deep roots; and let it be

borne in mind, too, that Galdós's novels have not only influenced free-thinking students and members of the athenæums and clubs, but that they have also penetrated the sanctuary of those homes where formerly the spirit was nourished by books of devotion and profane works filled with hypocrisy or stupid domestic morality, lacking in all dignity and beauty."

It is fairly evident from this statement that Galdós holds the interference of the Church in society and politics to be responsible for Spain's degeneration. His quarrel is not with personal religion, not even with the reasonable administration of public worship by the secular clergy. He is very clear upon that point. But his protest is against the shams, the delusions, the ignorance, which Spanish Catholicism has fostered for its own advantage; and in the second place, against the interference of ecclesiastical machinery with the life of the family and the policy of the nation. Galdós, then, is a polemical writer. We see at once his field of operations. Without any theory of the universe to hamper him, he strikes off red-hot his arraignments of national abuses.

Like his great countrymen, Velasquez and Lope de Vega, Galdós thinks and works simultaneously. The novel grows under his very pen. He works with prodigious rapidity: some years have seen as many as five of his novels come from the press. Such a man could hardly be a stylist, nor does Galdós covet the reputation of the dignified and elegant Valera. To Galdós the idea is the main thing. On turning to his own works, we are struck by the tremendous force of his revolutionary sentiments. His novels and plays ordinarily present a protagonist as the disputed prey of the darkness of the past, and the brightness of the future. The darkness of the past is made more visible by the paralyzing contact of Spanish Catholicism; the future is lighted by the rays of applied science and a personal philosophy.

In this survey of Galdós's work we pass over the twoscore volumes of the *Episodios nacionales*, an unparalleled series of historical novels, upon which their author has been engaged for thirty years. They are naturally objective, and hence fall without our sphere. But in the far greater *Novelas contemporáneas*, such as *Gloria*, *Doña Perfecta*, *León Roch*, and *Angel Guerra*, Galdós discusses matters of contemporary import. In one form or another he reverts to the vital question of ecclesiastical interference in mundane affairs, to the human wretchedness which has resulted because the Church has not restricted its interest to the care of the soul.

As early as 1877, in *Gloria*, one of his novels most admired in Spain, Galdós breaks out thus: "Religion! Still the same horrible goblin that continues to torment us! Terrible Shadow cast by our conscience, everywhere we meet it; it does not allow us one free idea, one sentiment, one step of our own volition. It is, in truth, a tremendous fact that what comes from God sometimes seems more like a curse." At the end of the long novel, in commenting upon that dramatic strife between common sense and religious intolerance which had caused the death of the heroine, Galdós cries out, "The awful quarrel has endured, endures still, and will endure, and before it is settled many other Glorias will succumb, offering themselves as victims to satisfy the formidable monster which stands midway between History and Philosophy, — a monster which has no name, but which, if it had one, would take one by joining the most beautiful thing in the world, Religion, with the vilest thing, which is Discord. Yes, many Glorias will succumb, snatching themselves away from a world which they find hateful because of its conflicts, and hastening to present their cause before the absolute Judge."

The vivid pictorial language just quoted is characteristic of Galdós when he launches into one of his impassioned arraignments of human folly. It must be

remembered that his virulence is not without reason. Feeling runs high in Spain to-day upon the two great matters of common import, politics and religion. Not only in the pulpits and in the national assemblies, but in the clubs and in the *tertulias*, in private conversation everywhere, the attention is monopolized by enthusiasts upon one or the other of these disputed topics.

Is it not strange that the two subjects most commonly avoided in our American society should be those which are most continually discussed in Spain? Discussion instead of action is the curse of the Spanish people. It is natural, then, that the serious and thoughtful Galdós, concerned for the intellectual emancipation of his nation, should frequently return to the charge in the hope of inciting his readers to action after all this futile discussion. In his usual pictorial style, he has recently said, "Spain is a bowl full of fishes whose water they have forgotten to change. So the poor little fishes are swimming about with their mouths open, eating each other's food, breathing and maintaining life as best they may, with a thousand struggles, in their foul water."

These words convey exactly the impression which any thoughtful observer must feel while conversing with young Spaniards in their own country. No people are more aware of the pitiful stagnation of national life, or more powerless to emerge from it. Galdós, as a practical and far-seeing man, believes that the welfare of the nation requires the religious and intellectual emancipation of the individual, the introduction of foreign ideas, and the development of the vast natural resources of the Peninsula.

Such a programme sounds simple enough to an American. But one must have lived in Spain to understand how difficult is its realization. We may be permitted to make one long quotation from *Doña Perfecta* to bring home the situation to foreign readers. The following conversation takes place between a young engineer, full of modern ideas, and a bigoted old priest in a provincial town. Though intentionally exaggerated for purposes of contrast, the dose of truth in the young reformer's words is sufficiently strong to make the quotation bear upon our point. First, it is the canon who expresses himself thus: —

"Science as it is studied and taught by the moderns is the death of sentiment and of gentle illusions. With it the life of the spirit is straitened. Everything is reduced to fixed rules, and even the sublime beauties of Nature disappear. It is science that destroys the marvelous in the arts as well as faith in the soul. Science tells us that all is a lie, and seeks to express everything in ciphers and lines, not only the sea and the land where we are, but also the highest Heaven where God is. The wonderful yearnings of the soul are only a kind of mystic ecstasy. The very inspiration of the poets is a delusion. The heart is a sponge, the brain only a nest of maggots."

To which the young engineer makes reply: "It is all true that the canon has said in jest. But it is not our fault that science is breaking down day by day so many vain idols, such as superstitions, sophisms and the thousand impostures of the Past, some of them beautiful and others ridiculous, since there is a little of everything in the Lord's vineyard. The world of illusions, which is a kind of secondary world, is falling down with a great noise. Mysticism in religion, routine in science, conventionality in the arts, are falling as the heathen gods fell, in the midst of jeering. Farewell, idle dreams! Mankind is waking up, and our eyes see clearly. Vain sentimentalism, mysticism, fever, hallucination, and delirium are disappearing, and the man who was once sick to-day is well, and revels with indescribable pleasure in the just appreciation of things. In whatever direction you turn your eyes, you will see the admirable system of reality which has taken the place of fable. . . . All fiction, whether it be called paganism or Christian idealism, no longer exists, and imagination

is laid out in state. All possible miracles are reduced to those which I do when I please, in my laboratory, with a Bunsen pile, an inductive coil, and a magnetic needle. There are no more multiplications of loaves and fishes except those accomplished by industry with its moulds and machines, and those of the printing-press, which imitates Nature, reproducing from a single type millions of copies. In short, my dear sir, orders have been issued to put out of business all the absurdities, falsities, illusions, dreams, sentimentalities, and prejudices which cloud man's understanding. Let us rejoice that it is so."

To us, so far removed from mediævalism in this respect, such a difference of opinion as that herein indicated must seem preposterous. But in Spain it actually exists. Nay more, it exists in the bosom of families, tearing them apart and dividing them by a wide gulf of misunderstanding and lack of intellectual sympathy. The eighteenth-century feud between theology and science has not yet been patched up.

Such a review as this of recent Spanish fiction has not served, perhaps, to bring out the many lovable traits of the Spanish character. To know this character is to love it. Nor have the bright possibilities for the future development of national prosperity been more than hinted at. Signs are not lacking, however, that with a better system of education, the elimination of "graft" from government jobs, the exploitation of mining and agriculture, and, most important of all, an injection of energy and ambition into the rising generation, — a renaissance awaits Spain in the twentieth century.

This review will at least have served to indicate the two definite preoccupations of the modern Spanish novel: to give a clean and faithful picture of old Spain, which is still the Spain of the Present, and to present dramatically the momentous problems of Church and Society which are occupying the intelligent men of the nation.

The greatest claim of the Spanish novel is that it is of the soil and that it has something to say. For the American reader who has exhausted the *repertoire* of French, German, Italian, and Russian fiction, a rich field of information and delight is waiting in the Spanish novel.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

THERE are many things which differentiate human beings sharply, and relegate them into one of two classes. According to Charles Lamb, the view that a man took of the merits or demerits of minced veal as an article of food was one of these; again, a great philosopher has said that every one is either an Aristotelian or a Platonist, whether he knows it or not; or again, there is the distinction of Tory and Liberal, which, if analyzed, consists in whether you wish to regulate the present with reference to the past, or with reference to the future. But I would propound a still more radical differentiation. Suppose a man, walking along a familiar road in unfrequented country, looks over a hedge and sees a crowd of people assembled in a field, all peering, we will say for the sake of picturesqueness, over the shoulders of the inner circles of the throng, at something which is going on in the centre. What really differentiates people is the question whether one sees this

wholly unexpected throng with a pleasing and delightful excitement and interest, or with a shock of disgust and horror; whether one desires eagerly to join the crowd, and look on at whatever may be proceeding, or to fly swiftly to the ends of the earth. The difference is partly a question of class, and depends mainly upon a simple wonder, a thirst for experience, which is so largely gratified in the lives of the upper and more leisured class that it tends to diminish with advancing age. People who can afford it have so often looked over the shoulders of crowds and have seen nothing particularly interesting within! But apart from this, a considerable majority, both of men and women, would at once wish to join the crowd, and they are the people with a sociable instinct; the minority, who wish for the wings of a dove to flee away and be at rest, are the definitely and inveterately solitary people, the people who would always prefer empty rooms to full ones, small congregations to large ones, vacant compartments in trains to tenanted ones, wildernesses to towns, fields to thoroughfares.

I would not maintain that either instinct is superior to the other; they are both harmless, both easy to gratify. The only mistake one makes is, if one loves the one, to condemn or despise those who love the other. The solitary man would submit to great inconvenience to avoid a race-meeting, a ball, a cricket match; but yet I have a pleasant friend who, in praising to me the merits of a place where he had taken a house for the summer, mentioned that he had been privileged to attend as many as five garden-parties in one week!

The result of this difference of temperament is that when people come to philosophize, or to advance religious views, they are either social or individualistic. The man of social temperament will speak of the hopes of humanity, the ideals of the race, the corporate sense of union; while to the individualistic philosopher these are merely dusty and uninteresting phrases, meaning nothing in particular. The individualist has no idea how a person sets about loving humanity, or how he develops his corporate sense. It is, of course, an instinct, like the instinct which makes people desire to be one of a great congregation, of a procession, of a regiment; to enjoy moving in step with a thousand other persons, to like shouting out the same words at the same moment; all of which things the individualist sincerely dislikes. A large crowd is to him a painful and oppressive sight, because it means simply the presence of an immense number of people whom he does not know, and most of whom he does not want to know. A friend of mine had an interesting dream the other day, which exactly illustrates what I mean; she thought that she was describing with great gusto the arrangements for some religious service to a grave and dissatisfied person, who said, at the end of her statement, "Well, do you know, I do not much believe in people being inspired *in rows*." The individualist agrees most cordially with that comment. It is merely distressing to him to reflect that he is one of millions of painfully similar beings. He is no more inspired by the thought, than he can conceive of a cabbage in a cabbage-field being inspired by the thought that it was one of twenty thousand cabbages. The individualist can imagine the cabbage being uplifted by the thought that it was fearfully and wonderfully made; that it imbibed the dews of the kindly earth, and sent them running through a hundred pale veins; that it had a tender relationship with wandering winds and flying bursts of sun, and a secret understanding with the God who made it; he can even imagine the cabbage having a gentle and affectionate interest in the cabbages on each side of him. So, too, the individualist may have many very close and dear relationships with other men and women; but, if he loves humanity at all, it is because he loves A and B, and believes that among the unknown millions there are many whom if

he knew he could also love, and who would love him in return; but he also very much dislikes D and E, and his tendency is to believe that the great majority of the world would be hostile to him rather than affectionate; and this in spite of the fact that he has probably never been brought into close relations with any one without finding him more interesting and lovable than he had expected. But to have corporate relations with people is a thing that the solitary man cannot even dimly conceive; to have direct and immediate relations with people is easy enough; but as the individualist grows older, he tends to be inclined not to multiply relationships, partly because of the strain involved in making and maintaining a new friendship, and partly also because, limited as we are by space and time, a new relationship practically means a certain weakening and neglecting of the old.

The purely gregarious instinct is difficult to sympathize with or analyze if one does not possess it. I find that, as a rule, my friends like attending a cricket-match, or a school-gathering, or a festivity at their old college, because, as they say, it is so pleasant to meet old friends. To me, on the other hand, such gatherings are oppressive and painful; I see a number of people with whom I exchange a brilliant smile, a fervent handshake, and a few conventional and so-called humorous remarks, with whom I should like to have a long and quiet tête-à-tête. But to see them in that brief and scrappy manner is no satisfaction to me; it only assures me that they are alive, and older than when I saw them last; and of those facts I do not require to be assured; what I should like is to revive old memories with them at leisure, to see whether their point of view is altered, whether they have achieved their ambitions, whether they are content, whether they find life more or less interesting than they expected. I feel indeed on such occasions like the parrot who had been kept in a public-house behind a bar, and had picked up the tapman's polite phrase, "One at a time, please, gentlemen; one at a time!" The ingenuous bird was transferred to the country, and contrived to escape from its cage; it was discovered in a field hard by, surrounded by rooks who were pecking it viciously; though bleeding from several wounds and denuded of half its feathers, it was still ejaculating in tones of cheery constancy, "One at a time, gentlemen, please; one at a time."

But, quite apart from one's private feeling, there is also the undoubted fact which meets one on every side, that people in the company of others are almost invariably less interesting, less individual, less tolerant, more conventional, more tiresome, less sincere, less unaffected, than when they are alone with one; they are less themselves, in fact. The serious, quiet, suggestive person, who is delightful when he is tête-à-tête with one, when he talks easily and simply of all that is in his mind, becomes feebly jocular, mildly cynical, given to anecdote, given to reminiscence, when in company. The bluff man becomes rude, the laughing philosopher becomes a screeching Platitudinarian, the weeping philosopher becomes a gloomy *poseur*, the shy man becomes silent or, still worse, voluble, the talker becomes a chatterer, the sympathetic man becomes unctuous. It is the natural result of an audience. In a tête-a-tête one has only one person to think of; but when the listeners are multiplied, one feels obliged conscientiously to try and hit the taste, not of the individual, but of the type; and the type is always duller, and generally lower, than the individual. And in any case prudence warns one to abstain from any originality, and not to commit one's self.

Probably the wise thing for the solitary man is to cultivate at all risks a certain gregariousness. It is a dangerous experiment to isolate one's self from one's kind; one tends to begin to despise other people for being fussy and trivial, while at the same time one becomes fussy and trivial one's self. Moreover, one begins to ac-

quire the dangerous habit, productive of much priggishness, of trying to estimate things by their intrinsic worth instead of by their ultimate worth. The intrinsic worth of human labor in any department is very small. Much of every day is taken up, and necessarily taken up, with actions which have no value. I had an old friend who was very great on the subject of "redeeming the time," and very hard on what he called unprofitable occupations. Yet he took an hour to dress in the morning and an hour to undress at night, duties which he performed with a good deal of rectitude. I suppose he never calculated the somewhat appalling fact that in the course of a long life he had spent in all some six entire years in the process of dressing and undressing! If one once begins these gloomy calculations, it is shocking to reflect how very small a portion of our life is really given to what may be called serious things. The truth really is that a man's life is the expression of his temperament, and that what eventually matters is his attitude and relation to life. his hopes and aspirations, and not only his performance. The solitary man ought to be very careful not to drift too far away from the normal point of view. He ought to be very careful not to acquire a sense of superiority in the matter. He ought to realize that it is his fault or his misfortune, due, perhaps, to a certain deficiency of nervous force, which makes him disposed to shun his fellows. He ought to be in the frame of mind of the American of whom Mr. Moncure Conway writes, who praised America as the only place for a man to live in. Mr. Conway pointed out to him that he was not consistent, because he was to be met with in Europe, — at Rome, at Vienna, at Paris, — but never appeared in America. The orator was silent for a little, and then he said, "What I said about America was true, nevertheless. It is the only place for a man to live; if I do not live there, it is that I am not worthy; I am not fit to live in America." The solitary man ought to feel this about the world at large; and he should resolutely endeavor not to absent himself from it; he does it at his peril.

So, too, the gregarious man ought to practice and cultivate a little solitude. He ought to read and even to meditate. Otherwise he tends to become wholly conventional, and in intellectual things to live from hand to mouth. He ought to imitate in some degree the old lady in one of Mr. Quiller-Couch's stories, who said pettishly, when conversation began to grow interesting about her, "You interrupt me; I don't want to talk; I want to think of my latter end."

The fact is that people, as a rule, do more or less what they like; and there is little danger of the solitary man spoiling himself for reflection by a little medicinal gregariousness; and there is little danger either of the gregarious man losing his hold upon the world owing to the intermixture of some remedial solitude. It is a great puzzle, after all, what we are put into the world for. The philanthropist would say that we were there to help other people; but if every one lived on that theory it would be like the community that lived on taking in one another's washing. The individualist would say that it was to develop himself, and probably that reason does lie in the background of it all, though self-development is not the same thing as self-absorption. We have, most of us, good reason to wish ourselves different from what we actually are; and one of the mysteries of life is that we seem to be able to do so little towards effecting the change. The one thing that both the gregarious and the solitary man can do is to determine that, so far as in them lies, they will not allow their chosen mode of life to be fruitless; that the world shall be somehow a little better for the life that they have lived in it. The world is slowly transformed, and the transformation seems to have been effected by abnormal rather than by conventional people; that is perhaps the most that we can say.

And then perhaps we turn our thoughts

onward, and wonder dimly what shall be hereafter. If we believe that identity and consciousness survive, even though memory perish, which of us has foreseen the possibilities that may be beyond us after that change which awaits us, perhaps so soon? We think of ourselves as wandering hither and thither, wearing some outward semblance of humanity, conversing in happy leisure with those we have known and loved. Who has dared to conceive of himself as forever solitary, lost, and isolated, a sentient point in some intolerable abyss, moving through interminable space, in endless ages, in vain search for companionship? Yet who can tell whether this may not be?

I suppose it is the gregarious instinct that leads so many unimaginative people to conceive dimly of heaven as the scene of a vast musical performance, an act of united and continual worship, conducted under golden arches, by the side of a sea of glass. Personally I rather conceive of it as a vast and sheltered garden, full of woods and waters, where one may be alone with pleasure, and reflect without interruption. Better still, if one could spend long hours, if hours there be, in quiet intercourse with one whom one has loved and trusted in the old sad days, under the dark skies; and perhaps one might even meet the Lord of the place, walking in the garden in the cool of the day; and receive a smile, or a sign, or a few words which should make one laugh to think that one had ever doubted his perfect love.

"I MUSED ON DEATH"

BY FRED LEWIS PATTEE

I MUSED on death and immortality;
I sought to peer beyond the gates of birth;
I raised my eyes above the din and dearth,
Where groping man with curse and misery
Toils on for naught; I sent myself to see
What lies beyond the utmost cape and firth
Of mortal bound, perchance the bourne of earth
Where souls of men abide when they are free.

I soared exulting o'er the Milky Way
And winged along the gulfs by swirl and star,
And joyed to think that, when the hours were o'er,
The now and here, the noisome night and day
I should forget, — and thus with eyes afar
I missed the beggar piteous at my door.

THE STUDY OF NATIONAL CULTURE

BY KUNO FRANCKE

LAST spring the President and Fellows of Harvard College took a step which, like not a few steps taken under President Eliot's administration, was novel, experimental, and somewhat venturesome: they established a professorship of the History of German Culture, the first professorship of this subject in an American or English university, and they entrusted this office to the then Professor of German Literature.

Naturally, this event has induced a renewed consideration of the fundamental question involved in this matter, the question: What is the place of the study of national culture within the whole of historical and philological studies; and it is perhaps fitting that some reflections on this subject should be presented to a wider audience of persons interested in higher learning.

The history of a nation may be studied under two main heads, — civilization and culture. When we speak of national civilization, we mean thereby all that contributes to shape the outward conditions and conduct of life: the modes of gaining a livelihood, the organization of the family, the forms of domestic and public custom, social gradations, political, legal, and ecclesiastical institutions, and the friendly or hostile contact with other nations. When we speak of national culture, we mean thereby all that contributes to shape the inner life, to enrich the world of feeling, imagination, and thought: religious and philosophical movements, tendencies in literature and art, ideal aspirations, intellectual and spiritual revelations. Civilization makes the citizen, culture makes the man; civilization has to do with specific conditions, culture has to do with values of universal application; civilization is the form, culture is the content of national consciousness. But neither of the two can develop without the other; they constantly exert a reciprocal influence on each other; and only he who has studied comprehensively both the civilization and the culture of a given nation, is in a position to estimate what this nation has contributed to the whole of the world's history.

I shall not, in the following remarks, traverse the whole ground indicated by these observations. What I wish to do is to point out how the study of the spiritual life, the study of literature, and the study of art, may be benefited by considering spiritual, literary, and artistic movements as parts and as kindred manifestations of a given national culture.

There is nothing revolutionary in this point of view. Since the days of Winckelmann, Wolf, and Boeckh, students of classical antiquity have been accustomed to look at Greek and Roman life in its totality. The critical study of the Homeric poems, the history of Greek vase-painting, the history of the Attic drama, of Attic sculpture, oratory, and philosophy, are generally recognized to be nothing but chapters in a comprehensive history of Greek culture, supplementing and illustrating one another; and no classical philologist worthy of the name would think himself competent to write even a single paragraph of any one of these chapters without having, at least cursorily, gone over the ground of all the rest. The result has been that every Greek poem from Homer to Theocritus, every Greek statue from the Mycenæan age to the schools of Rhodos and Pergamon, every conception of Greek philosophy from Anaxagoras to Plotinus, nay, every

construction of a Greek sentence and every fragment of a Greek inscription stands to us as an epitome of a particular phase in the development of Greek culture, thus revealing to us the peculiar conditions of life from which it took its origin. Nor can it be said that this alignment of individual works of literature, art, and philosophy into the historical sequence of national development has, in this case, in the least taken away from the intrinsic interest of these works themselves. On the contrary, it has added to it a very important element. The ἔργα καὶ ἡμέραι of Hesiod means more to us since we have come to see in it the expression of a democratic reaction against the aristocratic society of the Homeric times. We have a fuller and more intimate knowledge of the peculiarity of the art of Euripides, since he has come to be understood as a dramatic counterpart to the disintegrating tendencies of the rationalistic philosophy of his time, and to the realistic analysis of human passion in the plastic art of Skopas. And how much more has the Laocoön group to tell to us, now that it does not any longer appear, as it did appear to the men of the eighteenth century, as a timeless production of absolute genius revealing the "noble simplicity and calm grandeur" (as Winckelmann expressed it) of Greek character *per se*, but has come to be recognized as a typical production of that period of Greek national development when the noble simplicity and calm grandeur of the Æschylean age had been superseded by the high-strung, nervously excited temper of Hellenistic romanticism.

The point which I wish to make is that this conception of the totality of a given national culture has not as yet prevailed sufficiently to achieve for the history of modern nations what it has achieved for the history of Greece and Rome.

Not as though there had not been distinguished writers treating the literary, artistic, and intellectual history of modern nations from this point of view. Indeed, there are not a few illustrious examples of this sort of applied national psychology, with regard both to general movements and to individual representative men. Among Frenchmen, the one name of Hippolyte Taine stands for a whole class of writers trying to detect national characteristics in literary and artistic achievements. In Germany, such men as Jacob Burckhardt, Hermann Hettner, and Karl Lamprecht have applied this method both to particular periods or phases of intellectual developments and to the whole history of a given people in all its manifold manifestations. In England, John Addington Symonds and William E. H. Lecky have created masterpieces of research in the history of morals and spiritual culture in mediæval and modern Europe. And our own Barrett Wendell has attempted to build upon these same foundations a Literary History of America. As to biographies of epoch-making men, I point only to a few works of signal merit, works which give us as it were the spirit of a whole age, the temper of a whole nation condensed in one central figure: Sabatier's *Vie de St. François*, Grimm's *Michel Angelo*, Villari's *Girolamo Savonarola e suoi tempi*, Morley's *Oliver Cromwell*, Justi's *Velasquez und sein Jahrhundert*, and a book by one whom we may also, although unfortunately only for a few months, call our own: Eugen Kühnemann's *Schiller*. In all these works the great task, the single aim of the writers, is to arrive at a clear and just conception of what the culture of a given age, a given people, a given personality, has stood for, what ideals of life, what aspirations, passions, imaginings, forms of expression, modes of thought it included, what its place is in the general trend of human development, what it means for our own life.

While, then, much has been done by eminent writers to make that view of the totality of a nation's history, which the great humanists of the early nineteenth century applied to the study of

Greece and Rome, applicable to modern nations also, it yet remains true that the university study of modern literature, art, and intellectual life is still, on the whole, dominated by views too exclusive to lead the student from the very start into the wider realm of national culture.

I am certainly very far from decrying the value of specialization. I fully believe that a student should as soon as possible try his hand at investigating one subject thoroughly,—whether it be certain aspects of the syntax of Berthold von Regensburg, or the representation of the Annunciation in mediæval German sculpture, or the influence of Bernard of Clairvaux upon German mystic thought of the fourteenth century, or what not. But I do think that, as university teachers, we do not as a rule see sufficiently to it that such investigations be carried on in a broad spirit, that they be kept from degenerating into mere collections of grammatical forms, or catalogues of certain plastic types, or the amassing of parallel passages of a number of writers. That this sort of thing is the average work done in doctor's dissertations dealing with this class of subjects there can be little doubt. Nor can it be denied, it seems to me, that the monographs in our philological, archæological, and literary quarterlies very often betray a deplorable lack of historical perspective, that there is something barren and unprofitable about this huge mill of *Quellenuntersuchungen*, of tracings of literary affiliations and indebtednesses, and of the eternal quest for the first authenticated appearance of a certain literary or artistic conceit. The wellnigh exclusive rule of this method in our university seminaries has limited the view, stifled the imagination, and brought about a state of mind among many of our young Ph. D.'s and candidates for the Ph. D., according to which literature and art seem entirely detached from life, and appear as nothing but a huge system of automatic contrivances. And the principal business of the literary historian and art critic has come to be, according to this view, to analyze the mechanism of these contrivances, and to establish the dates when their inventors —so to speak—had them officially patented.

I am convinced that one remedy against this soulless and lifeless method of studying literature and art is to hold constantly before one's mind the connection of literature, art, and thought with the general trend of national development, and never to lose sight of the fact that they make together one living whole where "Alles ist Frucht und Alles ist Samen."

Let me give one or two illustrations of the way in which this conception of the interdependence of the various manifestations of national consciousness may be made fruitful for the study of each of them. If these illustrations are taken exclusively from the field of German studies, there will be seen in this an effect upon myself of that very over-specialization, the narrowing influence of which upon others I just now deplored; and I would take this opportunity to say that throughout all my remarks I feel myself open to just this criticism, and shall have nothing to reply if I am to be confronted with a "Physician, heal thyself!"

My first illustration is concerned with a single phenomenon of intellectual life. No one could make even a perfunctory study of German Romanticism without being struck by the attention bestowed by the Romanticists upon the problem of insanity. Indeed, there is hardly a phase of mental derangement which did not in one form or another appear in Romantic literature and art. There are the overstrained characters of Jean Paul, the melancholy, brooding philosopher Schoppe, whom the irreconcilable contrasts of life, the unfathomable abysses of existence, deprive of his reason; or the colossal man of will, Roquairol, whose boundless ambition leads to nothing but inner ruin

and mental wreck. There is the gallery of eccentric personalities which form so large a part of Tieck's literary household: the youthful dreamer of the Lovel type, who is unsettled by contact with the world and the teachings of a Pseudo-Fichtean philosophy; the man of blind instincts, such as the Blonde Eckbert, who lives, as it were, in a world of chronic hallucinations, who is pursued by constant dread of monstrous happenings, to whom life is a terrible burden and a nightmare; or, on the other hand, the ecstatic enthusiast, such as the old painter-hermit in *Franz Sternbald*, whose gentle madness seems to have unsealed to him the beauty and harmony of the whole universe. There is the somnambulism of Kleist's *Käthchen von Heilbronn;* the irresponsible libertinism and aimlessness of the vagrant folk in Brentano's, Eichendorff's, and Justinus Kerner's stories. There is the ghastly spook of Amadeus Hoffmann's grotesque imagination, with its criminal monomaniacs, its haunted houses, doubles, and enchanted beasts, and with its Bedlam of caricatures and mentally or morally deformed human figures. That this Romantic interest in the abnormal and the deranged held its sway even to the middle of the nineteenth century, is proved in a striking manner by the well-known drawing of Kaulbach's, representing the clubroom of an insane asylum, with its inmates grouped about in excited conversation or in silent brooding, each of them bringing before us a particular type of madness or aberration.

Now, in studying these types of insanity in German Romanticism, the most obvious, least circuitous, and (let me add) a most unalluringly safe path to be followed is that of the familiar *Quellenuntersuchung*. What types of insanity the different writers or artists treat by preference; how these different writers influence one another in this matter; how far, for example, the insane characters in Tieck serve as models for those in Amadeus Hoffmann; who was the first author to set this morbid fashion; what foreign influences, if any, were at work in it; how far, for example, Tieck's occupation with Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, or Cervantes' *Don Quixote* was responsible for his leaning toward the representation of eccentric characters, — all these are perfectly pertinent questions; they are questions which it is well to have answered before one proceeds to further investigations.

But let no one who has answered these questions satisfactorily imagine that he has thereby contributed much toward the elucidation of the problem of insanity in German Romanticism. What he has done is, in the main, of bibliographical interest. He has shown that it was A and not B who first introduced this subject into literature, that D owes much of his material to C, that E has a greater variety of types than F, and so on. The question, how this remarkable and widespread interest of the Romanticists in the phenomena of insanity is connected with German national life of that time, with the prevailing currents of thought and feeling, in a word, what place it has in the history of German culture, this question he has hardly touched.

In order to answer this question intelligently, he will have to consider the Romantic movement in all its bearings upon the emotional and intellectual life of that age, and he will try to detect those phases of this movement which would naturally have had a particular effect upon the way in which people would look upon cases of insanity. To indicate only a few lines of reasoning which such an inquiry would open, the following reflection would be likely to suggest itself.

The Romantic movement is, in one aspect at least, a revolt against society and class rule, an outburst of individual thought and passion, a pronunciamento of the individual heart and imagination against the canons of convention, a declaration of sympathy with everything that is something by itself, and that lives out its own laws of existence. To the Ro-

manticist — and I include here under this name that whole galaxy of poets and thinkers who were under the direct or indirect influence of Rousseau's ideals of life — to the Romanticist there is nothing uninteresting except the artificial. Everything, whether large or small, beautiful or ugly, ordinary or exceptional, strong or weak, healthy or diseased, beneficial or destructive, so long as it is not artificially perverted and estranged from its own nature, is worthy of our human interest and sympathy; and even if it is perverted it has at least a claim upon our pity and compassion. The individual is sacred; life as such is something of absolute value; and every one of its varieties has an equal right to try its wings.

Is it not clear that here there lie the sources of those humanitarian views in criminology and psychiatry which, from the latter part of the eighteenth century on to the present time, slowly and with a good many setbacks, have nevertheless steadily been pressing on toward wider recognition? The criminal, according to Beccaria, the great eighteenth-century reformer of criminal law, is not an enemy of the human race against whom society has to wage a relentless war. Much truer it would be to say that he is a victim of the conditions of society itself; and that the prevention of crime by bettering these conditions is a matter of much greater importance than the punishment of the criminal. And the insane, according to Pinel, Tuke, and other eighteenth-century reformers of lunatic institutions, is not, as former ages have considered him, a miscreant, possessed by evil spirits, to be chained and chastised, but rather a sufferer from disease, worthy of our most tender attention and care. And both the criminal and the insane are to the popular scientists of the end of the eighteenth century, and the beginning of the nineteenth, favorite subjects of psychological analysis and description.

The individualistic and humanitarian element, then, of the Romantic movement tended to make the insane, alongside with other types of human states of mind, a topic of intense interest for the writers of fiction and poetry; and we need not go to Shakespeare's Lear or Ophelia, or to Cervantes' Don Quixote, to account for the frequency of deranged characters in Tieck's novels and dramas. On the contrary, it might be said that Tieck's interest in such characters as the Fool in *Lear*, or Don Quixote, is, in part at least, accounted for by the Romantic sympathy with the unconventional and the wayward. And that whole class of eccentric personages so frequent in Romantic literature, who see life at a different angle from the normal, who follow their own whims or illusions, who meander through the world as through a labyrinth of charming surprises and aimless diversions, may be called a collective protest against the humdrum and stupid matter-of-fact existence of the so-called good citizen, the substantial man of business, the respectable member of society. The illusionist is the Romantic character κατ' ἐξοχήν; to his sensitive nerves there are revealed delights of life which remain hidden to the obtuse brain of the muscular healthy; he is the personality *par excellence*, unencumbered by the weight of the material world which burdens and drags down the anonymous majority; he moulds freely and with sovereign playfulness his own world; in him the divine irony, of which Friedrich Schlegel rhapsodized, finds its fullest expression. The affinity between madness and genius is a discovery which we owe to Romanticism.

This is one side of the subject. But Romanticism was not only an individualistic protest against society. It was also what at first sight may seem the very opposite of this individualism, and yet is after all only a natural sequence of it: it was a proclamation of the universe as one organic living whole. And this side of the Romantic movement also is closely connected with the interest taken by Romantic poets and novelists in the problem of insanity. The infinite is the

true home of the Romanticists. Novalis defines philosophy as homesickness, — homesickness for the absolute. To Schelling, beauty is the infinite represented in finite form. Tieck's whole life was an infinite longing for something beyond and above. All Romantic landscape paintings have that fascinating quality of the hazy blue distance which beckons on and on to endless space. Never perhaps has there been a time when the world, to the chosen few at least, seemed so literally alive with infinite power as it seemed to these men. To them there was no dividing line between rock, plant, beast, and man. A mysterious bond of magnetic attraction, they believed, unites stars and human brains, the organic and the inorganic, the conscious and the unconscious. The world of the senses was to them only a symbol of a spiritual presence hovering within and above us. All nature they conceived as one indivisible being, incessantly striving to manifest itself, and to become fully conscious of its own spirit.

Now it is clear that such views as these, very imperfectly stated by me, but of paramount, fundamental importance to the Romanticists, — it is clear, I say, that such views as these of the essential unity of all life, of the identity of matter and spirit, of the absorption of the individual in the great mysterious All, are not fully accessible to the sober intellect, that they require for their receptacle a visionary state of mind, an imagination pitched to its highest key, a soul that is itself in instinctive contact with the invisible powers. The Romantic individual, in its highest perfection, is the inspired mystic, the ecstatic seer, who is his own law, and who harbors within himself the riddle of the universe. Is it necessary to say that here again we have arrived in a sphere where it is hard to draw the line between inspiration and madness?

Here, then, there is seen the connection between the intellectual drift of the age, and the second important class of types of mentally deranged in Romantic poetry and fiction, — the seekers for the infinite. A great many different varieties of extravagant fancy and morbid desires may be traced back to this common type. It appears as the craving for solitude and passive contemplation; as the reveling in the mystery of night or in the wonders of a cavernous, subterranean existence; as the glorification of the irrational and the incoherent. It assumes the form of a naïve dreaming one's self back into a fantastic golden age, or of plunging into a state of trancelike transfiguration, or of a return to a serene, placid unconsciousness. Or again, we see it represented in characters wrestling with themselves, and seeking forgetfulness, intoxication, communion with the universe, either in mesmeristic and spiritualistic pseudo-science, or in sensual dissipation and revelry, or in suicide.

It is hardly necessary to add that all these various types of mental derangement, so frequent in Romantic literature, find their counterpart in the lives of the Romantic writers themselves. The tragic fate of Hölderlin, Heinrich von Kleist, Lenau, the erratic career of Brentano and Amadeus Hoffmann, are typical illustrations of the correctness of Goethe's dictum: "The Classic is the healthy, the Romantic is the diseased." In our own time, the fate of Poe, of Nietzsche, and of Oscar Wilde has furnished a new proof of this homely truth. No broad-minded man, however, while fully recognizing this truth, will fail to see that even these excesses of Romantic imagination have enlarged the vision, broadened sympathies, and heightened the interest of life, and have thus added priceless treasures to the store of spiritual possessions.

So much for the way in which a single literary phenomenon may (or is it not better to say, should) be studied as an expression of the whole culture of a given period in the national development. Let us now for a moment turn to the question, how a number of different phenomena of literature, art, and thought may be studied under the common head of the devel-

opment of national culture. Here, again, I content myself, in place of theoretical discussions, with giving one concrete illustration.

Historians of German literature are wont to draw a sharp contrast between the high refinement both of sentiment and form which is characteristic of the classic epoch of chivalric poetry at the turning-point of the twelfth century to the thirteenth, and the decay of good taste setting in toward the middle of the thirteenth century. And it must be admitted that in imaginative literature the whole period from 1250 to 1500, that is, from the decline of chivalric poetry to the Humanistic movement, offers nothing that could at all be compared with the grandeur of the *Nibelungenlied* or the charm of Gottfried von Strassburg or Walther von der Vogelweide. From the exclusively literary point of view, the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, with their cumbersome romances, their unwieldy didactic encyclopædias, their gross satire, and their over-realistic and over-spectacular religious drama, appear indeed as an epoch of disintegration and decay.

As soon, however, as we discard this exclusively literary point of view, as soon as we survey the whole ground of higher national activities and try to detect those achievements in which the creative power of the nation at a given time found its fullest expression, these same centuries assume a very different aspect.

If, instead of following out in their wearisome and artificial detail the offshoots and outspurs of chivalric epics and lyrics in the thirteenth century, we visit the cathedrals of Naumburg, of Bamberg, of Strassburg, of Freiburg, and look at the reliefs and statues adorning their portals, choirs, and rood-screens, we become aware of the fact that the classic epoch of Middle High German poetry, from the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century, was followed in the greater part of the thirteenth century and the beginning of the fourteenth by an equally classic epoch of German sculpture. And if we study these plastic monuments from the point of view of national culture, if we compare them with the great figures of chivalric poetry, we find that, although sculpture and poetry differed from each other in subject-matter, the spirit of these two epochs of classic German art was essentially the same. The same refinement and measure; the same insistence on courteous decorum; the same curious combination of scrupulous attention to certain conventional forms of dress, gesture, and expression, on the one hand, and a free sweep in the delineation of character, on the other; the same moral earnestness and the same fanciful vagueness; in short, the same happy union of the universally human with the distinctively mediæval, which is found in such characters as Parzival, Tristan, or Kudrun, comes to light in the Founders' Statues of Naumburg, the so-called Konrad of the Cathedral of Bamberg, or the Ecclesia and Synagoga of Strassburg Cathedral. Very far, then, from seeing in the thirteenth century a period of artistic decline, we simply observe in it a shifting of the forms through which the artistic energy of the nation revealed itself; we receive from it a new impression, from a different angle, of that rounding out of the personality, that heightening of human existence, which was one of the great effects of the supreme sway of chivalry and of the mediæval church. As the art of Phidias and Praxiteles is an indispensable supplement to the art of Æschylus and Sophocles for our understanding of Attic culture in its prime, so these works of German sculpture of the thirteenth century, in their wonderful blending of the ideal human type with the characteristic features of the portrait, stand to us by the side of the great creations of the chivalric poets as incontrovertible proofs of the free and noble conception of humanity reached by mediæval culture at its height. Perhaps I may be permitted to say that it was considerations such as these which

have led to the establishment of our Germanic Museum as a place where these impressive plastic types of national imagination and feeling might be brought before the student's eye in their historical sequence, and with as much of completeness as possible.

Similar observations might be made about the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The fourteenth century, so barren and uninspiring if we measure it by the standard of polite literature, becomes of absorbing interest and deepest significance, if we study it as the great epoch of German mysticism, if we enter into that marvelously intense inner life, the world of visions, dreams, hallucinations, and the pure regions of exalted self-abnegation and self-perfection which mark the age of Eckart, Suso, and Tauler as the first irresistible outburst of modern individualism. And as to the fifteenth century, can there be any doubt that it was neither literature, nor sculpture, nor mystic speculation, but religious painting, which concentrated upon itself the creative energy of that age? So that he who would understand this century and its relation to the preceding epochs should first of all study the great representatives of the pictorial art, from the Van Eycks and the Cologne masters to Memling and Albrecht Dürer. And in doing so, he will recognize Dürer and his compeers as the direct descendants of Wolfram von Eschenbach and Walther von der Vogelweide, the masters of the Bamberg or Strassburg sculptures, and Eckart and Suso and the other mystics of the fourteenth century; in other words, by this very passing from one sphere of national activities to another he will come to understand fully the continuity of the development of national culture as a whole.

I am done. Only one word in conclusion. We are witnessing at present at a number of our universities, notably at Columbia and at Harvard, a remarkable strengthening and rounding out of the departments of Comparative Literature. The comparative study of national literatures cannot fail to be a most powerful help in determining what is original, what is of abiding and universal importance in the artistic contributions of the various peoples to the common stock of spiritual life. And so, as a student of the history of national culture, I offer to these young and most promising departments of international research a cordial and expectant welcome.

SOME BOOKS OF TRAVEL

BY HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

At the somewhat remote period of the writer's childhood, when books for the young were mostly of a didactic and serious character, and the gay flowers of the kindergarten had not yet begun to blossom in every wilding hedgerow, — one used to see occasionally, in the homes of well-instructed families, a small volume which began as follows (I quote from memory): "Come, my dear Felix, and come, my dear Felicia, and we will start for a tour round the world. *Nay, turn not pale,* — for we shall not quit our own fireside."

Was the condescending little book by Mrs. Barbauld? I think not; although that enterprising lady, *si respectable,* did certainly prepare a volume of Fireside Travels for the young. It is the humor of the opening paragraph above quoted, as applied to the young person of to-day, which appeals, perennially, to myself. Where is now the Felix, or even the Felicia, whose round cheeks would blanch at any proposal of adventure, however distant and untried? 'T is the staying monotonously at home, with books and work and healthful play, that renders them anæmic. The little cosmopolitans can promptly direct you to the best toy shop in Nuremberg, the best *pâtisserie* on the Place de l'Opéra, and the cake-shop in Regent Street where one can always procure American doughnuts. The chances are that Felix and Felicia have already crossed the Atlantic several times, if haply they have never approached San Francisco by the S. P. R. or the Golden Gate, and Vladivostock by the Siberian Railway. All people of all ages — that is to say, all felicitous people — go everywhere at present, and most of them take notes by the way and write books on their return. It might seem, at first sight, as though the demand for such records would decline, with the vastly increased facilities for travel, and the constantly swelling numbers of those who trot the globe. Exactly the reverse is true. And, as a matter of fact, when is it that even an authorized guide-book first becomes deeply interesting as well as truly intelligible and illuminating? Is it not when we turn its pages at our leisure, after we have traversed the routes and visited in person the places and the objects which it describes?

The *Tarry-at-Home Travels*[1] of Rev. Edward Everett Hale are the same which that vigorous veteran has been prosecuting, by easy monthly stages, in the *Outlook* during the past year. Mr. Hale has been a famous talker in his day; and he retains in his eighties the faculty, rare enough at any age, and almost unknown to youth, of writing exactly as he would talk. The most loyal and optimistic of surviving New Englanders, his leisurely progress is through the ideal New England of his own youth and early manhood toward that "New England brightly building far away," which constitutes the celestial goal of every properly born or early naturalized Bostonian. His reminiscences are poured out of a full heart, freely, familiarly, picturesquely. He has known the best men of a more ingenuous era than ours, and he names them, one by one, with a tremor of honorable emotion in his tones. If we weary a little of his perpetual "dear" and "dear old," as applied indiscriminately to persons, towns, and institutions of learning, both orthodox and heterodox, we realize also that the fond epithet is used without

[1] *Tarry-at-Home Travels.* By Edward Everett Hale. New York and London: The Macmillan Company. 1906.

a trace of affectation, and we respect the sign of impartial good-will, and a singular breadth of human sympathy. Occasionally Mr. Hale recalls, and retouches in a positively artistic manner, some of the fading legends and more nearly romantic incidents of our primitive period: like the story of the endowment of Dartmouth College, or that of the slave-ship Armistead; or the curious tale of the foundation of the Rothschild fortune on the money paid by George III to the Elector of Hesse for the services of his hireling troops.

Elsewhere the genial annalist propounds with courage, and supports with spirit, some etymological or historico-literary theory of his own. "According to me," to use his undaunted formula, — supported in this case, however, by the authority of Roger Williams, — Rhode Island was not named after Rhodes in the Ægean, — as, indeed, why should it have been? — but from the rhododendrons that Admiral Block, the discoverer of Narragansett Bay found blushing, in their early summer loveliness, all along its shores; and personally I am more than willing to believe — *paratum est cor meum* — that Prospero's isle was that of Cuttyhunk, and that Shakespeare got from the Earl of Southampton, who had it from his own hired explorer, Captain Gosnold, his notion of sassafras-bogs and sea-mews, and the mussels in running brooks, which no one certainly can ever have beheld in the vexed Bermoothes.

Mr. Hale's book is illustrated, most appropriately, by scores of portraits reproduced from painted miniatures or early daguerreotypes, and by those delicate but mendacious copper and steel-plate engravings of sixty years since, which reduced all scenes and places to a pale monotony of symmetrical prettiness. These insipid and much flattered pictures have, however, a genuine historic significance; and to them the writer can point with well-feigned assurance, when he whimsically calls upon our much-traveled youth to concede that the shadiest and fairest for situation of New England's wooden towns, like Burlington on Lake Champlain, or Portland on Casco Bay, are exactly as well worth his attention and admiration as the imposing secular capitals of Europe and Asia.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more unlike the patriarchal poise and all-embracing charity of the tarry-at-home traveler, than the boyish, not to say rakish, flippancy displayed in their printed notes by two recent rovers in Britain: the authors, namely, of *Cornish Saints and Sinners* and *In London Town*. There is a true bank-holiday abandonment about the tripper in Cornwall, Mr. J. Henry Harris,[1] who has no sooner alighted at Penzance than he pays his respects to Sir Humphry Davy in the following jaunty fashion: "Penzance has one lion, Sir Humphry Davy. Sir Humphry and his little lamp is a story with immortal youth, like that of Washington and his little hatchet. Sir Humphry meets you at unexpected times and places; there was something *à la* Sir Humphry on the breakfast menu. We heard about him, soon after our arrival, from an American tourist of independent views. He said that Sir Humphry would not be a boss man now, because he did n't know a good thing when he had it, and gave away his invention in a spirit of benevolence which was destructive of all sound commercial principles. Then he figured out how many millions in dollars Sir Humphry might have made, if only he had patented his little lamp and run the show himself."

As between the saints and the sinners to whom his book is formally ascribed, Mr. Harris is at superfluous pains to reiterate his own private preference for the sinners (chiefly smugglers); but he burlesques with equal zest the legends of the one and the local dialect of the other. Once or twice only, in all his three hundred and twelve pages, does he subside

[1] *Cornish Saints and Sinners.* By J. Henry Harris. Drawings by J. Raven-Hill. New York and London: John Lane. 1906.

into anything like serious writing. Assuredly Mr. Harris is not witty, but his animal spirits are inexhaustible, and buoyant spirits, they tell us, are too rare in this downcast age. And this, no doubt, is the reason why we find ourselves mildly amused, *malgré nous*, at what is rather colt-play than horse-play; even as we laugh at the rodomontade of the undergraduate in vacation, who exploits the slang of his college, and exaggerates, darkly, the *scappati* of his chum, for the benefit of his maiden aunt.

The book, it should be said, rather gains in dignity from the drawings of Mr. Raven-Hill. Bits of rough coast and shapeless ruin and the vistas of crooked old village streets are sketched in vigorous outlines. Human types peculiar to the region, such as ancient fishermen and grizzled wharf-loungers, old women on whose half-palsied tongues tremble the last vocables of the dying language of the West, and the little girl wading who forms so delightful a tail-piece to Chapter I, — all these, and more, are both simply and admirably rendered; while there is positive poetry of conception, as well as great beauty of line, in the figure of the angel who comes bearing in her slender arms, to balance upon its mushroom-like pedestal, the huge top-stone of that mysterious pagan monument, the celebrated Cheese-Wring.

Mr. F. Berkeley Smith's impressions of London Town[1] are not so much those of a light-hearted holiday-maker as of an alert, keen-eyed, and precociously sophisticated journalist. He approaches London from Paris, where he is thoroughly at home; having, in fact, already published a vivacious book or two concerning the less decorous and conventional aspects of life in that diverting capital. Naturally he has his misgivings about London, all of which he finds dismally fulfilled on his first November Sunday in the British metropolis; and he rails against the customs and constraints of the day of ennui, in the good set terms which have been familiar for generations on the lips of the exile from Gaul. Mr. Smith's rather brilliant chapter entitled the House of Savoy is an unabashed puff of the pompous establishment now bearing that historic name; while he discusses at great length, and with uncommon frankness, that sorry matter of night-life in the London streets, which is usually avoided by all but the professional sociologist. Whatever may be thought of his taste in this regard, he ends — to his credit be it said — by treating the subject gravely. An arresting glimpse appears to have visited the *flaneur* of the abyss of tragedy underlying the tawdry show; and he writes of what he sees, and even delineates it, — for he is usually his own artist, — with a sobriety all the more impressive from its contrast with his habitual mood. The London of the dark season, with its flying lights and engulfing shadows, — so strangely unlike the more popular London of pageants and feasts and all but endless daylight, of Parliament, Mayfair, and Rotten Row, — does indeed come to life in a remarkable manner under the pen and pencil of Mr. Berkeley Smith; and we presently perceive in him the power to write nobly no less than smartly if he would, — in short, the capacity for literature. Nothing, for example, could be much better as a bit of landscape description than the following:

"Once clear of Folkestone, the air was impregnated with a hazy blue mist. For brief moments the sun struggled through, and flooded the wet fields of snug farms, tipping with its saffron light the edges of the clipped hedges of box. A golden pheasant, startled by the train, skimmed along, in a fluttering flight, to the protection of a neighboring wood. Rows upon rows of hop-poles covered acres bordering the railway so precisely that one could look through them, diagonally, to their limits. We went past sturdy oaks

[1] *In London Town.* By F. Berkeley Smith. Illustrated by the author and other artists. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1906.

and woodlands, the home of the preserved rabbit and the hare. Now and then there flashed by a glimpse of some solid-looking mansion half smothered in ivy, with its kennels and outlying stables. But the sun can assert itself no longer, for we were nearing the edge of the great city. In its place there settled over all — the saffron-colored fog." Mr. Smith's fellow-artists are not named, and it is hardly needful, for the illustrations might easily be all by the same hand. All are clever, having the facility and *chic* best learned in the schools of Paris, but their subjects are mainly unpleasant.

One is half disposed to quarrel a little with the title of *Literary Bypaths in Old England*.[1] What is a literary bypath? The proper joy of a bypath, it would seem, is anything but literary. On the other hand, if the phrase be figurative, intended merely of the realm of letters, how is it that Spenser, Gray, and Goldsmith, Burns, and Keats, are found lurking in the by-ways of English literature, and who then are they that hold the grand route? But this is caviling, while Mr. Henry Shelley's book is really charming. He conducts us to the Penshurst of Philip and Algernon Sidney, and the ever beautiful Selborne of Gilbert White; to Stoke Poges (as he pleases to spell it) and the Eton of Gray, and those dimmest purlieus of old London town, that filled the place of landscape in the childish imaginations of John Keats and Thomas Hood. He explores Ayrshire and bleak Annandale for the sake of Burns and Carlyle, and leafy Buckinghamshire in the track of William Penn; saluting, in a final and very interesting chapter, all about the venerable city of Winchester, a long procession of shades, beginning with Alfred the Great and ending with Jane Austen. Mr. Shelley is in many respects quite the ideal guide, unassuming, sympathetic, and exceedingly well informed. He refreshes vague memories and supplies fresh clues at almost every turn, and his is exactly the book one would like to take along on a pilgrimage to poetic shrines, but — and it is a serious but — for the clumsy proportions and gross material weight of the volume. The plates are beautiful, and there are exactly one hundred and twenty-five of them, mostly reproduced from photographs of the author's own; but so reproduced, and accompanied by so magnificently printed a text that the book is positively not portable. Why should there not be a plain, working edition of so excellent a *vade-mecum*, printed on light paper, bound in soft covers, and with no illustrations at all? since he certainly does not need them who is to have the veritable scenes before his eyes. Let the luxuries of type and adornment be reserved for our friend, the inveterate — more often, alas! involuntary — stay-at-home traveler. But even he will find a book-rest convenient.

An entirely admirable book, of similar character to the last, but much more exhaustive within its narrower lines, is *The Stones of Paris*,[2] by Benjamin and Charlotte Martin; and here the problem seems to have been fairly solved of producing a manual for the inquiring tourist, at once learned, pictorial, and handy to carry about. The delicate drawings of John Fulleylove are clearly printed upon the same fine, thin paper as the text; and so are the numerous portraits of renowned Parisians, reduced from the carbon photographs of Messrs. Braun and Clément. The plan of the book is well indicated in the first sentences of its modest introductory chapter. "This book has been written for those who seek in Paris something more than a city of shows or a huge bazaar. . . . There are many lovers of this beautiful capital of a great people, who, knowing

[1] *Literary Bypaths in Old England.* By Henry C. Shelley. Illustrations from photographs by the author. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

[2] *The Stones of Paris.* By Benjamin and Charlotte Martin. Drawings by John Fulleylove. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

well her unconcealed attractions, would search out her records and traditions in stone, hidden and hard to find. This legitimate curiosity grows more eager with the increasing difficulties of gratifying it in that ancient Paris that is vanishing day by day. . . . In telling the story of those monuments of past ages that are visible and tangible, reference is made only to so much of their perished approaches and neighbors as shall suffice for full realization of the significance of all we are to see. This significance is given mainly by the former dwellers within these walls. We shall concern ourselves with the human document illustrated by its surroundings."

The authors ask indulgence for the fact that the topographical scheme of study which they have adopted tends to confuse a little the historic order of their human portraits. And yet that order is fairly well preserved. The "Three Time-worn Staircases" which we are invited to climb in the first chapter are those of three independent towers, widely separated in position and date of erection, crowded now and almost concealed by insignificant modern buildings, from which we may survey the boundaries and identify the few remaining traces, both of Roman Lutetia, dear to Julian surnamed the Apostate, and of the early mediæval city which was virtually confined to the Seine Islands and the south shore. They are the tower, so-called, of King Dagobert, which is probably some centuries later than his day; the Tower of the White Queen, the widowed Blanche of Castille, supposed to have formed part of her country-house in what were, in the year 1200, the open fields beyond the hill of Sainte Geneviève; and that much later and better authenticated last fragment of the famous Hôtel de Bourgogne, at present approached from Rue Etienne Marcel, and still popularly called, after the second Duke of Burgundy, the tower of Jean Sans Peur.

Following these bird's-eye glimpses of the remote past, and its half-legendary personalities, we have a series of more detailed views of the turbulent town of Corneille and Molière and the beginnings of the modern French drama; of the pregnant period from Voltaire to Beaumarchais, and the Paris of the great Revolution. Then comes a chapter of unusual interest on the Southern Bank in the nineteenth century, reviving associations not yet quite cold in the hearts of a few living men, with the celebrated names of the two Bourbon Restorations, with Chateaubriand, Mme. Recamier, and Guizot; with Lamartine, de Tocqueville, George Sand, and the brothers de Musset, and with Sainte-Beuve, the prince of critics and the prophet of them all. Separate studies are accorded to the Paris of Balzac, the Paris of Alexandre Dumas, and the Paris of Victor Hugo; after which our authors revert to the "*Making of the Marais*" and to the long line of illustrious folk — especially women — who had their domicile there during the two or three centuries when that reclaimed swamp was the fashionable quarter of Paris. Here were the Hôtel Rambouillet, and that town-house of Mme. de Sévigné, where is now the Musée Carnavalet, as well as the splendid Hôtels de Sens, de Béthune, de Mayenne, de Chaulnes, and many more. And here literally, until yesterday, — until since *The Stones of Paris* went to press, in fact, — has remained unaltered and unspoiled a very considerable fragment of the elder Paris which not one visitor in a thousand ever saw. The spacious open square in the region between the Palais Royal and Rue St. Antoine, ineptly re-named by Lucien Bonaparte *Place des Vosges*, — with its encircling arcade, its elaborate façades, and the triple rows of dormers in its precipitous roofs, had the unity of a complete picture; and more of the general aspect of antiquity than any other tract of equal size to be discovered in a long day's ramble. But Place des Vosges, according to the very latest news from Paris, has finally been doomed to destruction.

The authors of the *Stones of Paris* give good reason for dropping the article invariably inserted in French before the words *rue* and *place;* but the hybrid "Square Monge" has an odd look and sound.

In the *Cathedrals and Cloisters of the South of France*,[1] and the *Chateaux of Touraine*[2] we have what may be called professional gift-books, clad in sumptuous apparel, — the legitimate, but highly superior and infinitely more knowing successors of the early Victorian annual. The former contains innumerable pictures, taken from well-chosen points of view, of the splendid, but comparatively little known, ecclesiastical monuments of southern Gaul; the latter has been expressly prepared as a companion volume to Mrs. Edith Wharton's *Italian Villas and Gardens*. The faintly tinted, and often highly poetic sketches of Jules Guérin are already familiar to readers of the *Century Magazine;* as is also the graceful text of Miss Lansdale, based, to a considerable extent, upon the *Old Touraine* of Theodore Andrea Cook.

One is moved rather pensively to inquire where all these expensive and exquisite volumes now go when they die. Their precursors — albums, Books of Beauty, and the like — were wont to take their last rest upon the "centre-table," what time that monumental *meuble* occupied a focal position in the best parlor; but these, in all their pathetic finery, are hurried to haunts unknown as ruthlessly as last year's *débutantes* are hustled off the social stage by the bursting buds of the new season.

Of books about Italy, there is the usual affluence, with something more, perhaps, than the usual distinction. Miss Anna Benneson MacMahan's *With Byron in Italy*[1] is a pleasant, if not quite equal, companion to the admirable *With Shelley in Italy* which appeared last year. The new book has a little the air of having been made as an afterthought, or to order, because of the merited success of the earlier; but it is arranged on the same simple and effective plan. The fancy — can it have had a symbolic purpose? — of printing in italics Miss MacMahan's general Introduction, as well as the prefatory notes to her several chapters, is an unfortunate one, to my mind, for the reason that it renders tiresome to read, and liable to be skipped, both an excellent summing-up of Byron's cometary career in Italy, and some very delicate and discerning criticism of what he wrote there. The main interest of the new book lies in the vivid light reflected by the reckless letters from Italy, to Murray the publisher and a few bosom friends, on the perverse, but ever dazzling and disarming personality of the poet-peer. These mad yet merry epistles, along with the rare late portrait painted by the Italian artist Camuccini, which Miss MacMahan rightly prefers to all others, remind the reader very forcibly how young Byron was, after all, when a gaping world lost sight of him; and how much of mere animal ebullition and boyish bravado there was, to the very last, in the freaks over which the British grandmother shook her laced cap so solemnly. It was with genuine feeling that Byron doffed his beaver to Rome as the "City of the Soul," and yet, for all his honest wrath at the political wrongs and woes of Italy, and the almost ecstatic sense of exhilaration and relief afforded him by the easy code of her patrician manners, the ideal country meant less to him than it did to Shelley, or than it has to many a lesser spirit. When Miss MacMahan says in her haste, that it was "through

[1] *Cathedrals and Cloisters of the South of France.* By Elise Whitlock Rose. Illustrations from original photographs by Vida Hunt Francis. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1906.

[2] *The Chateaux of Touraine.* Text by Maria Hornor Lansdale. Illustrations in color by Jules Guérin, and from photographs. New York: The Century Company. 1906.

[1] *With Byron in Italy.* By Anna Benneson MacMahan. Illustrations from photographs, chiefly by Alinari of Florence. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1906.

Byron that Englishmen first became interested in Italy," she makes an extraordinary statement, which she proceeds to qualify, it is true, but far too feebly. Italy as a religion, Italy as a "change of heart," had been "experienced" by the soul of England, had colored the imagination of the northern islander, and entered into the vital circulation of his every-day language, three hundred years, at least, before the time of Byron and Shelley. We of New England are constantly reminded of the fact, by the persistence in our more näif provincial speech, which keeps alive so many sixteenth-century expressions that have long gone out elsewhere, of purely Italian words and locutions. When a rural housewife tells us that she has baked her "jumbles" (*ciamballi*), or burned her rubbish (*robaccio*), or when she admits, with modest pride, that her annual brew of astringent elderberry-wine is "proper good" (*proprio buono*) this fall, she unconsciously employs words and phrases which were introduced into English court-circles by the ruffling gallants of the early Renaissance, but had filtered down into a lower and stiffer social stratum before Pilgrim or Puritan disembarked in Massachusetts Bay.

Of the call and election of Ernest Peixotto to the mystical cult of Italy, and of his initiation into the arcana of her beauty, there can be no question to one who looks through the charming volume, *By Italian Seas*.[1] The Californian artist with the Spanish name showed, even in his crude first work on the Pacific Coast, a keen susceptibility to the more classic features of the Californian landscape; where the Mediterranean touch imparted by ilex, olive, and vine, as well as by the remains of Spanish Mission architecture, and the spirited mountain outlines of a volcanic tract, has been wistfully recognized by many an unwilling exile from the older civilization to what the late Clarence King used so aptly to call "the back-water of the world."

At all events, when Mr. Peixotto found himself in the old home of his Latin blood, he seems to have known, by unerring instinct, both what to see and how to depict it. The course of his romantic voyage will be found traced in light outline inside the cover of his book, as the wanderings of Æneas, who fished in so many of the same waters, used to be, in the beginning of our school Virgils. He went from Venice to Fiume at the inner angle of the Istrian peninsula, then down the Dalmatian coast to the Bocche di Cattaro, and over the Adriatic to Bari; whence, crossing by land to fair Parthenope, he pursued his happy course to Sicily, Malta, and Tunis. His most interesting sketches — partly, no doubt, because their subjects are slightly less hackneyed than the rest — are those made in Dalmatia. The very lovely frontispiece of the volume represents a view caught between the cacti and cypresses of Ploce, of the matchless mediæval walls and fortifications of Ragusa; and the artist has everywhere succeeded to admiration in suggesting the distinctive note of Dalmatian scenery, — the contrast, namely, between a landscape of prevailing pallor, backed by the ashen tints of a near and bare, though nobly designed, mountain range, and the perfect riot of rich color displayed in the infinite variety of costume, still proudly sported by the restless human throngs on seaside square and quay. But why has Mr. Peixotto left us no souvenir of the most entrancing island on the terraqueous globe, — La Croma in Ragusa harbor, with its haunted pine and olive groves, and stately, silent gardens, and its piercing human associations with Cœur de Lion's captivity, and mad Carlotta's fleeting honeymoon, and the frequent retreats of the ill-starred Prince Rudolf, beloved above all the other members of the interloping Austrian house, and still tearfully mourned, a dozen years ago, all along the Illyrian shore?

Of the text of Mr. Peixotto's book, for

[1] *By Italian Seas*. By Ernest Peixotto. Illustrations by the author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906.

which we are told in the preface that his wife is chiefly responsible, no more need be said than that it is perfectly adapted to the purposes of a running accompaniment. The word-painting is exactly as good, in its way, as the penciling, and so curiously like it in style that the two seem to make upon the reader's mind a single harmonious impression.

Professor Lanciani's new volume on *The Golden Days of the Renaissance in Rome*[1] fills a gap in the important series of topographical and antiquarian studies whereby the most readable of archæologists has done so much to render the chaotic Rome of to-day an intelligible spectacle to the passing pilgrim. The author points out, in his first paragraph, that if Rome had not been, from time immemorial, a place of pious pilgrimage, there might be no more left of it now than of Ostia or Veii. *Chi lo sa?* The eternal continuity of the world's chief place must needs have been preserved somehow; but much of what we still admire, and would gladly keep intact a little longer, was undoubtedly saved from utter disintegration by the ignorant and spasmodic efforts after sanitation and repair, — the forlorn attempts to render the ways of the desolate city passable, and her crumbling dwellings habitable by thousands of strangers, which were made in preparation for the first great centennial and semi-centennial Jubilees of the Catholic Church.

In the memorable year of Dante's Jubilee, his *Mezzo del Camin'* of 1300, the popes were still reigning at Rome. At the time of Petrarch's Jubilee, fifty years later, when he himself received upon the waste Capitol his phantasmal crown of laurel, the Supreme Pontiff had long deserted his ancient seat, — his court had been held at Avignon for a full generation, and the general aspect of squalor and decay, — "as of a town lately taken and pillaged by a barbaric foe," — which pervaded the shrunken settlement inside the Aurelian wall, wrung cries of anguish from the patriotic poet. More than twenty-five years were yet to pass before the "return from Babylon;" and the French Pope Gregory XI, hereditary Count of Beaufort, by whom it was effected, died in the grim desert of Rome only a little more than a year after his arrival, — of sheer homesickness, it was popularly believed, for the ordered splendors and refined society of the palace by the Rhone.

Nevertheless, as Signor Lanciani says, he had saved the Eternal City. The era of the New Birth was inaugurated by his sacrifice, and it is the curious bas-relief tardily put up to his memory in the church of Sta. Francesca Romana, and reproduced in the present volume, which Professor Lanciani takes to mark the end of the mediæval, as the column of Phocas marks the end of the classic, period in Rome. The improvements and embellishments effected there during the twenty-one pontificates of the next hundred and seventy years, from the death of Gregory XI in 1378 to that of our author's hero, Paul III (Alessandro Farnese), in 1549, form the theme of the new book; and the best because most instructive of its many fine illustrations are taken, often by special permission, from rare old contemporary drawings and engravings, like that of the remains of the great Roman Temple of the Sun, still standing in the Colonna gardens at the commencement of the seventeenth century.

The present work will thus be found peculiarly opportune by those elderly devotees of the perpetual but ever-changing city who are just now becoming fully alive to the fact that it is the special Rome of their own early love which is perishing *à vue d'œil* in the first years of the new cycle. That Rome was fashioned in its outward appearance by the humanist popes — Colonna, Chigi, Rovere, Borgia, Farnese, Medici. Rejoicing in the free spirit of the pagan revival, passionately prizing, and, fortunately for

[1] *The Golden Days of the Renaissance in Rome.* By Rodolfo Lanciani. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

ourselves, preserving and putting safely away in their galleries and museums many of the most precious of the long neglected or newly discovered masterpieces of pre-Christian art, these magnificent despots did, nevertheless, at the same time destroy, for the construction and adornment of their own family mansions and monuments, much else that can never be replaced. They quarried, as we all know, in the Coliseum, and set up their lime-kilns with impartial vandalism on the sculpture-encumbered hill of Jove, and within the sacred precinct of San Lorenzo without the walls. They appropriated without scruple, spent without stint, leveled without remorse, and rebuilt after their own rococo fashion. But they had the instinct of grandeur; a fine perception of the grace of arcaded courts and cloisters, the measured music of falling water, the salubrity and repose of stately, spacious, and well-shaded gardens. It is easy to criticise their churches and palaces in detail; but the Rome which they elaborated after their own florid taste, and brought to a certain splendid unity of style, had mellowed, in the last days before the Risorgimento of united Italy, into a spectacle of strange and surpassing beauty. The Romans who rule the new era have not cared for that spectacle. It is too painfully associated with recent and still burning memories of political and spiritual servitude. They have preferred to dwell on their older line of descent, and to cherish, rather, such heirlooms as remain to them of the free Roman commonwealth and the all-conquering Empire. It is natural. We cannot choose our ancestors, but we may pardonably have our preferences among them. The demolitions, denudations, and excavations of the present zealous government have added something positive to our knowledge of the *res Romae* at the period of Rome's greatest ascendency; and it does not greatly matter, perhaps, — except to a few sentimentalists, — that the area thus reclaimed for exact history is, for the moment, less fair to see than when the Baths of Caracalla were a rose-garden, and the Forum a grassy field where trees whispered and cows ruminated amid the ruins; while the Flavian amphitheatre had become a house of prayer, as well as a happy hunting-ground for the curious botanist.

Encouraged by dateless prophecy, and the miraculous recoveries of the past, we may venture to look forward to some day in the far future, when even the Rome now evolving shall have acquired a style of its own, and a novel order of beauty; although our compatriot, William Stillman, who knew his Rome so well, used obstinately to insist that this could never be until a sharp earthquake or two had effectually laid low some scores of acres of shabby modern edifices.

Meanwhile Professor Lanciani, for whose indispensable furtherance of their own chosen work the men of to-day have not shown themselves too grateful, cannot conceal, if he would, the fact that he himself is drawn by both taste and affection toward the vanishing rather than the advancing order; and this also is natural.

His topographical studies will be found supplemented in the present volume by a couple of thoughtful character-sketches of the two supreme artists of his Golden period. He discusses the fine intractability of Michael Angelo in dealing with his imperious patrons, and contrasts it with the noble deference of the part he bore in the immortal friendship with Vittoria Colonna. He fairly rehabilitates the Fornarina of Raphael, a little, it must be confessed, at the expense of her illustrious lover, who was faithful to her for so many out of his own few years, but not quite until death. We are at least persuaded by Signor Lanciani's arguments that the unfortunate, and yet most fortunate, woman in question was neither the brazen creature in the Rospigliosi, nor the soulless beauty of the Pitti Palace in Florence, who buries her white finger in the rich fur of her tippet, and appears quite absorbed in the comfortable sen-

sation of so doing; but rather the gentle Veiled Lady in another room of the same gallery, with her look of native refinement and exquisite modesty of attire, who plainly served Raphael as a model for the glorified Madonna of Dresden.

Lippincott's Gazetteer, New Edition.

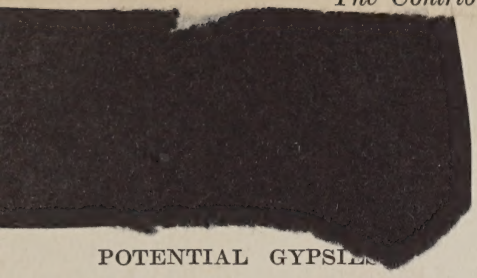
It is a rare book that lives to be fifty; and if at that age it is practically without a rival in its field, and has vitality enough to encourage its publishers to make a wholly new edition, it becomes a phenomenon worth considering. Lippincott's Gazetteer,[1] first issued in 1855 and several times revised and enlarged in the following half century, is now presented again, printed entirely from new type, and claiming to be "a picture of the world in its minutest details in the year 1905." This is a large claim, but use of the volume steadily lessens one's inclination to cavil at the publishers' phrase.

Every country is described with a good deal of fullness, and usually with nice discrimination; its geographical features are outlined, its history is epitomized, and there is a clear account of its people and government, its climate, its animals and plants, its mineral resources, its agricultural development, its industries and commerce. Corresponding treatment is given to cities and towns, seas and lakes, mountains and rivers; and even the smallest hamlet that is recorded anywhere is likely to be found briefly mentioned in this volume. The edition of 1880 had "notices of over 125,000 places;" and very many must have been added since. Recent explorations in Central Africa and Central Asia, at the two poles, and elsewhere; the great progress of colonization; the territorial changes wrought by war and by peaceful acquisition or union; the blossoming of deserts and bad lands under the influence of irrigation; the discovery of rich mineral deposits in unfamiliar regions; the opening of new grain-growing areas, — all these have been engaging the world's attention largely in recent years, and have added a vast amount of material for the new edition of the Gazetteer.

To make room for these very important additions the editors have skillfully condensed long articles and omitted bodily many things that can be found elsewhere. They seem to have retained all that was most important in the preceding edition, and yet, after the great mass of new information has been incorporated, the volume is considerably smaller than its predecessor, and correspondingly better for handling. It contains, however, 2053 double-column pages, of fine print.

There are many incidental references to famous men and women, educational institutions, and other things not exactly geographical. Sometimes, to be sure, there may be two opinions as to these items, — not every one would select Emily Dickinson as the only person to mention in connection with Amherst, Mass., — but on the whole this feature is an excellent one. A single illustration will show how it is used, and will also indicate both the minuteness and the condensation of the work in general. Ten Irvingtons are recorded, and the ten items occupy but thirty-four lines; yet they give the state and county of each town, the river or railroad on which it is situated, its population, and other facts like these: the California town is "the seat of Curtner Seminary," and the Indiana town "the seat of Butler College;" the New Jersey "post-town" has "smelting works and manufactures of steel, ropes, tools, etc.;" of the New York Irvington it is said, "Here is Sunny Side, the residence of Washington Irving;" and the Virginia "banking post-village" is connected with Norfolk by steamer. If the owner of a copy of this new Gazetteer adds to it a good atlas, he has an adequate geographical library.

[1] *A Complete Pronouncing Gazetteer or Geographical Dictionary of the World.* Edited by Angelo Heilprin and Louis Heilprin. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1906.



POTENTIAL GYPSIES

The drops of gypsy blood in my veins declare themselves about as frequently as the drops of rain on the Arizona desert. At least I have never had the smallest temptation to sell Bibles in Spain or to establish terms of intimacy with the nomadic families still to be seen on the shady sides of roads too dusty to be country, too rustic to be town. Yet I do not believe myself a unique citizen of the plodding variety in discovering a certain sympathy with those who do seek out the Romany brotherhood. After all, this may be coming as near to gypsydom as one comes to the poet's place by thrilling at the sight of another who had once seen Shelley plain; and that is something.

It does seem to me, however, that if I were a gypsy scholar or a scholar gypsy I should not want to figure in my own biography entirely as "the Rye;" for I should probably be, like Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland,—whose biographer, his niece,[1] clings resolutely in print to this pet name for him,— something considerably more than a student of Romany lore. It may be that Mr. Leland's origin in Philadelphia and long identification with the place made his gypsy tendencies so conspicuous as to obscure all other tendencies. In New York or Chicago — I doubt it for Boston — might not one be a Rye, and yet retain one's proper name, even though it were Timothy? In Philadelphia, I suspect, being a Rye would transcend being a Biddle. Yet I should not like to be called incessantly "out of my name." "Mr. Leland," or even "Uncle Charles," — if I were the subject of Mrs. Pennell's book,—would better suit my post-mortem humor.

It would please any departed American well, however, to provide the material for a record so unusual as Mr. Leland's in the literary biography of his country. The trouble with the lives of our men of letters in general, always excepting Poe and Whitman, is — from the reader's point of view — their monotonous propriety. Imagine Whittier, for example, taking Leland's naïve delight in appearing as "a mystery to the people of mystery." His biographer tells us that "he liked to astonish the Gypsies by talking to them in their own language. He liked to be able, no matter where he chanced upon them, — in England or America, Hungary or Italy, Egypt or Russia, —to stroll up, to all appearance the complete *Gorgio*, or Gentile; to be greeted as one; and then, of a sudden, to break fluently into Romany, 'to descend upon them by a way that was dark and a trick that was vain, in the path of mystery,' and then to watch their wonder. That was 'a game, a jolly game, and no mistake,' — a game worth all the philological discoveries in the world, which, I must say, he played uncommonly well." Imagine Longfellow, instead of "getting up" his Hiawatha backgrounds from such sources as Schoolcraft, discovering on his own account the tinker's language, Shelta, — "a back-slang and rhyming cant, based on old or pre-aspirated Irish Gaelic." Such is the philological definition of it. As a living tongue it was discovered through Leland's propensity for intercourse with living tinkers. These nomads appealed to him no less than the Indians and Gypsies, to whose society he made himself as welcome as to the most sophisticated writers at home and abroad.

If Leland joined his name in no enduring way to any art or science, it may be because he was an enthusiastic amateur of too many. His contemporaries gave him reason to suspect that at least in giving them Hans Breitmann — who reads Hans Breitmann now? — he had done

[1] *Charles Godfrey Leland. A Biography.* By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Two vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

the world a lasting service. But that did not quite satisfy him. Towards the end of his life he wrote to a friend: "I don't dislike my *Breitmann Ballads* — indeed I love many of them — but I am sometimes highly pained when I find that people know nothing else about me, having never heard of my *Practical Education*, or what I have done in Industrial Art, Language, Tradition, etc. So when anybody begins by loading up on the Breitmann, I cannot help a mild *despise*."

Here is the penalty to be paid by the versatile spirits who let their minds go gypsying in too many directions. But what a good time they have while they are doing it! And how contagious their enjoyment is! They — and not we who half approve their course — are the true potential gypsies. Not all of them are capable, like Borrow and Leland, and some of his Gentile friends, of sustaining personal relations with the picturesque disreputables of the Romany tribe. But to these men the rest of us owe a certain debt. They quicken our rather generalized gypsy sympathies, which really are worth keeping alive. Most of us will turn in at the office door at the proper hour to-morrow. Yet if we carry with us some sense of the open road, some memory — though it be at second hand — of unobstructed stars over our heads at night — shall we do our work the better, my practical friend? Perhaps not, but then there are one or two things in the world beside the daily routine.

ON GROWING FAT

To-day I put on an old gown, and there were revelations. It was not that disuse had cast its strangely disillusionizing spell upon it, and that what went into the moth-proof closet freshly colored and correctly fashioned came out dull and shapeless. For that I was prepared. I knew that it was a year old, and I was not surprised that it showed exactly twelve months' variation from the present mode. It looked, as I knew it would, [redacted] — I was more! Gaspingly I hooked it together; then I surveyed myself. By letting out all the seams and piecing the lining, the waist might be "made to do." I tried to loosen the collar, and the effort caused the blood to settle in my arms. But the skirt! I turned slowly. No Egyptian would have owned my profile. I sank into a chair and contemplated the situation. The gown was hopeless, and I was — nay, I am — fat.

An ugly word, as I reflected while folding my discarded raiment. No substitute? no gently suggestive, delicately insinuating euphemism? Plump, now? From my youth up I was that. Stout? Obnoxious adjective, barely tolerable as a noun. But to even that I had become, if not reconciled, at least acquiescent. Yes, there are worse words than stout; would that none of larger import might be applied to me! I slip into a kimono, return the accusing gown to the attic, and breathing hard, for the attic stairs are steep, drop into a Morris chair, tuck a pillow behind me, and ponder on "the little more and how much it is."

Thus reclining I catch sight of an old chair; a very good chair still, although a part of my great-grandmother's bridal outfit. It is stiff and narrow, with an uncompromising back and an inhospitable seat. I have always liked it; years ago I sat in it; now I lounge in a Morris chair, with a pillow at my back, and admire its lines. Near it is a high desk, built in days long gone, that I might stand while I read and wrote. Now it is topped by neat rows of rarely used books; my desk chair is softly padded; and near the Morris chair is a table with that last concession to the too luxurious flesh, a lap portfolio.

In my trip to the attic, from which I am at last recovering, I cast a glance of affection at a shrouded object in a far corner. It was my bicycle, which theoretically I still ride. I am not of those who adopt and relinquish a pursuit according to fashion. I have turned a deaf ear to the somewhat emphatic statements of my sister, that my oldest niece, whose legs have a spider-like power of elongation, is tall enough for a full-sized wheel, but that it is useless to buy a new one for her to smash; an old one, now, that is not in use would be just the thing. I agree and wish that I knew where one could be procured. In theory I still ride; actually it is — let me see: three years ago I had typhoid, and the year before that I was in France, and the year before that I had no proper suit, and the year before that I took the wheel into the country, where the roads really were impossible. Yes; it is seven years since I have ridden, except in theory. And my mind, started on athletic subjects, recalls the snowshoes that have hung from the rafters for as many winters, the skates that were too rusty for even the washwoman's Jennie, the gymnasium class I used cheerfully to attend twice a week, the walking club I resigned from, the exercises I used to practice night and morning. Could I do them now? That one with the diagonal movement of the arms above the head; and that other, with the right foot six inches above the left knee, the chest meantime well expanded and the torso tipped back?

I collapse on to the couch this time; there is a box of chocolates near by, and as I nibble I ponder on the dietary rigors I used to undergo, the bran biscuits I munched and the puddings I refused, the entrées I denounced, and the cabbage I consumed, the gallons of cold water I drank and the cocoa that was to me an accursed thing. I cast a look at myself in the mirror opposite; I intend it to be withering and reproachful; but I cannot help seeing that the flesh puckers good-humoredly around the eyes, and that the mouth retains a contented curve. During the seven lean years the pain of my life cut hard straight lines around my mouth; in the seven fat years they have been largely eradicated; for happiness is a rare masseur.

Doubtless a good hard course of worry would reduce me more than the diet which I intend to begin to-morrow, or the exercise which I shall certainly institute next week. But on the other hand, I can hardly imagine anything that would worry me as most things did seven years and more ago. Barring the great sorrows of life, which when they come we must bear with that degree of fortitude that the grace of God may bestow, it seems to me that there is little that ought to shake our serenity. Cares and annoyances enough for all, and for some more than they can readily bear; but the blessed night drops its veil of silence and darkness between the days; the little comforts come as softly and almost as thickly as the flakes of snow; the routine of life, against which we inveigh in youth, is the strongest sedative in the middle years; the sun shines and the flowers bloom, and others are happy if we are not.

I have lost a good gown, and I mind me of the time when I have lain awake over less; but I know a minister's wife in Idaho whom it will fit; and what is more, she will thank the Lord for it, which I never did. I switch on the light under the pleasant green shade. There is an hour before dinner, when we are to have sweetbread patties and marmalade pudding; I shall eat both, for I do not begin to diet until day after to-morrow. So I settle back in the Morris chair to enjoy a novel, undisturbed, though I am proved both fat and old.

FOURTH DIMENSIONAL

Our Sage of Concord has declared that "Ideas are in the air;" that they range as they will, and at times of their own choosing; and he more than implies that

none, even the greatest, need imagine that he, solely, is the host-elect of these travelers from the empyrean. I lean upon Emerson, and offer no further apology for the assumption that a visitant from the newly discovered (or *re*-discovered) realm of Psychics may recently have darkened my own humble door. It is true that, some weeks before this shadowing, I had been reading Frederick Myers's *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death.* Still later, I had read the brief essay of one who with Science and Speculation at the helm, had, as it were, rounded a Mirage-Coast known as The Fourth Dimension. Finally, I had gone to sleep with a last vaguely questing thought hovering where a beloved image had receded (such years ago!) into the "dark backward and Abysm of Time." With this accounting and this premise, may I offer what was offered to me (I have no other word than *offered*), in the last moment, or moments, preceding full waking-consciousness. It was scarcely light; but I rose and quickly recorded as much as I could remember of the dream-salutation just received. For the rest — for the *lacunæ* at which memory halted — both the ideas and the words seemed to evolve without will or invention of mine, — like those lines of writing in a sympathetic ink, which are a little "slower than the others to emerge from invisibility."

FROM OTHER SPACE

I

How often dost thou pass my door,
Thine eyes unseeing evermore, —
Thy weary and thy sickened eyes,
That shut against the earth and skies,
Since I am not — not in that space
Where thou wast wont to meet my face;
— Since I am not — yet am I still,
And see thy sun his round fulfill,
Though shines for me Another Sun, —
My day is light, when thine is done!

II

At my fair door I, smiling, stand,
And reach to thee the soft white hand
That was thy comfort once, to fold!
Thine own grown shadow-thin and old,
And listless to its task it goes,
Since touch of mine no more it knows.
— Since I am not — or, not to thee,
Who will not, — nay, who cannot see!
Since I am not — not in that space
Which my lov'd prisoner still must trace!

III

The roses in my garden-croft
(Near — yet not round thee, nor aloft)
Sometimes from these a rose I break.
With thought of thee, its dew outshake, —
With perfume from each glowing leaf:
Swift wonder, then, o'erfilms thy grief;
And thou dost turn to seek from where
Such passing sweetness smites the air!
It comes, it goes; thy grief returns;
Alas, thy soul her soul-sense spurns!

IV

And, sometimes, have I, singing, passed,
And thought to wake thee, thus, at last.
I saw thee brush thine eyes, and start,
As thou hadst heard me with thine heart!
And then to grief's dull counsel yield:
"It is the reapers' song afield —
The echo fainting from the hill!"
How can I rouse thy dream-fast will,
Since I am not — not in the space
That bounds thy three-wayed reach and pace!

V

But when to thee, by moments fleet,
Afar the world's loud flood-tides beat
(A dreamed-out dream, within thine ear!),
Then to that knowledge art thou near,
That in the air which round thee bends,
Another Real thy real subtends!
Then, hope is lighted in thine eye,
Then only, dost thou cease to sigh
That I am not! For then, is grace
To soothe thee, lent from Other Space!

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THE IDEAL TEACHER

BY GEORGE HERBERT PALMER

In America, a land of idealism, the profession of teaching has become one of the greatest of human employments. The latest statistics are those for 1903–04. During that year half a million teachers were in charge of sixteen million pupils. Stating the same facts differently, we may say that a fifth of our entire population is constantly at school; and that wherever one hundred and sixty men, women, and children are gathered, a teacher is sure to be among them.

But figures fail to express the importance of the work. If each year an equal number of persons should come in contact with as many lawyers, no such social consequences would follow. The touch of the teacher, like that of no other person, is formative. Our young people are for long periods associated with those who are expected to fashion them into men and women of an approved type. A charge so influential is committed to nobody else in the community, not even to the ministers; for though these have a more searching aim, they are directly occupied with it but one day instead of six, but one hour instead of five. Accordingly, as the tract of knowledge has widened, and the creative opportunities involved in conducting a young person over it have correspondingly become apparent, the profession of teaching has risen to a notable height of dignity and attractiveness. It has moved from a subordinate to a central place in social influence, and now undertakes much of the work which formerly fell to the church. Each year divinity schools attract fewer students, graduate and normal schools more. On school and college instruction the community now bestows its choicest minds, its highest hopes, and the largest sums. During the year 1903–04 the United States spent for teaching not less than $350,000,000.

Such weighty work is ill adapted for amateurs. Those who take it up for brief times and to make money usually find it unsatisfactory. Success is rare; the hours are fixed and long; there is repetition and monotony, and the teacher passes his days among inferiors. Nor are the pecuniary gains considerable. There are few prizes, and neither in school nor in college will a teacher's ordinary income carry him much above want. College teaching is therefore falling more and more into the hands of men of independent means. The poor can hardly afford to engage in it. Private schools, it is true, often show large incomes; but they are earned by the proprietors, not the teachers. On the whole, teaching as a trade is poor and disappointing business.

When, however, it is entered as a profession, as a serious and difficult fine art, there are few employments more satisfying. All over the country thousands of men and women are following it with a passionate devotion which takes little account of the income received. A trade aims primarily at personal gain; a profession at the exercise of powers beneficial to mankind. This prime aim of the one, it is true, often properly becomes a subordinate aim of the other. Professional men may even be said to offer wares of their own — cures, conversions, court victories, learning — much as

traders do, and to receive in return a kind of reward. But the business of the lawyer, doctor, preacher, and teacher never squares itself by equivalent exchange. These men do not give so much for so much. They give in lump and they get in lump, without precise balance. The whole notion of bargain is inapplicable in a sphere where the gains of him who serves and him who is served coincide; and that is largely the case with the professions. Each of them furnishes its special opportunity for the use of powers which the possessor takes delight in exercising. Harvard College pays me for doing what I would gladly pay it for allowing me to do. No professional man, then, thinks of giving according to measure. Once engaged, he gives his best, gives his personal interest, himself. His heart is in his work, and for this no equivalent is possible; what is accepted is in the nature of a fee, gratuity, or consideration, which enables him who receives it to maintain a certain expected mode of life. The real payment is the work itself, this and the chance to join with other members of the profession in guiding and enlarging the sphere of its activities.

The idea, sometimes advanced, that the professions can be ennobled by paying them powerfully, is fantastic. Their great attraction is their removal from sordid aims. More money should certainly be spent on several of them. Their members should be better protected against want, anxiety, neglect, and bad conditions of labor. To do his best work one needs not merely to live, but to live well. Yet in that increase of salaries which is urgently needed, care should be used not to allow the attention of the professional man to be diverted from what is important,—the outgo of his work,—and become fixed on what is merely incidental,—his income. When a professor in one of our large universities, angered by the refusal of the president to raise his salary on his being called elsewhere, impatiently exclaimed, "Mr. President, you are banking on the devotion of us teachers, knowing that we do not willingly leave this place," the president properly answered, "Certainly, and no college can be managed on any other principle." Professional men are not so silly as to despise money; but after all, it is interest in their work, and not the thought of salary, which predominantly holds them.

Accordingly in this paper I address those only who are drawn to teaching by the love of it, who regard it as the most vital of the Fine Arts, who intend to give their lives to mastering its subtleties, and who are ready to meet some hardships and to put up with moderate fare if they may win its rich opportunities.

But supposing such a temper, what special qualifications will the work require? The question asked thus broadly admits no precise answer; for in reality there is no human excellence which is not useful for us teachers. No good quality can be thought of which we can afford to drop. Some day we shall discover a disturbing vacuum in the spot which it left. But I propose a more limited problem: what are those characteristics of the teacher without which he must fail, and what those which, once his, will almost certainly insure him success? Are there any such essentials, and how many? On this matter I have pondered long; for, teaching thirty-seven years in Harvard College, I have each year found out a little more fully my own incompetence. I have thus been forced to ask myself the double question, through what lacks do I fail, and in what direction lie the roots of my small successes? Of late years I think I have hit on these roots of success and have come to believe that there are four of them,—four characteristics which every teacher must possess. Of course he may possess as many more as he likes; indeed, the more the better. But these four appear fundamental. I will briefly name them.

First, a teacher must have an aptitude for vicariousness; and second, an already accumulated wealth; and third, an ability to invigorate life through knowledge;

and fourth, a readiness to be forgotten. Having these, any teacher is secure. Lacking them, lacking even one, he is liable to serious failure. But as here stated they have a curiously cabalistic sound and appear to have little relation to the needs of any profession. They have been stated with too much condensation, and have become unintelligible through being too exact. Let me repair the error by successively expanding them.

The teacher's art takes its rise in what I call an aptitude for vicariousness. As year by year my college boys prepare to go forth into life, some laggard is sure to come to me and say, "I want a little advice. Most of my classmates have their minds made up about what they are going to do. I am still uncertain. I rather incline to be a teacher, because I am fond of books and suspect that in any other profession I can give them but little time. Business men do not read. Lawyers only consult books. And I am by no means sure that ministers have read all the books they quote. On the whole it seems safest to choose a profession in which books will be my daily companions. So I turn toward teaching. But before settling the matter I thought I would ask how you regard the profession." "A noble profession," I answer, "but quite unfit for you. I would advise you to become a lawyer, a car conductor, or something else equally harmless. Do not turn to anything so perilous. You would ruin both it and yourself; for you are looking in exactly the wrong direction."

Such an inquirer is under a common misconception. The teacher's task is not primarily the acquisition of knowledge, but the impartation of it, — an entirely different thing. We teachers are forever taking thoughts out of our minds and putting them elsewhere. So long as we are content to keep them in our possession, we are not teachers at all. One who is interested in laying hold on wisdom is likely to become a scholar. And while no doubt it is well for a teacher to be a fair scholar, — I have known several such, — that is not the main thing. What constitutes the teacher is the passion to make scholars; and again and again it happens that the great scholar has no such passion whatever.

But even that passion is useless without aid from imagination. At every instant of the teacher's life he must be controlled by this mighty power. Most human beings are contented with living one life and delighted if they can pass that agreeably. But this is far from enough for us teachers. We incessantly go outside ourselves and enter into the many lives about us,—lives dull, dark, and unintelligible to any but an eye like ours. And this is imagination, the sympathetic creation in ourselves of conditions which belong to others. Our profession is therefore a double-ended one. We inspect truth as it rises fresh and interesting before our eager sight. But that is only the beginning of our task. Swiftly we then seize the lines of least intellectual resistance in alien minds, and, with perpetual reference to these, follow our truth till it is safely lodged beyond ourselves. Each mind has its peculiar set of frictions. Those of our pupils can never be the same as ours. We have passed far on and know all about our subject. For us it wears an altogether different look from that which it has for beginners. It is their perplexities which we must reproduce, and — as if a rose should shut and be a bud again — must reassume in our developed and accustomed souls something of the innocence of childhood. Such is the exquisite business of the teacher, to carry himself back with all his wealth of knowledge and understand how his subject should appear to the meagre mind of one glancing at it for the first time.

And what absurd blunders we make in the process. Becoming immersed in our own side of the affair, we blind ourselves and readily attribute to our pupils modes of thought which are not in the least theirs. I remember a lesson I had on this point, I who had been teaching ethics half a lifetime. My nephew, five years

old, was fond of stories from the Odyssey. He would creep into bed with me in the morning and beg for them. One Sunday, after I had given him a pretty stiff bit of adventure, it occurred to me that it was an appropriate day for a moral. "Ulysses was a very brave man," I remarked. "Yes," he said, "and I am very brave." I saw my opportunity and seized it. "That is true," said I. "You have been gaining courage lately. You used to cry easily, but you don't do that nowadays. When you want to cry now, you think how like a baby it would be to cry, or how you would disturb mother and upset the house; and so you conclude not to cry." The little fellow seemed hopelessly puzzled. He lay silent a minute or two and then said, "Well no, Uncle, I don't do that. I just go sh-sh-sh, and I don't." There the moral crisis is stated in its simplicity; and I had been putting off on that holy little nature sophistications borrowed from my own battered life.

But while I am explaining the blunders caused by self-engrossment and lack of imagination, let me show what slight adjustments will sometimes carry us past depressing difficulties. One year when I was lecturing on some intricate problems of obligation, I began to doubt whether my class was following me, and I determined that I would make them talk. So the next day I constructed an ingenious ethical case and, after stating it to the class, I said, "Supposing now the state of affairs were thus and thus, and the interests of the persons involved were such and such, how would you decide the question of right,—Mr. Jones."

Poor Jones rose in great confusion. "You mean," he said, "if the case were as you have stated it? Well, hm, hm, hm, —yes,—I don't think I know, sir." And he sat down. I called on one and another with the same result. A panic was upon them, and all their minds were alike empty. I went home disgusted, wondering whether they had comprehended anything I had said during the previous fortnight, and hoping I might never have such a stupid lot of students again. Suddenly it flashed upon me that it was I who was stupid. That is usually the case when a class fails; it is the teacher's fault. The next day I went back prepared to begin at the right end. I began, "Oh, Mr. Jones." He rose, and I proceeded to state the situation as before. By the time I paused he had collected his wits, had worked off his superfluous flurry, and was ready to give me an admirable answer. Indeed in a few minutes the whole class was engaged in an eager discussion. My previous error had been in not remembering that they, I, and everybody, when suddenly attacked with a big question, are not in the best condition for answering. Occupied as I was with my end of the story, the questioning end, I had not worked in that double-ended fashion which alone can bring the teacher success; in short, I was deficient in vicariousness, — in swiftly putting myself in the weak one's place and bearing his burden.

Now it is in this chief business of the artistic teacher, to labor imaginatively himself in order to diminish the labors of his slender pupil, that most of our failures occur. Instead of lamenting the imperviousness of our pupils, we had better ask ourselves more frequently whether we have neatly adjusted our teachings to the conditions of their minds. We have no right to tumble out in a mass whatever comes into our heads, leaving to that feeble folk the work of finding in it what order they may. Ours it should be to see that every beginning, middle, and end of what we say is helpfully shaped for readiest access to those less intelligent and interested than we. But this is vicariousness. *Noblesse oblige.* In this profession any one who will be great must be a nimble servant, his head full of others' needs.

Some discouraged teacher, glad to discover that his past failures have been due to the absence of sympathetic imagination, may resolve that he will not commit that blunder again. On going to his class to-morrow he will look out upon his

subject with his pupils' eyes, not with his own. Let him attempt it, and his pupils will surely say to one another, "What is the matter to-day with teacher?" They will get nothing from that exercise. No, what is wanted is not a resolve, but an aptitude. The time for using vicariousness is not the time for acquiring it. Rather it is the time for dismissing all thoughts of it from the mind. On entering the classroom we should leave every consideration of method outside the door, and talk simply as interested men and women in whatever way comes most natural to us. But into that nature vicariousness should long before have been wrought. It should be already on hand. Fortunate we if our great-grandmother supplied us with it long before we were born. There are persons who, with all good will, can never be teachers. They are not made in that way. Their business it is to pry into knowledge, to engage in action, to make money, or to pursue whatever other aim their powers dictate; but they do not readily think in terms of the other person. They should not then be teachers.

The teacher's habit is well summed in the Apostle's rule, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also" — it is double — "on the things of others." And this habit should become as nearly as possible an instinct. Until it is rendered instinctive and passes beyond conscious direction, it will be of little worth. Let us then, as we go into society, as we walk the streets, as we sit at the table, practice altruistic limberness and learn to escape from ourselves. A true teacher is always meditating his work, disciplining himself for his profession, probing the problems of his glorious art, and seeing illustration of them everywhere. In only one place is he freed from such criticism, and that is in his classroom. Here in the moment of action he lets himself go, unhampered by theory, using the nature acquired elsewhere, and uttering as simply as possible the fullness of his mind and heart. Direct human intercourse requires instinctive aptitudes. Till altruistic vicariousness has become our second nature, we shall not deeply influence anybody.

But sympathetic imagination is not all a teacher needs. Exclusive altruism is absurd. On this point too I once got excellent instruction from the mouth of babes and sucklings. The children of a friend of mine, children of six and four, had just gone to bed. Their mother overheard them talking when they should have been asleep. Wondering what they might need, she stepped into the entry and listened. They were discussing what they were here in the world for. That is about the size of problems commonly found in infant minds. The little girl suggested that we are probably in the world to help others. "Why no indeed, Mabel," said her big brother, "for then what would others be here for?" Precisely. If anything is only fit to give away, it is not fit for that. We must know and prize its goodness in ourselves before generosity is even possible.

Plainly then, beside his aptitude for vicariousness, our ideal teacher will need the second qualification of an already accumulated wealth. These hungry pupils are drawing all their nourishment from us, and have we got it to give? They will be poor, if we are poor; rich if we are wealthy. We are their source of supply. Every time we cut ourselves off from nutrition, we enfeeble them. And how frequently devoted teachers make this mistake! dedicating themselves so to the immediate needs of those about them that they themselves grow thinner each year. We all know the "teacher's face." It is meagre, worn, sacrificial, anxious, powerless. That is exactly the opposite of what it should be. The teacher should be the big bounteous being of the community. Other people may get along tolerably by holding whatever small knowledge comes their way. A moderate stock will pretty well serve their private turn. But that is not our case. Supplying a multitude, we need wealth sufficient for a

multitude. We should then be clutching at knowledge on every side. Nothing must escape us. It is a mistake to reject a bit of truth because it lies outside our province. Some day we shall need it. All knowledge is our province.

In preparing a lecture I find I always have to work hardest on the things I do not say. The things I am sure to say I can easily get up. They are obvious and generally accessible. But they, I find, are not enough. I must have a broad background of knowledge which does not appear in speech. I have to go over my entire subject and see how the things I am to say look in their various relations, tracing out connections which I shall not present to my class. One might ask what is the use of this? Why prepare more matter than can be used? Every successful teacher knows. I cannot teach right up to the edge of my knowledge without a fear of falling off. My pupils discover this fear and my words are ineffective. They feel the influence of what I do not say. One cannot precisely explain it; but when I move freely across my subject as if it mattered little on what part of it I rest, they get a sense of assured power which is compulsive and fructifying. The subject acquires consequence, their minds swell, and they are eager to enter regions of which they had not previously thought.

Even, then, to teach a small thing well we must be large. I asked a teacher what her subject was and she answered, "Arithmetic in the third grade." But where is the third grade found? In knowledge, or in the schools? Unhappily it is in the schools. But if one would be a teacher of arithmetic, it must be arithmetic she teaches and not third grade at all. We cannot accept these artificial bounds without damage. Instead of accumulated wealth they will bring us accumulated poverty, and increase it every day. Years ago at Harvard we began to discuss the establishment of a Graduate School; and I, a young instructor, steadily voted against it. My thought was this: Harvard College, in spite of what the public imagines, is a place of slender resources. Our means are inadequate for teaching undergraduates. But graduate instruction is vastly more expensive; courses composed of half a dozen men take the time of the ablest professors. I thought we could not afford this. Why not leave graduate instruction to a university which gives itself entirely to that task? Would it not be wiser to spend ourselves on the lower ranges of learning, covering these adequately, than to try to spread ourselves over the entire field?

Doubting so, I for some time opposed the coming of a Graduate School. But a luminous remark of our great President showed me the error of my ways. In the course of the debate he said one evening, "It is not primarily for the graduates that I care for this school; it is for the undergraduates. We shall never get good teaching here so long as our instructors set a limit to their subjects. When they are called on to follow these throughout, tracing them far off toward the unknown, they may become good teachers; but not before."

I went home meditating this. I saw that the President was right, and that I was myself in danger of the stagnation he deprecated. I changed my vote, as did others. The Graduate School was established; and of all the influences which have contributed to raise the standard of scholarship at Harvard, both for teachers and taught, that graduate work seems to me the greatest. Every professor now must be the master of a field of knowledge, and not of a few paths running through it.

But the ideal teacher will accumulate wealth, not merely for his pupils' sake, but for his own. To be a great teacher one must be a great personality, and without ardent and individual tastes the roots of our being are not fed. For developing personal power it is well, therefore, for each teacher to cultivate interests unconnected with his official work. Let the mathematician turn to the Eng-

lish poets, the teacher of classics to the study of birds and flowers, and each will gain a lightness, a freedom from exhaustion, a mental hospitality, which can only be acquired in some disinterested pursuit. Such a private subject becomes doubly dear because it is just our own. We pursue it as we will; we let it call out our irresponsible thoughts; and from it we ordinarily carry off a note of distinction lacking in those whose lives are too tightly organized.

To this second qualification of the teacher, however, I have been obliged to prefix a condition similar to that which was added to the first. We need not merely wealth, but an already accumulated wealth. At the moment when wealth is wanted it cannot be acquired. It should have been gathered and stored before the occasion arose. What is more pitiable than when a person who desires to be a benefactor looks in his chest and finds it empty? Special knowledge is wanted, or trained insight, or professional skill, or sound practical judgment; and the teacher who is called on has gone through no such discipline as assures these results. I am inclined to think that women are more liable to this sort of bankruptcy than men. Their sex is more sympathetic than ours and they spend more hastily. They will drop what they are doing and run if a baby cries. Excellence requires a certain hardihood of heart; so that quick responsiveness is destructive of the larger giving. He who would be greatly generous must train himself long and tenaciously, without much attention to momentary calls. The plan of the Great Teacher, by which he took thirty years for acquisition and three for bestowal, is not unwise, provided that we too can say, "For their sakes I sanctify myself."

But the two qualifications of the teacher already named will not alone suffice. I have known persons who were sympathetically imaginative, and who could not be denied to possess large intellectual wealth, who still failed as teachers. One needs a third something, the power to invigorate life through learning. We do not always notice how knowledge naturally buffets. It is offensive stuff, and makes young and wholesome minds rebel. And well it may; for when we learn anything, we are obliged to break up the world, inspect it piecemeal, and let our minds seize it bit by bit. Now about a fragment there is always something repulsive. Any one who is normally constituted must draw back in horror, feeling that what is brought him has little to do with the beautiful world he has known. Where was there ever a healthy child who did not hate the multiplication table? A boy who did not detest such abstractions as seven times eight would hardly be worth educating. By no ingenuity can we relieve knowledge of this unfortunate peculiarity. It must be taken in disjointed portions. That is the way attention is made. In consequence each of us must be to some extent a specialist, devoting himself to certain sides of the world and neglecting others quite as important. These are the conditions under which we imperfect creatures work. Our sight is not world-wide. When we give our attention to one object, by that very act we withdraw it from others. In this way our children must learn and have their expansive natures subdued to pedagogic exigencies.

Because this belittlement through the method of approach is inevitable, it is all-important that the teacher should possess a supplemental dignity, replacing the oppressive sense of pettiness with stimulating intimations of high things in store. Partly on this account a book is an imperfect instructor. Truth there, being impersonal, seems untrue, abstract, and insignificant. It needs to shine through a human being before it can exert its vital force on a young student. Quite as much for vital transmission as for intellectual elucidation, is a teacher employed. His consolidated character exhibits the gains which come from study. He need not point them out. If he is a scholar, there will appear in him an

augustness, accuracy, fullness of knowledge, a buoyant enthusiasm even in drudgery, and an unshakable confidence that others must soon see and enjoy what has enriched himself; and all this will quickly convey itself to his students and create attention in his classroom. Such kindling of interest is the great function of the teacher. People sometimes say, "I should like to teach if only pupils cared to learn." But then there would be little need of teaching. Boys who have made up their minds that knowledge is worth while are pretty sure to get it, without regard to teachers. Our chief concern is with those who are unawakened. In the Sistine Chapel Michael Angelo has depicted the Almighty moving in clouds over the rugged earth where lies the newly created Adam, hardly aware of himself. The tips of the fingers touch, the Lord's and Adam's, and the huge frame loses its inertness and rears itself into action. Such may be the electrifying touch of the teacher.

But it must be confessed that not infrequently, instead of invigorating life through knowledge, we teachers reduce our classes to complete passivity. The blunder is not altogether ours, but is suggested by certain characteristics of knowledge itself: for how can a learner begin without submitting his mind, accepting facts, listening to authority, in short, becoming obedient? He is called on to put aside his own notions and take what truth dictates. I have said that knowledge buffets, forcing us into an almost slavish attitude, and that this is resented by vigorous natures. In almost every school some of the most original, aggressive, and independent boys stand low in their classes, while at the top stand "grinds," — objects of horror to all healthy souls.

Now it is the teacher's business to see that the onslaught of knowledge does not enfeeble. Between the two sides of knowledge, information and intelligence, he is to keep the balance true. While a boy is taking in facts, facts not allowed to be twisted by any fancy or carelessness, he is all the time to be made to feel that these facts offer him a field for critical and constructive action. If they leave him inactive, docile, and plodding, there is something wrong with the teaching. Facts are pernicious when they subjugate and do not quicken the mind that grasps them. Education should unfold us and truth together; and to enable it to do so the learner must never be allowed to sink into a mere recipient. He should be called on to think, to observe, to form his own judgments, even at the risk of error and crudity. Temporary one-sidedness and extravagance is not too high a price to pay for originality. And this development of personal vigor, emphasized in our day by the elective system and independent research, is the great aim of education. It should affect the lower ranges of study as truly as the higher. The mere contemplation of truth is always a deadening affair. Many a dull class in school and college would come to life if simply given something to do. Until the mind reacts for itself on what it receives, its education is hardly begun.

The teacher who leads it so to react may be truly called "productive," productive of human beings. The noble word has recently become Germanized and corrupted, and is now hardly more than a piece of educational slang. According to the judgments of to-day a teacher may be unimaginative, pedantic, dull, and may make his students no less so; he will still deserve a crown of wild olive as a "productive" man if he neglects his classroom for the printing press. But this is to put first things second and second things first. He who is original and fecund, and knows how to beget a similar spirit in his students, will naturally wish to express himself beyond his classroom. By snatching the fragments of time which his arduous work allows, he may accomplish much worthy writing and probably increase too his worth for his college, his students, and himself. But the business of book-making is, after

all, collateral with us teachers. Not for this are we employed, desirable though it is for showing the kind of mind we bear. Many of my most productive colleagues have printed little or nothing, though they have left a deep mark on the life and science of our time. I would encourage publication. It keeps the solitary student healthy, enables him to find his place among his fellows, and more distinctly to estimate the contributions he is making to his subject. But let him never neglect his proper work for that which must always have in it an element of advertising.

Too long I have delayed the fourth, the disagreeable, section of my paper. Briefly it is this: a teacher must have a readiness to be forgotten. And what is harder? We may be excellent persons, may be daily doing kindnesses, and yet not be quite willing to have those kindnesses overlooked. Many a man is ready to be generous, if by it he can win praise. The love of praise, — it is almost our last infirmity; but there is no more baffling infirmity for the teacher. If praise and recognition are dear to him, he may as well stop work. Dear to him perhaps they must be, as a human being; but as a teacher, he is called on to rise above ordinary human conditions. Whoever has followed me thus far will perceive the reason. I have shown that a teacher does not live for himself, but for his pupil and for the truth which he imparts. His aim is to be a colorless medium through which that truth may shine on an opening mind. How can he be this if he is continually interposing himself and saying, "Instead of looking at the truth, my children, look at me and see how skillfully I do my work. I thought I taught you admirably to-day. I hope you thought so too." No, the teacher must keep himself entirely out of the way, fixing young attention on the proffered knowledge and not on anything so small as the one who brings it. Only so can he be vicarious, whole-hearted in invigorating the lives committed to his charge.

Moreover, any other course is futile. We cannot tell whether those whom we are teaching have taken our best points or not. Those best points, what are they? We shall count them one thing, our pupils another. We gather what seems to us of consequence and pour it out upon our classes. But if their minds are not fitted to receive it, the little creatures have excellent protective arrangements which they draw down, and all we pour is simply shed as if nothing had fallen; while again we say something so slight that we hardly notice it, but happening to be just the nutritive element which that small life then needed, it is caught up and turned into human fibre. We cannot tell. We work in the dark. Out upon the waters our bread is cast, and if we are wise we do not attempt to trace its return.

On this point I received capital instruction from one of my pupils. In teaching a course on English Empiricism I undertook a line of exposition which I knew was abstruse. Indeed, I doubted if many of the class could follow; but there on the front seat sat one whose bright eyes were ever upon me. It seemed worth while to teach my three or four best men, that man in particular. By the end of the term there were many grumblings. My class did not get much out of me that year. They graduated, and a couple of years later this young fellow appeared at my door to say that he could not pass through Cambridge without thanking me for his work on Locke, Berkeley, and Hume. Pleased to be assured that my questionable methods were justified, and unwilling to drop a subject so agreeable, I asked if he could tell precisely where the value of the course lay. "Certainly," he answered. "It all centred in a single remark of Locke's. Locke said we ought to have clear and distinct ideas. I don't think I got anything else out of the course."

Well, at first I was inclined to think the fellow foolish, so to mistake a bit of commonplace for gospel truth. Why did

he not listen to some of the profound things I was saying? But on reflection I saw that he was right and I wrong. That trivial saying had come to him at a critical moment as a word of power; while the deep matters which interested me, and which I had been offering him so confidently day by day, being unsuited to him, had passed him by. He had not heard them.

To such proper unthankfulness we teachers must accustom ourselves. We cannot tell what are our good deeds, and shall only plague ourselves and hinder our classes if we try to find out. Let us display our subjects as lucidly as possible, allow our pupils considerable license in apprehension, and be content ourselves to escape observation. But though what we do remains unknown, its results often awake deep affection. Few in the community receive love more abundantly than we. Wherever we go, we meet a smiling face. Throughout the world, by some good fortune, the period of learning is the period of romance. In those halcyon days of our boys and girls we have a share, and the golden lights which flood the opening years are reflected on us. Though our pupils cannot follow our efforts in their behalf, and indeed ought not, — it being our art to conceal our art, — yet they perceive that in the years when their happy expansion occurred, we were their guides. To us, therefore, their blind affections cling as to few beside their parents. It is better to be loved than to be understood.

Perhaps some readers of this paper will begin to suspect that it is impossible to be a good teacher. Certainly it is. Each of the four qualifications I have named is endless. Not one of them can be fully attained. We can always be more imaginative, wealthy, stimulating, disinterested. Each year we creep a little nearer to our goal, only to find that a finished teacher is a contradiction in terms. Our reach will forever exceed our grasp. Yet what a delight in approximation! Even in our failures there is comfort, when we see that they are generally due not to technical but to personal defects. We have been putting ourselves forward, or have taught in mechanical rather than vital fashion, or have not undertaken betimes the labor of preparation, or have declined the trouble of vicariousness.

Evidently, then, as we become better teachers we also become in some sort better persons. Our beautiful art, being so largely personal, will at last be seen to connect itself with many other employments. Every mother is a teacher. Every minister. The lawyer teaches the jury, the doctor his patient. The clever salesman might almost be said to use teaching in dealing with his customer, and all of us to be teachers of one another in daily intercourse. As teaching is the most universal of the professions, those are fortunate who are able to devote their lives to its enriching study.

THE NEW TARIFF ERA

BY RAYMOND L. BRIDGMAN

UNDER the Dingley tariff the customs duties of the United States have been raised to the highest point ever reached in the history of the country. From the tiny beginning of five per cent in revolutionary days, the protected interests have gradually been able to raise the barrier against imports from other countries until the average is more than ten times as high as was thought satisfactory by the early legislators for the protection of infant industries.

This wall seems now to be as high as it can possibly reach. Already it seems toppling from top-heaviness, and it is a fair question whether it would not be stronger if some of the top courses were removed. Popular opinion has sustained it thus far, judging from the election returns; but popular opinion is gathering tremendous strength against enormous aggregations of wealth, and it seems quite probable that this opinion will be directed against the tariff within a few years. No observer, however, can question today the complete success of the high protective policy, judged by what it has been able to put upon the statute book. There the law is, all free trade argument to the contrary notwithstanding.

Simultaneously with this crowning victory of the highest tariff known to our history must be recorded the lowest depth of defeat for the school of political economy which has opposed it. No weight in the popular mind seems to attach to the doctrines which were taught, a generation ago, by the colleges and universities as the solid foundations of truth in the economic world. *Laissez-faire*, which was the shibboleth then, is now practically discarded. If it was a sound and successful doctrine for an era of free competition of producers in the markets of the world, yet its propounders had no conception of the present conditions, when competition has run its legitimate course and ended in monopoly so absolute that it holds nations in its grip and strangles every one who struggles to set himself free.

In those days that was held to be the best government which governed least. It was taught that the function of government was to give fair play to competition and to keep its hands off the competitors. Laissez-faire was fitted for days of competition; and when competition was stifled by monopoly the people instinctively felt that to say "laissez-faire" to monopoly meant commercial and industrial slavery to them, as it surely did. Hence it was inevitable that the old school of free trade should cease to convince the thoughtful, and it was equally inevitable that it should be rejected by the average voter of the country when he came to vote for a policy to be put in operation by the government.

A staggering blow was delivered to the old school by the panic which followed the presidential election of 1892. Democratic victory, meaning a reduction of the tariff, in November of that year, followed by the inauguration of President Cleveland for the second time on March 4, 1893, and the commercial crash of May, 1893, a precursor of hard times which did not end for a long period, — hard times attended by city soup kitchens in many places and by clamorous armies of the unemployed, — fixed indelibly in the minds of many thousands who voted the Democratic ticket the belief that the Democratic victory was the cause of the hard times. Though well-informed men know that the same catastrophe would have occurred if President Harrison had

been reëlected; though Republican leaders doubtless know that their party would have suffered equally if it had been successful; yet some of those leaders have never since then failed to assert that the hard times were a direct consequence of Democratic victory, and to this day there is no stronger argument against tariff reform in many minds than mention of the panic of 1893. Since then, among the mass of voters, free trade as a political policy has been beyond mention. That election marked the end of the era of the laissez-faire theory as a force to be reckoned with in politics.

Since then, there has been no logical coherence in the campaign argument against high protection, except the self-interest of those who think they see opportunity to make more money by lowering the tariff. As a party of opposition, the Democrats have opposed the high-tariff Republicans, but the tariff was not heard of as a genuine issue in the presidential campaigns of 1896 and 1900. Every muscle was strained over the currency, — the question whether Bryan and silver should win. Theoretical free trade was no more concerned than the theory of the northwest passage. The old force was dead, and it is impossible for it to revive.

Revival of the old theory is impossible, further, because the men who held it entertained the same inadequate idea of the functions of government which is to-day entertained by the business men who control the high-tariff wing of the Republican party and dominate the legislation of the country. Old-time free traders held that government should be reduced to the lowest possible terms. To-day the high protectionists want the government to keep hands off and let them alone, after they have secured the highest tariff the country has ever known. Business men generally dislike interference with business conditions on the part of the people. They desire strongly that Congress and the state legislatures should meet as infrequently as possible, and do as little as possible. They fail as utterly as the laissez-faire men failed in their time to comprehend the function of the government as a means of service of the people by the people; they cannot understand that it is far more and far higher than a police force to preserve order, in the sunlight of which the business men are to accumulate their fortunes in peace and to exercise their full faculties for the exploitation of their fellow men. These two classes are at one in their desire that the government keep its hands off the business community, and henceforth it is hopeless to look for a revival of the old theory of free trade.

But opposition to protection is rising powerfully, and it is evident that a new era in the contest has opened. The nation has learned the lesson, even if the laissez-faire men have not. This is not because the nation is the more intelligent; but inevitably the very force of circumstances has compelled favorable action upon measures of the highest importance to the welfare of the nation. Without apparent intelligent action upon the true proposition regarding the nature of the government, as contrasted with the hands-off theory, the necessary steps have been taken. Popular demands for governmental control, for restraint in one direction, for supervision in another, for the use of the taxing power for the benefit of localities, and so on in a thousand ways, have made it clear that that is not the best government which governs least, which keeps its hands off and permits the people to become the victims of sharpers or take the consequences, but that which watches for the welfare of the people. Former objectors, some of whom survive to the present, use the term "paternalism" in describing this function of the government. But epithets do not scare a nation which knows what it wants.

In truth, this action of the government is not paternalism at all, in the opprobrious sense. Rather, it is self-service of the people. It is the line along which all modern governments are developing. It

seems to be established already as the true and necessary line of advance, whether the government be representative, democratic, or monarchical, that there shall be an equipment of the political body with organs which were not needed and were not known in the days when the laissez-faire school was strong, and when its opponents were young. In modern times there has been developed the system of national and state boards and commissions for the control of public-service activities of the body politic and for the service of the people, which establish to the observing mind the truth that government is certain to become a far more highly complex organism than at present; that these organs are legitimate for the proper service of the people, and that justice and prosperity are to be secured only as they are found in active operation, when modern conditions are present as they exist in the most advanced countries.

Again, in recent years there has been a phenomenal development in the popular mind of the doctrine of governmental ownership, or, at least, governmental regulation of natural monopolies and of public-service corporations. The business community does not accept this theory. The laissez-faire school is opposed to it on principle. But, whether or not the theory is sound, the country is practicing it and is evidently determined to practice it far more extensively. To-day ideas are deemed conservative in this field which were radical ten years ago. The President of the United States is apparently leading the entire mass of the people, with the exception of the business men whose personal interests make them oppose him, in a movement for governmental regulation of the railroads. Corporations must come under the control of the government. In many ways the idea is making advances from point to point. Having a secure foundation in the postoffice department, strengthened by the general practice of municipal water supplies, by public highways, by successful government of railroads and electric roads in other countries, and by other practicable propositions which have been demonstrated, the idea marches on, making converts, and establishing, with apparently invincible strength, a theory of governmental function which is totally contrary to the old order of things. Hence, again, a new era in the tariff contest has begun.

Other considerations tend to show how distinct is the new era of tariff discussion from that which seems to have closed. People's minds are becoming familiar with the idea that it is sound policy for the government to do things which are opposed by the old theory of free competition. This very circumstance, in the nature of the argument, tends plausibly toward the governmental support of industries. If it is for the government to engage in business enterprises for the service of the people, it would not be wise to condemn the new policy as a failure — so the argument runs — until it has had a fair chance to vindicate itself. For a time, therefore, the industry under the management of the government is an infant industry. Hence it is that the tendency of the times toward governmental regulation or ownership has been a powerful reinforcement of the argument for the protection of infant industries. It is doubtless not the fact that the high protectionists are in favor of governmental regulation or ownership of public-service utilities. They are not that class of men; they belong positively to the class who oppose any such function on the part of the government. But the development of our institutions has put into their hands an argument most powerful with the mass of the voters, in defense of the proposition that it is sound doctrine and a paying policy for the government to give pecuniary aid to business enterprises which are trying to establish themselves. All the prodigious popular prejudice against corporation control and in favor of governmental management or ownership, is thrown upon the protectionist side by

forces to which the protectionists, as a class, are stoutly opposed. Such is the strange political situation.

Still again, another phase of the situation has been developed which was not foreseen by those who held to the doctrine of free competition and hands off by the government. It is recognized by President Roosevelt in his recommendation for more taxation upon the swollen fortunes of the times. Under the stimulus of a condition where a man is no longer reckoned a millionaire who has a million dollars' worth of property, but only the man whose annual income is at least a million, there has grown a strong demand for taxation by the government to make the enormous fortunes bear their share of the public burdens. Income taxes or direct inheritance taxes, one or both, are in the minds of the public as remedies to be applied to the situation. With the experience of foreign countries in collecting each of these taxes, with the support in influential circles which the proposition has received, and with the popular indignation against the tax-dodgers, it seems reasonable to predict that before long there will be on the statute books of nation and states, one or both, stringent legislation — now merely in the air — which will yearly bring many million dollars into the public treasury.

Now, the tariff has its two distinct phases. First, that of protection to infant industries in order to promote the industrial prosperity of the country. In this sense, it is supposed by its friends to act as a fertilizer spread upon a field. It secures a larger and quicker crop than would be possible without it. In its other aspect it is a matter of taxation, a method of raising money for the support of the government. That is, it is parallel, to continue the agricultural simile, to taking a harvest from the land. These two functions of the tariff are as distinct as the application of fertilizer and the harvesting of a crop, and the ideas should be kept absolutely separate in the mind.

But, if there is a radical change in taxation, in order to spare the country the evils of enormous wealth under the control of one man, that change will reduce the amount of money required to be raised by the government by means of the tariff, for the payment of its running expenses. Reduction will be possible, either in the amount of internal revenue, or in the customs receipts; and the establishment of taxation of incomes and inheritances must raise the question whether the tariff should not be reduced. If the money is not needed for government expenses, why should it be taken from the people? The raising of the issue will accentuate the contest over infant industries, and it will be a new question whether the infant will ever be old enough to get along without its bottle; but the mere raising of the question proves that there has been a shifting of the fighting ground over the tariff, and that a new era is here, which is the point to be emphasized at present.

Certainly it may be said that the fact that the issue of reducing the tariff will be raised if income and inheritance taxes are levied will be a powerful provocative to many people to oppose the levying of such taxes; while the exasperation of the masses of the people at the continued dodging of just taxes will be a spur to popular leaders to force the fighting. At any rate, something more will be done than to try to use burnt powder in the coming struggle.

One of the most compelling reasons for affirming that a new tariff era is opening is the development which has taken place in the manufacturing of the country. This makes directly against the present high tariff and strengthens greatly those who are demanding revision in order that they may have larger markets abroad. It must be remembered that this question of enlarging our foreign markets is vital to our prosperity. Its force has been recognized by plenty of men who have upheld the high protection doctrine. When there was apprehension that the helpless body of inert China

would be carved up among the nations which were ready to rush in, and when the enormous population of China was pictured to the mind of the United States exporter, there was a lively appreciation of the importance of keeping the door of China open. We went to war for the Philippines, and our entire Philippine policy was shaped by the necessity of keeping an open door for our trade in China. According to reports which were published at the time, such a statement was made on the floor of the United States Senate by the late Senator Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota, one of the commissioners who negotiated the treaty with Spain; and it was further reported that Whitelaw Reid, another of the commissioners who made the treaty, uttered the same statement in a public speech in Chicago. Governor Guild of Massachusetts, in a speech before the Essex Club, December 29, 1906, called attention to the fact that "the exports of the United States have more than doubled in value in less than twenty years." It is notorious that United States manufacturers have had two prices for their customers, — one a higher price which they charged to their friends and neighbors at home, and a lower price which they charged to strangers abroad. In the notorious watch case, American manufactures were sold so much cheaper abroad that American watches were imported from London, paying the duty, and then sold in New York for less than the price charged for similar articles which were sold, without the benefit of two voyages across the ocean, to the home customers of the manufacturers. In many lines of manufacture this practice has become notorious, and the figures are well proven. This has caused a new element in the case, — a material modification of former tariff conditions.

Our trade seeks the markets of the world. We are able to make much more than we are now making. But we are learning the lesson that foreigners cannot buy of us unless they can also sell to us. They must have a market for their goods if we are to have a market for ours. More and more of our manufacturers realize this fundamental condition of international trade. Consequently there is a growing demand, which will not take no for an answer, that our tariff be so far reduced that foreign producers may find a better market here.

This is the inspiration of the movement which, for several years, has almost reached the point of political rebellion in Massachusetts and Iowa, and is gaining strength for the next encounter. This element cares nothing for the theories of political economy. These men merely see a market which they want and which they can have if we lower our tariff. Here, again, is an element which emphasizes the fact that we are in a new era of tariff discussion.

Under the head of the new tariff era, too, comes the belief that the tariff fosters the trusts. Though this belief has been growing for years, yet the conditions which cause it did not exist to an appreciable extent when the leaders of the old school propounded the principles which they affirmed to be at the foundation of political economy. Prejudice against the tariff as the mother of trusts has steadily grown in its hold upon the public mind. This view is supported by students of the question. For instance, Professor A. W. Flux, speaking upon trusts at the gathering at Brown University on December 28, 1906, in the Economic Association, said, —

"It should not be claimed that all trusts are creatures of the tariff. But it may be claimed that the extent to which trusts can fix prices for their own gain and to the essential disadvantage of the communities in which they operate is dependent on the existence of and the level of the tariff under which they operate. Thus we may find reason in the claim that though trusts exist in free-trade England, their power for evil is comparatively small, though far from unimportant."

That the status of trusts in free-trade England is different from that in protective America is evident from the breaking down of the soap trust in England, solely because of popular opposition and a general boycott of its products. Yet it ought to be easier for trusts to maintain monopoly in England than in the United States, because the territory to be covered is so much smaller and combination is so much easier. It is true that in this country the protected interests affirm that the tariff does not promote extortionate aggregations of capital. It is true that the issue is political, and that people will believe about it very much as they vote. It is true that the numerous laboring classes which are employed by the protected interests have a personal reason for taking sides with their employers upon the matter, and thus altering the usual alignment of one class against the other.

But, in spite of these facts, the fundamental condition remains that the tariff was designed to prevent competition from abroad and does prevent it, and that it reduces the number of establishments which must come to an understanding in order to establish a working monopoly. Under such circumstances popular belief in the tariff as the mother of trusts is bound to increase. Here, therefore, is another reason for affirming that there is a new tariff era, that the old days will never return, and that the contest is to be fought upon different lines, with new and perhaps stronger forces brought into collision, with probably better chances for the opponents of the high tariff.

But, again, the list of new forces is not exhausted, though the one next to be mentioned is yet but feebly operative. It is as sure to gain strength, however, as the world is to progress, and therefore it must be counted. Just at present much is said about reciprocity, and in different quarters the proposition of having maximum and minimum tariffs is advanced as sound national policy. Stripped of its Latin flowing robe, the naked idea is this: "If you favor me, I will favor you; but if you fight me, I will fight you." Our country has had sufficient experience in commercial war to learn the lesson of its destructiveness to both combatants, if we only would learn the lesson. Under Jefferson we had the embargo on trade with Great Britain. Our experience then was sufficient to teach us the folly of commercial war. Indeed, its folly is now recognized more generally than ever. It is safe to say that our business men dread it, and that they sincerely hope that the threat of retaliatory duties, as a club, will be sufficient to bring an objecting nation to terms. But when it comes to retaliatory duties, we are sensitive, and the small prospect of commercial war with Germany, though that country — irritated beyond endurance by our high tariff which discriminates against the admission of German manufactures to this country — proposes to retaliate against us, proves that we really do not desire commercial war. We hate to lose our trade with Germany, amounting to $200,000,000 a year. We understand better than our fathers that commercial war, like military war, involves loss, destruction, and international hatred for both parties; that it is a great evil, not to be lightly invited, and that we had better yield some points than refuse to see any justice in the demands of the other nation.

The French parliament proposes to increase from $1.50 to $5 per 100 kilos the duty on cottonseed oil imported from the United States; but to raise the duty to only $2.80 for imports from those countries which have trade treaties with France, and the secretary of the American Cotton Oil Ccompany says, —

"It is plain to be seen that foreign governments are becoming incensed because of the fact that our protective tariff makes it impossible to sell to the United States. The matter is a serious one. The solution of the difficulty lies in a modification of the tariff. Other expedients might bring desirable results, but they would not strike at the root of the trouble."

That is, we fight them commercially, and they, after long endurance of our hostility, retaliate; and immediately we realize, in some degree, how we should feel if we were in their places. Moreover, we are frightened at the prospective loss of our trade and want to negotiate. We are surprised because we cannot shut out foreigners from our markets and invade theirs at the same time, without a protest on their part. We begin to realize that commercial war would be disastrous, more disastrous than we had supposed before the nations which we attacked made a counter attack upon us; and we desire to reach a friendly understanding. That is the meaning of the renewed talk about a maximum and minimum tariff. This phase of the situation, with its enforced realization that it may be to our profit to reduce our duties, belongs to the new era; and again the effect of the forces in action is against the high tariff.

One further force may well be enumerated with the others which distinguish the new tariff era, though it is but weak at present, indeed, almost unrecognizable. But it is surely destined to become mighty, perhaps the very strongest of them all. That is the force which is making for the organization of the world into one political body. Already this organization has begun to take form in the legislative, judicial, and executive departments. One of the leading diplomats of the United States, perhaps better qualified than any other to express an appreciative opinion, says that the prediction of this outcome of present world-activities is true prophecy. Already international bodies have enacted what has become world-legislation in over thirty instances. The establishment of the Hague Court of Arbitration was an act of world-legislation. The codification of international law is a world need, recognized by jurists and formally proposed by the Interparliamentary Union for consideration by the second Conference at The Hague. The Court of Arbitration promises to be the germ of a true world-court. The executive department of the world has an existing germ in the permanent office of the Universal Postal Union.

Higher and more august than national sovereignty is the sovereignty of the world as one political body. Progress toward the realization of this ideal has been marvelously rapid since the beginning of the present century, and the time may be nearer than the indifferent imagine when the world will be a true political unit. Then the question of trade will assume the form it has in this country, — trade between states, sovereign in some respects, of which the United States is composed. That point of view will reveal the untenable ground of legislating for particular countries, with hostile intent toward the commerce and industry of all others. It is reasonable to predict that this force in the tariff arena will yet prove to be the master of the situation, before which all others must yield.

No possible doubt can be entertained how that force will develop as a power for free trade. Hence, again, it is clear, not only that we are in a new tariff era, but that this era will be revolutionary. Its outcome will not only be different from that of all previous eras, but the conclusion will be final and will establish for the world trade conditions which will remain permanent as long as the world endures, — conditions under which trade will be free.

THE HELPMATE

BY MAY SINCLAIR

XIII

ANNE and her husband walked home in silence across the Park, grateful for its darkness. Majendie could well imagine that she would not want to talk. He made allowances for her repulsion; he respected it, and her silence as its sign. She had every right to her resentment. He had let her in for the Hannays, who had let her in for the spectacle of Sarah resurgent. It was an abominable encounter — so abominable that he did not want to talk about it. All the same, he would have done violence to his feelings and apologized then and there, but that he really judged it better to let well alone. It was well, he thought, that Anne was so silent. She might have had a great deal to say, and it was kind of her not to say it, to let him off so easily.

Anne's interpretation of *his* silence was not so favorable. After being exposed to the pain and insult of Lady Cayley's presence, she had expected an immediate apology, and she inferred from its omission an unpardonable complicity. Any compliance with the public toleration of that person would have been inexcusable; and he had been more than compliant, more than tolerant. He had been solicitous, attentive, deferent. And deference to such a woman was insolence to his wife. Anne was struck dumb by the shameless levity of the proceedings. The two had behaved as if nothing had happened, or rather (she bitterly corrected herself) as if everything had happened, and might happen any day again. (She inferred as much from his silence.) It would — it would happen. *Her* intentions were, to Anne's mind, unmistakable; that was plainly what she had come back for. As to his intentions, Anne was not yet clear. She had not made up her mind that they must be bad; but she shuddered as she said to herself that he was "weak." He had come at that woman's call; he had hung round her; he had waited on her at her bidding; at her bidding he had sat down beside her; he had listened to her, attracted, charmed, delighted; he had talked to her in the low voice Anne knew. How could she tell what had or had not passed between them there, what intimacies, what recognitions, what resurrections of the corrupt, ill-buried past? He had been "weak — weak — weak." Henceforth she must reckon with his weakness, and, reckoning with it, she must keep him from that woman by any method, and at any cost. It was something that he had the grace to be ashamed of himself (another inference from his silence). No wonder, after that communion, if he was ashamed to look at his wife or speak to her.

He went straight to Edith when they reached home, and Anne went upstairs to her bedroom.

She had a great desire to be alone. She wanted to pray, as she had prayed in that room at Scarby on the morning of her discovery. Not that she felt in the least as she had felt then. She was more profoundly wounded, wounded beyond passion and beyond tears, calm and self-contained in her vision of the inevitable, the foreordained reality. She had to get rid of her vision; it was impossible to live with it, impossible to live through another hour like the last. Her desire to pray was a terrible, urgent longing that consumed her, impatient of every minute that kept her from her prayer. She controlled it, moving slowly as she took off her outdoor clothes and put them decorously away; feeling that the force of her

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prayer gathered and mounted behind these minute obstructions and delays.

She knelt down by her bed. She had been used to pray there, with her eyes fixed upon the crucifix which he had given her. It hung low, almost between the pillows of their bed. Now she closed her eyes to shut it from her sight. It was then that she realized what had been done to her. With the closing of her eyes she opened some back room in her brain, a hot room, now dark, and now charged with a red light, vaporous but vivid, that ran in furious pulses, as it were the currents of her blood made visible. The room thus opened was tenanted by the revolting image of Lady Cayley. Now it loomed steadily in the dark, now it leaped quivering into the red, vaporous light. She could not see her husband, but she had a sickening sense that he was there, looming, and that his image, too, would leap into sight at some signal of her unwilling thought. She knew that that back room would remain, built up indestructibly in the fabric of her mind. By a tremendous effort of will she shut the door on it. There it must be, but wherever she looked, she would not look there; much less allow herself to dwell in the unclean place. It was not to think of that woman that she had gone down on her knees. To think of her was contamination. After all, the woman had no power over her inner life. She was not forced to think of her. She had her sanctuary and her way of escape.

But before she could get there she had to struggle against the fatigue which came of her effort not to think. Once she would have resigned herself to this physical lassitude, mistaking it for the sinking of the soul in the beatific self-surrender. But Anne's sufferings had brought her a little farther on her path. She had come to recognize that supine state as a great danger to the spiritual life. It was not by lassitude but by concentration that the intense communion was attained. She lifted her bowed head as a sign of her exaltation.

And as she lifted it, she caught, as it were, the approach of triumphal music, and words swept by her like the passing of an immense processional: "Lift up your heads, oh ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." It came on, that heavenly invasion, and all her earthly barriers went down before it. And it was as if something strong in her, something solitary and pure, had cloven its way through the mesh of the throbbing nerves, through the beating currents of the blood, through the hot red lights of the brain, and had escaped into the peaceful blank. She remained there a moment, in the place of bliss, the divine place of the self-surrendered soul, where mortal emptiness draws down immortality.

She said to herself, "I have my refuge; no one can take it from me. Nothing matters so long as I can get there."

She rose from her knees more calm and self-contained than ever, barely conscious of her wound.

So calm and so self-contained was she at dinner that Majendie had an agreeable rebound; he supposed that she had recovered from the terrible encounter, and had put Lady Cayley out of her head, like a sensible woman. Edith had received his account of that incident with a gravity that had made him profoundly uncomfortable; and his relief was in proportion to his embarrassment. Unfortunately it gave him the appearance of complacency; and complacency in these circumstances was more than Anne could bear. Coming straight from her exaltation and communion, she was crushed by the profound, invisible difference that separated them, the perpetual loneliness of her unwedded, unsubjugated soul. They lived a whole earth and a whole heaven apart. He was untouched by the fires that burned and purified her. The tragic crises that destroyed, the spiritual moments that built her up again, passed by him unperceived. If she were to tell him how she had attained her present

serenity, by what vision, by what efforts, by what sundering of body and soul, he would not understand.

And that was not the worst. She had learned not to look for that spiritual understanding in him. It mattered little that her unique suffering and unique consolation should remain alike ignored. The terrible thing was that he should have come out of his own ordeal so smiling and so unconcerned; that he could have sinned as he had sinned, and that he could meet, after seven years, in his wife's presence, the partner of his sin (whose face was a revelation of its grossness), meet her, and not be shaken by the shame of it. It showed how lightly he held it, how low his standard was. She recalled, shuddering, the woman's face. Nothing in the visions she had so shrunk from could compare with the violent reality. For one moment of repulsion she saw him no less gross. She wondered, would she have to reckon with that, henceforth, too?

She looked up, and met across the table the engaging innocence that she recognized as the habitual expression of his face. He had no idea what dreadful things she was thinking of him. She put her thoughts from her, admitting that she had never had to reckon with that, yet. But it was terrible to her that, while he forced her to such thinking, he could sit there so unconscious, and so unashamed. He sat there, bright-eyed, smiling, a little flushed, playing with a light topic in a manner that suggested a conscience singularly at ease. He went on sitting there, absolutely unembarrassed, eating dessert. The eating of dinner was bad enough, it showed complacency. But dessert argued callousness. She wondered how he could have any appetite at all. Her dinner had almost choked her.

And she sat waiting for him to finish, hardly looking at him, detached, saintlike and still.

At last her stillness struck him as a little ominous. He had distinct misgivings as they turned into the study for coffee and his cigarette. Anne sat up in her chair, refusing the support and luxury of cushions, leaning a little forward with a brooding air.

"Well, Nancy," said he, "are you going to read to me?"

(Better to read than to talk.)

"Not now," said she. "I want to talk to you."

He saw that it was not to be avoided. "Won't you let me have my coffee and a cigarette first?"

She waited, silent, with a strained air of patience more uncomfortable than words.

"Well," said he, lighting a second cigarette, and settling in the position that would best enable him to bear it; "out with it, and get it over."

"I want to know," said she, "what you are going to do."

"To do?" he was genuinely bewildered.

"Yes, to do."

"But about what?"

"About that woman."

He was so charmed with the angelic absurdity of the question that he paused while he took it in, smiling.

"I can't see," he said presently, "that I'm called upon to take action. Why should I?"

She drew herself up proudly.

"For my sake."

He was instantly grave. "For your sake, dear, I would do a great deal. But" (he smiled again) "what action should I take?"

"Is it for me to say?"

"Well, I hardly know. I should be glad, at any rate, if you 'd make a suggestion. I can't, for instance, get up and turn the lady out of her own sister's house. Do you want me to do that? Would you like me to — to take her away in a cab?"

There was a long silence, so awful that he forced himself to speak. "I am extremely sorry. It was, of course, outrageous that you should have had to sit in the same room with her for five minutes. But what could I do?"

"You could have taken *me* away."

"I did, as soon as I got the chance."

"Not before you had" — she paused for her phrase — "condoned her appearance."

"Condoned her appearance, — how?"

"By your whole manner to her."

"Would you have had me uncivil?"

"There are degrees," said she, "between incivility and marked attention."

He colored. "Marked attention! There was nothing marked about it. What could I do? Would you, I say, have had me turn my back on the unfortunate woman? That would have been marked attention, if you like."

"I don't know what I would have had you do. One has no rules beforehand for inconceivable situations. It was inconceivable that I should have met her as I did, in your friend's house. Inconceivable that I should meet such people anywhere. What I do ask is that you will not let me be exposed in that way again."

"That I certainly will not. The Ransomes did their best to get her out of the room to-day. They won't annoy you. I can't conceive why they called, — except that they have always been rather fond of me. You can't hold people accountable for all the doings of all their relations, can you?"

"In this case I should say you could, — perfectly well."

"Well, I don't, as it happens. But you need n't have anything to do with them, not, at least, while she's living in their house."

"It was in the Hannays' house I met her. But I'm not thinking of myself."

"I'm thinking of you, and of nothing else."

"You need n't," said she, cold to his warmth. "I can take care of myself. It's you I'm thinking of."

"Me? Why me?"

"Because I'm your wife and have a right to. It's out of the question that I should call on Mrs. Hannay or receive her calls. I must also beg of you to give up going there, and to the Ransomes, and to every place where you will be brought into contact with Lady Cayley."

He stared at her in amazement. "My dear girl, you don't expect me to cut the Ransomes because she is n't brute enough to turn her sister out of doors?"

"I expect you to give up going to them, and to the Hannays, as long as Lady Cayley is in Scale. Promise me."

"I can't promise you anything of the sort. Heaven knows how long she's going to stay."

"I ought not to have to explain that by countenancing her you insult me. You should see it for yourself."

"I can't see it. In the first place, with all due regard to you, I don't insult you by countenancing her, as you call it. In the second place, I don't countenance her by going into other people's houses. If I went into her house, you might complain. She has n't got a house, poor lady."

She ignored his pity. "In spite of your regard for me, then, you will continue to meet her?"

"I shan't if I can help it. But if I must, I must. I can't be rude to people."

"You can be firm."

He laughed. "What have I got to be firm about?"

"Not meeting her."

"What if I do meet her? I sincerely hope I shan't, but what if I do?"

Her mouth trembled; her eyes filled with tears. He sprang up and leaned over her, resting his arms on the back of her chair, bringing his face close to hers, and smiling into her eyes.

"No — no — no!" She drew back her head, and shrank away from him. He put out his hand, and turned her face to him, gazing into her eyes, as if for the first time he saw and could fathom the sorrow and the fear in them.

"What if I do?" he repeated.

She tried to push his hand from her, but she could not.

"You stupid child," he said, "do you mean to say that you're still afraid of that?"

"It's you who have made me" —

"My sweetheart" —

"No, no. Don't touch me."

"What do you mean?" he asked gravely, still leaning over and looking down at her.

"I mean — I mean — I can't bear it!" she cried, gasping for breath under the obsession of his nearness.

He realized her repugnance, and removed himself.

"Do you mean," he said, "because of her?"

"Yes," she said; "because of her."

He laughed softly. "Dear child — she does n't exist. She does n't exist." He swept her out of existence with a gesture of his hand. "Not for me, at any rate."

The emphasis was lost upon her. "It's all nonsense to talk in that way. If she does n't exist for you, you should n't have gone near her, you should n't have sat talking to her."

"What do you suppose we were talking about?"

"I don't know. I don't want to know. I saw and heard enough."

"Look here, Anne. You wanted me to be rude to her, did n't you? I *was* rude. I was brutal. She had to remind me that she was a woman. By heaven, I'd forgotten it. If you're always to be going back on that" —

"I'm not going back. She has come back."

"It does n't matter. She does n't exist. What difference does she make?"

She rose for better delivery of what she had to say.

"She makes the whole difference. It's not that I'm afraid of her. I don't think I am. I believe that you love me."

"Ah — if you believe that" — he came nearer.

"I do believe it. It's to me that it makes the difference. I must be honest with you. It's not that I'm afraid. It is — I think — that I'm disgusted."

He lowered his eyes, and moved from her uneasily.

"I was horrified enough when I first knew of it, as you know. You know, too, that I forgave you, and that I forgot. That was because I did n't realize it. I did n't know what it was. I could n't, before I had seen her. Now I *have* seen her, and I know."

"What do you know?" he said coldly.

"The awfulness of it."

"Do you? Do you?"

"Yes, — and if you had realized it yourself — But you don't, and your not realizing it is what shocks me most."

"I don't realize it?" His smile, this time, was grim. "I should think I was in a better position for realizing it than you."

"You don't realize the shame, the sin of it."

"Oh, don't I?" He turned to her. "Look here, whatever I've done, it's all over. I've taken my punishment, and repented in sackcloth and ashes. But you can't go on forever repenting. It wears you out. It seems to me that, after all this time, I might be allowed to leave off the sackcloth and brush the ashes out of my hair. I want to forget it if I can. But you are never — never — going to forget it. And you are going to make me remember it every day of my life. Is that it?"

"It is not." She could not see herself thus hard and implacable. She had vowed that there was no duty that she would omit; and it was her duty to forgive; if possible, to forget. "I am going to try to forget it, as I have forgotten it before. But it will be very hard, and you must be patient with me You must not remind me of it more than you can help."

"When have I?" —

She was silent.

"When?" he insisted.

She shook her head and turned away. A sudden impulse roused him, and he sprang after her. He grasped her wrist as she laid her hand on the door to open it. He drew her to him. "When?" he repeated. "How? Tell me."

She paused, gazing at him. He would

have kissed her, hoping thus to make his peace with her; but she broke from him.

"Ah," she cried, "you are reminding me of it now."

He opened the door, dumb with amazement, and turned from her as she went through.

XIV

It was a fine day, early in November, and Anne was walking along one of the broad flat avenues that lead from Scale into the country beyond. Made restless by her trouble, she had acquired this pedestrian habit lately, and Majendie encouraged her in it, regarding it less as a symptom than as a cure. She had flagged a little in the autumn, and he was afraid that the strain of her devotion to Edith was beginning to tell upon her health. On Saturdays and Sundays they generally walked together, and he did his best to make his companionship desirable. Anne, given now to much self-questioning as to their relations, owned, in an access of justice, that she enjoyed these expeditions. Whatever else she had found her husband, she had never yet found him dull. But it did not occur to her, any more than it occurred to Majendie, to consider whether she herself were brilliant.

She made a point of never refusing him her society. She had persuaded herself that she went with him for his own good. If he wanted to take long walks in the country, it was her duty as his wife to accompany him. She was sustained perpetually by her consciousness of doing her duty as his wife; and she had persuaded herself also that she found her peace in it. She kept his hours for him as punctually as ever; she aimed more than ever at perfection in her household ways. He should never be able to say that there was one thing in which she had failed him.

No; she knew that neither he nor Edith, if they tried, could put their finger on any point and say: There or there she had gone wrong. Not in her understanding of him. She told herself that she understood him completely now, to her own great unhappiness. The unhappiness was the price she paid for her understanding.

She was absorbed in these reflections as she turned (in order to be at home by five o'clock), and walked toward the town. She was waked from them by the trampling of hoofs and the cheerful tootling of a horn. A four-in-hand approached and passed her; not so furiously but that she had time to recognize Lady Cayley on the box-seat, Mr. Gorst beside her, driving, and Mr. Ransome and Mr. Hannay behind, amongst a perfect horticultural show in millinery.

Anne had no acquaintance with the manners and customs of the Scale and Beesly Four-in-hand Club, and her intuitions stopped short of recognizing Miss Gwen Richards of the Vaudeville and the others. All the same, her private arraignment of these ladies refused them whatever benefit they were entitled to from any doubt. Not that Anne wasted thought on them. In spite of her condemnation, they barely counted; they were mere attendants, accessories in the vision of sin presented by Lady Cayley.

Nothing could have been more conspicuous than her appearance, more unabashed than the proclamation of her gay approach. Mounted high, heralded by the tootling horn, her hair blown, her cheeks bright with speed, her head and throat wrapped in a rosy veil that flung two broad streamers to the wind (as it were the banners of the red dawn flying and fluttering over her), she passed, the supreme figure in the pageant of triumphal vice.

Her face was turned to Gorst's face, his to hers. He looked more than ever brilliant, charming and charmed, laughing aloud with his companion. Hannay and Ransome raised their hats to Mrs. Majendie as they passed. Gorst was too much absorbed in Lady Cayley.

Anne shivered, chilled and sick with

the resurgence of her old disgust. These were her husband's chosen associates and comrades; they stood by one another; they were all bound up together in one degrading intimacy. His dear friend Mr. Gorst was the dear friend of Lady Cayley. He knew what she was, and thought nothing of it. Mr. Ransome, her brother-in-law, knew and thought nothing of it. As for Mr. Hannay, Walter's other dear friend, you had only to look at the women he was with to see how much Mr. Hannay thought. There could have been nothing very profound in his supposed repudiation of Lady Cayley. If it was true that he had once paid her money to go, he was doing his best to welcome her now she had come back. But it was Gorst, with his vivid delight in Lady Cayley, who amazed her most. Anne had identified him with the man of whom Walter had once told her, the man who was "fond of Edith," the man of whom Walter admitted that he was not "entirely straight." And this man was always calling on Edith.

She was resolved that, if she could prevent it, he should call no more. It should not be said that she allowed her house to be open to such people. But it required some presence of mind to state her determination. Before she could speak with any authority she would have to find out all that could be known about Mr. Gorst. She would ask Fanny Eliott, who had seemed to know, and to know more than she had cared to say.

Instead of going straight home, she turned aside into Thurston Square. She had the good luck to find Fanny Eliott at home.

Fanny Eliott was rejoiced to see her. She looked at her anxiously and observed that she was thin. She spoke of her call as a "coming back;" the impression conveyed by Anne's manner was so strikingly that of return after the pursuit of an illusion.

Anne smiled wearily, as if it had been a long step from Prior Street to Thurston Square.

"I thought," said Mrs. Eliott, "I was never going to see you again."

"You might have known," said Anne.

"Oh, yes, I might have known. You're not going to run away at five o'clock?"

"No. I can stay a little, — if you're free."

Mrs. Eliott interpreted the condition as a request for privacy, and rang the bell to insure it. She knew something was coming; and it came.

"Fanny, I want you to tell me what you know of Mr. Gorst."

Mrs. Eliott looked exceedingly embarrassed. She avoided gossip as inconsistent with the intellectual life. And unpleasant gossip was peculiarly distasteful to her. Therefore she hesitated. "My dear, I don't know much" —

"Don't put me off like that. You know something. You must tell me."

Mrs. Eliott reflected that Anne had no more love of scandalous histories than she had, and that, if she asked for knowledge, it must be because her need was pressing.

"My dear, I only know that Johnson won't have him in the house."

She spoke as if this were nothing, a mere idiosyncrasy of Johnson's.

"Why not?" said Anne. "He has very nice manners."

"I daresay, but Johnson does n't approve of him." (Another eccentricity of Johnson's.)

"And why does n't he?"

"Well, you know, Mr. Gorst has a very unpleasant reputation. At least, he goes about with most objectionable people."

"You mean he's the same sort of person as Mr. Hannay?"

"I should say he was, if anything, worse."

"You mean he's a bad man?"

"Well" —

"So bad that you won't have him in the house?"

"Well, dear, you know we are particular." (A singularity that she shared with Johnson.)

"So am I," said Anne.

"And this," she said to herself, "is the man whom Edie 's fond of, Walter's dearest friend. And my friends won't have him in their house."

"Charming, I believe, and delightful," said Mrs. Eliott, "but perhaps a little dangerous on that account. And one has to draw the line. I want to know about you, dear. You 're well, though you 're so thin?"

"Oh, very well."

"And happy?" (She ventured on it.)

"Could I be well if I were n't happy? How's Mrs. Gardner?"

The thought of happiness called up a vision of the perpetually radiant bride.

"Oh, Mrs. Gardner, she 's as happy as the day is long. Much too happy, she says, to go about paying calls."

"*I* have n't called much, have I?" said Anne, hoping that her friend would draw the suggested inference.

"No, you have n't. *You* ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Why I any more than Mrs. Gardner? But I am."

Mrs. Eliott perceived her blunder. "Well, I forgive you, as long as you 're happy."

Anne kissed her more tenderly than usual as they said good-by, so tenderly that Mrs. Eliott wondered, "Is she?"

Majendie was late that afternoon, and Anne had an hour alone with Edith. She had made up her mind to speak seriously to her sister-in-law on the subject of Mr. Gorst, and she chose this admirable opportunity.

"Edith," said she, with the abruptness of extreme embarrassment, "did you know that Lady Cayley had come back?"

"Come back?"

"She 's here, living in Scale."

There was a pause before Edith answered. Anne judged from the quiet of her manner that this was not the first time that she had heard of the return.

"Well, dear, after all, if she is, what does it matter? She must live somewhere."

"I should have thought that for her own sake it was a pity to have chosen a town where she was so well known."

"Oh, well, that's her own affair. I suppose she argues that most people have known the worst; and that 's always a comfort."

"Oh, for all they appear to care" — Her face became tragic. She lost her unnatural control. "I can't understand it. I never saw such people. She 's received as if nothing had happened."

"By her own people. It 's decent of them not to cast her off."

"Oh, as for decency, they don't seem to have a shred of it amongst them. And the Hannays are not her own people. I thought I should be safe in going there after what you told me. And it was there I met her."

"I know. They were most distressed about it."

"And yet they received her, too, as if nothing had happened."

"Because nothing can happen now. They got rid of her when she was dangerous. She is n't dangerous any more. On the contrary, I believe her great idea now is to be respectable. I suppose they 're trying to give her a lift up. You must admit it 's nice of them."

"You think them nice?"

"I think *that's* nice of them. It's the sort of thing they do. They 're kind people, if they 're not the most spiritual I have met."

"You may call it kindness, I call it shocking indifference. They 're worse than the Ransomes. I don't believe the Ransomes know what 's decent. The Hannays know, but they don't care. They 're all dreadful people; and their sympathy with each other is the most dreadful thing about them. They hold together, and stand up for each other, and are 'kind' to each other, because they all like the same low, vulgar, detestable things. That 's why Mr. Hannay married Mrs. Hannay, and Mr. Ransome mar-

ried Lady Cayley's sister. They're all admirably suited to each other, but not, my dear Edie, to you or me."

"They're certainly not your sort, I admit."

"Nor yours either."

"No, nor mine either," said Edith, smiling. "Poor Anne, I'm sorry we've let you in for them."

"I'm not thinking only of myself. The terrible thing is that you should be let in, too."

"Oh, me — how can they harm me?"

"They have harmed you."

"How?"

"By keeping other people away."

"What people?"

"The nice people you should have known. You were entitled to the very best. The Eliotts and the Gardners — those are the people who should have been your friends, not the Hannays and the Ransomes; and not, believe me, darling, not Mr. Gorst."

For a moment Edith unveiled the tragic suffering in her eyes. It passed, and left her gaze grave and lucid and serene.

"What do you know of Mr. Gorst?"

"Enough, dear, to see that he is n't fit for you to know."

"Poor Charlie, that's what he's always saying himself. I've known him too long, you see, not to know him now. Years and years, my dear, before I knew you."

"It was through Mrs. Eliott that I knew you, remember."

"Because you were determined to know me. It was through you that I knew Mrs. Eliott. Before that, she never made the smallest attempt to know me better or to show me any kindness. Why should she?"

"Well, my dear, if you kept her at arm's length — if you let her see, for instance, that you preferred Mr. Gorst's society to hers" —

"Do you think I let her see it?"

"No, I don't. And it would n't enter her head. But, considering that she can't receive Mr. Gorst into her own house" —

"Why should she?"

"Edie — if she cannot, why do you?"

Edith closed her eyes. "I'll tell you some day, dear, but not now."

Anne did not press her. She had not the courage to discuss Mr. Gorst with her, nor the heart to tell her that he was to be received into her house no more. She saw Edith growing tender over his very name; she felt that there would be tears and entreaties, and she was determined that no entreaties and no tears should move her to a base surrender.

Her pause was meant to banish the idea of Mr. Gorst from Edith's mind, but it only served to fix it more securely there.

"Edith," she said presently, "I will keep my promise."

"Which promise?" Edith was mystified. Her mind unwillingly renounced the idea of Mr. Gorst, and the promise could not possibly refer to him.

"The promise I made to you about Walter."

"My dear one, I never thought you would break it."

"I never shall break it. I've accepted Walter once for all, and in spite of everything. But I will not accept these people you say I've been let in for. I will not know them. And I shall have to tell him so."

"Why should you tell him anything? He does n't want you to take them to your bosom. He sees how impossible they are."

"Ah — if he sees that" —

"Believe me" (Edith said it wearily), "he sees everything."

"If he does," thought Anne, "it will be easier to convince him."

XV

The task was so far unpleasant to her that she was anxious to secure the first opportunity, and get it over. Her mo-

ment would come with the two hours after dinner in the study.

It did not come that evening; for Majendie telegraphed that he had been detained in town and would dine at the Club. He did not come home till Anne (who had sat up till midnight waiting for that opportunity) had gone tired to bed.

Her determination gathered strength with the delay, and when her moment came with the next evening, it came gloriously. Majendie gave himself over into her hands by bringing Gorst, of all people, back with him to dine.

The brilliant prodigal approached her with a little embarrassed, youthful air of humility and charm; the air almost of taking her into his confidence over something unfortunate and absurd. He had evidently counted on the few minutes before dinner when he would be left alone with her. He selected a chair opposite to her, leaning forward in it at ease, his nervousness visible only in the flushed hands clasped loosely on his knees, his eyes turned upon his hostess with a look of almost infantile candor. It was as if he mutely implored her to forget yesterday's encounter, and on no account to mention in what compromising company he had been seen. His engaging smile seemed to take for granted that she was a lady of pity and understanding, who would never have the heart to give a poor prodigal away. His eyes intimated that Mrs. Majendie knew what it amounted to, that awful prodigality of his.

But Mrs. Majendie had no illusions concerning sinners with engaging smiles and beautiful manners. And with every tick of the clock he deepened the impression of his insolence and levity. His very charm, and the flush and brilliance that were part of it, went to swell the prodigal's account. The instinct that had wakened in her knew them, the lights and colors, the heralding banners and vivid signs, all the paraphernalia of triumphant sin. She turned upon her guest the cold eyes of a condign destiny.

By the time dinner was served it had dawned on Gorst that he was looking in Mrs. Majendie for something that was not there. He might even have had some inkling of her resolution; he sat at his friend's table so consciously on sufferance, with an oppressed, extinguished air, eating his dinner as if it choked him, like the last sad meal in a beloved house.

Majendie, too, felt himself drawn in and folded in the gloom cast by his wife's protesting presence. The shadow of it wrapped them even after Anne had left the dining-room, as though her indignant spirit had remained behind to preserve her protest. Gorst had changed his oppression for a nervous restlessness intolerable to Majendie.

"My dear fellow," he said, "what is the matter with you?"

"How should I know?" said Gorst, with a spurt of ill-temper. "I'm not a nerve specialist."

Majendie looked at him attentively. "I say, *you* must n't go in for nerves, you know; you can't afford it."

"My dear Walter, I can't afford anything, if it comes to that." He paused with an obscure air of injury and foreboding. "Not even, it seems, the most innocent amusements. At any rate," he added, "I have to pay for them." Again he brooded, while Majendie wondered at him in brotherly anxiety. "I suppose," Gorst said suddenly, "I can go up and see Edith, can't I?"

He spoke as if he doubted whether, in the wreck of his world, with all his "innocent amusements," that supreme consolation would still be open to him.

"Of course you can," said Majendie. "It's the best thing you can do. I told her you were coming."

"Thanks," said Gorst, checking the alacrity with which he rose to go to Edith.

Oh, yes, he knew it was the best thing he could do.

Edith's voice called gladly to him as he tapped at her door. He entered noiselessly, wearing the wondering and expectant

look with which a new worshiper enters a holy place. Perpetual backslidings kept poor Gorst's worship perpetually new.

Color came slowly back into Edith's face and a tender light into her eyes, as if from the springing of some deep, untroubled well of life. She seemed more than ever a creature of imperial vitality, bound by some cruel enchantment to her couch. She held out her hands to him; and he raised them to his lips, and kissed her fingers lightly.

"It's weeks since I've seen you," said she.

"Months, is n't it?" said he.

"Weeks, three weeks, by the calendar."

"I say — tell me — I *am* to come and see you, just the same?"

"Just the same? Why, what's different?"

"Oh, I don't know. But it seems to me, when a man's married, it's bound to make a difference."

Edith's color mounted; she made an effort to control the trembling of her mouth, the soft woman's mouth where all that was bodily in her love still lingered. But the sweetness deepened in her eyes, which were the dwelling-place of the immortal, immaterial power. They met Gorst's eyes steadily, laying on his restlessness their peace.

"Are you going to be married, Charlie?" said she, and smiled bravely.

He laughed. "Oh, Lord, no; not I."

"Who is, then?"

"Walter, of course. I mean he *is* married, don't you know."

"Yes, and is there any difference in him to you?"

"In him? Oh, rather not."

"In whom, then?"

"Well — I don't think, Edie, that Mrs. Walter — I like her" — he stuck to it — "I like her, you know, she's charming, but — I don't think she very much likes me."

"She does, she does like you. She told me so."

"When?"

"When she first saw you."

"Oh, then. That's ages ago. I know she does n't like me now."

"How do you know it, my dear?"

"How? How do I know anything? By the way she looks at me."

"Oh, the way Anne looks at people!"

"Well, you know, it's something tremendous, something terrible. Unutterable things, you know. She knocks the Inquisition and the Day of Judgment all to pieces. They're simply not in it. It's awfully hard lines on me, you see, because I like her."

"I'm glad you like her."

"Oh, I only like her because she likes you, I think."

"And I like her. Please remember that."

"I do remember it. I say, Edie, tell me, is she awfully devoted and all that?"

"To Walter? Yes, very devoted."

"That's all right, then. I don't think I mind so much now. As long as I can come and see you just the same."

"Of course you'll come and see me, just the same."

He pondered for a long time over that. Seeing Edith was the best thing he could do. To-night it seemed the only good thing left for him to do. He lived in a state of alternate excitement and fatigue, forever craving his innocent amusements, and forever tired of them. None of them were worth while. Seeing Edith was the only thing that was worth while. He refused to contemplate with any calmness a life in which it would be impossible for him to see her. If the poor prodigal had not chosen the most elevated situation for the building of his house of life, he was always making desperate efforts to leave the insalubrious spot, and return to the high and wind-swept mansions of his youth. To be with Edith was to nourish the illusion of return. Return itself seemed possible when goodness, in the person of Edith, looked at him with such tender and alluring eyes. In spirit he prostrated himself before it, while he cursed the damnable cruelty that had prevented

him from marrying her. Through that act of adoration he was enabled to live through his alien and separated days. It kept him, as he phrased it, "going;" which meant that, wherever his rebellious feet might carry him, he continued to breathe, through it, the diviner air.

And Edith had lain for ten years on her back, and every year the hours had gone more lightly, through the hope of seeing him. She had outlived her time of torment and rebellion. There was a sense in which her life, in spite of its frustration, was complete. The love through which her womanhood struggled for victory in defeat had fulfilled itself by gradual growth into something like maternal passion. There was no selfishness in her attitude to him and his devotion. By accepting it she took his best and offered it to God for him. With fragile, dedicated hands she nursed and sheltered the undying votive flame. She seemed a saint who had foregone heaven and remained on earth to help him. Her womanhood, wrapped from him in veil upon veil of her mysterious suffering, had never removed itself from him. She held him by all that was indomitable in her own nature, and in spite of his lapses he remained her lover.

She was aware of these lapses, and grieved over them, and forgave them, laying them, as she had laid her brother's sin, to the account of her unhappy spine. In Edith's tender fancy her spine had become responsible for all the shortcomings of these beloved persons. If Walter could have married seven years ago, there would have been no dreadful Lady Cayley; and if she could have married poor Charlie, she would not have had to think of him as "poor Charlie" now. It had been hard on him.

That was precisely what poor Charlie was thinking. And if that sister-in-law was to come between them, too, it would be harder still. But Edith insisted that she would make no difference.

"In fact," said she, "you can come more than ever. For if Walter's absorbed in Anne, and Anne's absorbed in Walter" —

He took it up gayly. "Then I may be absorbed in you? So, after all, it turns out to my advantage."

"Yes. You can console me. You can console me now, this minute, if you'll play to me."

He was always lamenting that he could do nothing for her. Playing to her was the one thing he could do, and he did it well.

He rose joyously and went to the piano, removing the dust from the keys with his handkerchief. "How will you have it? Sentimental and soporific? Or loud and strong?"

"Oh, loud and strong, please. Very strong and very loud."

"Right you are. You shall have it hot and strong, and loud enough to wake the dead."

That was his rendering of Chopin's *Grande Polonaise*. He let himself loose in it, with a rush, a vehemence, a diabolic brilliance and clamor. The quiet room shook with the sounds he wrenched out of the little humble piano in the corner. And as Edith lay and listened, her spirit, too, triumphed and was free, it rode gloriously on the storm of sound. It was, she said laughing, quite enough to wake the dead. This was the miracle that he alone could accomplish for her.

And downstairs in the study, Anne heard his music and started, as the dead may start in their sleep. It seemed to her, that Polonaise of Chopin, the most immoral music, the music of defiance and revolt. It flung abroad the prodigal's prodigality, his insolent and iniquitous joy. That was what he, a bad man, made of an innocent thing.

Majendie's face lit up, responsive to the delight and challenge of the opening chord. "He's all right," said he, "as long as he can play."

He listened, glancing now and then at Anne with a smile of pride in his friend's performance. It was as if he were asking her to own that there must be some

good in a fellow who could play like that.

Anne was considering in what words she would intimate to him that Mr. Gorst's music was never to be heard again in that house. Some instinct told her that she was courting danger, but the approval of her conscience urged her on. She waited till the Polonaise was over before she spoke.

"You say," said she, "he's all right as long as he can play like that. To me it's the most convincing proof that he's all wrong."

"How do you make that out?"

"I don't want to go into it," said Anne. "I don't approve of Mr. Gorst; but I should think better of him if he had only better taste."

"You're the first person who ever accused Gorst of bad taste."

"Do you call it good taste to live as he does, as I know he does, and you know he does, and yet to come here, and sit with Edie, and behave as if he'd never done anything to be ashamed of? It would be infinitely better taste if he kept away."

"Not at all. There are a great many very nice things about Gorst, and his caring to come here is one of the nicest. He has been faithful to Edie for ten years. That sort of thing is n't so common that one can afford to despise it."

"Faithful to her? Poor darling, does she think he is?"

"She does n't think. She knows."

"Preserve me from such faithfulness."

"You don't know what you're talking about."

"I do know. And you know that I know." In proof of her contention she offered him the incident of the four-in-hand.

Majendie made a movement of impatience. "Oh, that's nothing," he said. "He does n't like her. He likes driving, and she likes a front seat at any show (I can't see her taking a back one); and if she insisted on climbing up beside him, he could n't very well knock her off, you know. You don't seem to realize how difficult it is to knock a woman off any seat she takes a fancy to sit on. You simply can't do it."

Anne was silent. She felt weak and helpless before his imperturbable levity.

He smoked placidly. "No," he said presently. "Gorst may n't be a saint, but I will acquit him of an unholy passion for poor Sarah."

Anne fired. "He may be a very bad man for all that."

"There again, you show that you don't know what you're talking about. He is not a 'very bad man.' You've no discrimination in these things. You simply lump us all together as a bad lot. And so we may be, compared with the angels and the saints. But there are degrees. If Gorst is n't as good as — as Edie, it does n't necessarily follow that he's bad."

"Please, — I would rather not argue the point. But I am not going to have anything to do with Mr. Gorst."

"Of course not. You disapprove of him. There's nothing more to be said."

He spoke placably, as if he made allowance for her attitude while he preserved his own.

"There is a great deal more to be said, dear. And I may as well say it now. I disapprove of him so strongly that I cannot have him received in this house if I am to remain in it."

Astonishment held him dumb.

"You have no right to expect me to," said she.

"To expect you to remain, or what?"

"To receive a man of Mr. Gorst's character."

"My dear girl, what right have you to expect me to turn him out?"

"My right as your wife."

"My wife has a right to ask me a great many things, but not that."

"I ought not to have to ask you. You should have thought of it yourself. You should have had more care for my reputation."

At this he laughed, greatly to his own annoyance and to hers.

"Your reputation? Your reputation, I assure you, is in no danger from poor Gorst."

"Is it not? My friends — the Eliotts — will not receive him."

"There's no reason why they should."

"Is there any reason why I should? Do you want me to be less fastidious than they are? You forget that I was brought up with very fastidious people. My father would n't have allowed me to speak to a man like Mr. Gorst. Do you want me to accept a lower standard than his, or my mother's?"

"Have you considered what *my* standard would look like if I turned my best friend out of the house — a man I've known all my life — just because my wife does n't happen to approve of him? I know nothing about your Eliotts; but if Edie can stand him, I should think you might."

"I," said Anne coldly, "am not in love with him."

He frowned, and a dull flush of anger colored the frown. "I must say, your standard is a remarkable one if it permits you to say things like that."

"I would not have said it but for what you told me yourself."

"What did I tell you?"

"That Edie cared for him."

He remembered.

"If I did tell you that, it was because I thought you cared for Edie."

"I do care for her."

"You've rather a strange way of showing it. I wonder if you realize how much she did care? What it must have meant to her when she got ill? What it meant to him? Have you the remotest conception of the infernal hardship of it?"

"I know it was hard."

"Forgive me; you don't know, or you would n't be so hard on both of them."

"It is n't I who am hard."

"Is n't it? When you're just proposing to stop Gorst's coming here?"

"It's not I that's stopping him. It's his own conduct. He is hard on himself, and he is hard on her. There's nobody else to blame."

"Do you mean to say you think I'm actually going to tell him not to come any more?"

"My dear, it's the least you can do for me, after" —

"After what?"

"After everything."

"After letting you in for marrying me, you mean. And as I suppose poor Edie was to blame for that, it's the least *she* can do for you to give him up. Is that it? Seeing him is about the only pleasure that's left to her, but that does n't come into it, does it?"

She was silent.

"Well, and what am I to think of you for all this?"

"I cannot *help* what you think of me," said she, with the stress of despair.

"Well, I don't think anything, as it happens. But, if you were capable of understanding in the least what you're trying to do, I should think you a hard, obstinate, cruel woman. What I'm chiefly struck with is your extreme simplicity. I suppose I must n't be surprised at your wanting to turn Gorst out; but how you could imagine for one moment that I would do it — No, that's beyond me."

"I can only say I shall not receive him. If he comes into the house, I shall go out of it."

"Well" — said Majendie judicially, as if she had certainly hit upon a wise solution.

"If he dines here I must dine at the Eliotts."

"Well — and you'll like that, won't you? And I shall like having Gorst, and so will Edie, and Gorst will like seeing her, and everybody will be pleased."

Overhead Mr. Gorst burst into a dance measure, so hilarious that it seemed the very cry of his delight.

"As long as Edie goes on seeing him, he'll think it's all right."

Overhead Mr. Gorst's gay tune proclaimed that indeed he thought so. He broke off suddenly, and began another

and a better one, till the spirit of levity ran riot in immortal sounds.

"So it is all right. She's a good woman. It's the only hold we've got on him."

"If all good women were to reason that way" —

"If all good women were to reason your way, what do you think would happen?"

"There would be more good men in the world."

"Would there? There would be more good men ruined by bad women. Because, don't you see, there'd be no others left for them to speak to."

"If you're thinking of his good" —

"Have you thought of hers?"

"Yes. Supposing he ends by marrying somebody else, what will she do then? — Poor Edie!"

"If the somebody else is a good woman, poor Edie will fold her dear little hands, and offer up a dear little prayer of thankfulness to Heaven."

Upstairs the music ceased. The prodigal's footsteps were heard crossing the room, and coming to a halt by Edie's couch.

Majendie rose, placid and benignant.

"I think," said he, "it's time for you to go to bed."

XVI

Majendie could never be angry with any woman for more than five minutes. And this time he understood his wife better than she knew. He had seen, as Edith had said, "everything."

But Anne was convinced that he never would see. She said to herself, "He thinks me hard, and obstinate, and cruel."

She crept into bed in misery that suggested a defeated thing. The outward eye would never have perceived that the pale woman quivering under the eiderdown was inspired with an indomitable purpose, the salvation of a weak man from his weakness. To be sure, she had been worsted in her encounter by something that conveyed the illusion of superior moral force. But that there was any strength in her husband that could be described as moral Anne would not have admitted for a moment. She believed herself to be crushed, grossly, by the superior weight of moral deadness that he carried.

It was, it always had been, his placidity that caused her most despair. But whereas, at the time of their first rupture, it had made him utterly impenetrable, she now took it simply as one more sign of his inability to understand her. She argued that he would never have remained so calm if he had realized the sincerity of her determination to repudiate Mr. Gorst. Of course she did n't expect him to appreciate the force and the fine quality of her feeling. Still, he might at least have known that, if she had found it hard to pardon her own husband his lapses in the past, she would not be likely to accept a recent and notorious evil-doer.

She tried to forget that in this she herself had been wounded as a woman and a wife. It was the offense to Heaven that she minded, rather than her own mere human hurt. Still, he had asked her to share his house and the sad burden of it (her thought touched gently on the sadness and the burden); and it was the least he could do to keep it undefiled by such presences. He ought to have known what was due to the woman he had married. If he did not, she said to herself sorsowfully, he must learn.

She never doubted that he would learn completely when he was once persuaded that she had meant what she had said; when he saw that he was driving her out of the house by inviting Mr. Gorst into it. To her the question was of supreme importance. Whatever happiness was now left to them must stand or fall by the expulsion of the prodigal.

If she had examined herself, Anne would have found that she hardly knew which she wished for more: that Majendie would at once surrender to her view and leave off inviting Gorst, or that

he would invite him at once, and thus give her an occasion for her protest. That he was peaceable and disinclined to fight she gathered from the fact that he had not invited him at once.

At last, one morning, he looked up quietly from his breakfast, and remarked that he had invited Gorst (he laid a slightly irritating stress upon the name), to dinner on Friday.

The day was Thursday.

"And is he coming?" said Anne.

"He is," said Majendie.

When Friday came, Anne remarked at breakfast that she was going to dine with Mrs. Eliott.

"I thought you would," said Majendie.

She had hoped that he would think she would n't.

They dined at seven o'clock in Thurston Square, and at half-past seven in Prior Street, so she would be well out of the house before Gorst came into it. It was raining heavily. But Anne looked upon the rain as her ally. Walter would be ashamed to think he had driven her out in such weather.

He insisted on accompanying her to the Eliotts' door.

"Not a nice evening for turning out," said he, as he opened his umbrella and held it over her.

"Not at all," said she significantly.

At ten o'clock he came to fetch her in a cab.

Now the cab, the escort, and the sheltering umbella somewhat diminished the grievance of her enforced withdrawal from her home. And Majendie's manner did still more to take the wind out of the proud sails of her tragic adventure. But Anne herself was a sufficiently pathetic figure as she appeared under his umbrella, descending from the Eliotts' doorstep, with delicate slippered feet, gathering her skirts high from the bounding rain, and carrying in her hands the boots she had not waited to put on.

Majendie uttered the little tender moan with which he was used to greet a pathetic spectacle.

"He sounds," said Anne to herself, "as if he were sorry."

He looked it, too; he seemed the very spirit of contrition, as he sat in the cab, with Anne's boots on his knees, guarding them with a caressing hand. But she detected an impenitent brilliance in his eye, as he stood in the lamplight and helped her off with the mackintosh, which dripped with its passage from the cab to their doorstep.

"I think my feet are wet," said she.

"There's a splendid fire in the study," said he.

He drew up a chair, and made her sit in it, and took off her shoes and stockings, and dried them at the fire. He held her cold feet in his hands to warm them. Then he stooped down and laid his face against them and kissed them. And she heard again his low, tender moan, and took it for a cry of contrition. He rose from his knees and laid his hand on her shoulder. She looked up, prepared to receive his chivalrous submission, to gather into her bosom the full harvest of her protest, and then magnanimously forgive.

It was not surrender, certainly not surrender, that she saw in the downward gaze that had drawn her to him. His eyes were dancing, dancing gayly, to some irresistible measure in his head.

"It was worth while, was n't it?" said he.

"Was what worth while?"

"Getting your feet wet, for the pleasure of not dining with Gorst?"

There were moments, Anne might have owned, when he did not fail in sympathy and comprehension. Had she been capable of self-criticism, she would have found that her attitude of protest was a moral luxury, and that moral luxuries were a necessity to natures such as hers. But Anne had a secret cherishing eye on martyrdom, and it was intolerable to her to be reminded in this way that, after all, she was only a spiritual voluptuary.

Still more intolerable was the large indulgence of her husband's manner. He

seemed positively to pander to her curious passion, while preserving an attitude of superior purity. He multiplied her opportunities. A week had hardly passed before Mr. Gorst dined in Prior Street again, and Anne again took refuge in Thurston Square.

This time Majendie made no comment on her action. He seemed to take it for granted.

But Anne, standing up heroically for her principle, was sustained by a sense of moving in a divine combat. Every time she dined in Thurston Square she felt that she had thrown down her gage; every time that Majendie invited Gorst she felt that he stooped to pick it up. Thus unconsciously she breathed hostility, and was suspicious of hostility in him.

When she announced at breakfast one Monday that she had asked the Eliotts, the Gardners, Canon Wharton, and Miss Proctor, for dinner on Wednesday, she uttered each name as if it had been a challenge, and looked for some irritating manœuvre in response. He would, of course, proclaim that he was going to dine with the Hannays, or he would effect a retreat to Mr. Gorst's rooms or his club.

But Majendie lacked her passion and her inspiration. He simply said he was delighted to hear it, and that he would make a point of being at home. He would have to give up an engagement which he would not have made if he had known. But that did not greatly matter.

They came, the Eliotts and the rest, and Miss Proctor again pronounced him charming. To be sure, he was not half so amusing as he had been on his first appearance in Thurston Square; but it was only becoming that he should repress himself a little at his own table and in the presence of the Canon. The Canon was brilliant, if you like.

For that night the Canon was, as usual, all things to all men, and especially to all women. He was the man of the world for Miss Proctor; the fine epicure of books for Mrs. Eliott; for Mr. Eliott and Dr. Gardner the broad-minded searcher and enthusiast, the humble camp-follower of the conquering sciences. "You are the pioneers," said he; "you go before us on the march. But we keep up, we keep up. We can step out — cassock and all."

But he spread out all his spiritual lures for Mrs. Majendie. His eyes seemed more than ever to pursue her, to search her, to be gazing discreetly at the secret of her soul. They drew her with the clear and candid flattery of their understanding. She could feel the clever little Canon taking her in and making notes on her. "Sensitive. Unhappy. Intensely spiritual nature. Too fine and pure for *him*." And over the unhallowed, half-abandoned table, flushed slightly with Majendie's good wine, the Canon drew up his chair to his host, and stretched his little legs, and let his spirit expand in a rosy, broad humanity. As he had charmed the spiritual woman he saw in Anne, so he laid himself out to flatter the natural man he saw in Majendie. And Majendie leaned back in his chair, and gazed at the Canon, the remarkable, the clever, the versatile little Canon, with half-closed eyelids veiling his contemptuous eyes. (He confided to Hannay, later on, that the Canon, in his after-dinner moments, made him sick.)

Anne heard nothing more of Mr. Gorst for over a fortnight. It was on a Saturday, and Majendie asked her suddenly during luncheon if she thought the Eliotts would be disengaged that evening.

"Why?"

"Because I've asked Gorst" (again that disagreeable emphasis) "to dine tonight."

"Very well. I will ask Mrs. Eliott if she can have me."

"Can you?"

"Perfectly."

"Oh, — and I must prepare you for something quite horrible. Some time, you know" (he smiled provokingly), "I shall have to ask the Hannays. Do you think you can arrange for that?"

"I shall have to," said she.

This time (it was the third) she was

obliged to take Mrs. Eliott into her confidence. She fairly flung herself on her friend's mercy.

"I feel as if I were making use of you," said she.

"My dear, make any use of me you please. I'm always here. You can come to me any time you want to escape."

"To escape?" Anne's face flew a color that was a flag of defiance to any reflection on her husband. She would be loyal to him as long as she lived. Not one of her friends should know of her trouble and her fear.

"From your Gorsts and Hannays and people."

"Oh, from *them*." Anne felt that she was shielding him.

Mrs. Eliott marked the flag of defiance and the attitude of defense. If Anne had meant to "give him away," she could not have given him more lavishly. Mrs. Eliott's sad inward comment was that there was more in all this than met the eye.

And Anne's life now continued on this rather uncomfortable footing. The Hannays came to dinner, and she dined with Mrs. Eliott. The Ransomes came, and she dined with Mrs. Eliott. Mr. Gorst came (for the fourth time in as many weeks) and she dined with Mrs. Eliott. She began to wonder whether the Eliotts' hospitality would stand the strain. She also wondered whether her other friends in Thurston Square were wondering, and what Canon Wharton must think of it. It had not occurred to her to wonder what Mr. Gorst would think.

At first he thought nothing of it. When he found that he had not to encounter the terrible eyes of Mrs. Majendie, Mr. Gorst's relief was so great that it robbed him of reflection. And when he began to think, he merely thought that Majendie had asked him because his wife was absent, rather than that Majendie's wife was absent because he had been asked. Majendie had calculated on this. He was not in the least distressed by Anne's absences. He believed that she was thoroughly enjoying both her own protest and Mrs. Eliott's society. And the arrangement really solved the problem nicely. Otherwise the whole thing was trivial to him. He remained unaware of the tremendous spiritual conflict that was being waged round the person of the unhappy Gorst.

But Christmas was now at hand, and Christmas brought the problem back again in a terrific form. For ten years poor Gorst had dined with his friends in Prior Street on Christmas day. His presence was considered by Edith to borrow a peculiar significance and sanctity from the festival. Did they not celebrate on that day the birth of the Divine Humanity, the solemn advent of redeeming love? Punctually on Christmas Day the prodigal returned from his farthest wanderings, and made for Prior Street as for his home. He had never missed a Christmas. And how could they expel him now? His coming was such a sacred and established thing that he had spoken of it to Edith as a certainty. And it was as a certainty that Edith spoke of it to Majendie.

She asked him how they were to break the news to Anne.

"Better not break it at all," said he. "Just let him come."

"If he does," said Edith, "she'll walk straight out of the house."

"Oh, no, she won't."

"Yes, she will. On principle. I understand her."

"I confess I don't."

"But I believe," said she, "if you explain it all to her, she'd give in for once."

Rather against his judgment he endeavored to explain.

"We simply can't not ask him, you know."

"Ask him by all means. But I shall have to put myself on the Gardners, or the Proctors, for the Eliotts are away."

"Don't be absurd. You know you won't be allowed to do anything of the sort."

"There's nothing else left for me to do."

He looked at her gravely; but his

speech was light, for it was not in him to be weighty. "Don't you think that, at this holy season, for the sake of peace, and good-will, and all the rest of it, you might drop it just for once? And let the poor chap have a happy Christmas?"

She seemed to be considering it. "You think me very hard," said she.

"Oh, no, no, not hard." But he was wondering, for the first time, what this wife of his was made of.

"Yes, hard. I don't want you to think me hard. If you could understand why I cannot meet that man — what it means to me — the effect it has on me."

"What," he said, "*is* the precise effect?" He was really interested. He always had been curious to know how different men affected different women, and to get his knowledge at first hand.

"It's the effect," said she, "of being brought into contact with something terribly painful and repulsive, the effect of intense suffering, — of unbearable disgust."

He listened with his thoughtful, interested air. "I know. The effect that your friend Canon Wharton sometimes has on me."

"I see no resemblance between Canon Wharton and your friend Mr. Gorst."

"And I see no resemblance between my friend Mr. Gorst and Canon Wharton."

She was silent, gathering all her strength to deliver her spirit's last appeal.

"Dear," said she (for she wished to be very gentle with him, since he thought her hard), "dear, I wonder if you ever realize what the thing we call — purity — is?"

He blushed violently.

"I only know it's one of those things one does n't speak about."

"I must speak," said she.

"You need n't," he said curtly; "I understand all right."

"If you did you would n't ask me. All the same, Walter"—she lifted to him the set face of a saint surrendered to the torture — "if you compel me" —

"Compel you? I can't compel you. Especially if you're going to look like that."

"It's no use," he said to Edith. "First, she talks of dining with the Gardners" —

"She will, too" —

"No. She'll stay, — if I compel her."

"Oh, I see. That's worse. She'd let him see it. He would n't enjoy his Christmas if he came."

"No, poor fellow, I really don't think he would. She's awfully funny about him."

"You still think her funny?"

"My dear, — it's the only way to take her. I'm sorry, but I can't let Charlie spoil her Christmas; nor," he added, "she his."

So Mr. Gorst did not come to Prior Street that Christmas. There came instead of him whole sheaves and stacks of flowers, Christmas roses and white lilies, the flowers which, at that festival, the poor prodigal brought as his tribute to his adored and beloved lady.

He spent the greater part of his Christmas Day in the society of Mr. Dick Ransome, and the greater part of his Christmas Night in the society of pretty Maggie Forrest, the new girl in Evans's shop who had sold him the Christmas roses and the lilies. "For," said he, "if I can't go and see Edie, I'll go and see Maggie." And he enjoyed seeing Maggie as much as it was possible to enjoy anything that was not seeing Edie.

And Edie lay among her Christmas roses and her lilies, and smiled with a high courage, at Nanna, at Majendie and Anne; and did her best to make every one believe that she was having a very happy Christmas. But at night, when it was all over, Majendie held a tremulous and tearful Edie in his arms.

"Don't think me a brute, darling," he said. "I would have insisted, only, — if he'd come to-day he'd have found out he was n't wanted."

"I know; and he never would have come again."

He did not come. For Canon Wharton

enlightened Mrs. Hannay, and Mrs. Hannay enlightened Mr. Hannay, and Mr. Hannay enlightened Mr. Gorst.

"Of course," said the prodigal, "if she walks out of the house when I walk into it, I can't very well go."

"Well, not at present, perhaps, for the sake of peace," said Hannay; "but it strikes me that poor Majendie 's in a pretty tight place with that wife of his."

So, for the sake of peace, Mr. Gorst kept away from Prior Street and his Edie, and spent a great deal of his time in Evans's shop, cultivating the acquaintance of Miss Forrest.

And, for the sake of peace, Majendie kept silence, and his sister concealed her trembling and her tears.

(*To be continued.*)

SONG TRIUMPHANT

BY LEE WILSON DODD

I

Magic, magic beneath a wind-flower moon,
  Frail, white, and virgin-shy:
Magic as of some ghostly Druid rune,
Some breathing wraith of enigmatic song,
Droops pallidly upon me as I lie
Soul-shelterless to the wan vesper sky;
Droops mystically upon me — a Lamian tune,
Secretly humming, as a smitten gong
Troubles the silence when its crashings cease.
  So now the soul of peace
Stirs with inaudible pulsation — stirs
  To these dumb intricacies
The haunted hours like fearful whisperers
    Prolong.

II

The wind-flower moon snatched from its tenuous stem
  Falls, blown from heaven; the sky is dark with dread . . .
And now the sudden stars are overhead,
    Song's diadem!

III

I am fulfilled of song!
No other life save song-life quickens me.
My soul is cadenced as the strophied sea!
My heart-beats but prolong
The intricate rhythms of eternity!

I am a voice, a singing voice — no more.
Life is a lyric, for life is a dream;
And all prophetic lore
Is but a rhyme the more.

IV

Truth, *truth*, ye cry!
But I
Seek not to fix the colored spray,
Seek not to stay
Wave, wind, or gradual star;
To-day
Is mutable as these things are.
Yet the vast sway,
The under-rhythm — God's pulse-beat — shall not fail.
God's song above God's silence shall prevail.

THE SPIRIT OF OLD WEST POINT

(1858–1862)

III

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

VIII

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

THE happiest six months of my cadet life were those that followed my entrance into D Company at the opening of my second-class year, September, 1860. This period had its dawn when, like silent, migratory herons, our successors, the new cadets, began to appear. And, by the way, the effect of their coming was phenomenal. I remember a particular example of that in the case of "Rube" Ross of my class, a little, serious, broad-shouldered Tennesseean, — his name was Ebenezer McEwen, but we always called him "Rube." He had bristling, sandy, coarse hair and an old face, rather dead fish-eyes and low wrinkled forehead. Well, when the news reached him that the first new cadet had arrived he clapped on his cap and started downstairs on the run, exclaiming, "Hurrah for hell! Hurrah for hell!" I never could see the connection in Rube's mind, although we all shared his elation. When the war came on he went with his state, and I never knew what became of him.

Our abilities had been measured against the requirements of the course, and all of us above the foot of the class knew that if we applied ourselves and behaved ourselves we could graduate. In studies we had emerged from the perpetual gloom of pure mathematics into those boundless suggestions of the distant, eternal abodes of space and the duration of time which are kindled in the mind by astronomy and geology. I had

made friends; I experienced the joy and gladness of manifested friendship on their part, and on the part of some of those immediately around me in the higher classes. Above all, I was happy in my roommate, the impulsive, generous, pure-minded and boyishly ingenuous John Asbury West of Madison, Georgia.

Everything seemed to conspire to brighten the heart. The course in mechanics and philosophy, although it had the repute of the most crucial of all, had some way or other proved an easy march to me, — in fact, I had moved up to the third place in it. And we had all been pleased with the discovery that beneath the professor's nervous, twitching manner, his lean, wrinkled, and premonitory face, heavy, bristling eyebrows, and wildly erect, touzling gray hair, lay broad fields of kindness and sympathy. As for Kendrick, professor of geology, and Benton, instructor of ordnance, they displayed such uniform and natural urbanity as gave their recitation-rooms the air of a welcoming presence. Benton's mild, unconscious blue eye came near being the "single" eye referred to in the Sermon on the Mount. Thus it was that in my academic life the autumn of 1860 was like coming out from a deeply shadowed and, in spots, corduroyed road, upon an open ridge of primeval oak-trees, the sward under them embroidered here and there with golden sunshine.

Its most memorable event was the visit of the Prince of Wales, now King of England. He and his brilliant suite, at the head of which was the Duke of Newcastle, came up from New York on the revenue cutter, Harriet Lane. This vessel, which was named for the stately and distinguished niece of President Buchanan, was captured a few years afterwards by the Confederates in the harbor of Galveston. The royal party arrived at the wharf about 3 P. M. and was met by the adjutant. Mounted on horses specially provided for the occasion, the Prince and his party were escorted to Colonel Delafield's quarters by the detachment of grim regular dragoons on duty at the Post. On reaching the plain a national salute was fired from Battery Knox, the hills echoing grandly with each discharge. The battalion of cadets was lined up under the elms in front of the barracks, and as Captain Charles W. Field — a typical cavalry officer of the day, six feet, three inches tall, with long, dark chestnut hair, and sweeping moustache — rode by at the head of the escort, accompanied by Lieutenant Robert Williams of Virginia, later Colonel of the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry during the war, we felt very proud of them both. They rode superbly, and looked every inch the soldier. The Prince, well mounted, carried his silk hat in his hand, and acknowledged the salute gracefully as he passed the colors. After the ranks had been opened for review by Reynolds, who was then commandant, and who was killed less than three years later, at Gettysburg, and after the officers and colors had moved to the front, His Royal Highness set out for the right of the line, the band playing "God Save the Queen," and later, as he passed down the line, the "Flower of Edinburgh." We were very proud of General Scott as he towered uncovered, in full uniform, at the side of the blond-haired boy, while we marched in review. The following day the Prince came into our recitation room, and, as Chaffee was reciting, he tarried till he was done. Meanwhile I had viewed him at close range, for I sat within a few feet of him. He had his mother's conspicuous, large, open, royalty-asserting blue eyes, he was of medium height and had the English hue of health in his face.

There was another distinguished personage at West Point that autumn, one who has filled more shining pages of the world's history than the Prince of Wales, — Jefferson Davis. He was there off and on throughout the summer, with a subcommittee of the Senate to report on the course of instruction; but my memory of him is vague. I recall him arrayed in

a dark blue flannel suit, I can see his square shoulders, military walk, and lithe figure. Had I known then, as I passed him from time to time in company with professors who had been his fellow cadets, what I know now, I should certainly have looked wonderingly into his spare, resolute, and rather pleading face, — looked as I did into the face of Abraham Lincoln when on his way to visit Hooker at Aquia Creek a few days after the disastrous defeat at Chancellorsville.

On that occasion some one told me that the President had just landed from the morning Washington boat, and was on the train, made up entirely of freight cars. On going out to where the train stood on the long wharf, I saw him sitting in an empty box car, on a plank or board supported on what may have been cracker-boxes. Halleck, with his big pop eyes, was at his side in undress uniform; neither said a word. The President's habitually pensive eyes were off across the water to the Virginia shore. That was the only time I ever saw him.

There must have been a great personal charm in Jefferson Davis notwithstanding his rather austerely courtly address; and it has occurred to me that in it, next to the almost irresistible influence of marriage ties, may be found the explanation of the fact that a number of Northern men, his personal friends, like Huse of Massachusetts, Cooper of New York, Ives of Connecticut, Gorgas and Collins of Pennsylvania, broke the natural bonds of home and blood and fought for the Confederacy. Of these only Collins, the adjutant of the corps my first year, and the youngest of all, met death on the field. I always associate Jefferson Davis with Hardee and Professor Bartlett, loitering in friendly intercourse at a certain spot under the elms at West Point; and from what I learn, his personal charm lasted to the end. A Southern friend who visited him at Beauvoir a few years before he died referred to it, and went on to describe his home, shaded by pines and live oaks with their drapery of swaying moss; and he told me of the way his broad porch overlooked the still and peaceful waters of the Gulf of Mexico. I wonder if, as his eye rested on that stretch of sea, where now and then a solitary pelican winged heavily into view, he thought of his cadet days on the banks of the Hudson, and contrasted their peace with the dead hopes of his old age. He was a great man; and there is reason to believe that, had it not been for the financial blundering of his cabinet in the first year of the war, he might have won a place for his Confederacy in the family of nations. Its days, however, would have inevitably been few and full of trouble; and it would have fallen unmourned, the victim of its own arrogance.

Of the officers who were on duty at West Point, Huse, whom I have already mentioned, became the agent of the Confederacy for the purchase of arms in England and had perhaps the most varied and eventful career of any, — especially in view of the downfall of the South, and in the contrast which his old age offers with that of his classmate, Robert Williams of Virginia, Colonel of the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry. He and Williams were men of striking personality. The former had a heavy windrow of united black eyebrows; the latter had steadfast, glinting, bluish-gray eyes, a long, bowing, tawny moustache and imperial. He was nearly six feet tall, had a striding walk, and spoke with measured deliberation. This Virginian was invested with the notoriety, unenviable and discordant since the days of Hamilton and Decatur, of having lately fought a duel. Such was the force of public opinion up to the war, that this barbarous custom drove officers on to the field notwithstanding it might be repugnant to one or the other, possibly to both, of the parties involved. His antagonist, who challenged, put a bullet through Williams's hat; then Williams slowly lifted his pistol and fired into the air; so at all events ran the gossip through the corps, and I never looked at

his calm face but I thought of his chivalry. He remained loyal. I have always thought that the real heroes of the war were Southerners like Bayler and Williams, who, without a tie to bind them to the North, without a drop of Northern blood in their veins, yet remained faithful to the flag. The struggle they underwent before making their decision can hardly be realized. While at Meade's headquarters in September after Gettysburg, I saw a tall Virginian in citizen's clothes talking with General Meade, and on his departure I heard the general say to some one, "That is 'Bob' Williams's brother."

Twenty years after the war, while on the Board of Visitors, I saw Huse. His hair was very white and he was alone. Williams at that time was a brigadier-general, at the head of the adjutant-general's department of the army, and his name proudly borne on the army register. Huse was in narrow circumstances, at the head of a small private school. Behind these classmates lay two roads: both starting at the same point, one led up to a crest, the other bore down and lost itself in a desert; yet I hope the good angel never deserted the direly fated traveler who went on the latter way.

Among the names of those Northerners I have mentioned in connection with the fascination of Jefferson Davis's personality, was that of Collins. Perhaps it will be recalled that at an earlier period in this narrative I referred to him and foreshadowed what seemed to me his tragic death. If I repeat that he was the adjutant of the corps my first year, every graduate will realize why the circumstances I am about to relate made a deep impression.

On the afternoon of the third day of the Wilderness, Grant ordered Warren, on whose staff I was then serving, to take his 5th Corps and, by moving behind Hancock, to gain Spottsylvania Court House between Lee and Richmond. The corps drew out just as the sun was sinking into the treetops; and as we ascended the hill from the Wilderness Run on the road towards Fredericksburg, the Confederates saw the column through the open woods of the Chewning farm, and began to cheer. The cheer was taken up all along their line. It attracted my attention, and I recollect how, looking backward whence it came, I saw the sun going down like a great copper ball. Lee's army thought that Grant had had enough and was withdrawing to Fredericksburg. But they did not know Grant. The Army of the Potomac had crossed the Rapidan for the last time. We went on our way till we struck the Brock road, and then headed straight for Spottsylvania. Grant, in my judgment, was the only general we had who, after such an engagement as we had had for three days in the Wilderness, would have sent the army forward.

Night had fully set in by the time we reached the rear of Hancock's position. The fire that had burned through the woods — to the death of many a poor wounded soldier of both armies — had climbed here and there to the tops of trees along the line, and flickered with wavering tongues of flame. All was still as death, save for the calls of numberless whip-poor-wills, and now and then the clank of a sabre scabbard. It was a long, dark, and gloomy ride; Grant and Meade with their staffs passed us. On our arrival at Todd's Tavern after midnight the 5th Corps halted, and I sought a place to lie down in the yard — the house and its porch being occupied by Grant's and Meade's staffs. In the darkness I trod on a figure lying just inside the gate.

"Can't you see where you're going?"

It was Mackenzie of my class, and I replied, "Hello, is that you, Mack?"

He offered a place beside him on his blanket, and pretty soon he asked me if I wanted to see Collins, who had been killed, Colonel of the 15th Virginia Cavalry, that afternoon. He told me that he was then lying dead in the garden.

Before he was buried, McConnell of Pittsburg and of the regular artillery,

who knew him and his family well, removed a lock of his light hair for his mother. His grave was marked by his old West Point friends,

Collins had married into a distinguished Virginia family, and was on duty in Washington when the war broke out. He hesitated long, while Love and Country were tugging at the strings of his heart; and was not the good angel at West Point with anxious eyes and bated breath watching the contest? But at last Love won; he took the side of his Southern bride and met his fate on the edge of the Wilderness, just as the lilacs and the trilliums had begun to bloom,—flowers with which North and South have decorated so many graves. I never see the name of the old tavern but that I think of him and of the stars shining over us all. I see him as he was at West Point, invested with all the dignity of a first-class man, and the chief officer of the battalion; and then I see him lying in the garden, and his friends bending over as they lowered his poor clay. I sometimes think that he rose to the very height of nobility, in this: that he was ready to lay his life down for the young wife he loved.

One word now as to the ill-fated Warren. I knew him well; he had been my instructor at West Point and I belonged to the same mess with him at Meade's headquarters after Gettysburg. His relief by Sheridan after the victory had been won at Five Forks is too well known to be repeated. After the war he dined with me at Rock Island Arsenal. He looked like a ghost, and talked of nothing but the great wrong that Sheridan had done him. Only a little while after, he found rest in the grave, begging, before death came, that he should not be buried in the uniform he had done so much to honor. It is a singular circumstance that the very day Sheridan died, a monument was being erected on Round Top to Warren. I hope the generous Irish of Sheridan's impulsive nature prompted his spirit, as it floated heavenward, to acknowledge openly that under the disturbing stress of battle he had done a fellow soldier a great and bitter wrong, and that he was sorry for it.

IX

CADETS AND PROFESSORS

While the gallant records of the officers on duty at the Academy no doubt stimulated the ideals of the cadets as to conduct on the field, yet on account of the barriers of rank and custom which have hardened into rigid social restraints, their culture was without immediate influence in widening and enriching that of the cadets, or developing a sense of ideals other than that of bravery. The professors too, however rare and finely blended may have been their qualities and abilities, for a like reason of military isolation, had little or nothing to do with broadening and elevating the outlook of the corps. It is true, a few of the cadets, whose parents had been the early friends of the professors and the older officers, were now and then invited to dine with them. But rank in the army, as in the church, is generally accompanied by such pervasive self-consciousness that there was little or none of that free, exhilarating talk, so cheering and influential when age meets youth unconsciously, equal to equal.

Let me say in this connection that Grant and Sherman were the only officers of high rank I ever met who did not charge the atmosphere about them with military consequence. While at City Point I frequently joined my friends of General Grant's staff, Porter, Babcock, "Billy" Dunn, and others, at his headquarters. The general, in undress uniform, always neat but not fastidious in appointments, would sit at the door of his tent, or sometimes on one of the long settees that faced each other under the tent-fly, smoke, listen, and sometimes talk; and not a soul of us, from the youngest to the oldest, ever had a thought of rank. Without lowering his manner to the

level of familiarity, he put every one at his ease by his natural simplicity. He had none of the caprices of moods or vanity. Quiet in his presence and natural in his manner, gentle in voice, of absolute purity in speech, of unaffected, simple dignity, Grant threw a charm over his campfire. West Point never graduated a man who added so little austerity or pretense to the peak of fame.

The only door that opened to me socially at West Point was that of Professor French, and I crossed its threshold but once. His family consisted of two or three most beautiful daughters; one of them was the wife of Lieutenant Greble, already mentioned, and the other became the wife of Pennington, whose name is identified with so many fields. Years and years have rolled by since that dinner, and yet I remember two things about it, — a Virginia ham, and a question the professor asked me; and as they come into my mind again I cannot keep back the smiles. I can see the dear old professor (he had very charming, soft manners) slicing a small hickory-chip and corn-cob smoked Virginia ham (our food at that time at the mess hall was abominable) — one that he said an old Virginia friend had just sent him. I can see yet the delicious, cherry-red slices falling from his knife, with their little white border of fat, and I have no doubt that other mouths as well as my own — for there were several of us — watered well at the sight of the familiar home product.

The other incident, which is really the source of my smile, was this: After dinner was over — I cannot remember a single word or topic of the conversation while at the table — the old professor took a seat beside me and asked me if I had ever read any of Kotzebue's historical works; and if so, had I enjoyed them? Well, he might as well have asked me if I had ever been to the moon, and what I thought about it. And from that day to this my reason has been puzzling itself to account for his supposing for one moment that a boy from Kirkersville, Ohio, had ever heard of Kotzebue. As a matter of fact, I doubt if there were half a dozen boys in my whole state who had ever dreamed of the existence — let alone having any knowledge — of the great German dramatist. I never see the name but that the kindly face of the professor, the liquid, dark eyes of his daughters, and that glimpse of a refined household break into view with the freshness of a row of blooming hollyhocks in a garden.

If I could see the old professor now I should like to talk with him; not about Kotzebue nor about the Bay of Biscay, — he had a sermon that he preached quite often that began, "It was a beautiful day in the Bay of Biscay," — but about Blair's *Rhetoric*, with which he tried to open to our mathematically barricaded vision the principles and beauties of the fields of literature. I have n't seen the book for forty years, but remember some broad, intellectual landscapes in it which it would be a pleasure to hear him talk about; for he was a scholar and a sweet character.

Moreover, he might make plain the mysterious relations and affinities that a man's ideals have with his surroundings. What, for instance, have the scenery, the historic associations, the ceremonials at West Point to do, not with the mere matter of its concrete education, but with those high and abstract conceptions connected with it that we call honor and duty and truth? I do not know just how the old professor would reply; but I was detailed as his assistant in teaching the fourth class for a while in 1861, owing to the fact that the war required the services of every officer who could possibly be spared for duty in the field, and I knew his methods well. He seemed to think that, in view of our perpetual use of mathematical symbols, the only way cadets could appreciate anything was by being shown that something was equal to something else. Therefore, in teaching practical ethics he would go to the blackboard and write,

Virtue = Morality,

etc. So I should expect that in elucidating my inquiry as to the nature and source of ideals, he would say in his thoroughly considerate way, —

"You have studied astronomy. Let us then look through the telescope that sweeps the sky of the mind. Those bodies you see floating there so radiantly in the light of the imagination are Honor and Truth; and that big martial planet with the ruddy glow is Duty. Now everything that elevates the feelings, as scenery or historic associations, brings all those ideals into clearer vision: and we have the equation

Surroundings = Inspiration;
Inspiration = Accelerating waves of Sentiment.

And in the latter member I find the explanation of what makes West Point what it is."

And I think the professor would be right. West Point is what it is by virtue of accelerated waves of sentiment.

The termination of my duties with him as his assistant is a matter of record in the archives of the Academy, a transcript of which is as follows: —

"Jan. 6, 1862. Cadet Lieutenant Morris Schaff for deliberately absenting himself from duty without permission from the proper authority is hereby deprived of his appointment in the Battalion of Cadets and will at the close of the examinations of his section in English studies be relieved from duty as an Assistant Professor and be returned to the ranks of his company. Cadet Clifton Comly appointed Lieutenant, *vice* Schaff reduced."

This was by order of the late Major-General C. C. Augur, who then was commandant. The circumstances of the formidable order are rather interesting, and, from one point of view at least, amusing, in that Comly, who succeeded me, and myself were both involved in the same offense, which was this: —

We were walking round Flirtation Walk, a path so well known to every visitor at West Point. It was on a Sunday, and just before call to quarters. When opposite Constitution Island, and near the spot where the great chain was anchored that stretched across the river during the Revolution to bar the passage of the British vessels, a turn in the walk brought us suddenly on two flashy — and I am afraid rather frail — young women, both somewhat haggard, and obviously in dreadful distress of mind at what they took to be the prospect of immediate arrest.

They asked us in imploring tones the way to Cold Spring, which was screened from view by the cedar and timber of the island. Who they were or how they had reached the Point we did not know nor did we ask. On our telling them the way to go, they begged us to see them across the river, which, as it had frozen over, broken up, and refrozen, was very humpy and rough. Of course, we told them it was off limits, that we could n't take the risk. Thereupon one of them burst into tears, and off we started with them. And I remember mighty well a thought that came into my mind as we made our way over the rough, frozen river, they clinging desperately to our arms: "Now, if this ice breaks and we go down and are drowned, what a subject for a Sunday-school book!"

After escorting them through the woods to where they could see Cold Spring, we struck out as fast as we could go for West Point. As we reached the plain near Kosciusko's monument, Bentz's bugle was blowing its first plaintive call for church, — how its repeated chords still vibrate the strings of the graduate's memory! We set off on a dead run, and were completely fagged out on getting to the barracks. Now, at that time, both as leader of the choir and as assistant professor, I did not have to march to church; and being very tired I foolishly concluded to take my chance about being reported absent, threw back my bed, and proceeded to take it easy. Well, my luxury was of short duration. I was reported absent and immediately after dinner was over was put in arrest.

It seems that some one, looking thoughtlessly from an upper window of the hotel, had seen two cadets crossing the river; but the distance was too great to recognize us. This with some other information reached General Augur; he put this and that together and concluded I must be one of the two offenders; but as he could not prove it, he did not prefer charges, and was limited in his wrath to the action stated above. He concluded, however, that the music would be fully as satisfactory to him and the congregation if my voice were not heard in the choir, and assigned me a seat close up to the chancel, thinking possibly that the nearer he could get me to that sacred place the better it might be for my moral and spiritual welfare. Well, of course, I could not make any explanation to him, or to the old professor, without involving Comly and raising a breeze generally; so there was nothing left for me to do but grin and bear it.

It was round a table graced with veterans of heroic records, at a dinner given to General Augur by one of his staff long after the war, that he was told the true history of that morning at West Point. (It is needless to say that the champagne had exerted its usual releasing and happy functions.) The general listened to my long story with the greatest interest, then appealed quizzically to the old veterans round the table whether he had not served me right. All assured him that he had done just right; in fact, was lenient; while one old veteran, who had a glass eye in the place of one that he had lost in the Wilderness, declared, "It would have been a blessing if the ice had broken and drowned him."

Later, I was the guest of the general at his home in Georgetown, D. C. He was a fine type of the old army, and very attractive in his home, where the fire on his hearth blazed and murmured softly night after night, as we sat before it, and he talked of other days.

It so happened that Comly roomed just above me. His promotion, and my reduction to the ranks — though to advanced position in the church — made no difference in our way of life. As neither of us was striving for class standing, despite the fact that both of us reached a staff corps, he would come down into my room or I would go up into his, and there night after night we would ramble from topic to topic as two little idle, barefoot boys might ramble along an old dusty road toward a schoolhouse among the fields.

After a life full of usefulness he lies out in the beautiful West Point cemetery, among whose grassy mounds and brooding monuments we wandered and loitered more than once, little dreaming of our experiences in the life before us, or that it would be his resting-place. He was the most beloved man in my class, and one who had the rare good fortune, granted to so few in this world, of realizing while living the esteem which usually is withheld till the grave closes over. The glee that was so natural with him came with such suddenness into his rather frowning face that it was irresistible, and his spirit of comradeship — he was never ready to go to bed — was so open and sympathetic that his cheerfulness was always contagious. Many and many a time we talked over our little trip across the Hudson on the ice, — now with the Army of the Potomac camped around us, its fires glimmering here and there over the bare, war-devastated fields of Stafford (he was the adjutant of the 1st Dragoons then), — now at Rock Island, — and now at West Point again, when he was instructor of ordnance; and hours never bore away from two old friends on happier wings. And to-day, seen through the veil of the past, there is a wistful sense of the distance between myself and him and other friends of my youth.

By following a road overshadowed by chestnut-trees, one soon reaches the cemetery where he and many officers of distinction are buried. The surroundings, the river so peacefully flowing on below you, Crow Nest rising so near and so loft-

ily above you, the pondering presence of over-bending trees, the hills and distant fleckered landscapes, all bring pictures of beauty and a sense of great peace. It has none of that loneliness, so sincerely solemn, of the out-of-the-way country graveyards; and certainly none of the city cemeteries' hollow mockery of death by flowers and walks and evergreens. And yet, there is sweet, holy pensiveness about it which, like plaintive music, has mellowed the heart of many a cadet. And if, while wandering here and there in it, the bugle's notes came faintly to him, war and its glories faded away; and the butterfly wavering over the graves, now lifting up and around and over the monuments of the great, and living but for a day, seemed a fitting emblem of the vanity of all ambition.

X

CEREMONIALS

The subtly inspiring and enduring part that ceremonials as well as scenery and historic associations play at West Point, has been mooted.

The first ceremonial I saw there was held in the chapel, — the celebration of the Fourth of July, 1858. General Scott reviewed the battalion as it marched in, and Madame Patterson Bonaparte was present. The chancel was draped with the colors, and before it was a raised platform for the reader of the Declaration and the Orator. As the notes broke from the band in the choir and reverberated along the arched ceiling, to be wafted back, as it were, from the sky of the grand painting over the chancel, every patriotic string of the heart was set a-vibrating. I listened to the cadet orator. What a gifted and enviable child of fortune he seemed to me! And behold, at that very hour three years afterward I stood in his place!

There was a very funny incident connected with the delivery of my own address, which I must make a place for here. It was called an oration; but how I would hang my head if some one were to repeat some of it to me now! To be sure, the war had just begun, and I suppose there was the usual amount of sanguinary froth in it. But however that may be, I committed it to memory, and, never feeling very sure of myself, concluded to put the manuscript, a roll of little note paper, in the breast of my coat so that, if worst came to worst, I could pull it out and read it.

While Burroughs was reading the Declaration, which he did well, I tried to think how my speech began, and to save my soul I could n't recall three sentences. As he drew to the end, my perplexity deepened. He closed; the band played a patriotic air; the orator was introduced, and the fellows applauded as he arose in dazed confusion. There was a great crowd present, filling the aisles. It seems a little dog had followed his people up into the choir, and just as I was about to carry my hand to my breast to extract my speech — for my mind was perfectly blank — some one stepped on the little creature's tail, and out came a couple of sharp yelps. Whereupon the whole corps broke into a good laugh, — I can see Comly and three or four of them laughing now. Well, it brought me to my wits and off went the oration with a bang.

On the walls of the chapel are black marble shields bearing the names in gilt of the Revolutionary generals; and there was a reference in that address to Benedict Arnold and his shield, which is all blank save his name. For some years I could ring out the sentence, but now it has vanished like the cry of seabirds along a beach.

I have no doubt the "oration" was dripping with metaphors and similes, for like moths at night, when my little intellectual lamp is lit, they come flying in. And, by the way, there is nothing that the academic board and instructors in my day, save dear old Professor French, despised so much as figurative language. The sudden pallor, curling lip, and "oh

spare us" look of disgust, that attended their woe, were so obvious, however, that a cadet rarely made use of a metaphor a second time. Well, while I was delivering the address, my eye fell on the face of the professor of mathematics, Church. He was scanning me with that cold and distant expression which is to be found in almost every audience. Were I to have given it translation, it would have been in these terms, —

"From all oratory, and above all from *Kirkersville* oratory, good *Lord*, deliver us!"

But not so the dear fellows in cadet gray: they applauded the orator long and loud as he sat down. God bless them all!

The next year Michie of Ohio, the late professor of philosophy, and for many years dean of the faculty, delivered the address, which in its preparation he submitted to me; and I thought it was a great deal better than mine. *There* was a youth whom Nature, having in mind the prolongation of ideals, fashioned lovingly. In her abundance she did not mould Michie, either in figure or bearing, of the distinctly soldierly type; but in his personality she put an immediate and permanent charm. His laugh she made so natural and infectious that the day he arrived Custer gathered a crowd of us around him by exclaiming, "Fellows, come here and hear my fellow statesman laugh." This anecdote will recall to many men and women the naturally agreeable and sunny-hearted Michie, for his acquaintance was wide. His laugh, I am sure, will be heard again, and recollection will bring back hours which he imbued with the charm of his candor, his scholarship, his boyishness, and an indefinable something which diffused sunlight over all the world.

While a professor, by bringing the Military Academy into cordial relations with men of influence and station, with the business, educational, and social world, he rendered the institution a great service and threw a lustre both over West Point and over the career of the army officer as well. In another direction, not only at West Point but elsewhere, he rendered a like, if not a greater service to the country and his generation: namely, by checking that pride and tendency to militarism which naturally followed the victory of the North over the South. During the war he was brevetted repeatedly for daring conduct and most creditable services — a brigadier-general within a year after graduating; but the war had barely ended before he began his sweet mission by holding out the hand of charity and friendship and hearty good will to all Southern graduates who had joined the Confederacy. No one in the army deserves more credit than he for healing the wounds and knitting back the old sweet ties. First Grant at Appomattox, then Bartlett at Lexington, then Michie at West Point, — these three, should Peace ever wish to honor her temple, would be at the very head of her great stairway. In the freshness of his intellectual height and his natural and fascinating simplicity, in his courage, purity, and honor, he came near being the incarnation of the Academy's ideals. And now, in the joyful expectancy of that other world, whose reality he never doubted and of whose glories he loved to talk, he lies out in the beautiful West Point cemetery, and I cannot but think that the Spirit of West Point watches over his clay.

In the autumn of 1859, the remains of Taylor and Gaston, graduates, the latter a North Carolinian, who had been killed in a battle with the Indians, were brought back to the Academy and buried with military honors. This ceremonial, the first of its kind, made a deep impression. I can see the caissons with the coffins, the stars in the flag lying on them, and, immediately behind them, led by a soldier, the horse in full equipment, a trooper's boots in the stirrups pointing to the rear. Whoever first thought of reversing the boots must have been a poet and a great one; for in that one change of direction

he visualized into perfect expression all that poetry sees or can say of the end of life. I can see the drapery of the muffled drums of the band, and hear its wailing music, as slowly, with reversed arms, we marched in column of platoons to the cemetery. The leaves of the chestnut-trees were falling, the haze of October was full on the hills, and there was serious, great pomp in nature as well as in the ceremonial.

When we lined up to fire the customary three rounds over the graves, humor, as usual, was not far away from grief. A "plebe" anticipated the command "Fire!" and off went his piece, followed by a general ragged discharge, officers and file-closers yelling, "Steady! steady, there!" at the tops of their voices.

Before the smoke cleared away, "Report that man in B company for gross carelessness!" cried Hardee, thoroughly disgusted, and with vengeance in his tones.

Of course it was very important to Taylor and Gaston that our guns should all go off together; and the next two rounds were all that could be desired. Crow Nest echoed the volley. The smoke billowed over, and up, and disappeared; and back we marched with quick step to cheering music.

The reception of the colors was another ceremonial which never lost its sentiment by repetition, and which I saw for the first time that autumn. On this occasion they had been deposited in the hall of Colonel Hardee's quarters, — and I wonder whether those quarters with all their memories, that hall and the colors, with all their associations, ever came into his mind as he sat alone before his camp-fire during the waning hours of the Confederacy. After the corps was brought into line for the ceremony, the color guard fell out and proceeded to the colonel's quarters under the elms, where his small, deep-chestnut sorrel stood saddled and bridled before the door. The colors appeared, the guard saluted, and in the hands of the color sergeant, Jones (W. G., of Cincinnati), they were borne to the front of the battalion, which was brought to present arms. It was a beautiful sight; and again I see the flag with its long golden tassels swaying gracefully downward as the salute was acknowledged, the color guard, and the drooping elms that line the green.

Jones was a handsome cadet with softly red hair. Before I came to know him I thought he was the coldest and most arrogant man I had ever seen; and when he was put into the same ward with me at the hospital some time in the winter of '58 or '59, I felt, to use exaggeration, like yielding up the ghost on the spot. But soon we were the only occupants, and before we returned to duty I was as much an admirer as I had been a silent critic. He was simply delightful, and ever afterward, when we met, his smile carried a charm; and when the news reached me that he had fallen at Chickamauga, a mist clouded my eyes. "One of the finest and bravest men who ever graduated at the Academy," says his classmate, General Harry Wilson.

The corporals composing his color guard were Babbitt, Farquhar, Buell, Audenried, and "Dick" Hill. Audenried, whose eyes were very black, his cheeks a mingled white and red, and who was himself the personification of fastidiousness and neatness, became Sherman's aide, and his monument is now one of the most conspicuous in the cemetery at West Point. Hill — Richard Mason Hill of the Hill and Mason families of Maryland and Virginia — graduated in the Ordnance, and we served together at Fort Monroe. He became one of my closest friends. But his days at the end were so sad, that death was a relief as he sighed them away. He sent for me a few weeks before he died, at Springfield Armory, — he asked to have his sword buried with him.

In my day the graduating exercises were held in the chapel, accompanied as now by a short address from a member of the Board of Visitors. The exercises

were very simple, yet the consecration of the place invested them with the impressive and inspiring elevation of a ceremonial. The first class I saw receive its diplomas was that of 1859. With band at the head of the column, the battalion marched in side arms to the chapel, escorting the graduating class, the companies taking their customary seats as at church service. Delafield, in full uniform, with heavy bullioned epaulettes, his Roman nose spanned with glasses that gave him the look of an old eagle, stood on one side of the chancel, the adjutant on the other. Between them was a drum with one of the heads removed, holding the diplomas. The cadets were called in the order of their standing, when Delafield, the diploma having been handed him by the adjutant, would open it and read with deep tones, "You are recommended for the Engineers," or the Topographical Engineers, the Ordnance, Artillery, Infantry, Dragoons, Cavalry, or Mounted Rifles, as the case might be, according to the class rank. The cadet, on receiving the diploma, would bow and march back to his seat amid the applause of the battalion; and if he were an especially popular man, as Hardin, Reese, and Lockett, for instance, it was plainly manifested.

The late General Joseph Wheeler graduated fourth from the foot, and had the corps been called upon to predict who of the class would probably be the last to emerge from obscurity, the chances are that the choice would have fallen upon Wheeler; and yet to-day his fame throws a shadow far beyond that of any one of his class.

In 1860 graduated the class to which Wilson, Porter, Jones, and Bowen belonged, — it was the most popular one in the corps, — and we applauded them well. The man who graduated at the foot of the class, who had been six years at the Point and had just squeezed through at last, was Harold S. Borland, commonly known as "Ginger" on account of his hair being the exact color of ground ginger. Borland had distinguished himself while reciting to Captain Benton in Ordnance by a remarkable answer to the question, "Mr. Borland, how many pieces will a 12-pound shell burst into?"—the average number having been determined well by experiment.

"Ginger" threw his eyes, unexpressive but very blue, on the floor, and deliberated a while; then slowly lifted them to a point near the ceiling over Captain Benton's head, still deeply reflecting; and finally responded, "Not less than two."

When his name was called, he marched up and stood before Delafield, who surveyed him coldly for a moment, then read in his deepest chest tones, "Harold Borland of Arkansas, you are recommended" (a slight pause) "for the Mounted Rifles," — the only thing under the heavens he could be recommended for. The old eagle gave him a beaky look, and then handed him the diploma, whereupon "Ginger" bowed nearly to the floor, came down the aisle with an inane smile, and was greeted with the heartiest applause. As a Confederate major he was exchanged for the late Major J. M. Forbes of Boston.

XI

THE OLD CHAPEL

Not long ago, at a smoke talk at the University Club in Boston, I listened to the architect whose stately plans have been accepted for the reconstruction and enlargement of the buildings at West Point. There were a number of graduates present, and, when called upon for comment, the only building they spoke of as having any sentiment for them was the chapel. All the others might go, — the barracks, the adjutant's office, and the academic buildings,—but when the architect laid his hand on the chapel, there was feeling at once.

It would seem that this is the only building of them all that has made an appeal. Has this fact, so declarative of the

simple and abiding elements of our natures, and, moreover, so fundamentally spiritual in its relation to the real as well as to the ideal West Point training, been given due weight in the determination of the new location? Have the exalting, refining, and glorifying influences which stream from Nature and mankind's spiritual being been overlooked in the reconstruction of West Point, to satisfy the craving of artistic ambition and at the same time pander to the vanities of the pomp of war?

If I am rightly informed, not only the chapel, but the very scenery itself has been subordinated to a strictly military conception of the Academy. In harmony with this mediocre conception, for it is far below the level of what I believe the mission of the Military Academy to be, the superintendent's office and residence are to take the present site of the hotel, thrusting themselves with all their commonplace associations into the very heart of West Point's scenery, in which there is something almost divine. Instead of the Hudson, the mountains, the distant leaning landscape, the dragging mists, the sun-bathed fields, all appealing with immediate address to the heart of every cadet, he is to see a building devoted to not a single mental elevation, and associated with possibly a severe military slaughter-house glare and feverish vanity. What freedom will he have when the superintendent's residence and the adjutant's office are on the present site of the hotel? At every step, from the time he leaves barracks, he will be under the snooping eye of somebody in official life, keeping alive a restless self-consciousness. If the little chapel is to be moved, and the hotel is to be removed, — which I think the public has a right to say "no" to, — where, in the æsthetic sense, should the chapel go? In view of first impressions, should it not go where West Point's scenery culminates; and that point I think is universally conceded to be somewhere near the present site of the hotel. There, close to the daily life of the cadet, with Nature as its auxiliary chancel, it would go on in sweet harmony with the scenery so imbued with celestial peace appealing to his heart, cherishing his ideals, and elevating his courage, more and more, to the high level of scholarship and righteousness. In selecting its choicest spot, too, the country, at its national school of war, would have conveyed its recognition of the preëminent element of our spiritual nature, of God, of art, and of that ideal world whence come our conceptions of truth, duty, and magnanimity. West Point should stand for more than a routine military post. The loftiness of the appeal of Nature about it calls for more than that.

The secret of the precedence of the old chapel over the other buildings in the affections of the cadets does not seem mysterious to me. Two coexistent and intercommunicate realities supply the explanation, — imagination and the sense of freedom. The latter the cadet gains as he enters the door; for there he passes beyond the restraints of rank, age, ancestry, and scholarship. There for one hour he is free from all earthly distinction; and a seriously uplifting feeling comes over him that it makes no difference in his case whether he stands at the head or the foot of the class, — a private in the ranks, or a professor on the Board, cadet corporal, or a lieutenant-general. Nowhere else at the Academy does he rise to this freedom, and once attaining it, his imagination becomes operative with marvelous directness through the objects before him: the shields, the captured colors with their dreaming memories, and, above all, Weir's great suggestive painting, Peace and War, mounting with a sense of great height in the circular space over the chancel, and bearing this solemn admonition from Proverbs on a tablet between the figures, "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people." Thus led on by the association of ideas, mental images rise that transport him far beyond the domain of

drums, and there is established between him and the chapel a companionship that lasts.

The choir and organ loft is over the door; besides the broad aisle there are two side aisles. The latter with their pews are reserved for the professors and officers. The cadets occupy the main body of the church, their gray and white uniforms giving a fine mass of color.

As I have indicated, the painting on which the eye sooner or later rests is over the chancel. At one end of a tablet, Peace, draped in creamy, flowing white, with very dark hair across her temples, stands with uplifted, pleading eyes, holding out an olive branch. At the other, and partially resting against the tablet, is War, represented by a Roman soldier, bared, powerful in figure, and of stern countenance. His look is downward and deeply reflective, while with one hand he grasps firmly the fasces of imperial authority. Near where the arch of the ceiling springs, on one side is a vase with a bit of color, balanced on the other by a reclining flag loosely gathered on a staff, its colors mingling deeply. On a level with the figures, and surmounting a globe rising behind the tablet, is a bald eagle with partially outstretched wings; the steely white of his head and neck contrasting with the browns of the tablet and the soldier's garb. The upper background is faint, distant, and sprinkled with stars.

In my day there were no studied or superficial decorations; everything was freely harmonious, — guns, shields, colors, and painting all tending to elevate, and to carry the mind up to the level of the mood of Peace and of the seriousness reflected in the face of War. It was easy to hear the acclamation of all ages greeting Peace; it was easy to imagine voices breaking from a dome higher than that studded with stars over the Roman soldier. "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."

The shields are of black marble, having the names, dates of birth and death of the Revolutionary generals. Benedict Arnold's is the last on the right and near the door. The date of his death is not given; that event, so sacredly preserved in the case of his fellow generals, had no concern for the American people. He died to them when he set out for the deck of the Vulture, which, flying the British flag, lay off the Robinson House just below West Point.

When compared with its successor rising with towers and battlements in stately loneliness, and at the very front of conscious achievement in architecture, the present chapel is not an imposing building, — far from it. It is small, modest, and low. Four massive wooden columns, with broad steps leading up to the door between them, sustaining a pediment of substantial presence, are its only dignity. But in its secular relations it is fortunate in its company. It has the Library on one side and the Academic Building on the other, and in such close fellowship that it can hear the rain pattering on their roofs and all those varied sounds that mark the life of mortals,—footfalls, voices, and the daily murmur of coming and going. In its present location it hears the laugh of the young fellows who in the bloom of life pour through its door on Sunday; it follows them at drill; pauses reflectively with them while they parade at sunset; and with tenderness, if the impersonation be allowed, she hears their voices mellowed by distance as they sing in the twilight of summer nights; and we have no doubt that, as one after another of her boys fell at Antietam and Gettysburg, Cold Harbor and Chickamauga, the stars at midnight surprised her more than once trying to hide the tears on her cheek.

(*To be continued.*)

THE STREET OF THE LOVE OF FRIENDS

BY HARRIET LEWIS BRADLEY

I

In the midst of New York, behind a high fence and tall houses, a stone's throw from Union Square, and within sound of the chimes of "Grace," is the forgotten fragment of an old Knickerbocker farm. Its little green field can be pleasantly seen from the street; the orchard and garden are concealed behind the fine old mansion which the little green field adjoins. Here is a vine-hung trellis, a lattice summer house, a pump, and a dovecot. A community of hens and chickens stray about under the trees. The place gives somewhat the impression of having fallen into an enchanted sleep, as long ago perhaps as when Peter Stuyvesant's pear-tree was in blossom; and in the mean time an entire city has grown up about it.

All old travelers have their favorite hotels. There are no older travelers than the birds. Some people passing through New York prefer the larger hotels; others, smaller ones; others, again, little out-of-the-way places, dear on account of old association. Some birds, in their spring and autumn journeying, prefer Central Park, and some, city squares and churchyards, and some, the forgotten fragment of the old Knickerbocker farm with its garden, hidden away behind the high fence and the tall houses.

A Baltimore oriole and a scarlet tanager had been reported in the garden. It was the 9th of May. The air was full of fragrance, and every green leaf shining in the sun. Early on the following day there came to the window of a building at the farther end a woman with clear blue eyes, through which one could see the soul of a little child, although the years of her life numbered somewhat more than half a century. On an easel behind her stood a half-finished water color of violets. The walls of the room were covered with studies and paintings of this same flower.

The window was a high one. Below it rose the top of a cherry-tree. The woman took up a pair of opera glasses, peered into the branches, and discovered a little brown bird.

Presently it began to sing.

When the song ended, the woman sat down at her desk and wrote, "May 10. I have just heard a hermit thrush singing in the cherry-tree under my window."

She longed to go and tell what had happened. There were people enough about her, for the building was a world by itself, to penetrate which, a stranger would have found a map and a guide-book useful. All kinds of human beings lived there and did all kinds of things. At that moment, however, they were every one of them asleep in bed, and not likely to enjoy disturbance, not even on account of such a marvelous piece of intelligence as that a hermit thrush had been heard singing within a stone's throw of Union Square, and within sound of the chimes of Grace.

Nor did the woman desire to disturb them. She would have been quite content could she have talked the matter over with her next-door neighbor, he too having a window looking down into the cherry-tree.

II

Her next-door neighbor had not even heard the thrush. He seldom heard anything before eight in the morning. He was obliged to sleep late on account of sitting up late.

His four walls also were covered with

pictures, only in this case they were not of flowers, unless indeed the faces of fair women may count as such, the room being a veritable pastel cabinet, filled with portraits, many of them copies of famous originals in European galleries. There was Madame de Pompadour in her flowered satin gown; the Princess de Lamballe in her rose-wreathed hat; Marie Antoinette at the age of seventeen; her sweet-faced sister-in-law, Elisabeth; Queen Victoria as a child; and a whole company of Botticelli maidens with their graceful limbs and delicate features.

The room was the studio of a portrait painter, given over, during the absence of its owner, to Mr. Benjamin Page, journalist. He had not yet seen the woman in the next room. Knowingly, he was unacquainted with her name or occupation. Unknowingly, he had them written down and carefully put away in an envelope marked "V."

At a water-color exhibition, somewhat earlier in the spring, he had happened to find himself standing side by side with two elderly people, in front of a landscape out of which one could make no particular meaning unless one regarded it from exactly the right position.

He heard the old lady say, "Well, I don't think much of that!"

"Of course you don't," said the man, "you are too near."

"I prefer to be near; I am thinking of buying. I want a picture that will bear inspection. Our rooms are too small to be always looking at things from a distance. Here's another queer thing, a girl without a mouth."

"She'll be all right if you stand far enough away. That's the modern style of painting. It's supposed to grow on you. I believe you have to live with it a year or so first."

"Altogether too long at our time of life," said the old lady; "now, here's something that looks well near to and far off both, and you have n't got to wait a year to decide whether it's good or not. I should like it for our wedding anniversary." They had come to a study of violets.

"You shall have it, my dear, and some real ones to keep it company. We might go out along the Bronx and gather them ourselves."

"One has to be young and limber to get down to violets," said the old lady. "Do you remember the apple-tree that was in bloom that day, and the dandelions, and the little brook in the woods?" — They passed on out of hearing.

Later, reading an account of the exhibition, Benjamin Page noticed a laudatory mention of the study of violets and of the artist who had painted them. She was spoken of as the "Violet Woman," her work being confined for the most part to this particular flower. He cut out the article and put it, with some notes of his own, in an envelope marked "V." In his profession it was well to have a full storehouse.

It was on the morning when the hermit thrush had sung in the cherry-tree, and the day after the Baltimore oriole and the scarlet tanager had been reported in the garden. Benjamin Page came in from breakfast, and sat down before his desk with a number of bird books spread open before him. He was about to write something on the subject of birds in town. He wished it to sound as if it recorded a personal experience at an early hour in the Park. He spoke of the restful quiet, of the sweetness of the air, of the soft green of the foliage. He mentioned the cuckoo, the red-winged blackbird, the ruby-throated humming-bird, the white-eyed vireo, the golden-winged warbler, the kingbird, and the bobolink. Then he appeared to wander into a still more secluded spot, and there to espy a hermit thrush and to hear it sing. He was not sure that the hermit thrush sang in city parks, but thought it might be possible. So he went boldly on, and was describing the song and its effect on the ear of the listener, when a prolonged ringing of the bell brought him to his feet, and out into the hall.

It was no longer the place to which he was accustomed, but one of dense obscurity, of confused murmurs, of dread, of flying shapes.

A strange sensation swept over him. Had the Day of Judgment suddenly fallen upon the world, and no one prepared, least of all himself!

He too seemed to become a flying shape, mingling with the others. He began to descend a stairway. A woman's voice exclaimed, "I am afraid!" He held out his hand. It came in contact with another hand; and the two beings, thus thrown together, groped their way downward.

Somewhere on the lower floor men were fighting a fire. Darkness, terror, choking smoke. Impossibility of standing still, impossibility of turning back, and yet into what were they going!

The stairs ended. Not many steps away in the blackness there must be another flight leading to the street. To which side should they turn to find it! And if they did not find it —

The smoke grew thinner, the air easier to breathe, they were descending again. Below was an open door and the sunlight. They reached the street, and went into an adjoining building. When the danger was over and they were allowed to return, Benjamin Page had made an interesting discovery. The woman was the painter of violets described in the envelope marked "V." She was likewise his next-door neighbor.

III

In the old garden the guelder roses bloomed into summer snowdrifts. One evening, at the end of an oppressively warm day, Benjamin Page and the Violet Woman went out together, going westward through the quiet of Greenwich village until they came to a wooden building which covered the greater part of a long pier.

In the open space beyond, countless numbers of babies were taking their breath of fresh air under the stars: babies frolicking on the ground, babies asleep in the arms of young papas and mammas. On the water, ferryboats with glowing lights flitted to and fro. Over across, on the Jersey shore, other lights were shining. Close under the end of the pier two men, idly rowing about, were chatting in Italian. From the upper part of the building came the sound of music.

"I was in the country at this time last year," said the Violet Woman, as they sat down near the edge of the pier. "I remember walking through the woods to an open spot completely covered with little white flowers. Our coming out among these children reminds me of it. They are the little white flowers of the people."

"I was in Venice a year ago," said the man.

"Tell me about it. I don't mean about the Bridge of Sighs or the Doge's Palace, but about what we should see, if we went on some little ramble as we have done tonight."

He told her of Venetian bridges and balconies, of grass-grown campos, of silent walls, of low-ceiled shops with their old books and prints, of the ringing of the Ave Maria, of the doves of St. Mark's, of the church of the Madonna of the Garden, of the grave of Tintoretto. He described the narrow Venetian byways.

"Some of them have such delightful names," he said. "There was one, not far from the Rialto, called *Amor degli Amici* — 'The Street of the Love of Friends.' For want of other explanation, I used to fancy it had to do with the love of Antonio and Bassanio."

"What was it like?"

"Oh, like all Venetian streets. They are not really streets, you know, only narrow passages. It had high houses on either side, and here and there a garden looking over a wall. At first it seemed to lead nowhere; but it led, as they all do, by a twist and a turn, into hidden loveliness."

"And where else should a street lead with a name like that?" said the woman. "How pleasant it sounds! It suggests another Street of the Love of Friends, — only your Venetian street comes to an end, whereas the other runs through life, and is unending."

"Then you believe in things unending! That is nice and old-fashioned of you. Do you know you remind me of Mary Howitt. Perhaps it's partly because you are so fond of flowers."

"What should you know of Mary Howitt? Have you been writing about her lately?"

"No, but I could easily. When we were children, we had a nurse who was always teaching us Mary Howitt's verses. She managed to get some of them so firmly into our heads that I doubt the possibility of ever being able to get them out, even should it be desirable. They are quite a bother at times. This afternoon, for instance, I was trying to collect a few ideas concerning the creation of the world, the scientific creation, not the Biblical one, and in spite of myself — no doubt it was the heat — I kept thinking of such lines as these: —

"God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
And not a flower at all."

The woman laughed. "Who would have thought of your brain being thus furnished!"

"You would n't have believed it, would you? I can say the *Songs for the Little Ones at Home* from beginning to end. Did you ever see it? It must be long since out of print. I know ours was a very old copy."

"I learned to read from it," the woman answered. "Do you remember a picture of a Hindoo mother throwing her baby to the crocodiles?"

"Yes, was n't it awful! It went with some verses beginning, 'O say, can you tell the best use of a penny?' written doubtless to influence the young in the direction of sending money to the heathen."

"You seem to be a sort of heathen yourself, that is, if you meant what your tone implied, when you accused me of being 'nice and old-fashioned.'"

"Did it sound that way? I meant it to sound as if I were very much pleased with you. I like to have you believe in things unending; I should like to myself; but I don't, — not in the way you do. I must have a proof positive, some kind of a reliable sign."

"Oh, what use would that be! You would n't pay any attention to it, even if it were given. Things of possible significance are constantly occurring, only no one thinks of attaching any especial importance to them, — or else dares not. This is not an age when one believes that there are things higher than human reason."

"This is an age when one has acquired a little learning," said the young man, "and that is never particularly friendly to simple faith. Faith is out of fashion, but it's coming in again. One feels the tide of modern thought slowly turning back to it. People are growing tired of theories."

"The word *fashion* applied to faith," said the woman, "reminds me of an experience I had the other day. I wanted some rose geranium leaves, and was told quite seriously at the florist's that they were not using them any more."

IV

The Violet Woman had been painting a pot of violets. She called Benjamin Page into her studio, as she often did at the day's end, to show her work, and ask for criticism.

It seemed to the young man that she was looking thin and worn.

"I believe you are in need of a holiday," he said; "it's such a pity to have missed the pleasant things of the summer!"

But the woman assured him that the pleasant things of the summer had come to her in abundance. She spoke of the

trees of the old garden, always fresh and green and softening the unrest of city sounds; she spoke of the country flowers, continually appearing at her door, sometimes brought by friends who had an errand in town, sometimes carefully packed and sent from a distance. That very morning, even, a box had arrived containing a miniature fir-tree, a wreath of partridge-berry vine, and little branches of pine, with the brown cones still clinging to them.

"Women are so nice to women," said the young man, looking approvingly about the fragrant room. "It does n't often occur to men to send men flowers. I for instance do not remember having flowers brought me by either man or woman. Keep that in your mind, please, when my birthday comes; only that is rather far away, — Easter would be nearer."

"And Christmas nearer still," returned the woman.

"True, but I was thinking of a pot of violets, similar to the one in your painting. Violets belong to spring; I don't care for things out of season."

"Very well," said the woman. "I will impress it on the part of my mind which never forgets. A pot of violets is to be sent to Mr. Page early on Easter morning."

"It won't be any use to send them early. There will be no one up to answer the bell; and if they were put before my door, they might be stolen before I was ready to open it. On no account before eight."

At this moment a dull thud sounded against the window, and a little brown bird which had met with some injury, and come to the end of his strength, fell helpless on the window-sill.

"It's a hermit thrush," said the woman, as they took him in; "perhaps the very one that sang last spring in the cherry-tree."

A cage was provided and hung above the table, where the woman sat all day painting violets, — violets for Christmas and St. Valentine's and Easter; violets, Neapolitan, Russian, and English; violets that look out of the grass in sunny orchards under blossoming apple-trees, the kind that the elderly couple of the water-color exhibition had gathered along the Bronx in their own springtime.

The little brown bird seemed in no wise disconcerted by the change in its winter plans, but bore its imprisonment in a high-minded way. As time went on, and it recovered its strength, it began to grow round and plump, and to make sweet little sounds low down in its throat by way of vocal exercise. Perhaps it realized that the confinement was simply a temporary affair and that the Violet Woman, who was evidently a person to be trusted, had given promise that it should be set free on the 10th of May.

An ideal existence, this of the little brown bird and the woman; a delightful comradeship. Pleasant books on the table, visits of friends, social cups of tea, and always violets, — yet something was the matter. People who came occasionally used to go away saying how frail the woman looked, how much more like a vision or a shadow than the last time they saw her. People who knew her better and came oftener, noticed the change less, because of her eyes being so full of light, her mind of cheerful plans, her heart of affectionate interest.

V

One morning in April, Mrs. Peters, a motherly person who had charge of the young man's room, expressed her desire to obtain full possession of the same for a number of consecutive hours, that she might give things what is called in housewifely parlance "a thorough cleaning."

Benjamin Page accordingly went out on the morning in question, and did not return until late in the afternoon. When he entered the room his first impression was that his friend the portrait painter had sent home from Paris a life-sized figure of a peasant woman leaning over a

balcony, which during the day had been unpacked and hung. A second glance however told him that what he saw was Mrs. Peters herself, outside, on the balcony of the fire escape, and that he had mistaken the woodwork of the window for the frame of the picture.

Spread on the table was Mrs. Peters's luncheon, as if she had been called away at the very moment of sitting down before it.

Then he comprehended. The window had a spring fastening. The woman must have stepped out and unintentionally closed it behind her. He opened the window. Mrs. Peters climbed back into the room. She was large and heavy. There was a tradition in her family that she had once broken an iron sink by falling against it. She explained that she had gone out to shake a rug, closing the window without thinking, and there she was a prisoner, with no immediate prospect of freedom, the fire escape being one of the straight up and down kind, which she should never trust herself to descend, unless the flames were right upon her. So she had said, "Mrs. Peters, remember when you are at home, you live in a middle basement, with never a chance for a look at the sky from one year's end to another, nor to breathe the fresh air, and now you've got both, though not in a time or place where you would desire them; and it's no use feeling faint from having eaten no breakfast, on account of getting up with the headache; and it's no use either worrying for fear the thing you're standing on is n't going to bear the strain; or because of the big washing waiting at home. Just you put your trust in Providence and enjoy the scenery."

"With that," continued Mrs. Peters, "I endeavored to entertain myself watching the doves and the hens, and then my mind wandered on to the subject of flowers, as was natural, having a garden spread out below me, and I fell to thinking about the poor dear lady next door who is such a beautiful hand at painting violets. When I think of her, I always think of my eldest sister, who had exactly the same affliction, always growing weaker every day, and nothing to do except to continue to grow worse, and sure to die at the end. It's terrible what some people are called on to bear! And I said to myself, 'What am I, Mrs. Peters, that I should be favored with such health and strength and go about looking as if cut out to live forever, and able to stand on this high place without feeling dizzy, breathing in the fresh air by the hour?'"

While talking, Mrs. Peters had made her floor-cloth, scrubbing-brush, and the untouched luncheon into a well-regulated package, and with the remark that she had spent all the time she could afford on diversion, took her departure.

To bear an incurable ill —

The thought of it haunted the young man as he sat at work late into the night. In his dreams he was still thinking of it and asking what there might be in life to lessen life's pain, to make the unendurable endurable. Then, as if in answer, he heard a song filling the room, and the words of the song were these, "the love of friends," "the love of friends," "the love of friends."

He pulled his watch from under his pillow. It was four o'clock. He looked about him in the dim light. Yes, they were all there, — the pictured ladies on the wall, the Botticelli maidens, Madame de Pompadour, Madame Elisabeth, the Princess de Lamballe, Marie Antoinette at seventeen, and Queen Victoria as a child. That was rather strange. It made it appear as if he were awake, yet how could he be with this song in the room, so clear, so sweet, so sure, — "the love of friends," "the love of friends."

It must be one of those curious dreams in which one seemed to be awake.

VI

It was not wholly a dream, as he discovered that evening when he went to his neighbor's studio. The window was open

to the western sky, the brown bird singing. The woman sat by the window, the light from without falling upon the gentleness of her face.

"I once wrote something about a hermit thrush," said the young man, after they had listened for a time in wonder and silence. "I had never heard one then; that was probably the reason I had so little difficulty in describing the song."

He related his experience of the early morning. "Just before going to sleep," he said, "I had been consulting my Italian notebooks, and had chanced upon my list of the little byways, among them the Street of the Love of Friends. You remember my telling you about it that evening on Recreation Pier, and the way in which you applied the name to that imaginary street, which runs through life and knows no ending."

"I remember."

"I was in the midst of a dream about you when I awoke," the young man went on; "doubtless my Venetian notebooks were in part the cause of it. Still there was another reason. I had you much in my mind last night. Mrs. Peters told me something yesterday. She had been speaking of her sister."

The woman turned toward him. "Thank you for caring," she said; "but it really is n't so very bad, not half so bad as it sounds."

When Benjamin Page went again to hear the thrush sing, a water color, which he had not seen before, hung beside the cage. It was of a New England farmhouse, with sloping roof and shaded by drooping elms, — a house that seemed to grow out of the ground like a wayside flower.

"My birthplace," the woman explained. "I found it when looking over some things."

She was sitting with a little old hymnbook open in her lap.

"And did you find this too?" he said, taking up the book. "You must be careful; it is hard work looking over things."

He read a verse aloud here and there, making occasional comment. "They are all so hopeful about dying; everybody seems to be quite anticipating it."

"I am not," said the woman slowly. "I think of it with nameless dread. When I was a little girl, I heard a sermon on Easter Sunday which I thought would always keep me from being afraid. Easter came late that year. There were violets in bloom in our garden. I was sure there must have been violets in bloom in that other garden, where the angel said to the women, 'Be not afraid.' In the sermon we were told that these words were for all time, for all men, for all emergencies; that never, never again could there be reason for fear in the world; that the way was safe, because Some One had gone before. When I grew older, and read for myself the story of Easter Day, I found that the women were spoken of as 'trembling and afraid' even after the assurance of the angel. That was so natural. It made the story seem so true. I should have been afraid. I am afraid now."

He took her hand, and held it, as if he were leading her.

"This is like the beginning of our friendship," she said. "Don't you remember? It was dark, — it was hard to breathe. I was alone. Some one took my hand; and after a little we came out — into — the light."

She became silent.

The young man thought she was resting and listening, for the thrush had begun to sing. Presently he noticed that her eyes were closed and that the hymnbook lay on the floor.

Friends came with their kindly services. Benjamin Page went back to his desk and waited. The bird sang on. Once only did the woman return to consciousness. She asked for Benjamin Page.

As he entered the room, she said, speaking in the old accustomed tone, "It would be better to let the thrush go on the evening of the 9th; you are quite sure to

sleep late, and birds like to be off in good season."

Thereupon she herself seemed to sleep. After a while, those who watched her saw the lines of pain and of years melt into a look of peace and of youth.

After another while a bunch of violets was placed in her folded hands.

VII

On Easter morning, Benjamin Page astonished himself by waking early, astonished himself still more by rising at once and dressing, as if he were a person for whom "Rise with the Lark, and with the Lark to bed" had been a lifelong and favorite motto.

A delicious fragrance arose from the garden. It had rained during the night, and everything was yielding forth its sweetness after the shower. He thought it might have been the fragrance that awakened him.

Going out for a stroll, he met a boy coming up the stairs with a pot of violets.

"Do you know where that is?" asked the boy, holding out a card.

Benjamin Page read the number of his own room. "It appears to be for me," he said doubtfully; "there must be some mistake."

"I guess you'll find it's all right," said the boy, and ran down the stairs.

Benjamin Page carried the violets up to his room and placed them on his window-sill. They were probably intended for the Violet Woman and came from some friend, who was not quite sure about her address, and had not yet heard of her death. Later in the day he remembered, with a sudden thrill, how a promise had been made and recorded in the part of the mind which never forgets, to send him a pot of violets early on Easter morning.

On Monday he visited, but with no enlightening results, a number of florists' establishments, where the Violet Woman had been in the habit of ordering flowers. He also told the story to one or two people of child-like minds.

"Why should n't she have kept her promise!" they said. "What was there to prove the contrary!"

"It was a beautiful thing to happen," Benjamin Page returned. "Of course there must be some perfectly simple explanation."

Deep in his heart, however, he found himself pondering much and wondering concerning the possibilities of the street called the "Love of Friends," which runs through life, — and knows no ending.

THE LESSON OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

BY GOLDWIN SMITH

THE call for a third edition of Mr. Beesly's apologetic *Life of Danton*[1] seems to show that there is Danton in the political air. In fact, some of the features of the French Revolution, notably the rising of the peasants against the land-owning nobility, are being reproduced in Russia. The Russian bomb-thrower is the French Terrorist; indeed, he is largely the political progeny of the Terror. The lesson of the French Revolution, therefore, is wholesome now. Anarchism, if it were triumphant, would not be confined to Russia. Of this there are premonitory signs.

A famous philanthropist of extreme opinions is supposed to have said that the French Revolution was the one happy event in history. To me the French Revolution has always seemed, of all the events in history, the most calamitous. All that wreck, crime, and suffering; the destruction of all those thousands by mob-massacre, judicial murder, wreck of industry, and famine; that letting loose of the most hellish passions on the most awful scale; the Reign of Terror, anarchy, and civil war, followed by a Corsican despotism, with its bloody and desolating wars of conquest; a European counter-revolution as the inevitable consequence; renewal of revolution in France; the Days of June; the Second Empire, founded in sanguinary usurpation; the Franco-German War; the Commune; the movement of political and social progress, fatally tainted as it is with violence, class-war, Jacobinical malignity, and extravagance — all this for what? Because Loménie Brienne and Calonne failed to deal with a financial deficit with which Turgot felt assured of dealing by obvious expedients, such as retrenchment, equalization of imposts, improvement in the collection of the taxes, half of which were going into the hands of the farmers-general, and sale of monastery lands, with abstinence from war. There were, of course, other things loudly calling for reform in the rotten monarchy of Louis XIV: obsolete and oppressive privileges of the nobility, the plethoric episcopacy, the grievances of the down-trodden peasantry, the intolerance of the Church, the defects and abuses of the law. But with all these a strong minister armed with the power of an absolute monarchy might have successfully grappled, especially if the king could have got on horseback, and, instead of riding after stags at Versailles, ridden over the kingdom, to the people of which he was still Providence. It was the financial difficulty alone that compelled, or was supposed to compel, that most fatal of all errors, the calling of the States-General, an old feudal assembly, the workings of which were little understood, but which was sure to be inexperienced in politics, to be filled at that crisis with the most extravagant expectations, and to contain in its popular element all the firebrands. A really representative assembly of notables on the call of the Crown would not have been nearly so dangerous. When convulsion threatens, a government surely ought, instead of flinging the reins on the neck of popular excitement, to grasp them firmly in its own hand and take the lead in the necessary reforms. This is what the Russian government will do now if there is a man at the helm.

What was wanted was redress of practical abuses and grievances, such as fell within the power of a strong government,

[1] *Life of Danton.* By A. H. BEESLY. Third Edition. London: Longmans & Co. 1906.

There is no *contrat social* in the *cahiers*. *Contrat social* can hardly be said to have appeared practically in force before Robespierre, the high priest of Rousseau, with his Feast of the Supreme Being. The influence of the philosophers on the course of events has probably been overrated. The masses could not read. Of those who did read, many probably were literary triflers, dallying with an intellectual fashion. A fanciful version of Greek and Roman republicanism and patriotism seems to have been fully as much the mode as any creation of Voltaire and Rousseau. Voltaire was a thorough monarchist and a devout courtier.

How much, after all, has been gained by this enormous sacrifice which might not have been gained at less cost? In France herself what do we see? Rousseauist bliss and brotherhood, or anything like them? The government is a government of party, or rather of sections, unstable and perpetually shifting. The stability even of the Republican constitution is threatened by aristocratic and sacerdotal plottings. There was a rather narrow escape from reactionary revolution at the time of Boulanger, and again at the crisis of the Dreyfus affair. Only the other day fear of disturbance was again felt, and military preparations were made to meet a rising. The clergy are probably more mischievous politically than they would have been if, instead of being driven into ultramontanism, they had remained national and Gallican, with practical reforms. That relations between employer and employed are still unsettled is shown by frequent strikes and by the language of agitators and the socialist press. In the condition of the peasantry there has no doubt been a great change for the better dating from the Revolution, though the peasant in France before the Revolution was not a serf, as in some countries the peasant was, but free, and master of his own labor. Yet if the picture of peasant life given in *La Terre* is anything like the truth, as with regard to parts of the South of France we are told that it is, the improvement in peasant civilization is not great.

Agricultural improvement and rural civilization have owed something to large ownership where the land-owner has done his duty. Where the landlord is a mere receiver of rents he is a burden. That in France before the Revolution he generally was a mere receiver of rents, Arthur Young has tragically shown us. The Duc de la Rochefoucauld, however, was trying to lead on the path to a landlord's duty.

The cities in France on the eve of the Revolution, so far as we can gather from Arthur Young, appear to have been doing well.

Europe in general was doing fairly well. There had been a respite from war, of which, after the Seven Years' War, the nations might well be weary. Pitt was reducing his military estimates and looking forward confidently to many years of peace. Science was rapidly advancing. Mechanical invention and agricultural improvement were increasing wealth and lightening labor. Intolerance was giving way to increasing freedom of thought. The press was gaining influence. The Order of Jesuits had been suppressed. Beccaria, Tanucci, Bentham, were reforming jurisprudence. Adam Smith had found a powerful disciple in Pitt. Howard was reforming prisons. In England Parliamentary reform was certainly coming, and would have furnished an effective example of the working of a free constitution. To stimulate progress the American experiment was on foot. A strong movement for the extinction of slavery had begun. A general spirit of benevolence and tenderness was spreading. In England it inspired the poetry of Cowper. Over Europe at large, it was propagated by Rousseau, whose sentiment is far superior to his theories. In England religion, and morality with it, had been aroused from torpor by Wesley. Beneficence had possessed itself more or less of several European thrones.

Voltaire had helped to make it the fashion. The governments of Austria, Spain, Naples, Tuscany, Prussia, and even of Russia, had been forwarding reform and progress in their several degrees and ways. Their tendency was at once arrested, and presently reversed, by the French Revolution. Pitt dropped Parliamentary Reform.

To make the ruinous effect of calling the States-General doubly sure, the place chosen for their meeting was Versailles, close to Paris, when Paris was seething with agitation and full of restless spirits, such as Camille Desmoulins. The troops quartered there, or in the neighborhood, yielded to sympathy with the populace, and to the seductions of the courtesans, who played a not inconsiderable part in these events. The officers, who were exclusively aristocratic, were unpopular with the men. The men mutinied, the Gardes Françaises leading the way, and by their defection sealed the fate of the Monarchy. The Minister Necker was a mere financier, totally unfitted either to repress or to guide a revolution. The commonest military precautions had been neglected. The garrison of the Bastille was not reënforced, and the arsenal of the Invalides had not been secured against attack.

In the Faubourg St. Antoine and the low quarters adjoining was gathered perhaps the greatest and most formidable collection of criminal ruffians and desperadoes in Europe. It had been recently reënforced by an influx of vagabondage from the country, which, to complete the list of malign influences, had been suffering from famine. In the disastrous course of events, and through the weakness of leading men, the Faubourg St. Antoine eventually got hold, through its agitators, of the powers of a highly centralized government at the point of centralization, and was thus enabled to impress its character on the revolution. No more calamitous accident has befallen the world.

There have been in different countries savage mobs which have done savage things. But has there ever been in a civilized country anything like the cannibal ferocity of St. Antoine: mangling, sometimes gnawing, the bodies of those whom it had murdered; carrying about heads on a pike; parading the remains of the Princess de Lamballe, loathsomely dismembered, under the eyes of her bosom friend the Queen; carting Bailly from the ordinary place of execution to be executed on a dunghill, while the guillotine was being set up? Is it not appalling to think that the destinies of France, and in great measure those of the civilized world, should for a moment, or in the slightest degree, have fallen into the hands of this worse than savage rabble? Through such a channel could anything good come? This, however, and this alone is "the people" of Jacobin orations, and the sacred source of Jacobin authority. It is not likely that respectable citizens ever frequented the Jacobin Club.

The poor King it was who decided that the place of meeting must be Versailles, on account of the hunting, to him the most important duty of life. Louis was good and meant well. He showed passive courage. He had insight enough to value Turgot, and to see that interference in the war between England and her insurgent colonists was a blunder, as in the end it proved most fatally to him and his throne to have been. Left to himself, he would probably have floated with the stream, and might have come out with personal safety. But he was under the pernicious influence of Marie Antoinette.

France did not much like an Austrian marriage. But Marie Antoinette's beauty and grace at first won for her great popularity. This she afterwards forfeited by her indiscretions, her gambling table at Marly, her midnight wanderings with doubtful company in the gardens of Versailles, her breaches not only of etiquette but of decorum, the sharpness of her tongue, her intimate attachments to certain courtiers which, though really innocent, bred scandal. She, with the bad set into the hands of which she had fallen,

committed the great crime of supplanting Turgot, because, at a time of the greatest public need, he sought to set bounds to Court extravagance. The Queen was now extremely unpopular. Everything bad was believed about her, even the story of the diamond necklace; and her influence in state affairs was the object of intense suspicion. Willful and obstinate, yet flighty and variable, she led her torpid and too compliant partner into impotent intrigue and spasmodic sallies of reaction, in the end bringing him with herself to the tragical fate which has made her a figure of pathetic interest and cast a halo round her name.

What part was played by the Duke of Orléans it is difficult to say. He had a pique against the Court and wanted to spite it. That motive probably was as strong as any desire of a demagogic crown. The duke probably intrigued in a dull way and opened his purse to needy adventurers. He was above all things a debauchee and a gourmand. After being condemned to death he sat down to a great dinner. One is glad to know that a shudder, even in that cruel audience, went round when d'Orléans gave his vote for the death of his kinsman the king.

There might have been a chance of bilking Destiny if a good understanding could have been kept up between the Assembly and the well-meaning and easy-going King. That chance was destroyed by the selfish demagogism of Mirabeau, effectually seconded by the reactionary follies of the Queen. Mirabeau was a splendid orator; in his way he was a great man. His personal ascendency dominated that babel, but his life had been very wild. He had broken not the rule of pure morality only, but that of honor. He wanted money for his pleasures, as he showed by taking it at last from the Court. Nor can his statesmanship be said to have been of the highest kind. He did, as things went on, see the rock on which the ship was being run, and tried, at some risk of his popularity, to put down the helm. But his plan of carrying the King away from Paris to the Provinces, and confronting the issue of civil war, was not very hopeful, while it implied the most decisive condemnation of the Revolution which its author had launched on its fatal course. Mirabeau's death was hastened by debauchery. Private morality at this time in France was at a low ebb. Religious restraint had been killed by the casuistry of the Jesuit, the vices of the clergy, and the reaction against the code of intolerance. Voltaire, Diderot, fashionable writers generally, were unclean. Moral depravation could not fail to act on political character in one way as the strict moral code of the Puritan did in the other. It is an element in this history not to be overlooked.

Compare the list of leaders in the French Revolution with that of the leaders of the Revolution in England — Eliot, Pym, Hampden, Cromwell, Ireton — in character, capacity, loftiness of aim. There was a good deal in Talleyrand's saying that the key to the French Revolution was vanity. Vanity is always visible as a strong motive. In the whole list Mirabeau was the only one who could in any sense be called great. Bailly was good, and he was butchered. Barnave, when he had come to himself, also was good, and he also was butchered. Lafayette sincerely wished the country to be saved, but to be saved by Lafayette; and on the occasion of the mob invasion of Versailles and the deportation of the King to Paris, he seems to have played a sinister game. Lamartine has canonized the Girondists; but to have been murdered by the Jacobins seems about their highest title to adoration. They had among them certainly eloquent speakers, perhaps genuine patriots, but their leader, Brissot, was a shifty schemer. They gave a cowardly vote for the execution of the King. Worse still, they, for their own party ends, involved France in war. On a fair review of the facts it does not seem likely that the allied monarchs would have attacked the French Republic, provoking as the propagandist language and demonstra-

tions of the Revolutionists had been. Shelter could hardly have been refused to the *émigrés* whom France had cast out, and who, whatever demonstrations they might make, could evidently have done nothing by themselves. The invasions of France, and Brunswick's insane and fatal manifesto, were provoked by defiance of international law on the part of France under Girondist intrigue. Setting aside the immorality, nothing could show shallowness on the part of politicians more than the belief that the path to constitutional freedom lay through excitement of war passions and the exaltation of military power.

That such a man as Robespierre should have been able to make himself dictator is a proof of the pettiness as well as the wickedness of those over whose heads he rose. I have unfortunately lost a manuscript description of him by Sergent, the last survivor of the set. It depicted inexpressible meanness. Faculties, no doubt, Robespierre had: cunning of the fox, and in hunting down the objects of his hatred and jealousy the perseverance of the weasel. Of his Rousseauist orations, which at the time told greatly with the Jacobins, all readers now speak with nausea. He was incorruptible, no doubt; corruptible, that is to say, by nothing but vanity and lust of power. An attempt has been made to relieve him of the charge of bloodthirstiness on the ground that some weeks before his fall he had been absent from the committee which was working the guillotine. So he had, very likely because he had marked some of its members for extinction. But though absent he still ruled, nor is there any reason for supposing that he moderated or intended to close the Terror, which, after his apogee at the Feast of the Supreme Being, started afresh, and ended with his fall. A sincere Rousseauist unquestionably he was, and meant, when he had guillotined all unbelievers in his idol and himself, to make the world pastorally happy. In his youth the dictator of the Terror had resigned an office rather than pass a sentence of death. On the same page in Lord Houghton's *Autograph Book* there were a set of love verses by Robespierre and a death-warrant signed by him in the Terror. Sentiment is not a perfect safeguard without principle. In Louis Blanc, sentiment, as all who knew him would have said, was strong and genuine; but in his writings there are things which seem to show that he was lucky in never having command of a guillotine.

The execution of the King was a crime and a blunder. He was helpless and harmless. His attempts, or rather those of his Queen, to get foreign powers to interpose on their behalf were excusable when not only his crown but his life and the lives of his wife and children were in peril, as in the attack of the Parisian mob upon Versailles, and on other occasions, they certainly were. He was, in fact, a valuable hostage. Louis had not dictated, nor was there any ground for believing that he would have approved, Brunswick's manifesto. Mr. Beesly bids us remember Cromwell and Charles I. The execution of Charles I was a fatal mistake on Cromwell's part; but the cases are hardly parallel. Charles was in treaty with the Parliament for a settlement, when by a secret intrigue he brought upon the country a Scotch invasion, together with a formidable rising of Royalists in the South; thereby putting the Puritan government and its adherents in the extremest peril. The enraged army demanded his blood, and Cromwell yielded to their demand. Regicidal passion and vanity probably played full as large a part as justice or policy in the execution of Louis. It was a grand thing to vie with the English regicides, and to "fling in the face of coalized monarchs the head of a King." The head was flung in the faces, not only of the monarchs but of the monarchical nations. In England nothing helped the Court to carry the nation into war with France more than the execution of the French King. Touching all hearts, it had a greater effect than

even the outrageous manifesto tendering French aid to all nations which would rise against their governments, though this would have afforded to all the governments so threatened an ample justification for war.

What is to be said about the execution of the Queen after a trial loathsomely insulting? Infinite mischief she had done, but political error is not crime. What is to be said about the execution of the King's innocent sister, Madame Elisabeth? What, above all, is to be said about the treatment of the poor little Dauphin, torn from his mother and aunt, put into the hands of a brute like Simon, to be kept in filth and misery, depraved by drink, beaten, reduced to idiocy, and slowly done to death? Compare with this the behavior of the Long Parliament to the children of Charles I. Could the men who did such things be other than the vilest of their kind?

We cannot without a thrill of horror even now look into that abyss of fiendish cruelty and crime, the Terror.

Carrier, at Nantes, has nine *noyades*, in which it is reckoned that on the most moderate calculation 1777 persons were drowned in the Loire. At first the victims were drowned in hulks, but afterwards they were tied hand and foot and thrown into the river. The Terrorists at Paris, suspecting that Carrier was overdoing it, sent a young man, himself well schooled in Terrorism, to report. The report was: —

"The combination of three plagues, war, pestilence, and famine, threatens Nantes. A crowd of royalist soldiers have been shot, not far from the city, and the heaped up masses of corpses, joined with the pestilential exhalations of the Loire, which is entirely polluted with blood, have corrupted the air. Some National Guards have been sent from Nantes by Carrier to bury the dead, but nevertheless two thousand persons have died in less than two months of a contagious disease. The mouth of the Loire has been quite blocked up, which prevents food from arriving, and the city is prey to most horrible famine. . . . Carrier, who had spread it abroad that he was sick and in the country, was found to be well and at Nantes, surrounded by sycophants and women, who formed his court and seraglio."

Carrier guillotines at once twenty-six artisans and farm-hands, among them two boys of fourteen and two of thirteen years of age. He was present at the execution, and could hear one of the children of thirteen, already bound to the board, but too small and having only the top of the head under the knife, ask the executioner, "Will it hurt me much?" "What the triangular blade fell upon," says Taine, "may be imagined." The executioner died of horror. Collot d'Herbois, St. Just, and Tallien, if they could not match this, vied with it.

If, as there are monuments of gratitude, there were to be monuments of execration, the loftiest would surely rise to the memories of Robespierre, Marat, and their train.

Carnot, perhaps, claims exemption as having acted by himself in the Department of War, which he administered with consummate skill. Yet apparently he must have signed the death warrants of the Terror. He must have been a party to the execution of the Generals Houchard, Custine, and Luckner, and to the order forbidding quarter to be given to English or Hanoverians. He votes for the death of the King. It seems that he was constantly upbraided with his complicity in acts of blood, and that his own mind was darkened with remorse. Reproached, we are told, by his comrade Barras, he lifted his hands in protest; when Barras exclaimed, "Do not lift your hands, they will drip with blood."[1]

Mr. Beesly would except Danton also from our general sentence on the actors of the Terror. He has treated the case with a mastery of detail to which I cannot pretend, and has no doubt given an impartial judgment. It is evident that

[1] *Cambridge Modern History*, viii, 492.

he is thoroughly at home in the history of the French Revolution. It may be at once conceded that Danton was in character the least bad of the set, as he decidedly was first in ability. It was something to be an unprincipled man of sense, and not entirely without a heart, in the midst of a Bedlam turned into a slaughter-house. As an orator Danton appears to have been very powerful. His utterances are like the voice of the cannon. But he was a Terrorist, though limited. He proposed to make the advocacy of federalism punishable with death. He wanted to do justice to the people that it might not do justice to itself; in other words, to indulge it with a dole of blood that it might not resort to massacres. To prevent murder, as he said, he advocated a new revolutionary tribunal which should prevent popular violence by depriving it of a cry; so that he was largely responsible for the erection of the Revolutionary guillotine. Always taking the mob of the Faubourg St. Antoine for "the people," he urged it "not to limit itself to defensive war, but to take the offensive against the Moderates." He had urged the execution of the King; he countenanced that of Marie Antoinette, avowedly to preserve his popularity. He did not love Marat, but he combined with him and defended him, avowing that he had been one of Marat's boldest champions. He said that "the time for inflexibility and a national vengeance was not over, and that he wished Terror to be the Order of the Day." That by holding sanguinary language he was qualifying himself for the practical service of mercy, seems a rather precarious supposition. His audience would be likely to take him at his word. Of the charge of corruption, which all these miscreants, probably with general truth, leveled against one another, Mr. Beesly seems to have proved that Danton was entirely guiltless. But the charge which of all weighs most heavily on Danton's memory is that of having planned the hideous massacres of September. That Danton planned the massacres, I think Mr. Beesly has shown is not proven; that he connived at them cannot possibly be denied. It is much if Mr. Beesly can show that he did not approve of them. His connivance, he being Minister of Justice as well as the most powerful man of the hour, would be enough to blast his name. The massacres were absolutely inexcusable. The poor victims, fast in gaol, could not possibly have conspired with an invader. St. Antoine lusted for a feast of blood. Bold and strong as Danton was, he showed irresolution in his final death-struggle with Robespierre. In planning the storm of the Tuileries and the destruction of the Monarchy, he had proved himself to be no great statesman. The King had been stripped of all power, but his name was the only symbol of national authority, and the effect of his deposition on the Provinces was to precipitate civil war.

The last stage of the Revolution was the Directory, a paragon of corruption, as American history plainly tells. Its leading member was Barras, the foulness of whose private vices was a scandal even in that age, and who made a large fortune by public theft. This man and his colleague Larevellière-Lépeaux, a rogue who had invented a religion, conspired with Napoleon's emissaries against their colleagues and the constitutional majority of the legislature, packed them off in iron cars, trying to get them murdered on the road, and deported them to Cayenne. In justice to Pitt it must be said that to make peace with these villains was impossible. War was their game and the source of their gains. The conqueror of Italy was directed to "send them everything that might be of use to them." Neighboring states, which they had invited to a "sweet fraternity," speedily found what a sweet fraternity meant. Of all the elements of this scene far the best was the army, which, if raised largely by conscription or hunger, was partly raised also by the spirit of the "Marseillaise." But under the Directory its victories were turned into rapine.

Then in due course came the military despot. He came in the form, not of a Frenchman, but of a Corsican, supreme in military genius, great in administrative power, and as devoid of any moral restraint or sentiment of humanity as any brigand of his native isle. "Peace with glory," he said, was what France wanted; peace being his despotism, while the glory was the satisfaction of French vanity by trampling on other nations. He had conceived the mad ambition of making himself Emperor of Europe, but he was also animated by a Corsican lust of war. This it was probably that carried him to Russia. Lord Russell, who saw him at Elba, said that his eyes flashed at the mention of war. Twice he brought the enemy into Paris. His conscriptions were a tax fully as heavy as any imposed by the Bourbons. The result to Europe was twenty years of bloodshed, destruction, and misery, with the political reaction in Europe generally which the struggle entailed. Napoleon's home policy was of course centralization carried to an extreme, when what France wanted most was decentralization, with a healthy development of provincial life. He restored the State Church of France, as an engine of his despotism, with effects with which France is now compelled to deal. Paradox has pictured him as a great soldier of democracy. He revived aristocracy in France, surrounding himself with Sansculotte dukes and Jacobin counts, while he sought for himself a matrimonial alliance with the royal family of Austria, the very type of reaction. Never surely was humanity more degraded than in allowing itself to be immolated to the ambition of this man. We owe France much; but, it is submitted, not much for her Revolution. What we owe her, if anything, for her Revolution, is the terrible warning which Russian Terrorism disregards.

TRUE LOVE TO LIBERTY IS NEVER FOE

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

True love to liberty is never foe,
And he who loves alone is truly free:
Thus thought I when I heard the pulsing flow
Of mighty music rushing gloriously
Along the channels of unchanging law;
Thus thought I when I gazed upon the skies
And there the circling universe I saw
Moving obedient in glad harmonies
About a central inescapable power:
No sun, nor planet, nor wild comet's course
But owns that sway in every separate hour
Of all its centuries; to that one force
Freely it yields, — as hearts that never rove
But pour their being in a single love.

THE GRILLING OF SINNERS

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

THE American people finds itself today in the position of a man with dulled knife and broken cudgel in the midst of an ever-growing circle of wolves. The old regulative system is falling to pieces. Few of the strong and ambitious have any longer the fear of God before their eyes. Hell is looked upon as a bogey for children. The Gospel ideals are thought unscientific. As for the courts, they seem to have nothing but blank cartridges for the bigger beasts of prey. Upon the practicers of new sins there is no longer a curb unless it be public censure. So the question of the hour is, Can there be fashioned out of popular sentiment some sort of buckler for society? Can our loathing of rascals be wrought up into a kind of unembodied government, able to restrain the men that derisively snap their fingers at the agents of the law?

That the public scorn really bites into wrongdoers of the modern type may be read in the fate of the insurance gang. If, as some assert, American society were already split into classes, each with its standards and its opinions, these robbers would have taken asylum with their own class and, from the thick of their "crowd," would have waved a gay and mocking hand at the wrathful public. Haughty Roman patricians, Spanish hidalgos, French seigneurs, or British noblemen, would have done so, heeding the curses of the commonalty no more than the chattering of daws. But the insurance thieves were self-made Americans, country-bred, genial, sensitive, uncarapaced by pride of caste. Their sense of superiority was, after all, a short and feeble stock, that soon wilted. They *did* care what people thought of them, and so to the grave, or to exile, they fled from the vitriol spray of censure. If only we can bring it to bear, the respect or scorn of the many is still an immense asset of society in its struggle with sinners.

The community need feel no qualm when lashing the sinner. We are bidden to forgive our enemies, but not the enemies of our society, our posterity. For society to "resist not evil" would be folly, because for most of us society's attitude fixes the guiding ideas of right and wrong. Any outrage we can practice with impunity comes finally to be looked upon as matter of course. To the aggressor, the non-resisting community practically says, "Trample me, please. Thanks!" Thus it becomes a partner in his misdeeds. The public that turns the other cheek tempts a man to fresh sinning. It makes itself an accomplice in the undoing of a soul. It is the indulgent parent spoiling the child. It is, therefore, our sacred duty, not lazily to condone, but vigorously to pursue and castigate the sinner. It is sad, but true, that the community is prompter to correct the wife-beater than the rebater or the dummy director. Such indifference to the soul's health of eminent citizens is deplorable.

There is fair hope that out of public opinion a means of rational defense may be developed, provided only we renounce certain false notions which now hinder the proper grilling of sinners.

The fallacy that sinners should be chastised only by their betters.

Sometimes the hounded sinner reminds us through his spokesman that "he moves in a higher world into which we may not enter." Oftener he counters by saying, —if his sinning is *very* lucrative it will be said for him, — "In my place, you, too, would have bribed the inspector, or doctored the goods, or exacted the rebate."

"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone." In this vein an apologist sneers, "Those who are chattering about predatory wealth would not refuse to take over corporation stock even in the R—— properties." The truth is, however, the censor need not take the attitude of "I am holier than thou." What if the critics are no better than they should be? Sinners are scourged, not to proclaim their moral inferiority, but to fortify people against temptation. May not a weak man, untempted, prop a stronger man who is under temptation? Opportunity puts one's baser self in the saddle; whereas the comment of the disinterested spectator utters his better self. If the baser self of the tempted man could not profit by the rebuke of a public made up of men no better than he is, many of us would go blind.

Slow, indeed, would be moral uplift, if the public allowed itself to be silenced by the *tu quoque* of the malefactor. Of course it would be inspiring to be charmed on from height to height by the voices of seers and the example of heroes. But Isaiahs and Savonarolas are rare; and certain practices must be outlawed at once if we are not to rot down together. In meeting new forms of sin, we have nothing to rely on but the common conscience; that is, the deliverance of the best selves of most of us. It is the neutrals, not the belligerents, that humanize warfare. It is the onlookers, not the champions, that uphold the rules of the ring. Not because they are better men, but because they are in a less trying position. So it will be, not the quickened consciences of the principals, but the hisses of the crowd on the bleachers, that will protect shipper from railroad, lift the plane of business competition, restrain oppression of workingmen, and stop the feeding of human seed-corn to swine.

The error that society's castigation of the sinner is merely the assertion of the self-interest of the many.

Back Bay stockholders are assured that Iowa's maximum rate law is a shameless cheapening of railroad services by the banded customers of the road, and ought to be defied. Gas magnates snap their fingers at municipal regulations on the pretext that such ordinances express only the self-interest of gas consumers. Employers flout factory laws on the ground that the legislature stood in awe of "the labor vote." In some circles the feeling is growing up that obedience is the part of a dastard. The money-maker begins to insist that the inconvenient law embodies nothing but the will of the stronger or bigger class bent on oppressing the weaker or fewer, and claims the right to break such a law if he can. Now, this is moral gangrene, so deadly that no one with the infection ought to have place or influence in society.

The truth is, law is shot through and through with conscience. The uprising against rebating, or monopoly, or fiduciary sin, registers, not the self-interest of the many, but the general sense of right. To be sure, an agitation against company stores, or the two-faced practices of directors, may start as the "We won't stand it" of a victimized class; but when it solicits general support it takes the form "These things are wrong," and it can triumph only when it chimes with the common conscience. In the case of child labor, night work for women, crimping and peonage, the opposition springs up among onlookers rather than among victims, and is chivalric from the beginning. The fact is, the driving force of the great sunward movement now on is moral indignation. Not one of the attempts to shackle the newer stripe of depredators lends itself to interpretation in terms of self-interest. In every instance the slogan has been, not "Protect yourselves," but "Put down iniquity!"

The special-interest man ignores the moral energy that inspires the uprising against latter-day sin. He scoffs at a law on the ground that it was enacted by a bare majority of "hayseed" legislators, ignorant of legal philosophy and the fit-

ness of things. He does not care to notice that this close vote records an overwhelming public sentiment, the outcome of a long, disinterested agitation. Or he complains that the statute is "precipitate," and pleads for "conservatism."

"Conservatism!" piled on top of inertia and the strangle-hold of sinister interests, in a tumultuously changing society, where an evil condition may be rapidly worsening while we speechify and procrastinate! Here is a growing evil, — so much blood of brakemen on cars and rails. Give heed, ye legislators! No impression. The legislator removes his cigar long enough to sneer, "hot air," "mawkish sentimentality," "they take the risks." So, on with the slaughter! Let the wheels redden until the totals are formidable. "Now will you act?" No, "interference" would "undermine individual responsibility," or be "unconstitutional." So let the mangled pile up, until, like the cuirassiers in the ravine at Waterloo, their bodies fill to the brink the chasm of selfish incredulity. So is it with the uprooting of child labor. Once the pocket-book interest has twined itself about the evil, the wreckage of child life has to be mountainous, ghastly, and sickening, before the public can be stirred to the point of breaking the grasp of the employers on the throat of the legislature. The same obstacles delay the advent of mine inspection, tenement-house reform, the abolition of grade crossings, the enforced fencing of dangerous machinery. Thanks to the inertia of large bodies and the power of special interests, the relief inevitably comes ten to twenty years later than it should. To add, now, conscious "conservatism," is like setting the brake on an overloaded wagon being hauled up the bare western slope of a sandy hill on a July afternoon!

The delusion that the nonconformist is the real peril to society.

It is human nature to resent difference, and the time was when people could afford to go asunder on the width of a hat brim or the form of baptism. But such stress on the nonessential is sheer folly, now that the times summon us to close ranks and war down the Newer Unrighteousness.

Public opinion as lord of conduct is not old,—less than a century, in fact. It could not arrive until the weakening of caste, class, and local barriers allowed the "public" to form. Even to-day, the American public is too incoherent to make a good policeman. Besides the antipathy between whites and blacks, there is the friction between natives and immigrants, the feeling between Christians and Jews, Protestants and Catholics, the inter-denominational jealousies, the mistrust of the churchless, the gulf between Philistia and Bohemia, the chasm between alley and avenue. Although its class barriers are lower, American society is more deeply cleft by race and nationality than is western Europe. Interconfessional friction is greater here than in the all-Catholic or all-Protestant societies. Thus it is that in seeking to focus the indignation of the law-abiding, we are hampered by a lot of hold-over antipathies. "First things first." To-day the distinction between righteous and sinners is *the main thing*, for upon a lively consciousness of that distinction rests the hope of transmitting our institutions undecayed, of preserving our democratic ideals, of avoiding stratification and class rancor. Yet most people act as if something else were the main thing. They see conduct in the false perspective of a Chinese drawing, where a glance tells you that the man approaching in the middle distance will surely overtop the house in the foreground! Just as in the South the senseless agitation of the race question is delivering that section into the hands of the railroad corporations; just as in the far West Mormonism is a red herring to drag across the trail of some iniquity when the public is hot on the scent; just as "Catholicism in the schools" raises a dust behind which franchise grabbers can operate; so the

divisions and cross-purposes of decent people give the sinner his chance to get away.

It is the honest man who falls into heresy. But the latter-day sinner is sleek, orthodox, and unoffending. He conforms in everything save conduct. No one can outdo him in lip homage to the law and the prophets. It is the law-abiding who are scandalized by one another's nonconformity. They split on beliefs and practices because they care for such things. But men who take the cash register for their compass are nobly tolerant. This is why, in these times that try men's fortunes, sinners rush to one another's aid, excuse and support one another under fire. The monopolists, small and great, local and national, grope their way to one another, strike hands, and as "captains of industry" present to their critics an unbroken front. The security jugglers, from the county-seat town to Wall Street, feel that as "authors of prosperity" an injury to one is the concern of all. Adulterators and commercial crooks rally as "enterprising business men." The puppets of the Interests, from the town council to Congress, stand together as "statesmen." On the other hand, the public they plunder, like Martha "troubled about many things," divides on race, creed, or style, pelts the nonconformist more than the sinner, and lays on a little finger where it ought to wield a fist. Thus the wolves hunt in packs, while the watchdogs snap at one another!

At a moment when the supremacy of law trembles in the balance, when our leading railroad magnate complains that it is not easy to carry on a railroad business, "if you always have to turn to the legal department and find whether you may or may not," how bootless seem agitations to put "God" into the constitution, to enforce strict Sabbath observance, to break up secret societies, or to banish negroes to the Jim Crow car! These fatuous crusades against Gorky and Madame Andrieva, against "Mrs. Warren's Profession," against "anarchist" immigrants, against the Mormons, against undraped statuary, or the "un-American" labor union, or the foreigner's Sunday beer, recall to mind the monks of Constantinople, wrangling over the nature of the Trinity while the Turks were forcing the gates!

In a national war, the common peril hushes petty discords and attunes differing men to harmonious efforts. *But to-day is war-time.* Our assailants are none the less formidable because they grew up among us and walked the same streets. While the wizards of smokeless powder and submarine boat have been making us secure against alien foes, we have grown into an organic society in which the welfare of all is at the mercy of each. The supreme task of the hour is to get together and build a rampart of moral standard, statute, inspection, and publicity, to check the onslaught of internal enemies.

The false doctrine that the repression of the vicious is more important than the repression of sinners.

By *vice* we mean practices that harm one's self; by *sin* we mean conduct that harms another. They spring from different roots and call for different treatment. Sin grows largely out of the relations into which men enter, and hence social development, by constantly opening new doors to wrongdoing, calls into being new species of sin. Rude law recognizes three kinds of stealing, developed law ten kinds, the law of to-day seventeen kinds. By the time it is abreast of our present needs, it will discriminate perhaps thirty kinds. The same is true of other types of wrongdoing. Vice, on the other hand, being personal, is less affected by social change. New forms, like the cocaine habit or bridge gambling, are *invented*, not developed by social growth.

As a disease of the social body, vice differs as much from sin as scrofula from *locomotor ataxia*. Vice encounters barriers fixed by nature; in the end its wage is death. Sin, on the other hand, flour-

ishes if society does not make haste to check it. The unopposed sinner makes his way upward towards sunshine, whereas the unchecked vicious man gravitates toward night. The spectacle of vice, sleek, honored, and envied, is not possible, for a practice that works out this way is not vice. But the sight of the unpunished and unrepentant sinner, successful and honored, shocks the righteous, disheartens the weak, and demoralizes the young, who ought to cherish, for a few years at least, the ennobling illusion that the right always triumphs.

Like a ship with a foul bottom, a nation heavily weighted with lewd, drunken, and gaming members cannot keep up with its rivals, and hence the warfare against vice must go on. But efforts should be centred on the young, training and fortifying them to resist the lure of the perilous paths. It is for them we banish or regulate the vice shops, bar obscene literature, and watch the stage. Not so with adults. The effort we expend on persons who go astray with their eyes open is mostly wasted. Usually they cannot be saved, nor are they worth saving. Certainly let vice be made odious. But when the public exerts itself to stamp out drinking and the social evil, it slackens its war on sin, and, moreover, it simply forestalls natural process. Nature limits at last the spread of vice, and the sooner those of congenitally weak will and base impulses eliminate themselves, the better for the race. The go-cart for children by all means, but for adults the stern command, "Stand alone, or if thou canst not stand alone, then fall!" With respect to hell, there is something to be said for the open door. Self-interest, too, is quietly crowding the vicious to the wall. In the end the hard drinkers will be barred from all desirable employments.

Sin, on the contrary, is not self-limiting. If a ring is to be put in the snout of the greedy strong, only organized society can do it. In every new helpful relation the germ of sin lurks, and will create there a pus centre if social antisepsis be lacking. Then how tragic a figure is a victim of sin! To perish of diseased meat to make a packer's dividend is sadder than to perish through one's own thirst for whiskey. The invalid bled by the medical fakirs is more to be pitied than the "sucker" fleeced in the pool-room. For the man who is the prey of the evil inclinations of others surely has a better claim on us than the man who is the prey of his own evil inclinations.

Men rather than women are the natural foes of wrong. Men burn at the spectacle of injustice, women at the sight of suffering. "White," "decent," "fair play," "square deal," utter male conscience. Men feel instinctively that the pith of society is orderly struggle, competition tempered by rules of forbearance. The impulse of simple-minded men to put down "foul play" and "dirty work" is a precious safeguard of social order. But the impulses of simple-minded women are not so trustworthy. When they smother red-handed bandits with flowers they are anti-social; when they launch into random vice crusades they are often little better than pseudo-social. Now, the rise of great organizations for focusing the sentiments of millions of women has lately brought about a certain effemination of opinion. In the main, this has been salutary, for it has redressed many wrongs against women and children, and exalted the "home" point of view. Yet it has taught us to hail as "a great moral triumph" the spectacle of a corporation-owned legislature obsequiously aiming the terrors of the law at the grown man who gives another man a cigarette paper! In the end, values are so topsy-turvied that a branch of a famous women's organization deems it fitting to ask the President of the United States, "Did you receive sixty bottles of beer from the Brewers' Association, and did you or your representatives send the brewers a letter of thanks on White House stationery for the same package, and what became of the sixty bottles of beer?"

The loss of moral leadership by the

clergy is often deplored; but what else is to be expected, when so many clergymen appeal to the feminine rather than to the masculine conscience? To-day the virile, who see in graft and monopoly and foul politics worse enemies than beer, Sunday baseball, and the army canteen, scoff when the pastor of the indicted boss of San Francisco pleads, "He never was known to smoke or take a drink. He never was seen in front of a saloon bar." In political battles, the sinister interests easily rally the religious people by standing for a "lid on" policy. This throwing over of the vice interests by the corporation interests is the secret of the "good government" that is the boast of latter-day commercial oligarchy. In the struggle of a city to free itself from corporation bondage, is not the psychologic moment always punctuated by a hectoring deputation of clergymen to summon Mr. Mayor to enforce to the letter the Sunday-closing ordinance, followed by a blast from the pulpits when the mayor declines to play the traction company's little game? Not long ago a reform mayor was discredited because, emerging late from his office, he descended into a basement lunchroom, and ate at the same counter with street-walkers and night-birds. The pastors of the strait-laced magnates who had never stooped to anything worse than stealing a street were scandalized at the mayor's elbow-touch with disreputables, and appealed with success to the ossified Puritanism of their flock.

Our moral pace-setters strike at bad personal habits, but act as if there was something sacred about money-making; and, *seeing that the master iniquities of our time are connected with money-making*, they do not get into the big fight at all. The child-drivers, monopoly-builders, and crooked financiers have no fear of men whose thought is run in the moulds of their grandfathers. Go to the tainted money colleges, and you will learn that Drink, not Graft, is the nation's bane. Visit the religious societies for young men, and you will find personal correctness exalted above the social welfare.

The standards the old Puritans battled for are now established. Organized opposition to them has ceased, and the tide of battle has rolled away to a new quarter. Satan's main onset to-day is on the side of sin, rather than on the side of vice. Therefore the strategy of the situation summons society to draft off more of its forces to the aid of the "social Puritans." Are the accredited leaders of moral sentiment good generals in so heavily shelling the trenches of vice? Are they not slow in recognizing the key positions in the Holy War of to-day?

Let him who doubts where the battle rages mark how fares the assailant of sins. To-day there is little risk in letting fly at the red light. What an easy mark is the "tenderloin"! Where is the clergyman, teacher, or editor, who can be unseated by banded saloon-keepers, gamblers, and madames? Their every "knock" is a boost. If you want a David-and-Goliath fight, you must attack the powers that prey, not on the vices of the lax but on the necessities of the decent. The deferred-dividend graft, the "yellow dog" fund, the private-car iniquity, the Higher Thimble-rig, far from turning tail and slinking away beaten, like the vice-caterers, confront us rampant, fire-belching, sabre-toothed, and razor-clawed. They are able to gag critics, hobble investigators, hood the press, and muzzle the law. Drunk with power, in office and club, in church and school, in legislature and court, they boldly make their stand, ruining the innocent, shredding the reputations of the righteous, destroying the careers and opportunities of their assailants, dragging down pastor and scholar, publicist and business man, from livelihood and influence, unhorsing alike faithful public servant, civic champion, and knight-errant of conscience, and all the while gathering into loathsome captivity the souls of multitudes of young men. Here is a fight where blows are rained, and armor dinted, and wounds succored,

and laurels won. If a sworn champion of the right will prove he is a man and not a dummy, let him go up against these!

Because society develops, comes into new situations, runs into strange perils, finds old foes with new faces and enemies masquerading as friends, it is folly to train its guns ever on the same spot. Yesterday's battle-cries of conscience cannot thrill us, and so the battle-cries of to-day may have little meaning for our children's children. They, perhaps, will be worrying about the marriage of the tainted, or the two-child system. Every age has to reconnoitre its foes and mark where they are massing. Like a rudderless steamer on a river of savage Africa, society, caught in the current of evolution, dips, lurches, drifts, swings, exposing now port, now starboard, to the missiles of fresh enemies that present themselves in strange guise at every turn of the stream.

THE STATESMANSHIP OF CAVOUR

II

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

Camillo Benso, — Count Cavour, — who now, in 1848, rose rapidly above Piedmont and Italy, attracting the attention of all Europe, had been born in 1810, under the Napoleonic supremacy. Curiously connecting him with that period was his baptism, when he was held at the font by Napoleon's sister, Pauline, and received his first name from that of her husband, Camillo Borghese, at that time Napoleon's lieutenant in Piedmont.

The family of the young count was ancient and honorable, his father a marquis in high public employ and a sympathizer with the old régime; his mother, though a Catholic, descended from Swiss Protestants. Of his near relatives, uncles, aunts, cousins, some were among the highest nobility of Paris and some among that body of liberal thinkers who gave distinction to Geneva. Among the former was the ducal family of Clermont Tonnerre; among the latter, the De la Rives. Among his remoter kinsfolk were men eminent in science and in official life, some conservative, some radical, but all respected as patriotic thinkers; and his constant intercourse with them, the discussions he heard among them, their debates on current questions in which he joined, counted for much in his development, moral and intellectual.

As a second son, his rights to rank and fortune were greatly limited, and he seemed to rejoice that this was so. At ten years of age he was entered at the military academy at Turin, and at sixteen was graduated with especial distinction, receiving a lieutenancy of engineers, an honor rarely bestowed on one so young. An aristocrat in any evil sense he was not. Though never a demagogue in his utterances, his tendencies were, in the truest sense, democratic. Though made a page at the royal court at the age of fourteen, he so disliked court etiquette and made this feeling so evident, that he was soon discharged. His tastes were for mathematics, which, both then and in his after life, he pursued far, and also for history, political economy, and social science, and for the English language, as giving, at that time, one of the best keys to these. French he spoke with ease from his childhood, and English he came to speak, at a later period, with much fluency.

As an engineer he was assigned to various duties, — mainly at Genoa, — and, though devoted to mathematics and social science, he did his practical work thoroughly well. But now came trouble. It was the period of the lowest debasement of Italy, and the period also of the second French Revolution, in 1830, which relieved France forever from the elder Bourbons. Naturally he brooded over the iniquities and absurdities which he saw about him, jotted down his reflections from time to time, and let his thoughts be known; as a result he was banished to nominal duties in the mountain districts, and, finally, to virtual imprisonment in the Alpine fortress of Bard, where, during eight months, his companions were of the rudest.

Returning from this captivity, he abandoned his military career, despite the bitter regret of his family. Charles Albert had just come to the throne of Piedmont, and, in view of his mysticism and vacillation, no chance of any public career for a man of liberal views was visible; indeed, the new king had already indicated his hostility to Cavour, declaring him the most dangerous man in the kingdom. Cavour therefore asked permission to take charge of one of the family estates, and became a farmer. At the beginning he was ignorant of the simplest rudiments of agriculture; but his power of thought and work now showed itself, and, before long, he attracted attention far and near by his success in this new profession. From the first, he applied scientific methods, but always under the control of that sound, strong common sense which afterward became so important a factor in his political and diplomatic activity. To the end of his life he cherished the love for farming thus begun, and even in the midst of his most active political services afterward, he continued the steady improvement of agriculture, and thereby deserved well of his country.

But this was by no means all. His activity seemed boundless. While managing great estates and bringing under cultivation large districts hitherto worthless, he established manufactories, mills, a railway, a line of steamers on the Lago Maggiore, a bank at Turin, and much besides. For a wonder, his enterprises succeeded; nine men out of ten, taking up so many avocations, would have ruined themselves and all their friends; but in all this work his foresight, his insight, and, above all, his keen, strong common sense carried him through triumphantly. Though caring little for money, refusing, in one instance, a great bequest, which he might have accepted most honorably, he accumulated in his various enterprises a large private fortune.

During seventeen years — the years between the resignation of his position in the army, in 1831, and the great revolutionary outbreak in Europe in 1848 — he threw himself fully into this practical work. Political life there was none which he cared for: — he was excluded from state service by the prejudices of the king, the aristocracy, and the clergy, but, most of all, by his own self-respect. His high rank, connections, and abilities made him eligible for the foremost offices of the monarchy, but an office-seeker he could not be; for office in itself, or for its emoluments he cared nothing; for power as such he cared nothing; and this was his spirit to the last hour of his life; for office and power he cared only as a means of enforcing his ideas for the good of Italy.

Despite his attention to work remote from political activity, he was constantly under grave and annoying suspicions, both from the government of his own country and from that of Austria. In 1833 the Director General of Police at Milan issued instructions to public officials at the frontier, warning them to be on the watch against one Camillo di Cavour, who "in spite of his youth, is already deeply corrupted in his political principles."

Still, even under the ban thus laid upon him, both by his own country and by its

enemies, and in the midst of all this practical work so remote from politics, he had prophetic dreams. At this very time, he wrote a letter to an intimate friend, in which he said, "I can assure you that I shall make my way. I own that I am enormously ambitious, and when I am minister I hope to justify my ambitions. In my dreams I see myself already minister of the Kingdom of Italy." And this was written when he was twenty-four, when a "Kingdom of Italy" seemed utterly impossible, and the very mention of it was widely considered treasonable.

Yet, during all those seventeen years, he was preparing himself for far higher service. In the intervals of business he made extended journeys and long stays in Switzerland, France, and England. Visiting Paris, he entered fully into the society of the foremost thinkers, writers, and statesmen, discussed current political problems with them, frequented the parliamentary bodies and studied closely their procedure, attended lectures by the foremost men of science at the Sorbonne and elsewhere, examined thoroughly farms, factories, mines, prisons, — every sort of man or place likely to give him knowledge of value to his country.

In England, also, he made vigorous studies, especially of parliamentary procedure, methods in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, dealings with pauperism, crime, and every branch of national economy. He also devoted himself, early and late, to British history, — studying carefully, not only the dealings of living statesmen with large questions, but the struggle of Pitt with Napoleon, of Chatham with the Bourbons, and even the policy of Cromwell and the Stuarts in its relations to British freedom and power.

Thus he absorbed ideas of Anglo-Saxon liberty, and strengthened his faith in free government; in after years this became of vast value to his country, but it brought at first some obloquy, and, especially, the nickname of "My Lord Camillo." Though there was never a nobleman who cared less for distinctions of rank, and prized more highly eminence in character and attainment and patriotic service, this nickname, for a time, served well the purposes of knaves and fools, for, during a considerable period, it aided in making him the most unpopular man in his country.

Returning home, he redoubled his efforts to improve agriculture, manufactures and commerce, and, what was yet more important at that epoch, to promote discussion, economic and political. To this end he founded an agricultural club and even a "whist club," — mainly for the purpose of bringing together thinking men, — published articles in newspapers and reviews, and, among these, studies on agriculture, pauperism, and above all, in 1846, in the Paris *Revue Nouvelle*, a masterly article on railways. That was the period when railway development on the continent was beginning, and beginning very slowly. Franz List, one of the most gifted of political thinkers, had urged it in Germany, failed, and died impoverished and broken-hearted. But Cavour was of sterner stuff; he aroused thought throughout Europe, but especially in Italy, for he dwelt upon the value of railway communication as an agency in the conveyance, not merely of bales and boxes, but of ideas. That which led various Italian princelings and, above all, the Papal Government, to hate them, led him to promote them, for he recognized in these communications a power not only for the introduction of better ideas but also for the unification of his country.[1]

In the midst of all this work, which required an amazing activity, he found time to cultivate some beautiful friendships and to keep up correspondences which remain among the treasures of literature. His letters to the elder De la Rive, wise,

[1] For a very striking passage regarding the early foresight of Cavour in promoting railways, and its effect upon Italian unity, see Zanichelli, introduction to *Gli Scritti del Conte di Cavour*, Bologna, 1892, p. xlv.

witty, suggestive, are among these; but most striking, perhaps, of all, is his correspondence with the Countess de Circourt. She was of Russian birth, married to a man of eminence in France, and, though she was a hopeless invalid, her *salon* at Paris was the centre of a large circle of eminent men of various nationalities, among whom was Cavour. With her he found time to discuss all sorts of subjects, grave and gay, light and severe; and their letters, as given to the world by Count Nigra (in his early life one of Cavour's secretaries, since so distinguished as ambassador to France and to Austria, and, more recently, as president of the Italian delegation at the Peace Conference of The Hague), throw a beautiful light into the depths of Cavour's character.[1]

In December, 1847, he founded, at Turin, a newspaper, — *The Resurrection*, — *Il Risorgimento*, — and he pressed into the service with him a majority of the leading thinkers of upper Italy, and chief among them, Cesare Balbo, who had already done so much for his country with his famous pamphlet, the *Speranze d'Italia*.

As a writer, Cavour felt himself lacking much. He confessed that he had never had any adequate training in literature, and his writings certainly lacked largely the beauty which made so many of his contemporaries famous; but his patriotism broke through all obstacles. His style, rough at times but always clear and forcible, held his readers; his knowledge of events and his experience among men convinced them, and his earnestness, rising at times into fervent eloquence, conquered them.[2]

At first he wrote mainly on large subjects, economical and social, of general value to his country; but more and more he turned to political questions, and was soon recognized as a leader. He was neither a demagogue nor a doctrinaire. He avoided revolution and revolutionary methods; but he believed in revolution when nothing short of it would do, and when it could be controlled by men of thought and knowledge. He believed in the steady development of better institutions rather than in vague declamation, in open discussion rather than in conspiracy, and in right reason rather than in fanaticism. He hated the despotism, not only of tyrants but of mobs, and he disbelieved hardly less profoundly in carbonarism and the plots of Mazzini than in the methods of Francis of Austria and Ferdinand of Naples.

Opposed to him were extremists on both sides, — men calling themselves "Monarchists," who had ruined or were destined to ruin every monarch who trusted to them; and men calling themselves "Democrats," or "Republicans," who had brought to naught every effort in Europe for rational liberty. Revolution was to him the last remedy in the most dire extremity.

Therefore it was, as we have seen, that, when the revolutionary leaven of 1848 began working throughout Europe, and revolutionists in Genoa and elsewhere began declaiming in favor of this or that quackish panacea, Cavour, to save liberty from mobs on one side and monarchy on the other, threw all his power into an effort to secure a constitution. His success was immediate, and the *Statuto*, advocated by him and issued by King Charles Albert, became at once the corner-stone of Piedmontese liberty, and, finally, of Italian liberty and unity.

The *Statuto* was no mere makeshift, no worthless promise made by a despot in trouble. Promises made by the Bourbons had come to count for nothing, and promises made by Hapsburgs were little better; pledges from either of these houses had come to be regarded much like those made two centuries before, by Charles the First of England, who had

[1] For the De Circourt correspondence, see the English translation by Butler, London, 1894.

[2] For a brief but excellent statement regarding the influence of Cavour's life as a journalist upon his life as a statesman, see Zanichelli, *Cavour*, pp. 166 and following.

lied to all parties until it was found that putting him to death was the only remedy. But a promise from the House of Savoy was of sterling value, not only in the eyes of Italy, but of Europe. How much it meant was to be seen later, not only in Italy but in Spain and throughout Europe.

The revolutionary movement in Europe spread rapidly and irresistibly. Louis Philippe fled from his throne in France, the King of Prussia was humiliated by the mob in his capital; from every part of Europe despots, great or small, rumbled along the high-roads toward England.

In this general scramble for safety, absolute rulers began to offer reforms and even constitutions, but, erelong, nearly all the petty princelings of Italy fled from their states. Even Rome moved. Pope Pius offered, finally, various reforms, among them a ministry containing, for a wonder, three laymen, and even a parliament, — but this parliament subject to a secret committee of cardinals.

Best of all for Italy was the revolution at Vienna. Milan and Venice rose immediately, and each drove out the Austrian oppressor; Italian patriotism seemed irresistible, and the whole nation rose in aid of these two city-centres of effort for national independence.

Up to this time Cavour had in all his work sought to develop Italian resources, to promote education, to stimulate the arts of peace, to resist everything like revolution. Now comes a sudden change. In all his utterances he is now for war; he declares that, no matter how inferior in forces Piedmont may be, she must march to the aid of Milan and Venice.

To this pressure King Charles Albert yielded, marched his troops against Austria, was, in the first main battle, — Goito, — successful, and entered Milan as a conqueror. As he had promised, his sons supported him bravely. Of one of them, the world was destined to hear much, — as Victor Emmanuel II; the world now began to hear also of one Joseph Garibaldi, fighting in the mountains at the head of volunteers.

But King Charles Albert was no general; his first victory was not vigorously followed up, and calamities came on all sides. Pope Pius, having yielded to the Roman people so far as to send troops to keep the Austrians out of his dominions, began to show an utter unwillingness to do more; he would give no further help to his fellow Italians rebelling against his old friend Austria. Ferdinand of Naples, who had at first, after the Neapolitan-Bourbon fashion, made every sort of patriotic pledge and proclamation, and had sent ships and troops against Austria, now turned traitor and secretly issued instructions to his admirals and generals, nullifying all their patriotic efforts; other Italian princelings followed his example; in the minds of all these rulers there was working not only a hatred of constitutional liberty, but a jealousy of Piedmont as the head of the new movement, — as the kingdom whose monarch had begun to lead Italy to victory and who might profit by it.

But there came things worse by far than these, — political fooleries of the sort which have generally ruined revolutions. At Milan, the great centre of Lombardy, after days of heroic bravery, came a reign of utter folly, — long and bitter discussions as to what sort of government should be established when Italian liberty should be finally achieved, demands for a constituent assembly, for a convention, for all the fine things which had thitherto brought every European revolution to ruin. It was a folly only comparable with the scenes at Constantinople, nearly five hundred years before, when the leaders gave their time to impassioned debates on theological points, while the Turks were storming the walls of the city. Nor was this all. At Rome things were even worse. Pius IX had wisely selected, as the head of his cabinet, Pellegrino Rossi, a political thinker whose abilities had received the highest recognition in Switzerland and France, a states-

man who, though a refugee from Italy, had been made an ambassador at Rome, by the government of Louis Philippe. No thinking man denied Rossi's high character and great ability, and it was certain that all his influence would be thrown in behalf of constitutional liberty; but meantime had come declarations of schemers and dreamers, demanding fruit on the day the tree was planted, stimulating every sort of outbreak, glorifying every growth of quackery, demanding "government by the people," —by which they meant the sovereignty of the city mob, — and denouncing Rossi as an incarnation of evil.

The natural result of such denunciations followed, — the same result of unlimited calumny which our own Republic has seen in the deaths of Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley. Rossi was assassinated at the door of Parliament, and the Pope, a prisoner at the Quirinal, insulted, terrified, gave up all hope or effort for liberty and fled to Gaëta. From that date, through his entire reign, the longest in the history of the Papacy, Pope Pius remained an utter disbeliever in free government; and not only this but a disbeliever in all freedom of thought, destined, in his famous "Encyclical," to make the most reactionary declaration against everything like human freedom which the world has ever known.[1]

[1] For interesting and brilliant descriptions and statements of the various episodes in the struggle both before and after the battle of Novara, see W. R. Thayer, *The Dawn of Italian Independence*, Boston, 1899.

For a convincing exhibition of these revolutionary follies, see Cantu, *Histoire des Italiens*, vol. 12, livre 18. For some redeeming characteristics of the Italian revolutionists, see Countess Martinengo Cesaresco, *Italian Characters*, especially the chapters on Bassi, Bixio, and others.

For a succinct but striking picture of the earlier political follies of the mob at Milan in Bonaparte's time see Lemmi, *Le Origini del Risorgimento Italiano*, pp. 118 and following. For curious details regarding the earlier patriotic activity of Rossi in Italy see same, pp. 427 and 437.

Thus it was that "the fool reformer" — the worst plague of thinking statesmen, in all times — had done the work of Austria and the Italian tyrants thoroughly, — as thoroughly as did similar "reformers" in Russia thirty years later, when they assassinated Alexander II., the Czar Emancipator, in the midst of his efforts to give his people constitutional liberty, — and as they are doing it now, under Nicholas II. At this cruel murder of Rossi, all Europe and, indeed, all the world, was disheartened and even disgusted. Charles Albert tried to fight on, but, in July of 1848, at the Battle of Custozza, he was overcome and there came a truce. Now was the time to call in Cavour; but the king still distrusted him, the people misunderstood him, the Turin mob had its way, another period of political folly set in, and, as a result, the Piedmontese army marched once more against Austria, and in March, 1849, at Novara, was soundly and thoroughly beaten. The king abdicates his throne, even on the battlefield, takes refuge in Portugal, and soon dies. Full reaction succeeds throughout Italy, and, indeed, throughout Europe. Austria, in spite of her own troubles elsewhere, is jubilant in Italy. Again her troops enter Milan and Venice; still worse, if possible, a French garrison enters Rome, nominally to control reformers of the sort who had murdered Rossi; and there it remained for nearly twenty years.

All seemed lost. Piedmont, under its new king, Victor Emmanuel II, seemed utterly at the mercy of Austria. The material distress of the little kingdom was of the greatest, but, in spite of it, she showed a moral elevation which from the first indicated that she would finally rise above all this calamity; and the main agent in this new effort was Cavour. Up to this time, though recognized as a powerful journalist and man of affairs, he had taken no official part in political life. He had been a candidate for election to parliament and had been beaten; but the people, taught by adversity, see-

ing that his counsels had been prompted by patriotic foresight, finally elected him. The new king's ministry was led by D'Azeglio, but, at last, after various ministerial changes, came a personal catastrophe which ended in a way most unexpected.

Holding the Departments of Agriculture, Commerce, and the Navy in the ministry was Santa Rosa, a patriotic writer and scholar, respected and beloved throughout the kingdom. Suddenly, in August, 1850, he was taken with mortal illness. As a writer he had been one of Cavour's main colleagues in the editorial work of the *Risorgimento;* as a minister he had aided to carry out one of Cavour's main ideas, by bringing into Parliament a bill abolishing the mediæval powers of ecclesiastical tribunals. Against this, though the Church had long before agreed to a similar reform in France, there came fierce ecclesiastical protests, and, in his dying hours, Santa Rosa, though a devout Catholic, was refused the last sacraments, by order of Monsignor Fransoni, the Archbishop of Turin. To men of these days such a matter would seem of the least possible consequence, but, to the devout populace of Turin, it seemed an awful catastrophe and they held the archbishop responsible for it. The hatred thus engendered lasted long. It was brought to bear in various ways upon those whose petty spite had caused it and upon the Church at large, but its most noteworthy immediate result was that patriotic pressure now obliged the young king to name Cavour as Santa Rosa's successor. The king yielded gracefully, but with the jocose warning to all the other ministers that Cavour would some day occupy all their places. As we shall see, this prediction proved virtually true: with the exception of one ministry, that of Justice, Cavour was destined, at various periods, to occupy all the positions in the royal cabinet, and not infrequently several of them at the same time.

Various difficulties followed; but the country soon recognized Cavour as its leader. The special work of his new office was done admirably. The Department of Agriculture he developed as never before; commerce and manufactures he strengthened by the most intelligent scientific and practical methods; as to the navy, there came a stroke of genius, for he placed the great naval arsenal at Spezzia. People complained that it was on the extreme edge of the Piedmontese dominions; but he made little if any reply, treasuring in his heart of hearts the fact that for a future united Italy it was the best site possible.

A dissolution of the ministry having come in 1852, Cavour gave up office for a time, visited France and England, made a closer acquaintance than ever with their leading statesmen, and, most important of all, met for the first time Napoleon III, and had an opportunity to impress his ideas regarding Italy on that monarch, formerly a Carbonaro, now in all his glory as Emperor of the French,—not yet shown to the world by Bismarck as "a great unrecognized incapacity."

Returning to Turin and again entering the ministry, Cavour's work became greater than ever. There were more and more trying questions to be settled with Austria; difficulties even more subtle with the Vatican and the clerical party, who sought to save every old ecclesiastical abuse which Cavour wished to remedy.

Nothing could be more unjust than their attacks upon him, for from first to last, against all provocations, he was singularly faithful to the Church. When he felt that the old monkish abuses must be stopped and sundry revenues of bishops diminished, he used the revenues then obtained, not for civic purposes, greatly as they were needed by the state, but to increase the stipends of the poorer clergy. No maltreatment by the Church ever succeeded in provoking him to take anything like revenge.

The annoyances from the clerical party were, indeed, vexatious. The bad har-

vests, the coming of the cholera, which science had not yet disarmed, and the death of the queen, with two other members of the royal family, all were exhibited by clerical orators as a divine punishment of Cavour's government, for its crimes against the Church.

But Cavour presses on none the less vigorously. He begins the new system of Italian railways, makes commercial treaties with the leading European powers, alleviates the suffering of the poor by wiser adjustment of tariffs, visits the cholera hospitals, cheers the patients and sees that the best care is given them, and in the midst of ten thousand matters of business, great and small, carries on continuously his negotiations with France and England looking to the driving of Austria out of Italy.

Three serious difficulties beset him ever more and more. A strong industrial party, vexed by his commercial treaties, which had interfered with their profits, insisted that he was ruining the country financially; the extreme revolutionists, vexed by his coolness toward feather-brained fanatics, insisted that he was ruining the country politically; the all-pervading clerical party, vexed by his suppression of sundry monasteries and church abuses, insisted that he was ruining the people religiously. Calumnies of every sort were invented, — he was making a vast fortune out of the people; he was wrecking the liberties of the people; he was destroying the souls of the people.

He took it all cheerily and pressed on, taking it for granted that the sober second thought of the country would do him justice.

The calumny regarding his self-seeking cleared itself away when the fact became known that on his accepting the post of finance minister he had sold all his stocks and shares which could be directly affected by legislation or by governmental policy.

His method of working through the various parties in parliament also exposed him at times to attack, and even to obloquy. From first to last, he refused utterly to violate the constitution of his country, but he never hesitated to violate party lines and precedents. If he could not work with one party, he made alliance with another; if he could not carry the whole of any one party with him, he found his supporters in various parties. To a man of less genius this would have been perilous, but it was by this means, especially, that he carried through many of his most important measures, and it was soon felt that his aims were those of his country, and that he rose superior to all parties.[1]

In January, 1855, he made the first in a series of great moves, not only as an Italian, but as a European statesman. The Crimean War had come. Nicholas I of Russia, a fanatical absolutist, had brought together vast and showy armies and navies, had concentrated great power in the Black Sea, and had, in various ways, shown a determination to take possession of the Turkish Empire in Europe and along the Eastern Mediterranean. Against this, France, England, and Turkey had united and had sent their armies into the Crimea. Suddenly, in January, 1855, Europe was amazed to find that Cavour had joined Piedmont with the three powers against Russia, and had pledged his country, with its four millions of inhabitants, to send 20,000 troops to aid them. Never was there a bolder stroke of policy. Against it were arrayed all his old enemies in parliament and press, and, joined with them, many who had been his oldest and best friends. The aristocracy naturally favored autocratic Russia; the democracy naturally dreaded imperial France. In the debates conservatives and radicals bitterly attacked him; indeed, the argument seemed against him. How absurd to plunge his country, with

[1] For an able discussion of this characteristic in Cavour's statesmanship, see Zanichelli, Introduction to his *Scritti di Cavour;* also, one of the later chapters in Dicey's *Cavour*.

its four millions of people, into a war against Russia, with her hundred millions! How wicked to join in a war with which Piedmont had nothing to do! How slender the chances that the little Italian army could accomplish anything! How certain that the only possible result would be the impoverishment of the little kingdom! How inevitable that the great powers, having used Piedmont, would, in any treaty which might close the war, ignore her claims and fling her aside!

Against these the arguments of Cavour seemed slender. His main reasons — the necessity of obtaining recognition of Piedmont as a European power, of securing an alliance with the two great powers of Western Europe in order to counter-match Austria, of training an Italian army for a new struggle for independence — he could not avow. Those which he could avow were anything but convincing. Of what avail to say that little Piedmont did not wish Russia to become too strong in the Mediterranean?

But, despite all this, Cavour defeated his adversaries, won over King Victor Emmanuel and a small majority of the parliament, and sent the little Italian army to the Crimea. At first Europe was inclined to laugh at it. The fable of the Frog and the Ox was recalled in countless satires and caricatures. Ill fortune came; the cholera sadly depleted the little force; there was much delay in its operations; but, finally, came news that it had won a real victory, demanding skill and hard fighting, at the Tchernaya. The effect was magical. The pride of all Italy was aroused; more widely than ever Cavour was now recognized as the Italian leader; the people at large began to divine his reasons and to do him justice; more and more the idea spread throughout Europe that Italy was determined to have her independence and freedom, and that somehow Cavour would secure it.

At the close of the war, in 1856, came a first open triumph of his policy, for Piedmont, with Cavour as her representative, despite all the opposition of Austria, was admitted to the Congress of Paris.

To many, his position as representing so small a state, among colleagues who represented great empires, seemed ridiculous, and he, knowing that it must be so, was at first very quiet, — not interfering while English, French, Russian, and Austrian statesmen discussed their main interests. But, as these questions grew deeper and broader, his opinion was sought; and, joining in the debate, he was soon seen to be a master. This recognition obtained, he secured a sort of personal alliance with the emperor and his minister, Walewski, and so was able to bring the condition of Italy and the conduct of Austria toward her before the Conference. Naturally Austria protested bitterly; naturally, also, nothing decisive for Italy was then done; but the great thing was that Cavour had spoken, through the Conference, to all Europe. More and more it was seen that the condition of things in Italy was a menace to European civilization; that every town in the Italian peninsula was a centre of fanaticism, and that revolution might spring forth at any moment, to plague all the great powers.

This work done, Cavour returned to Turin and opened a new era in the industrial history of southern Europe by beginning, in 1857, the first of the three great tunnels under the Alps now connecting Italy with the north, — that of Mont Cenis.

But in January of the following year came a calamity. Certain Italian fanatics, at their head Felice Orsini, enraged at Napoleon III, who, in his youth, had taken the oaths of the Carbonari, and, at the height of his power had forgotten them, flung a bomb beneath his carriage. The immediate result was that many innocent people were killed and wounded, while the emperor escaped. The remote result was a decided check to the better feeling toward Italy, a bitter distrust of

Italians, a feeling that, after all, Austria might be right in aiding to keep down a people which resorted to such cruelty and folly.

There was a sequence of events and change in sympathies such as we have seen in the whole world of late regarding Russia: at first, strong sympathy with her people and its representatives, but finally, disgust at their folly and cruelty, and a preference for the old despotism over the new. To meet this feeling Cavour felt obliged to bring into the Piedmontese Parliament strong laws against conspirators and assassins. This brought upon him increased hostility from the fanatical element in Italy; but one thing served powerfully to recover the confidence of Europe, and that was the distinction which Cavour drew most powerfully and clearly between a rational evolution of freedom, on one side, and a wild plunge into revolution, on the other. In this he was thoroughly honest. Even in his youth, sketching in an essay his hopes for liberty in Italy and his ideas as to the best means of realizing them, he had declared against sudden and revolutionary changes; to put it in the language of our day, he supported evolution rather than revolution, and, in this new declaration of his creed, Europe recognized him as a true statesman; more than ever it was felt, even by conservatives, that an epidemic of destructive and sterile revolution could best be avoided by releasing Italy from her oppressors.

Six months later came a turning-point. Very privately — indeed, under an assumed name — Cavour visited Napoleon III at the little French watering-place of Plombières. There he brought to bear on the emperor all his skill, in showing that the existing order of things was a menace to the Napoleonic throne as well as to European order, and so cogently that the French monarch entered into a secret agreement with him against Austria.

Returning to Italy, he met at Baden-Baden the Prince Regent of Prussia, one of the most thoughtful of men, who had every reason to dread and hate revolution, and who afterward became William I, Emperor of Germany. Undoubtedly, in the conversation which then took place, an impression was made which, at the critical moment during the struggle which followed, did something to prevent the Prussian ruler from interfering in behalf of Austria.

Of course, in all this effort by Cavour, especially with the Emperor Napoleon III, the Italian statesman had to encounter the open hostility and the secret intrigues of the clerical party in France as well as in Italy. Through the Empress Eugénie, a Spanish woman devoted to the Church, they had a hold upon the French court, and in a thousand ways were able to promote what they considered the interests of Austria and of the Vatican.

But, on the first of January, 1859, a speech made by the Emperor Napoleon in the presence of the ambassadors at the Tuileries foreshadowed war with Austria, and in a similar speech at Turin, King Victor Emmanuel, some days later, showed the same intention. Warlike preparations followed, on both sides, Cavour being especially active. His greatest trouble was now due to the vacillation of Napoleon III. The emperor had many misgivings, and did not know his own mind. At times he was bent on peace. England blunderingly interfered and offered her good offices. Worst of all, Russia interposed and urged a special conference of the European powers, thus influencing the emperor so far that he telegraphed Cavour, insisting that he must agree to this. Probably, of all the moments in his life, this was to Cavour the most trying. He telegraphed to the Emperor his agreement; but so bitter was his regret that his friends feared his suicide.

For a moment all his plans seemed wrecked; but he now made a master stroke. Skillfully he provoked Austria

to insist that Piedmont should disarm before the assembling of the council, and to declare that if she did not disarm Austria would begin war. Then Cavour simply refused to disarm, — put Austria in the wrong, forced her to fight, and forced Napoleon III to lead French troops into Piedmont against her. Fortunately, too, the generalship of Austria proved as bad as her diplomacy. By a rapid movement the Austrians might have occupied the Piedmontese capital; but there was delay, the allied armies made the most of it, and, on the 12th of June they won the terrible battle of Magenta, and the allied sovereigns entered Milan as conquerors. Shortly afterward came the battle of Solferino, and, while Napoleon III showed none of the military qualities of the man whose name he bore, King Victor Emmanuel gained especial credit for bravery. Austria was completely beaten and it seemed certain that she would now be expelled from the Italian Peninsula. Suddenly came a catastrophe. In his proclamation at the beginning of the war, Napoleon had declared that Italy should be set free, from the Alps to the Adriatic, but, after these tremendous battles, he halted. He evidently feared that Prussia, with her great power, might interfere. He also saw that his army had, probably, gained more prestige in the battles of Magenta and Solferino than it was likely to secure thereafter. There was a vein of sentiment in him, such as the first Napoleon had never shown; the heaps of dead and wounded sickened him, and he dwelt plaintively on the fact that he had lost ten thousand men. The Austrians had retreated within the strong "quadrilateral" formed by their four great fortresses in Northern Italy, and thenceforth war must be a slow, painful effort against Austria, the Papacy, Naples, and, possibly, Prussia.

Therefore it was that suddenly, without notice to Cavour, Napoleon III arranged a meeting with the Austrian emperor at Villafranca, and patched up a peace. In this he set Lombardy free from Austria and virtually gave it, with Milan as its centre, to Piedmont, but he allowed Austria still to retain her hold upon Venice, agreed that the principal petty despots of Central Italy might return to their dominions, and provided for a Central Italian Confederacy, to be presided over by the Pope.[1]

For a time, Cavour felt that all was lost. He seemed stunned and dazed. He had, indeed, taken Lombardy out of the clutch of Austria; but he had expected far more. He had relied upon the emperor's word that Italy should be free, "from the Alps to the Adriatic." In a stormy interview with Victor Emmanuel he denounced the whole procedure, protested against the treaty, begged the king to refuse to sign it, to resist it, and to press on with the Italian army alone. Fortunately Cavour was in this unsuccessful; and now, sooner than attach his signature to the treaty, he retired from the ministry and, apparently, gave up political life. He even left his country, went to Switzerland, and settled down for a time with his old friends on the shores of Lake Leman. But soon his old vigor — indeed, his old cheerfulness — returned. We have the testimony of those who were then with him, to the effect that he soon recovered all his elasticity and devoted himself even more earnestly than before to thinking out new ways and means of accomplishing his great purpose — despite the emperor's treachery.[2]

[1] For letters and dispatches of Cavour and his agents, revealing his skill in disentangling and solving the enormous difficulties before and during the war of 1859, see Bianchi, *La Politique de Cavour*, pp. 334 and following.

For a thoughtful statement of the motives of Napoleon III, in negotiating at Villafranca, see Zanichelli, *Cavour*, cap. ix; also Mazade.

For curious details, see General Fleury's account of his secret mission from Napoleon III to the Emperor Francis Joseph.

[2] For an intensely interesting account of Cavour's retirement to Switzerland, at this time, written by one almost constantly with him there, see De la Rive, *Cavour*, cap. xiii.

At the Zurich Congress which followed, Napoleon III made proposals utterly incompatible with Cavour's idea of a united Italy. The emperor, evidently affected by the need of conciliating his French priesthood, suggested various plans, differing from one another in details, but all containing hints, more or less vague, at carrying out his version of Gioberti's old idea and establishing a confederacy mainly of four states: namely, Piedmont, including Lombardy; Venice, with the minor principalities put back under Austrian slavery; the Papal dominions; Naples, with Sicily; and, possibly, in addition, a little kingdom to be carved out of Tuscany and its neighbors, for his wretched cousin, Prince Jerome Napoleon, — the Pope to be president over the whole.

Curious was it, in connection with this, that Gioberti himself, the renowned author of the confederation idea, had now fully renounced it, had, indeed, avowed a sort of loathing for it, and, in his final book, his *Rinnovamento*, published shortly before his death just at this time, in 1859, had demonstrated that in his old plan there was no longer any hope, but that Italy must be united as a single kingdom, with Piedmont at its head.

Happily, events in the Italian Peninsula were now far beyond Napoleon's reach. Though the Villafranca arrangement had contemplated the restoration of the Austro-Italian princelings, it had provided no means of accomplishing this, and the people throughout Middle Italy — indeed, throughout the whole of Italy — had determined that they would not be put back under the old tyranny and would never allow the Austrian satraps to return.

Events followed fast. Cavour was soon drawn out of his retirement. In March, 1860, eight different districts elected him to the approaching Italian Parliament, and again he began his labors. There was much difficulty in keeping the hands of Napoleon III off the growing movements for independence and liberty in Middle Italy, but Cavour was skillful and vigorous, and the main districts of the Papal Kingdom, Tuscany, and adjacent divisions of Italy, by overwhelming majorities, voted themselves out from under Austria, the Pope, and their various princelings, and into the new Kingdom of Italy.

This came as an embarrassing argument to Napoleon III. For when, as President, he had sought the imperial power in France, he had appealed to the French people, and his title to sovereignty rested upon just such a great poplar majority as this which the people of Central Italy now gave Victor Emmanuel. The *plebiscite*, in these regions of Italy which Napoleon III sought to give back to their old masters, now did its work thoroughly well against him; in every case the vote against the old order of things, and in behalf of annexation to the Italian Kingdom, was virtually unanimous.

Meantime, in the spring of 1860, revolution had broken out in Palermo, and was rapidly undermining Bourbon power in Sicily. On the 11th of May, Garibaldi, with his famous "Thousand," landed in the island, and having defeated the armies of the Neapolitan king at Palermo, declared himself dictator in the name of Victor Emmanuel.

In this matter, without doubt, Cavour swerved exceptionally from his fundamental creed, for, while he did not promote the beginnings of Garibaldi's invasion of Sicily, he had not opposed it, and, when it was under way, he had aided it.

More than this, he now promoted insurrection in Lower Italy, partly to prepare the way for Garibaldi, partly, no doubt, to make good the claims of United Italy against a Garibaldian dictatorship.

Southern Italy was fully ripe for revolution; every sane mind in Europe must have expected it. As far back as 1850 and 1851, Mr. Gladstone, making a long stay in Naples, closely studied the methods of King Ferdinand II, and revealed

them in his "Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen," which, in pamphlet form, were circulated throughout Europe and America. Gladstone had attended the treason trials, visited the prisoners, talked with men of light and leading, and his revelations were damning. The administration of the law was a cruel farce, the government freely suborned witnesses, the prisons were filthy and crowded with men merely suspected of liberalism. Former members of the king's cabinet, professors in the University, respected citizens of all professions, were languishing in dungeons or working in the chain gang. Among these, one who attracted especial attention was Baron Carlo Poerio, a former minister, whom Gladstone characterized as "a refined and accomplished gentleman, a respected and blameless character," and who was imprisoned, with fifteen others, in a room less than fifteen feet long and only eight feet high; and there these men lived night and day, always chained two by two. Still another was Settembrini, one of the most beloved and respected professors in the University of Naples, who had sat with the king in council, but who, having incurred the monarch's dislike by his liberalism, was, at this time, brought out to work in the chain gang in front of the Royal Palace, — His Majesty occasionally going out upon the balcony to enjoy the sight of him.[1]

Gladstone's denunciations of this whole system culminated in the declaration that it was "the negation of God, erected into a system of government." But all opposition was unheeded by Neapolitan royalty. The Holy Alliance found no fault with it, and the Emperor Nicholas of Russia especially honored it, petted its envoy at the Winter Palace, and sent the king two colossal statues in bronze, representing powerful steeds conquered by strong men and typifying the curbing of resistance to authority. These were placed at the entrance of the Royal Palace and there they remain even to this day. It may be added that within a short distance of them now stands a noble statue of Carlo Poerio.[2]

In 1859 Ferdinand had died and there had come to the throne his son, Francis II, a poor creature, moulded as nearly as possible in his father's image by his eminent tutor, Archbishop Apuzzo, and by his Jesuit instructors; and, during his reign of two years, he proved himself their apt pupil.

In the summer of 1860, he gave a famous exhibition of tragedy and farce. Garibaldi, with his "Thousand," having conquered King Francis's realm of Sicily, despite the 30,000 troops stationed in the island, invaded the mainland, and the young despot attempted to make headway against them by time-honored Bourbon methods. Bringing out one of the old constitutions which his father and grandfather had sworn to and violated, he avowed his willingness, nay, his wish, to swear to observe it. But, alas for him! his fathers had taught the people of Southern Italy the worthless-

[1] Of all the memoirs of this period, those of Settembrini seem to me to throw the clearest light into the methods of Italian tyranny. The account of his rescue by his son is one of the most vivid and fascinating recitals in all history. See Settembrini, *Ricordanze della mia Vita*, vol. ii, pp. 356 to the end.

[2] A similar pair of statues was sent by Nicholas to his brother-in-law, Frederick William IV, of Prussia, in approval of that monarch's opposition to constitutional liberty. To one of these statues the Berlin wits gave the name "Progress Checked," and to the other, "Retrogression Encouraged;" and they have adorned the entrance of the Royal Palace at Berlin from that day to this. The originals, by Clodt, stand on the Nevsky Bridge at St. Petersburg.

The favor shown King Ferdinand's minister at St. Petersburg was a matter of jocose remark in the diplomatic corps during the first official residence of the present writer in that city. The representative seemed intellectually well suited to his duties, which were, apparently, little more than to assure the Czar of King Ferdinand's fidelity to the most extreme theories and practices of despotism.

ness of Bourbon promises. More than that, it was speedily made known how this poor young king had been educated. The *Catechismo Filosofico*, as edited by his tutor, Archbishop Apuzzo, was republished and circulated far and wide, and it called the attention of Italy and the world to the fact that the king, with the approval of his father, had been taught by this ecclesiastical tutor that no oaths sworn by a sovereign to a constitution are binding, not even those made to secure a throne; that the moment a man is made king he is responsible to God alone, and that no oaths to his people can hold him. Jesuit casuistry now recoiled upon its authors; the movement for Italian liberty in Naples carried all before it. In the first days of September, 1860, King Francis fled to the fortress of Gaëta; and, while he there showed himself to be feeble and worthless, his young German queen won the admiration of Europe by virtually taking command and holding that fortress during six months. Then the royal couple escaped, and, having for a time settled in Rome, were able to punish their former subjects by sending bands of brigands among them, robbing, burning, and murdering; but this being finally ended, they retreated to Paris, and were heard of no more save in a romance which exhibited them to the mingled derision and pity of the world.[1]

On September 7, 1860, Garibaldi entered Naples; and now began a new complication, — for Cavour perhaps the most wearisome of his whole life. With the Garibaldian army had come Italian extremists of every sort, in the midst of them Mazzini, and these, in the interest of their vaguely dreamed republic, did their worst against the annexation of Naples and Sicily to the Italian Kingdom, and won to some of their most troublesome ideas the support of Garibaldi.

The Pope, too, gave great trouble. He obtained an army by summoning foreign volunteers, among them many dismissed from the French army, put them under Lamoricière, who had won respect as a French general, and did his best to make Italian unity impossible. It was serious, indeed, for Cavour to find arrayed against him this triple foe, — the Pope, appealing to the religious world, Mazzini, appealing to lazzaroni republicans, and Garibaldi, flushed with his great victories; but with each and all these foes he at once grappled vigorously. Next to the French alliance it was his greatest stroke of policy. Not waiting for Garibaldi to come northward, he sends an Italian army into the Papal States, and, at Castelfidardo, defeats Lamoricière and disperses the last of papal armies. He strikes no less boldly at Naples, — pushing on Italian troops, with Victor Emmanuel at their head, to cooperate with Garibaldi, but, at the same time, to assert, against the great adventurer, the rights of united Italy to disperse anarchic forces, and establish the claims of right reason. Unmindful of the pretended republican or democratic proclivities of the Neapolitan lazzaroni, who had shown themselves as ready to murder and plunder with hurrahs for liberty as with cheers for King Bomba, he carries through Parliament measures incorporating into the new nation Naples, Sicily, the main part of the Papal territory, Tuscany, and the rest, until he has brought into it all Italy save Venice and Rome.

And now, early in March, 1861, having assembled in Turin the first Italian Parliament, he fully committed it to all his great measures, and, above all, to a United Italy and to Victor Emmanuel as its constitutional king.

The rapidity, vigor, and inspiration of Cavour's measures carried everything before them. He was now president of

[1] As to the Apuzzo Catechism, the edition in my possession is that of 1861; the title page, however, speaks of it as a reprint from the edition of 1850.

The romance referred to is by Daudet, *Les Rois en Exil*.

the new Ministry of the Italian Kingdom, and summoned to his side as colleagues the foremost men of the whole peninsula, among them such men as Minghetti, Peruzzi, and de Sanctis.

There was, indeed, a painful side to all this, for Cavour had, by some of the measures which he had felt obliged to take, separated himself from many old and devoted friends; and especially had he given offense to some of the best of these by his apparent relinquishment of his old ideas against revolutionary methods.

Even more painful to him was the course of Garibaldi, who bitterly resented various things in Cavour's statesmanship, and, above all, his surrender of Nice to Napoleon III. In that town Garibaldi was born, and he complained that Cavour had made him a foreigner in his own birthplace. Garibaldi urged the king to dismiss Cavour from the ministry, issued letters against him, and finally entered Parliament in order to attack him.

All this was, indeed, disheartening. Nearly a year before, Cavour, in one of the most powerful and brilliant speeches in parliamentary history, had shown why the cession of Nice and Savoy to France was an absolutely necessary condition to the establishment of Italian unity. ,At times pathetic, at times humorous, at times eloquent, he had defended his policy and convinced the country. He, indeed lamented the necessity of ceding these territories, and this feeling he expressed most nobly; but, as a matter of fact, both Savoy and the city of Nice had long been more French than Italian. In both, French was the language mainly spoken, and many of their deputies in parliament could speak no other. The commerce and the sympathies of both were largely, if not mainly, French. Savoy, though the cradle of the royal house of Italy, was largely in the hands of priests, and constantly in opposition to Italian aspirations. Nice was rapidly becoming a French pleasure ground. That speech of Cavour had, to all appearance, settled the question and opened the way for other questions far more pressing; but now all must begin again and in a way that was discouraging and even exasperating.[1]

Despite all this, the triumphant general now loudly denounced the triumphant statesman as one who had flung away Italian territory, had made war between brothers, had betrayed liberty; and he united with those who denounced Cavour for selling to France Savoy, the cradle of the new Italian monarchy. Parts of the debate were very painful; but Cavour thoroughly controlled himself and rose quietly above all passion and bitterness. He allowed that the resentment of Garibaldi for the sacrifice of his birthplace was natural, declared that he could not blame him for it, and, at the crisis of the attack, he remained silent. But others came to his defense. The cruel injustice of these charges was manifest to every thinking Italian. The speech of Ricasoli, discussing the whole situation and Cavour's part in it, has taken its place among the masterpieces of Italian eloquence; and among those who followed him on the same side were men who had long differed with Cavour.

It looked for a time as if civil war between Northern and Southern Italy might ensue; but leaders on both sides showed a determination to allay this bitterness, and finally, in April, 1861, there came a reconciliation, — Cavour and Garibaldi continuing to revere, and to distrust each other.

Now drew on Cavour's final struggle, — his effort to secure Rome as the national capital; but the Vatican rejected every proposal, and the emperor, to please the clerical party in France, interposed ob-

[1] For Cavour's main speech in full, with indications of his sway over his audience by his wit, humor, knowledge of affairs, and eloquence, see Artom e Blanc, *Cavour in Parlamento*, pp. 557 and following.

stacles to every measure tending to make Italy united and independent. There constantly rose in the emperor's mind the old vague dreams of an Italian confederacy with the Pope at its head, with a restoration of Bourbons here and Hapsburgs there, and, perhaps, a Bonaparte in Tuscany, — all keeping the country disunited and weak, making it for ever an easy prey to French intrigue or force. But against both Pope and Emperor Cavour steadily maintained his policy of a United Italy under a single head and with a liberal constitution, and he gained steadily upon his adversaries.

But while the steady opposition of the Vatican to every proposal for placing the national capital at Rome was vexatious, and the attitude of the emperor still more so, there came a piece of great good fortune to the Italian cause. This was an occurrence apparently most trifling, and in a Roman provincial city, yet of all things that ever alienated public opinion, — Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, — throughout the world, from the Papal policy, this proved the most powerful. On the 24th of June, 1858, a devout servant, Anna Morisi, entrusted with the care of a little child, Edgar Mortara, in a Jewish family of Bologna, and anxious to save the child's soul, had entered into relations with the Holy Inquisition, — the result being that a priest was sent who baptized the infant and then carried off both the maid and the child.

The agonized parents begging for the return of their son, the pontifical authority threatened to put into force against them certain obsolete laws which punished Jews for employing Catholic servants. The parents were not allowed even to see their child. These facts were concealed until about the end of August, 1858, when the story came out and ran like wildfire throughout Italy and, indeed, throughout Christendom. Everywhere the press protested against this monstrous iniquity, save in Austria, where the government forbade any public mention of it. In France the remonstrances became especially bitter, and Veuillot, the most eminent of French ultramontane editors, made matters still worse by defending the abduction of the little Mortara as in conformity with the traditions of the Church, and by calling attention to the fact that this right of abduction had been claimed, as against Protestant children, by some of the most eminent authorities of the French Church, under the old Bourbon monarchy.

All this served to increase the indignation of Christendom, and public opinion became so strong that both France and Great Britain made remonstrances at the Vatican. All to no purpose. The Papal Government simply inserted in their official organ — the *Civilta Cattolica* — a note declaring the question "purely spiritual;" the Pope had no response to make to foreign powers. This increased the general indignation, crippled the French clerical party in its efforts to prevent the union of France with Italy during the following year, — and vastly increased the number of those who hoped and prayed that the war of 1859 might result in the substitution of lay for clerical government at Rome.

Two years later the Mortara family brought suit against Anna Morisi for the abduction. To this the Papal Court simply answered that the young woman had entered a convent, and that the whole matter was "purely spiritual." Finally Prussia showed a disposition to intervene. This seemed so serious that, in some mysterious manner, the Mortara family were persuaded to withdraw their suit, and were even offered restitution of the boy if they would consent to be baptized. Meantime he had become fully converted and the matter ceased to occupy public attention; but probably nothing did more than this apparently petty matter to produce the feeling which at last enabled Italy to make its capital at Rome, without the slightest effective remonstrance from any human being.

Nor was this the only result. Whenever any European nation since that time has established unsectarian public schools and the priesthood has protested against them, in the name of the "Rights of Parents" as regards the education of their children, the Mortara case has been cited as a sufficient answer.

But in these efforts for Italian Unity Cavour sacrificed his life. His daily work was a wonder to all who knew him. During various periods he held several of the most important ministries at the same time, and constantly had to deal with intricate problems in every part of Italy and in many parts of Europe. At these he wrought night and day, — in his bed-chamber, at his work-table, in the audience rooms, in the King's Cabinet, at the various ministries, in the parliamentary debates, — everywhere; but so easily, so cheerily, that he and all about him were deceived as to his physical condition.[1]

Arrived at the age of fifty, in full middle life, he suddenly found himself unable to go on. There was a painful illness of a week, — his powers had at last completely failed him. Pathetic were his attempts to grasp again the various pressing Italian questions. Touching were his final interviews with his dearest friends and with the king. Italy and its future were in all his thoughts. During the last visit of Victor Emmanuel to his bedside, the dying statesman dwelt long upon the difficulties yet to be encountered, but always hopefully. In all his last conversations he held steadily to his declaration, "Italy is made," — "*L' Italia e fatta.*" Most earnestly he urged that no despotic measures should be used under any pretext. Especially touching was his reference to the Neapolitans, his plea for patience with them, corrupted as they had been by centuries of despotism.

Most touching of all was the final scene. Some years before, in the time of the cholera, bearing in mind the refusal of the Archbishop of Genoa to grant the last consolations of the Church to Santa Rosa, Cavour had secured from a kindly friar, "Brother James," a promise to attend him in his dying hours. This promise was redeemed, and, in the final moment, Cavour grasped the friar's hand and uttered his last words, — "Brother, brother, a free Church in a free State" (*Frate, frate, una libera chiesa in libero stato*).

Thus, in leaving the world, he asserted the great principle for which he had so long labored and which he felt sure gave the best of guarantees to religion as well as to patriotism.

In thus showing his respect for the religion in which he had been born and bred, he was, undoubtedly, actuated both by patriotic and by religious motives. During his last hours he had said, "I die as a good Christian; I have never done evil to any one."

Sad is it to record the fact that the good priest was severely punished for his kindly act, — was summoned to Rome, removed from his little church, and sent to end his life in a distant monastery.

The completion of Cavour's work for the unity of Italy followed as if under a natural law. He was succeeded by noble men who, in their turn, were succeeded by men sometimes of high and sometimes of doubtful character. During the nine years following his death, the struggle for complete unity continued and became a fearful tangle of motives and events, — at times heroic, at times scandalous, but all tending toward Cavour's ideal. During this whole period Garibaldi continues to play his astonishing part, sometimes brilliantly, sometimes absurdly, but ever determined to set Rome and Venice free. He is defeated

[1] The present writer knew personally three of Cavour's colleagues, Minghetti, Peruzzi, and Count Nigra, and was informed by each of these that Cavour very frequently summoned those who worked with him, between four and five o'clock in the morning. Each of these statesmen dwelt on Cavour's enormous capacity for work, on his quickness, his skill, his thoroughness, and on the fact that, toward the last, he virtually gave no time to rest.

by the Italians at Aspromonte and by the French at Mentana, but finally sees his dream of United Italy fully realized. For, in 1866, by an alliance with Prussia, Italy wins Venice, and, in 1870, owing to the prostration of Napoleon III by Bismarck, is able to make Rome her capital. The work and the prophecy of Cavour were thus fulfilled.

Not merely by what was done in his lifetime, but also by what followed it, his place in history was made secure. Well was it said by one of the most broad-minded, skillful, and truthful of English diplomatists in the nineteenth century, — a statesman who had known Bismarck and Cavour most intimately, and who had studied their careers from every possible point of view, near and distant, — that of the two great statesmen of Europe in the nineteenth century, Cavour was the greater.[1]

Not at first sight so imposing a figure as Bismarck afterward became, not, apparently, gifted with such prodigious force to make all men bend to his will, not a dictator to the nations about him, crushing all opposition, Cavour's was a nobler will and power, the will and power to lay the foundations of Italian unity in Italian liberty; to work by means of right reason and not by force; to preserve faith in freedom and justice; to fit the nation for freedom by education; to inspire Italians to win liberty by sound thinking, and to preserve it by political sobriety. All this combined to give him the foremost place not only among Italian statesmen, but among the statesmen of the European Continent, during the nineteenth century.

Since Cavour's death Italy has taken him to her heart as during his lifetime she never did. His services were of a sort which, while he lived, won respect rather than popularity. He was obliged to injure many interests and to offend many men. He never sought popular plaudits, and, at times, was exceedingly unpopular; more than once his speeches in parliament were drowned by hisses from the galleries. Beloved he indeed was, — deeply beloved by a wide circle of friends; admired he was by a large and ever increasing circle of political thinkers; but other men, during his lifetime, won far more of unthinking applause. Just at the end of his life there did, indeed, come a rapid change. All men of patriotic instincts recognized more and more his supreme service. More and more it was seen that what other statesmen, generals, philosophers, poets, could not do, he had done. More and more the nation came to understand him and, therefore, to love and revere him.

This newer growth of feeling has continued since his death, ever deepening in the convictions of the newer generations. Throughout all the greater districts which he brought into United Italy, now stand noble monuments to his memory; but among all these, the most impressive is the simplest.

Several years before his death, in the thick of his labors and struggles for his country, he had visited the Campo Santo at Pisa; and there, standing upon

[1] The English diplomatist referred to was Lord Odo Russell, afterward Lord Ampthill. He had long diplomatic service in America, in many parts of Europe, and, especially, in Italy and Germany. Both Cavour and Bismarck he knew intimately, and was beloved and trusted by both; but, on being asked at Berlin by the present writer which of the two men he considered the greater in his character and work, he made the statement above referred to.

For a masterly development of the reasoning which proves Cavour greater in true statesmanship than Bismarck, see W. R. Thayer, *Cavour e Bismarck*. Roma, 1906.

I may add to Mr. Thayer's exhibition of Bismarck's scorn for popular rights and hatred for parliamentary government that, having heard the great German statesman address the German Parliament on various occasions, I cannot remember one of his speeches which did not, on the whole, betray contempt for his audience and dislike, if not hatred, for its most distinguished thinkers. How far all this differed from Cavour's feeling may be seen by any one who will take up his parliamentary speeches, as given in Zanichelli and elsewhere.

sacred earth brought from Palestine, amid the frescoes of Orcagna and the memorials of great Italians, he had mused over the future of Italy, and his relation to it. He was not destined to be buried there; his body lies in the little church at Santena, near the homestead he loved so well. But, in the Pisan Campo Santo, among far more pretentious monuments, has been placed his simple bust in marble; and upon the ancient walls behind it have been festooned the colossal chains with which Pisa once prevented the access of Florence and Genoa by the Arno. Having been torn away after a fearful struggle, and displayed for centuries as trophies, at Genoa and Florence, they have, in these latter days, been returned to Pisa, and a simple inscription records the fact that they are restored to United Italy, in token that the ages of disunion are past. No better place could have been found for them, and no more worthy tribute could have been paid to the man whose great genius ended more than a thousand years of internecine struggles among his countrymen, and who, more than any other, finally established Italian independence, unity, and freedom.

THE FINANCIER

BY ETHEL ROLT WHEELER

A CLERK brought me up for signature a number of cheques already drawn. The clock on the mantelpiece pointed to eleven. The meeting of the directors of the Deep Rand Mines was to be at twelve.

My private office opened out of the Board Room. This den of mine was plainly but solidly furnished. I had made scarcely any change during the thirty years I had occupied it. The American ticker, it is true, had been replaced by a valuable Empire timepiece,—I had a passion for *objets d'art* and this was crowded out of my house in Park Lane for positive want of space. But the shabby upholstery and dingy appurtenances had grown to have a dear familiarity, — they were part of the history that had been made in this room. For here was the centre of a web which spread its intricacies to the farthest parts of the earth, — a spider's web, my enemies called it. Infinite ramifications of wire ran from this nucleus through air and under sea, bearing the autocratic message of my will,— a system of nerves responsive to my least dictation. So multiple were my interests, and so vast my resources, that it was no exaggeration to say I could control empires. A loan from me made war possible; by refusing financial aid I brought about the downfall of nations. And since all my deals had been planned and negotiated from this room, its very furniture came to be associated in my mind with the triumphs of my career. I would not even let the cheap looking-glass be removed which had reflected my face when I first came to the office, — a smart, dapper, pretty self-satisfied youngster of twenty-five, the discoverer and sole proprietor of Hermaphrode, that Mexican earth now so largely used to cheapen various manufactures, which had been the foundation of my fortunes.

A man in my position is bound to have bitter enemies: success creates jealousy. As I advanced in power there were not wanting busybodies eager to rake over the ashes of my past. It was hinted that I had gone behind, and finally ruined, the German company whose interests I was supposed to serve in Mexico. It was suggested that I had obtained my con-

cessions through false representation, that the evictions of the natives from the land were carried out with unnecessary cruelty, and that the conditions of the labor I employed were a disgrace to civilization. Now every trade and profession has its own code of honor, and it is absurd to apply to the commercial code a standard that belongs to mediæval chivalry. The aim of commerce is not philanthropy, though in increasing the scope of employment it goes far beyond philanthropy. Commerce is at once autocratic and scientific: it succeeds best where huge interests are centred under one control, and where those interests are pursued with ruthless determination, unhampered by sickly sentiment or flabby altruism. The law of nature works through commerce as through life: the weakest goes to the wall; the cripple falls behind in the race. The outsider, prejudiced, limited in his experience, could not measure the stupendous difficulties that had encumbered my operations: if there had been any cruelties in my administration, they had been necessary and inevitable cruelties; if people chose to make ducks and drakes of their money, their ignorant greed was the primary cause of their ruin.

Hermaphrode gave me the means of entering the financial arena. My instinct was sure, and whatever I touched proved fortunate. There were at the moment few successful speculations on the market with which I was not directly or indirectly connected. The biggest of all was the Deep Rand Mines, — it was controlled by a ring of some ten of us, who kept the complete holding in our hands, and year after year the concern yielded over one hundred per cent. Unfortunately we had been obliged to admit among us one or two representatives of rival firms, who had threatened blackmail and exposure; there were, as a matter of fact, circumstances connected with our negotiations that were not intended to become public; but gorged with plunder, these doubtful elements were easy enough to handle, and at the Board meetings our whilom competitors generally remained dumb with admiration at the ingenuity of our devices.

I went over to the looking-glass in the corner, arranged my tie, and looked at myself critically. I showed my fifty-five years, though I was not bald, and my black hair was only beginning to turn gray. My face was heavy in type, and the skin somewhat coarse in texture, scored with deep lines. My eyes, overhung with bushy eyebrows, had a very useful power of making people quail; my nose gave token of my somewhat remote Jewish origin, but my physiognomy showed no trace of my German ancestry; I was the son of a German farmer, and was born at Elbingerode in the Harz Mountains.

It was half past eleven. I returned to my desk, and continued signing the cheques.

Suddenly I heard a distant carillon of bells, faint and liquid, seeming to come nearer: a run of notes, the phrase of some melody repeated over and over again, more compelling with each iteration. I saw the cheques before me, the familiar room, and was aware that this sound was wholly and entirely in my mind, heard, not by the physical ear, but by some subtler organ. And carried on the sound, came a poignant sense of freshness, of pure air and mountain spaces; and hosts of old memories seemed pressing at the door of consciousness, asking for recognition. Then for a while I lost myself.

The next thing I remember was the clock striking the quarter, and a feeble face with sandy-colored hair — the face of one of my clerks — bending close to mine. There was a loud sound of voices in the adjoining room. "Should I send for the doctor?" gasped the clerk.

"What have you seen? Have you told them anything?" I whispered hoarsely.

"I came in — to say they were waiting — and found you sitting — like as if you were in a daze —" he stuttered, "quite still and queer-like."

"Now understand this," I said em-

phatically. "I had a bad night last night, and took some sleeping-stuff that disagreed with me. And mind you hold your tongue about it," I added harshly, "or out of this place you go, bag and baggage. I'm not going to have any sneaking gossiping behind my back. And let me tell you that if that happens, I'll take care that you don't find it easy to get another bed of roses to repose on."

I pushed past the fellow, who went quite white. I was quite safe with him. My subordinates had a wholesome terror of me, and my word was law. It would never do for rumors to get abroad, — people might say I had had a stroke; and confidence in my ventures rested solely on the public's confidence in me. My association with any business enterprise was regarded as giving it the hall-mark of success, and if I ceased to be looked upon as a kind of financial Atlas, I should soon be buried in the ruin of my own undertakings. I pulled myself together as best I could, and went into the Board Room, showing little trace of the strange possession that had overcome me.

That evening in my smoking-room I considered the matter in all its bearings. It seemed to me a case of some abnormal recrudescence of memory. I had been brought up on my father's farm until the age of fifteen, and had spent much of my boyhood wandering among the hills, picking up here, there, and everywhere the legends with which the countryside teems. It is practically a pastoral country: the cows are led out in herds to graze along the rich riversides, and on the mountain meadows. As in Alpine pastures, each cow has a bell at its neck, so that the herd moves to a faint unending clash of music, which in the distance runs into a reiterated memory. But why should this trivial recollection of the sound of cattle-bells, which had lain dormant for so many years, suddenly recur with such overwhelming persistence?

I traced out the reason for this, too. My little boy, the only creature on earth I had cared for, had died some months before. When he lay there, ill and white and patient, he asked me to tell him some stories; and searching about in the forgotten parts of my mind, I found they were full of such absurdities as a child delights in, — legends of goblins and pixies, and gnomes working in the bowels of the earth, — tales of the Rhine Maidens, and dwarfs and dragons guarding elfin gold, lore of the witches who danced on the Hexentanzplatz, and held wild revel on the Brocken. Every square inch of my native country is crammed with fairy history, and all unknown to myself this was stored in the recesses of my mind; whence there came to amuse my little sick child an unending host of lovely and grotesque creatures; and while I talked to him the cattle-bells seemed to be chiming all the while through my words, as they had been the continuous accompaniment of my walks in the old days.

Well, the boy was dead, and the door closed on that love and that suffering. But it would be a hard thing if this one weakness of mine were to prove the ruin of my career, — if in admitting this one softness into my nature I had opened the way to all manner of incongruous distractions and flimsy sentimentalities, to a whole army of false idealisms and bombastic heroics, suitable enough to the ages of childhood and boyhood, but absolutely fatal to the clear judgment and unswerving decision essential to a man in my position.

For this obsession, which after that day came upon me frequently, was undoubtedly accompanied by a slackening of fibre. The music of the bells became at once detested and desired: detested, as a positive symptom of nerve disease that complicated the simplicity of my way by suggesting all manner of ridiculous hesitations and scruples, — desired, as a mental intoxication, a kind of crystal exhilaration, inducing a wide sense of purities and freshnesses, as unreal, as impossible, as paralyzing as the dreams of the opium-eater.

My fear was so great that these illusions

might become known, — illusions damning in their childishness, — that for a time I refrained from consulting a specialist. When at last I sought him out I took every precaution that my visit should remain secret, though of course I was too well known to conceal my identity from the doctor himself.

His keen questioning defined to me my condition more clearly than before. He elicited that the music of the bells was only a vehicle carrying on it a whole tide of sensation. At times the sounds called up scenes of undimmable brightness, — green and sunny tracts of mountain, valleys hoarding shadowy sweetness, grave smooth cattle coming down lanes in grave twilight and separating to their several byres; faces, whether of man or of fairy I knew not, wrinkled with elfin humor and with elfin wisdom. Moods also were induced by the melody, — always that same repeated phrase, — moods of exaltation, of reckless adventure, of splendid sacrifice.

Next I explained the havoc that this obsession was playing in my career: how it would take me at the most critical moments, once even at an important meeting of shareholders: how it clouded my judgment and unsettled my convictions, and how I was willing to do everything in reason toward effecting a cure, — even to the taking of a short rest, or going a sea voyage.

The specialist asked me if I had read Professor William James. He said that a certain school of psychologists were inclined to regard these so-called illusions as realities. In my case, he added, a suppressed and yet vital part of my nature seemed to be bodying itself forth in the first mental images that came to hand. These moods that I described, of heroism, of sacrifice, suggested capabilities still inherent in my being. I had assured him there was no artificial stimulant at work, — no alcohol, no drugs, no undue brainwork even. I told him that recently I had been through a crisis of excessive sentimentality —

He nodded. "I saw about that in the papers, — your little son; but after all, the pain you suffered was natural emotion, purging and salutary, — an emotion which would no doubt enlarge your sympathy, and give you an increase of fellow-feeling." I thought I detected a note of sarcasm in his voice. "I'm afraid we doctors can't be of much use to you," he added; "it's a question of the ancient fight between two antagonistic constituents of character, — the constituents that were uppermost in youth, and the constituents that are uppermost now — "

"Do you mean to imply that this illusion is a reality, — do you suggest that I hear the actual bells that tinkled forty years ago?" I asked indignantly.

"The obsession, as you call it, merely clothes itself in the sound of bells, because you are a modern German born in the Harz Mountains. If you were a mediæval monk it would clothe itself, perhaps, in the voice of St. Michael. The particular image is variable and unimportant. All that matters is the spirit animating it. Sir Thomas Browne asserts, you remember, that any miscellaneous dust will serve God to build up the body on the day of resurrection."

He was playing with me, of course, trying to make me feel my lack of culture, mocking at my nationality, which is supposed to love metaphysical subtleties, and making a flank attack upon my commercial methods. "Since you choose to clothe your diagnosis in theological terms," I said, "I gather that you imply that these two antagonistic elements represent what are known theologically as the principles of good and evil. I might perhaps ask you to which period of my life you assign the supremacy of the good principle, and to which period the supremacy of the evil."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Into that it is not for me to enter. I can only point out that you are guided alternately by two entirely different sets of aims and ideals, one having manifested itself in youth and the other in manhood; and

that the elimination of either of these is outside the domain of science. Either your life will continue to the end a conflict between these two principles, or by some violent means, some terrible struggle, you will succeed in killing out one or other of these principles. It is for you to consider which of them you deem the more worthy of preservation."

This I thought gross insolence, considering the object of my visit. "That is all you have to say?" I asked.

"That is all."

The memory of this conversation was bitter to me. I had been a fool to go to the man, — a fool to unveil my secrets to him, — and all to no purpose. Recent newspaper attacks I had not minded, — mere pinprick criticisms on technical points; but this wholesale condemnation of my business career as evil, — for such I took to be the tenor of his observations, — a condemnation based on assumption, without evidence, unjust, untrue, did grievous hurt to my pride, to my confidence, to my sense of commercial honor. The man was evidently a fanatic, self-bewildered in fine-drawn metaphysical subtleties, — an idealist dazzled by the shimmer of his bubble-blowing, and lacking the most primary knowledge of life. Anything more inept than his definition of my obsession as a reality, as a guiding principle fighting for recognition, could not well be imagined.

He evidently wished to turn me into another Don Quixote, obedient to the phantoms of my own brain. If it had been possible, without revealing our connection, to expose him as a dangerous enemy to society, who on the plea of curing nervous diseases drove his patients straight into the madhouse, I should have considered it a public duty to do so. But in the circumstances this satisfaction was out of the question. I must rely upon myself, — must make large draughts upon my will-power to clear my way of obstacles and justify my career by still further successes in the eyes of the world.

Next to the haunting bells — whose music continued and even increased in frequency and persistency after my visit to the specialist — the Deep Rand Mines were my chief anxiety. I had been obliged to miss one board meeting, owing to this wretched infirmity of mine, and I had heard that a good deal of discontent had shown its head, with a very ugly look. I recognized that my presence on these occasions was vital just now, if my stupendous undertakings were to weather the time of crisis.

After some months of continuous labor I allowed myself to accept an invitation to a week-end's shooting in Wales. On the Sunday, after an excellent day's sport, I was just preparing about midnight to go to bed, when a confidential clerk brought me a letter from the managing director of the Deep Rand Mines, informing me that certain cablegrams from the mines, involving serious consequences, had necessitated the immediate calling of a special board in London on Monday at ten o'clock. The letter added that some ugly rumors had got into the Sunday press. Consulting the time-table, I found there was a train leaving Llangwydyr Junction at 4.30 A. M. There was no local train service at that hour, but as Llangwydyr Junction was only a little over ninety miles off, I could catch the train easily by motor car. It was essential for me to be at that board.

I drove myself, and went alone, as no chauffeur was immediately available. The roads were in a bad condition, and on the way I had a break-down. Providentially it was a matter I could attend to myself, but it caused me nearly an hour's delay. This made me exceedingly tight for time, and I knew I could only just catch the train if I drove the car for all it was worth.

The moon was down, and the world dark before dawn. I had just whizzed past a village when the car went over something.

It might have been a sack of flour on the road, or a sheep, — it was unlikely that any child would be abroad so early.

The impetus of the car carried me along, and it hardly occurred to me to stop. What was done was done, — I would make inquiries to-morrow, and put all right; the train must be caught, — if I were not at the meeting everything would collapse and bring wholesale ruin. So the car continued its mad career, swooping down the roads like a flying demon, and filling my ears with the noise of its rush.

Then suddenly there jangled through my brain the sound as if all the bells of the world had been struck at once, — a discord piercing, maddening, terrifying, mingled with cries and shrieks. I felt as if a phantom hand were placed upon my hand to turn the car, and as if the whole air were alive with shuddering whispers, bidding me go back. But my will was fierce to pursue its goal unhampered by unnecessary compunctions, and as I drove I seemed to be mowing a way for the car through hosts of intangible presences, — moving whitenesses, like the mists of morning, which flung themselves in the path, moaning and with wringing hands. And through the din the cattle-bells sounded in little snatches of melody, infinitely peaceful, calling me away, away, out of all this turmoil.

The car was really slackening in speed. The phantom voices and bells were gaining direction over my movements. I was driving like one who is drunk, swaying the car from side to side, as if in some confused dream trying to turn her. What did the train matter? What did the Deep Rand Mines matter? If I turned, I should ride straight back into a new country, — into the Country of Youth, — into Fairyland.

One faintest swerve more at the cross-roads would have brought the car round, and made of me a hopeless dreamer, a futile altruist. But the instincts, the habits of forty years were not to be lightly set aside. In quick revulsion there flashed across my mind the reckless folly of sacrificing enormous interests to some problematical pig or sack of oats, — a folly accompanied by such grotesque associations that it verged on insanity. Reason suddenly assumed sway over my delirious fancy, — hard common sense, showing me the duty of commercial obligations, pointing out the only road it was possible for me to take. I was the pilot intrusted with a galleon of incalculable riches, and I must be at the helm.

The car steadied; a fierce determination kept it to its course. The clang of bells and sounds of weeping were left behind in the distance.

At last I was being jostled over the streets of a waking town. The clocks chimed the half hour. The train steamed into the station.

I caught the train. I attended the board meeting and managed to pull everything into shape again. The Deep Rand Mines continue to pay over one hundred per cent.

It was a child I had run over and injured. He died a few days after. The poor little brat had been sent out to feed some pigs that had been forgotten. I had the relatives well compensated, but it did not prove necessary to make myself known, as I was able to keep the thing out of the papers.

Strangely enough, that night worked a complete cure in me. I suppose that headlong dash through the air had a salutory effect upon the nerves. I never again heard any remotest sound of the cattle-bells with their accompanying illusions, and thenceforward I was able to pursue the path I had marked out for myself without hindrance or disturbance of any kind.

So I have reached a calm and venerable old age, trusted by my colleagues, and enjoying that universal respect which preëminent success always commands.

FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE

BY IRVING BABBITT

Few men have ever crowded more intense activity into a life of fifty-seven years than Brunetière. There are few more striking examples of what may be achieved by a frail physique when sustained by an indomitable will. After having in his youth been refused admission as a student to the *Ecole Normale*, he finally entered as a teacher into that inner citadel of French higher education. He became member of the Academy in 1893, and almost at the same time, after long service in a subaltern post, editor-in-chief of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. His trip to this country early in 1897 was only one of his many appearances as orator and lecturer. For over thirty years he was indefatigable as a critic. Yet after publishing nearly forty volumes, he died before finishing the *History of French Classicism* that promised to be his real monument: *Pendent opera interrupta*. The completed chapters of this work (covering most of the sixteenth century) are suggestive of a greater mellowness, or at least of some toning down of the logical asperity of his style. The study of Montaigne, which is the last thing he did, is also one of the best, a truly remarkable achievement for a man in the last stages of a wasting disease, especially remarkable for a man so different in temperament from Montaigne as Brunetière. Pascal makes a celebrated distinction between the *esprit de géométrie*, the love and gift for logical reasoning, and the *esprit de finesse*, the sensitiveness to life in all its infinite complexity. Montaigne, a notable embodiment of the *esprit de finesse*, has rarely if ever been better judged than by Brunetière; yet one can scarcely admit, as M. de Vogüé claims in his commemorative article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that there was a perfect balance in Brunetière's mind between the two elements defined by Pascal. His real kinship in the sixteenth century is not with Montaigne, but with that master logician, John Calvin. There is the same lack of delicacy, amenity, charm; but one should add of Brunetière's style, as he himself says of Calvin's, that "its severity has after all its own nobility, and its very angularity and tension its own special majesty."

Calvin is the first eminent example of the *esprit de géométrie* in French prose, but the same turn for dialectic is visible in the earlier scholastics who wrote in Latin. One cannot read writers like Brunetière and Taine without feeling how much scholasticism still lingers in the land of its origin. This passion for logical consistency has been from the start the chief merit of the French mind, or, when indulged in at the expense of the facts and common sense, its most serious failing. The French readiness on occasion to oppose ratiocination to plain evidence reminds one of M. Jourdain and the skill in fence that enabled him to kill a man *par raison démonstrative*. Perhaps the most irritating example in the case of Brunetière is the attitude he assumed during the Dreyfus affair. Yet in a general way Brunetière's logic shows more respect for the facts than Taine's. Facts that enter Taine's mind are like rays of light passing through a bit of Iceland spar, — they are refracted and polarized along the lines of his theory. There is less real science in Brunetière than in Taine; there is also less pseudo-science. Brunetière's criticism offers no equivalent to the determinism that pervades the whole of Taine's work, and imposes upon him a method that is not only unliterary but positively anti-literary. One

might enlarge on the dangers of Brunetière's *Evolution des genres* (or Darwinism applied to literature) for a man of scholastic temper, were it not that Brunetière was himself so well aware of these dangers. "We should take especial care," he says, "not to transform what are, after all, simple metaphors into sovereign laws of criticism. In the midst of these ambitious generalizations the sense of the individual is lost. We become accustomed to value in the men and works of the past only the way they can be made to serve our own theories, and life in its diversity and rich complexity escapes us, and eludes the rigid formulas in which we seek to confine it." There is a valuable germ of truth in Brunetière's evolutionary theory, but it is already contained in a simple phrase of Aristotle's *Poetics:* "Tragedy, after passing through various transformations, finally attained its true nature." Brunetière is not a scientist, but a logician with a keen sense of historical development.

The sense of historical development is the main point of contact between Brunetière and Sainte-Beuve, and this point of contact only emphasizes their differences. Sainte-Beuve, who was endowed in a supreme degree with the *esprit de finesse*, had almost as great a passion for the particular as Brunetière had for the general. He aims, as he puts it, to *particularize* everything, and when he generalizes it would seem that he does so only under protest. No man was ever more on his guard against the deceit that lurks in universals. Yet if, in Emerson's phrase, "nature resents generalizing," what is highest in human nature resents the lack of it. We are justified in demanding a compromise between the multiplicity of the facts and the craving for unity. The epigraph of Brunetière's *Evolution de la poésie lyrique* was evidently directed against the method of Sainte-Beuve: "Whenever we are trying to get at the meaning of a complex phenomenon, it is useless, if not dangerous, to go too minutely into details." The volume on Balzac that Brunetière wrote for an American series shortly before his death is almost bare of details about Balzac's life; this too is a protest against the tendency of the modern school to substitute biographical small-talk for the serious business of criticism.

Brunetière is admirable as a historian of ideas when his logic is tempered by a sufficient knowledge of the facts, as is the case for nearly the whole of French literature from the sixteenth century to the present day. Throughout this whole field his erudition is immense and is aided by a marvelous memory. He is at his best in tracing main currents of ideas; in such articles, for example, as the one on the Formation of the Idea of Progress. This is a kind of writing which is thoroughly worth while in itself, and of which we have only too little in English. Brunetière, however, knew practically nothing at first hand about Greek, very little about the Middle Ages, and not enough of other modern literatures besides French. He is capable of saying that Lessing wished to rid Germany of Greek and Latin, that Burns *and Shelley* were at the opposite extreme of the social scale from Byron, and that Plato "argues like a sophist and thinks like a child." We may suspect that a man who pronounces such a judgment on Plato is not a trustworthy witness to some of the higher things of the imagination. For the critic who is himself unimaginative lacks the "fit key," as Chapman expresses it, "with poesy to open poesy." Brunetière lived neither for the senses nor the imagination, but solely for ideas. One might say of him, reversing Gautier's familiar remark about himself, that he was a man for whom the visible world did *not* exist. "He was possibly," says M. de Vogüé, "the only great man of letters of the nineteenth century for whom Rousseau had never lived, nor Rousseau's eldest son, Chateaubriand, and who did not have in his blood a single drop of their delicious poisons." He is in curious contrast in this respect to Taine, who had what some one has called

a "violent and carnal imagination," and who at any rate indulges in almost a superabundance of picturesque details.

If Taine mixes his logic with local color, Brunetière's logic is militant and oratorical. The title of one of his recent volumes, *Discours de Combat*, would be equally appropriate for his collected works. He is fond of saying of the great French writers of the seventeenth century that they had a "spoken style" — that they did not "see themselves write," but "heard themselves talk." This remark holds good of his own style, which always has the movement of the spoken word without having anything of the ease of conversation. The arguments are clamped and mortised together by logical connectives, and pushed forward in menacing array, in a manner that suggests the advance of Roman legionaries with interlocked shields. "Behind his battering rams," says M. Lemaître, "there is always a reserve of catapults." He reminds one of the old saying about Aristotle, the father of logic: he is ever eager for a fight. "A man would not feel himself alive," Brunetière remarks in the course of a plea for Christianity (!) "if he did not have adversaries." His rude and imperious temper has been likened to the testiness of the neo-classical Aristarch, a Boileau or Dr. Johnson. But, unlike Brunetière, these men had an underlying geniality of nature that saved them, even when most severe, from seeming atrabilious.

The history of Brunetière's criticism is in a large measure the history of his polemics. Renan urges us not to get ruffled, but "to suffer the destinies of the planet to be fulfilled. Our outcries will be of no use, our ill-humor would be quite out of place." This comfortable philosophy is the exact opposite of Brunetière's. He liked to quote Comte's saying that humanity is composed of more dead than living. He so champions the opinions of this dead majority as to come into conflict with nearly all the main tendencies of his own age. He defends the general sense of mankind in such a way as to isolate himself from his contemporaries. "It is a sort of joy," he remarks, "for a man to stand apart in the midst of an indifferent or hostile society that he lives in and belongs to, but that he judges." Of this somewhat austere joy Brunetière must have had his fill, especially if, as his friends claim, he was very far from being steeled to the inevitable reprisals. Possibly Brunetière's sympathy for Alfred de Vigny was due, not only to a common pessimism, but to the fact that, like Vigny, he concealed a great sensitiveness under outer coldness and reserve. A Stoic, born into a somewhat neurasthenic age, Brunetière looked on it as his special mission to pursue every form of epicurean relaxation; and according to Pascal, when men judge by their natural lights, and in the absence of true faith, they are inevitably divided into Stoics and Epicureans. There was, then, an almost necessary conflict between Brunetière, the least Gallic of Frenchmen, and contemporaries whom he describes as "Epicureans of the decadence;" between Brunetière and M. France, whom he deemed to be no better than a literary voluptuary; between Brunetière and Renan, who seemed to him bent on turning the intellect itself into a means of refined enjoyment.

Brunetière's great problem becomes the search for a standard and definite discipline that he might oppose to this universal laxity and self-indulgence, or, as he terms it, to this "monstrous and morbid development of the me." The reactionary tendencies of the last ten years of his life follow naturally enough from the assumptions that one finds in his earliest work. He assumes first that there is needed a principle of restraint in human nature (*un principe refrénant*), and that this principle cannot be evolved by the individual himself, but must be "exterior, anterior, and superior" to the individual; in other words, it must be sought in the total experience of the race as embodied in tradition. As a result of its loss of traditional standards, modern

society seemed to him to be plunging into a bottomless morass of impressionism. His whole work may be best defined as a warfare upon impressionism, political, literary, and religious. The purpose of his polemic with the scientists (*la faillite de la science*) was to prove that science could give the world no real equivalent for the rule of life it had forsaken. For a similar reason, his attitude was in the main hostile to both the romantic and naturalistic movements which, springing from a common source, divide between them the nineteenth century. Of course the modern school gets round Brunetière's difficulty by offering as a substitute for the principle of restraint the principle of brotherhood; each man is to give a loose rein to his own instincts and "originality," and then temper this explosion of egoism by sympathy with an equally free play of individual impulse in others. This is the theory of fraternal anarchy that one finds in Rousseau, and in his American congener, Walt Whitman. But modern France, according to Brunetière, has, in following the leadership of Rousseau, taken a madman for its guide. He thinks we may make fine distinctions about different kinds of individualism, but in practice they are all synonyms for egoism; they all offer an undue opening to "the mobility of our impressions, the unruliness of our individual sense, and the vagrancy of our thought."

In other words, Brunetière fails to escape from the vicious dilemma of nineteenth-century thought which would either sacrifice the individual to society, or society to the individual; which fails to find a middle ground between anarchical self-assertion and a collectivism that would crush individual initiative. Brunetière's point of view suggests an interesting comparison with Emerson, because Emerson, like Brunetière, had immense confidence in the collective wisdom of humanity, in what he calls the "constant mind of man." But, unlike Brunetière, he believes that this wisdom needs to be supplemented by the living insight of the individual. To be sure, Emerson says that "the individual is always mistaken," and Brunetière would heartily concur; but when Emerson says elsewhere that a "true man is the centre of things—he measures you and all men and all events," Brunetière and he part company. Brunetière denies that the individual man can thus be the measure of all things, not only in the sophistical sense that M. France gives to the maxim, but in any sense whatsoever. Emerson would affirm a standard that is both within and without the individual. The standard is entirely outside the individual, according to Brunetière. According to M. France, there is no standard at all, but only universal illusion and relativity. Sainte-Beuve, as usual in questions of this kind, is non-committal, and confines himself to the comment: "The moral world, thrown from its ancient orbit, is rolling without counterpoise toward an unknown future." The points of view of Brunetière and M. France, which would seem to embody opposite extremes, have at least the merit of reflecting faithfully a main line of cleavage in contemporary French thought. Indeed, one can scarcely speak of the need of respect, authority, and discipline in France without at once being set down as a reactionary. If France does not get beyond this stage, and yet prospers in a large way, all the saints and sages of the past will have been convicted of error in their views of human nature; and this in itself will be a result of considerable interest. Perhaps the examples of an individualism that is disciplined in the Emersonian sense are not extremely numerous even outside of France.

The reasons that led Brunetière into the Catholic Church should now be clear. It alone seemed to him to afford the discipline and the definite standard that could protect society against the individual. The reasons for his conversion, as he himself says, were "social;" they are certainly as far removed as possible from the reasons of those who are drawn into

the Church by the æsthetic charm of its ritual. Of this form of epicureanism he remarks contemptuously that "sensuality is not religion." He turned to Catholicism simply because it seemed to him to hold out the hope of a better-ordered social progress, of a more thoroughly disciplined collectivism. It is misleading to say, as is often done, that Brunetière had a "seventeenth-century soul," or, like M. de Vogüé, to compare him to Bossuet and Pascal. Brunetière's constant preoccupation with the humanitarian problem — the future of society and the relations of man to his fellow-man — savors of Auguste Comte rather than of Bossuet. In his inner mood, again, he has more in common with Schopenhauer than with Pascal. It is enough to compare Brunetière's "social reasons" with the bit of parchment found sewn into Pascal's coat, on which he had recorded the details of his conversion (night of November 23, 1654). Pascal sums up this sudden illumination in the words, often repeated, "Joy, certainty, peace." Brunetière lacked vision; he did not possess, like Pascal, any inner sanctuary of peace into which he could withdraw from the "tumult of the time disconsolate." He had little experience of that wisdom which Joubert defines as "repose in the light." He was a true child of his age in that he sought salvation in work and not in meditation; or rather, for the stoic Brunetière as for the epicurean Sainte-Beuve, work was, by their own avowal, a means of escape from the abyss of metaphysical despair. "As for Brunetière," some one is reported to have said, "one of these days it will be found that he has hanged himself before a crucifix."

Brunetière's lack of inwardness impairs not only his defense of religious tradition, — it also impairs his defense of tradition in literature. One is tempted to say, at the risk of being misunderstood, that he did not take sufficiently into account in either religion or literature the aristocratic elements that make directly for the perfecting of the individual, and only indirectly for the perfecting of society. What Sainte-Beuve lamented in the decay of humane letters was the disappearance from the world of delicacy and distinction, and not simply the weakening of a discipline. The point may be made clear by comparing the attitude of the two men toward Balzac. Both Balzac and Victor Hugo are indeed veritable touchstones for the critic, being, as they are, writers of immense power, but a power Titanic and Cyclopean rather than human. Brunetière ascribes Sainte-Beuve's hostility to Balzac to personal pique and jealousy. Personal pique there certainly was, but the underlying ground of Sainte-Beuve's hostility was his humanism — the fact, as he himself says, that "he still belongs in spite of everything to the classical school." Sainte-Beuve shows himself a better humanist than Brunetière, when he admires Balzac's exuberant creative energy, but at the same time is repelled by his violence and lack of measure.

Many American readers of the volume on Balzac have doubtless been puzzled by Brunetière's warmth of admiration for a writer who, as he truly says, had immense influence in promoting the whole French naturalistic movement, from Taine to Zola. Did not Brunetière begin his career as a critic by an onslaught on the naturalistic novel, and is he not always urging us to react against the "naturalism that we still have in our blood," and become "idealists"? The difficulty will be at least partially solved if we remember that Balzac and Brunetière both became Catholics, and for somewhat similar reasons. Balzac, like Brunetière, fails to find in the individual life any resource against itself; he depicts it, not as a struggle between one's higher and lower nature, but merely as the unfolding of a master-impulse that is determined in turn by the pressure of an infinitely complex environment; he was unable to conceive of any inner avenue of escape for the individual from his own egoism and sub-

jectivity, and so he opposes to individualism a social solidarity that receives its ultimate sanction from the Church. Like Brunetière, he sides with society against the individual. In their return to the discipline of the past, Brunetière and Balzac both take their point of departure in naturalistic pessimism. If we had no other evidence in the case of Brunetière, his sympathetic study of Schopenhauer would suffice.

An inevitable question arises in dealing with this difficult relationship between Brunetière's "naturalism," and his "idealism:" How did he reconcile his keen sense of historical relativity with the need imposed by his logic, of an outer absolute? His most evident ambition as a thinker is to combine the faith of the past in what is stable with the modern idea of development. Even dogma itself evolves, he asserts, and in all this part of his thought it is easy enough to trace the influence of Cardinal Newman. His plea for a Catholicism that would develop in harmony with some of the aspirations of modern democracy seems to have found favor with Leo XIII, but to be far less acceptable to the present Pope. Some of the arguments that he brings to the defense of tradition are certainly surprising. In fact, one suspects in Brunetière a violent love of paradox, which he gratifies, not by attacking the general sense of mankind, but by the means he employs in defending it. It is, he confesses, an undertaking at once hazardous and novel to press into the service of Catholic orthodoxy Comte's *Positive Philosophy* and the *Origin of Species*. He identifies the scientific doctrine of heredity and the dogma of original sin, draws a parallel between the American Constitution and the Roman Church, and brings Darwin to the aid of St. Vincent de Lérins. We may well refuse to follow him in these bizarre associations; yet we must recognize that he is wrestling manfully all the while with what is after all the central problem of contemporary thought, the problem how to adjust the rival claims of "being" and "becoming;" how to retain the conquests of naturalism and at the same time assert the integrity of that part of man which is above phenomenal nature.

Brunetière, indeed, has an almost unerring instinct for the large and vital questions, even when he misses the right solution for them. He is instructive in his errors, even in his failure to recognize that the remedy for the excesses of individualism must be a higher individualism, that the lance of Achilles can alone heal the wound it has made. There is no better antidote to impressionism than to read him through with a view to refuting him. He may be recommended as a corrective to those who suffer from epicurean indolence and unwillingness to think. It is some distinction to have attained, as Brunetière did, even to a logical cosmos in an age whose current philosophy would seem to be what a Harvard undergraduate, replying to a question as to the religion of China, described as *confusionism*. The atmosphere that surrounds his work has the stoic bleakness; yet he is tonic by the very faith he feels in the virtues of clear and consistent reasoning. "Who of us," says Brunetière, "has n't his weaknesses? Mine — one of mine — has always been to love doctrinaires; and see how indulgent I am for them: I pardon them not only for having had doctrines and for having defended them sturdily, but for having changed doctrines, every time that they have given good reasons for so doing, — I mean good doctrinal ones." He is convinced that it is "ideas that govern the world." Herein he differs from M. Faguet, a really distinguished thinker, who has no belief in the practical efficacy of thought; and that is perhaps why M. Faguet's work, brilliant as it undoubtedly is, fails to leave its sting. "Take Rousseau from the history of the eighteenth century," writes Brunetière, "and you put off the Revolution by perhaps twenty or twenty-five years; take from his writings the *Social Contract*, and you make the Jacobin programme impossible; take

from the *Social Contract* itself merely the sixth and seventh chapters of the fourth book, and you suppress Robespierre." Fortunately the connection between logic and life is not always so close.

Brunetière has only contempt for those who would divorce scholarship from ideas, or who, having ideas, fail to subordinate them to some serious end; contempt for the dilettantes and impressionists who see in literature only the occasion for an agreeable vagabondage of the intellect or sensibility; likewise for those who lose themselves in over-minute investigations: for instance, the man who devoted a volume of five hundred pages to proving that Molière died at No. 40 and not at No. 34 Rue Richelieu; or the man who searched through the records of Paris churches — eighty manuscript volumes — in order to determine the exact date of the birth of Ninon de Lenclos! In one of his most vigorous papers (*La Fureur de l'Inédit*) he assails what is perhaps the main fetish of modern scholarship, — "original" research. "Science and conscientiousness," he exclaims, "delicacy of taste, tact, the art of selection and composition, feeling for style, felicity of expression, art or grace, eloquence or strength, all that formerly went under the name of talent, or even genius, — do any of these qualities really count in the eyes of a decipherer of texts or an editor of unpublished documents? And public opinion, which they have already more than half corrupted, seems likely soon to side with them." Brunetière waged continuous war on this tendency of scholarship toward Alexandrianism, toward what Bacon termed, in speaking of spelling reform, "unprofitable subtleties." No one in his generation so emphasized the relationship between literature and thought, the relationship between thought itself and life.

"Le vrai Dieu, le Dieu fort, est le Dieu des idées."

The example Brunetière set in this respect is needed in this country even more than in France.

A QUESTION

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

Was it by chance or with intent this jar
Of all its fellows missed the furnace flame,
And from the potter's hand so plastic came
None other now may touch it but to mar?
A perfect fruit, loosed from the parent vine,
That may not now God's gentlest sun withstand, —
A soul dropped, unawares, from out His hand
Into the lees of Life's dissolving wine!

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE: THE CASE FOR THE AGENT

BY FLOYD ELMER DE GROAT

FOR two years public columns have contained much in criticism of life insurance management; much also in commendation of life insurance, the institution. Are we to conclude that in theory life insurance is a boon, but that its benefit, through mismanagement, must necessarily miscarry? Or shall we agree with Judge Francis C. Lowell, who declares in the January *Atlantic* that the defects inherent in the existing system demand sweeping reform; and that the elimination of the insurance agent is the greatest need? Unless acquainted with life insurance by close association, by study into its theory and its practice, no man is competent to judge it; not more than is the layman to instruct publicly as to the inefficacy of courts, or the miscarriage of justice.

A mutual life insurance company was described by Judge Lowell as "a very large aggregate of property." It was defined as "a corporation for the management of property deposited with it, having characteristic but comparatively unimportant peculiarities related to insurance." Is such conception true or false? When first it came to being, it was not an aggregate of property. It was a charter, making it lawful for a corporate body, through their responsible managers, to insure their respective lives; to make, execute, and deliver contracts appertaining to life risks; calling for contracts equitable as between members, but at cost not greater than the specified obligation; further providing that all persons insuring be taken as members of the corporation, and that the right to change the management shall reside with the members.

Since the law of life is the foundation scheme, the contract should be perfectly adjustable to the changing conditions affecting human life; perfect nonforfeiture of equity mathematically accrued must be secured to those forced to discontinue membership; the contract must be such that the individual cannot profit at the expense of the general body, nor vice versa; nor must one member be treated more favorably than another; based upon the law of mortality, which is the law of God, the contract must conform to statutes governing property, which is the law of man; maturity being certain as death, such sums as are mathematically necessary, when safeguarded and improved at a fixed minimum rate of interest, to discharge all contract obligations, must be determined in advance; to these net or mathematical rates, as part of the contract premium, must be added such sums as may be necessary for the safe conduct of the business. It follows that any diminution of the contract price or premium, possible through experience of mortality less than expected by the table, or through gaining an interest rate higher than assumed, or through the conduct of the business at expense less than provided by premium loadings, must be mathematically ascertained and regularly applied. In mutual life insurance then, the matter of first importance, and for all time thereafter of supreme importance, is, the mathematical principles involved. Life insurance is in its essence scientific. It is a business of contracts involving the finest mathematics, the nicest calculations. It acquires property under contract, and comes to have, in due course, characteristic but always relatively unimportant peculiarities respecting finance.

If we are to find better bread than is made of wheat, we must analyze wheaten bread, and compare with it all other kinds. If mutual life insurance is to be attacked, if its inherent weakness is to be discovered, we must not judge by weakness or wrong existing in organizations which are non-mutual, in theory, in practice, or in charter. Companies which treat one policy-holder more favorably than another are surely non-mutual. Yet tontine insurance can mean nothing else than the profit of a few at the expense of the many. And most American companies have had to do with tontine. Industrial insurance as such does not claim to be mutual. A stock company is non-mutual in charter, and will not serve as a criterion.

It is indisputable that correct mutual life insurance has had grafted upon it in many quarters various excrescences which have either subverted or destroyed the mutual idea.

Tontine is perhaps the most deadly, but there are others that are poisonous. "Special contract," "advisory board," "agency stock," all are destructive of the equitable and economical, the mutual plan. Such schemes, veiled in mystery, offer or purport to offer something to the one not to be had by the many. They are productive of volume, for be it remembered that, "To surround anything, however monstrous or ridiculous, with an air of mystery is to invest it with a secret charm and power of attraction which to the crowd is irresistible. False priests, false prophets, false doctors, false patriots, false prodigies of every kind, veiling their proceedings in mystery, have always addressed themselves at an immense advantage to the popular credulity, and have been perhaps more indebted to that resource in gaining and keeping for a time the upper hand of Truth and Common-Sense than to any half-dozen items in the whole catalogue of imposture."

But to go back. A mutual life insurance company transacts an insurance business, a business peculiarly mathematical and exact. It must, therefore, not depart from active control by its mathematical or actuarial heads. Very largely in proportion as it does so depart, does it leave behind its mutuality. The so-called mutual companies of New York furnish apt illustrations in the testimony before the Armstrong Committee. For the testimony itself is one long proof positive that the financial managers had usurped the functions of the mathematicians, except in so far as the latter might serve their selfish purposes. But why had the financial departments become predominant, you ask? Consider the nature of "tontine" for a moment. Under the tontine contract each member agrees that his share of interest gain, from year to year, over the assumed rate; his share in mortality gains, from year to year, through experience of death rate less than provided for in the premium charged him; his share of gain through expense less than the load section of the premiums; all, plus its accumulation by interest, shall be neither paid nor credited to him, but withheld for a period, and under a clause subjecting the entire sum to forfeiture, should he die or fail to make payments when due, at any time during the period. Further, the tontine contract binds each member to accept, if living at the end of the period, just what the company offers.

But what effect upon the financial department of the company has "tontine"? Simply this, — a constantly increasing sum comes to hand, which need not be husbanded or improved at any fixed minimum rate, because no definite contractual responsibility rests for the return of it. It is but natural to draw on the tontine fund to get more business, thereby to increase the fund itself. It is but a step farther to contemplate the fund with the eyes of proprietorship. And — the descent to Avernus is easy — but one step farther to intrench behind it, by prostituting the perfectly innocent and normally useful proxy system. A tontine life insurance company becomes nat-

urally enough, by the simple process of involution, a corporation for the management of property deposited with it, having, thereafter, characteristic but comparatively unimportant peculiarities related to insurance. In a fashion exactly similar, the practice of "special contract," "advisory board," "agency stock," etc., throws into ascendancy the agency department, and in the same degree destroys mutuality. It has been proved again and again, at home and abroad, that the mutual principle can be kept intact only when active control remains where it belongs, in the hands of trained, competent, and honest mathematical men, truly representative of the general body; but with the right to change the control residing in that body.

Mathematics is an exact science, and amongst all scientific men the mathematician is least ready to forsake principles that are fixed. In mutual life insurance the mathematical department supplies, by computation and tables, the entire framework upon which the business rests. The maintenance of this framework in its integrity, the daily adjustment of all the varied conditions involved, to its requirements, are duties most delicate and responsible. The financial, the medical, and the agency departments must remain in subservience. British companies have long been so conducted. It is a recognized principle in Germany. Likewise, it has ever been the rule of action in at least two very old and very successful American companies of national scope.

The idea has gone abroad that the life insurance agent is a burden to the premium-payer. It is undeniable that many companies have paid, and are paying, commissions that are too high. But the cause does not lie in any inherent defect of the structure, mutual life insurance. It lies directly in an abandonment of its basic principles. Extravagant commissions can be paid only for the procurement of policies that are non-mutual in the proper sense, that have had grafted upon them some provisions or stipulations which will work a forfeiture of the holder's equity, either in surplus, or reserve, or both. High commissions cannot be paid, and are not paid, for the procurement of business in a company which, mutual in its premium charges, writes its contracts guaranteeing to its members, all alike, automatic nonforfeiture of the mathematical reserve equity; which further agrees to distribute annually in equitable reduction of cost to each member that portion of surplus earnings which his own policy has mathematically contributed. Large commissions have not been paid in a company which insists upon having its policies valued, and its solvency tested, by the mathematics of the business, even though the laws of states permit of lower valuations and lower tests of solvency. Yet we have such companies in America.

But we are told by some that correct life insurance means annihilation of the agent and his commission entirely; that life insurance companies most resemble savings banks. And who ever heard of a savings bank paying commission to secure deposits? First, it may rightly be answered that the savings bank is not without expenditure for business-getting purposes. But wherein does a life insurance company differ from the savings bank? Right here: the savings bank has only one legitimate source of gain, interest upon investments. It deals in interest solely. An increase in deposits, beyond a certain point, will not increase the net interest rate per cent. Precisely so with the mutual life insurance company. But the life insurance company has another and most important source of gain: namely, from mortality. The life company deals then in mortality, plus interest. It is only by the constant addition of newly selected lives that a company may keep from realizing the full tabular death rate. Manifestly then the agent may lessen the burden of the premium-payer, but only provided that he receives in commission a sum consistent

with the gain to be realized through his efforts. The Armstrong Committee, granted full recognition to this fact. And the Armstrong laws have attempted to fix for all companies doing business in New York the amount which may be expended for new business, advantageously to the general membership.[1] But it is worthy of note that the amount allowed by this law is greater than the sums used by several mutual companies in America. There are certain companies which have ever preferred the lesser new business, unless the greater was to be had without sacrifice of the principle.

Again, it is claimed that people should spontaneously insure their lives in numbers sufficient to gain in mortality without the agency medium. The answer is, experience. It has taught that an abstract proposal, to gain public favor and hold its interest, must be constantly put in concrete form to the individual. It has taught that public press advertisement is more expensive because less productive. Especially has experience taught that people generally will not voluntarily seek out life insurance. It will be mainly those in imminent need of its service. Adverse medical selection directly results. The records of British offices employing no agents do not show more favorable mortality or lower net cost. They do show higher premium charges than are employed by the best American mutual life insurance companies. The elimination of the agent in life insurance is unscientific. It is non-economical. It is opposed to growth. Certainly, it is un-American. No man has a more proper place in his community than the true representative and exponent of correct life insurance. In a hundred different ways he is of constant and unremunerated service to his present policy-holders. But in getting new, and keeping old insurance, he is a positive economical force. For he helps to solve one of the world's greatest problems, the elimination of pauperism, ignorance, degeneracy, and crime, that so often follow in the wake of insolvency.

Does life insurance cost too much? Companies differ widely in premium charges because of differing reserves; and still more because of different expense loadings; more widely still do they differ in point of net cost to members, due to the foregoing, plus the method and amount of dividend payments. But life insurance of the strictly mutual variety does not cost too much. For there are mutual life insurance companies in America holding for each policy the maximum reserve, and employing, moreover, the minimum scale for expense loading, which, by means of annual dividends arising from favorable mortality, favorable interest, and low expense, are rendering to-day perfect non-forfeitable and non-discriminatory protection to members, at a cost less than is theoretically possible; that is, at a cost less than the net or mathematical rates fixed by the bare table of mortality and interest. Surely such is a fair test.

Does correct mutual life insurance compare favorably in results with the savings bank? An examination of the records of two mutual life insurance companies, one domiciled in New Jersey, and one in Connecticut, shows that the rate of interest earned and annually credited to policyholders' funds, by accretion to reserve and by overplus as a dividend, exceeds the savings-bank rate. Examination shows that beneficiaries under matured policies are leaving their funds in the company's keeping, subject to withdrawal by them, and are enjoying net interest greater than the savings-bank rate. But as a total since organization, what is a fair comparison? One of

[1] The wisdom of fixing so delicate a point, by law, alike for all companies with their differing premiums, differing loadings, differing reserves, and varying amounts of life, endowment, and term, is doubtful indeed. It tends toward the shifting of responsibility from company managers to the state itself. It is as though the state, having licensed the physician to practice within its borders, yet should prescribe by law the maximum dose — of quinine, for example, in cases of malaria.

the greatest savings banks of New York has through seventy-two years received from depositors five hundred and thirty million dollars. The sums paid back to depositors, or their representatives, plus the sums now in keeping for their future use, exceed the total deposited by nearly eighty-one millions. This sum, eighty-one millions, represents depositors' gain. Two strictly mutual life insurance companies have through sixty-two years received in premium payments by members, five hundred and thirty-eight million dollars. The sums that have been returned to members, or their beneficiaries, plus the sums now in keeping for their future use, exceed the total payments of members, by more than one hundred and twenty million dollars. This sum, one hundred and twenty millions, represents the gain to members and their beneficiaries. Or it might be viewed in this light: two mutual life insurance companies have, through more than sixty years, so administered their sacred trust, that interest earned has not only paid the entire cost of management, but added to the policyholders' funds one hundred and twenty million dollars.

Close scrutiny of the history of these same companies reveals no high commissions to agents, or bonuses; no high salaried executives; no syndicate participation, or speculation with policyholders' funds; no breach of trust by directors; and no abuse of the proxy system; on the contrary, plentiful demonstration of its usefulness.

Is then mutual life insurance on trial? Or is it life insurance that, purporting to be mutual, has grafted upon itself foreign and destructive excrescences? Plainly the latter. And what is the remedy? Not the elimination of agent, president, or director. No. Positively, No. Does it lie in legislation? To a degree, yes. The law must not interfere with the right of contract; but it must not license fraudulent contract. And so far as mutual life insurance is concerned, the remedy lies in compelling, by law if need be, the observance of those mathematical and certain principles which are the structural foundation of mutual life insurance. The policy contract is the embodiment of those principles. Let the law then properly define mutual life insurance, and let there be no masquerading in its name. Let the law secure unconditionally to the mutual member his full equity in the contract. The law at best should act as a deterrent. If there be a definite contractual obligation to safeguard and return funds in keeping, in that case responsibility is fixed, and becomes straightway the dominating impulse of management. Full publicity will do the rest.

BYRON IN OUR DAY

BY J. F. A. PYRE

It is now some years since the "revival" of Byron was widely announced; but, thus far, the potency of the revival has been evident chiefly in certain valuable new editions of Byron's poems, and of his letters and journals. Nor is it clear that the import of such a revival has been broadly estimated, even by those whose vocation is the creation, or the criticism, of literature; still less, by those who merely find in literature the fuel and the kindling spark of their mental excitement. The contrast between Byron's vogue in his own day and its rapid and apparently conclusive wane has been an obvious theme for comment. Many reasons, some wise and some shallow, have been assigned for both. No writer was ever more unreservedly praised by the judicious of his own generation; and no writer of equal reputation was ever so uncompromisingly disparaged by his successors, so pitilessly expunged from the roll of honor by the masters of his craft. Is there anything to be learned from the rise and fall of the Byronic empire? And is there, at present, anything to be gained by restoring Byron to a position of eminence? Was there any virtue of permanence in that strange apparition of human energies which, by turns, astonished, dazzled, and wounded the imagination of his countrymen, and led all Europe captive? Or was it a mere sport of time, "a school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour," which has no relation to the deep-seated principles of society and of art?

Many a literary specialist still smiles, charitably, at the critic who ventures to discuss, *au grand sérieux*, the claims of so faded a superstition to rational analysis and valuation. He may explain Byron's contemporary power in England and America as an accident of the "Zeitgeist," his continued reign on the continent of Europe as founded on an obsession, not so soon shaken off abroad as at home; when well cornered, he may resort to the query of Mr. Saintsbury,— why, "as it was doubted by a great thinker, whether whole nations might not go mad like individuals, . . . it should be regarded as impossible, that whole continents should go mad like nations." Surely, such rhetorical peregrinations help us but little to understand a genius which was ranked by Goethe as the first of its time; which was a regenerative force in its effect upon the literatures of modern Germany, France, Italy, and Spain, and creative with respect to those of the Slavic peoples; which, if in one aspect it moulded the revolutionary literature of the early nineteenth century, was in another aspect not without its formative relation to the revolutionary literature of the latter part of the same era. Is it a paradox, or is it according to some law of literary evolution, that the people who got their *Hamlet* back from Germany at the beginning of the nineteenth century should, at the beginning of the twentieth, be going to the continent for the true content of their *Don Juan*?

The truth is, that nothing less than a readjustment of the principles upon which poetry is produced and estimated will have to precede a just estimate of Byron's poetry, of Byron as a force in the society which speaks the language he wrote. An instance of the cocksureness of each provincial generation of men, is our assumption, latterly, that our standards of taste have settled to a constant. The principle upon which poets, critics, and cultivated readers now mostly proceed is about as follows: a certain very

lovely group of emotions is set aside from others, and we are instructed that these are the emotions which are awakened by poetry; whatever awakens any other sensations may be all very well, but it is not poetry. "It's clever, but is it art?" This standard of poetic emotion is accompanied by a standard of delicate craftsmanship, pertaining particularly to details, skill in versification and in verbal melody, preciosity or *simplesse* of diction. With these standards in full sway the subject-matter of the poet is naturally limited to what can be best treated in such a manner. The result we all know. Poetry — contemporary poetry — has ceased to have any sufficient relation to life. Its "dead but sceptred sovereigns still rule us from their urns;" but the living voice is seldom heard. Meanwhile, our criticism has become flaccid and over-tolerant; we do not hear, so often as formerly, the sturdy protests of "men who are competent to look, and who do look, with a jealous eye, to the honour of English Literature;" such men as Keats was so nobly willing to "conciliate." Rather, we adopt an elegiac tone; we set the seal upon the usefulness of poetry, regretfully owning that the world has changed and that the divinest of the arts has become the trivial pursuit of the esoteric and the delicate voluptuary; the poet is a meaningless ornament of society, "the idle singer of an empty day." The world has changed! There is the old Alexandrian cry. With a culture more widely disseminated than the English-speaking peoples have ever enjoyed, we are without one single writer of verse of the first magnitude.

The decadence of modern English poetry began from Keats. Pure Romanticism attained its highest excellence in the *Christabel* of Coleridge and in Keats's *St. Agnes' Eve*. Cut off before his ardor for beauty had time to ripen under a sound and adequate experience of life, Keats left to his successors a vessel of art, full to overflowing with rich and sensuous appeal, and upon the rim of the bowl which held the Circean draught, he inscribed this motto:—

> "'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

With this were the followers of Iacchus made drunk. In other words, the influence of Keats determined the main direction of English poetry. Tennyson in his early period owed too much to Shakespeare and Milton, and to his own temperament, to be regarded as directly imitative of Coleridge and Keats; but he is like them in æsthetic method and quality. No one else lamented Tennyson's abandonment of the Lotus land so much as FitzGerald. Perhaps this was not an accident in the critic who was also the poet of the Omar Quatrains, — lovely verses, full of exquisite sensualism and unfaith. Some facts lie outside of the movement, of course; but even Browning was not untouched by æstheticism, and only his fullness of intellect and rugged individuality preserved him strong and single.

Next, the Pre-Raphaelite Brothers, Rossetti in chief, made even religion voluptuous, allied English poetry as never before with the sister arts, searched with a new and morbid sensitiveness alike into the sensuous elements of the Arthurian Legend and the Christian Myth, and overlaid them with a filigree of rare detail. Mr. Swinburne, somewhat swayed by Shelley, and flushed by the eroticism of some of the French Romantics, carried technique, particularly that of sound, to the point where meaning merges into music. He was by no means lacking in passion and ideas of his own; but from him the creed of poetry as a verbal art received powerful and "damnable" iteration. From this time on, thin and quavering parodies innumerable fill the air. Tennysonian maidens and Pre-Raphaelite damosels, and angels "in bright aureoles," "gleam and glimmer in shimmering shoals." Poetry begins to be confused with choir-stalls, organ-lofts, tapestry-hangings, peacock-screens, and variegated backgrounds; deep chloral

fumes settle over *The City of Dreadful Night;* we get farther and farther from normal human experience, into a region where white peacocks wander about in gas-lit gardens of green chrysanthemums and yellow carnations, and other perverted vegetables; finally, we have for gain the patchouli and *lingerie* of *London Nights.* One would like to hear at last the large laugh and primitive bestiality of Rabelais, or even the hearty blasphemies of *Don Juan,* clearing through this atmosphere of insipid and effeminate pruriency. But our revolt to the natural world finds us nothing more new than a plaintive little band of Gaelic minstrels "sitting on a green knoll apart," piping a slender Irishism, remotely reminiscent of the posy, "Beauty is truth, that is all you know."

> The gleam,
> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream,

appear, after all, to him who has his eyes upon life, not to him who turns from it. Those who pursue the vision of beauty and pleasure too deeply into the wilderness of dreams, grasp only the Dead Sea apples of inspiration, strain after the mirage of poetry, glimpse at last but the corpse-light above the place where it lies buried. Romanticism has run out. It has gone, not to seed, but to a seedless pod; and no out-crossing can regenerate the species. We require a new stock.

"Æstheticism," said Ibsen, in a letter written as long ago as 1865, "is as fatal to poetry, as theology is to religion." In the recognition of that principle, there lay the promise of a *man* in literature, not a mere musician, or bundle of nerves, quivering tunefully to each wandering air and sighing tremulously after a "land of heart's desire." Here is promise of a poetic instrument, stretched with strings of iron, to be struck by a mighty hand. In our own poetry, only one manly voice has been heard for a generation; it is not a great voice, and yet how Mr. Kipling has called to the heart of his time, we all know, perfectly well! The health of poetic art, more than of any other, depends upon a close and nourishing connection with the society which gives it being, and when that relation ceases to exist the art is doomed to perish.

In order to state properly Byron's place in such a scheme of criticism, it is necessary to state, first, his relation to his art and to society.

The most damaging things that can be said of Byron as a writer are that he had an unsatisfactory philosophy, that his scholarship, though wide, was superficial, and that he was an imperfect artist. But if there is one thing certain about Byron, it is that he would have scorned the proposition that philosophy, scholarship, and art are the most important things in life. Neither would he have admitted that the two first are particularly important ingredients of poetry. And finally, he would have scouted the imputation that he himself was primarily an artist. That he was so, he rightly regarded as a mere accident of necessary self-expression. The professional artist, as such, he despised. He would, perhaps, have agreed with Johnson's view of the artistic temperament, which came out so cruelly in his half-truth about Garrick: "After all Davy is only a monkey." Byron is full of jibes concerning writers as a class, and literature as a trade. He instinctively refused, at first, to profit by his copyrights; but necessity and humorous good sense combined to convince him that he was quite as well entitled to the incidental profits of his publications, as a cluster of parasites, most of them ungrateful, like Dallas and Coleridge. One of the chief sources of his aversion for Wordsworth was the smugness with which (as he saw it) that poet assumed the rôle of professional good man and priestly bard. In due time he learned to drive a snug bargain with Murray; but this was chiefly due to an amused sense of the fitness of things, resulting from the discovery that writers of inferior merit and popularity were being better paid

by the same publisher. Nevertheless, he always regarded his poetry as only a limb of himself, or at most a natural emanation, — as indeed it was. And yet, though Byron was an imperfect or unequal artist, though he never acquired, for example, any sureness in blank verse, — still, he had, from the beginning, a literary knack of extraordinary cleverness and versatility, and he got by use a command of at least some forms of verse which belongs to genius, and to genius only. Scholar he never became, to be sure; but his reading was generous and of a surprising range, and he had an eye for salient points, and a memory superlatively retentive and ready. Nor had he, indeed, any sane or consistent philosophy; he was not, perhaps never could have been, one of the truly wise; but he did a vast deal of thinking, and he thought shrewdly, clearly, and with great freedom.

Against Byron as a social being, the fundamental charge is that of insincerity and theatricality. He had, truly, a certain histrionic instinct for "doing the part;" as when, at the height of his early lionship, he out-dandied the dandies of London, for a season or two. But his posing was mostly harmless, — as superficial as the swagger and millinery of the soldier, — merely adventitious to the genuine strength and gallantry underneath. It is true that he was often whimsical and unreasonable; that he indulged in ungenerous outbursts toward and concerning friends; that he was not careful enough to ascertain the facts before passing judgment; and that he was rather revengeful. On the other hand, his violences were usually the signs of fearlessness rather than disloyalty, and disdain of a lurking meanness often led him to ignore conventional chivalries. He was given to strong language; but about the worst thing he could say of anybody was what he said, probably with justice, of Coleridge, whom he had signally befriended and who repaid him by snuffling scandal: "No more of him. He is a shabby fellow." It must be granted, finally, that, though capable of fine magnanimity, of lively and inspiring companionship, even of intense affection, he was apt to slip into arrogance and inclined to be distrustful. Equal friendship with him, though possible, was precarious.

His inferiors he seems to have treated with practically uniform firmness and kindliness, overshot, no doubt, with occasional flashes of irritability. He had a lavish hand for charity and disbursed one quarter of his income in this way, during his residence abroad. To be weak or unfortunate was to disarm him in a moment. He inspired in his servants the most dog-like trust and fidelity. The valet, Fletcher, who went with him on his boyish travels, remained at his side through all his fortunes and in many climes, was with him when he died at Missolonghi, saw to the embalming of his body, and was its guardian until it was laid away, three months later, in the church at Hucknall Torkard. One of the most affecting documents among the many painful memorials of Byron's life is the letter, full of cockneyisms and bad spelling and without commas, but also without vulgarity, in which Fletcher transmitted to Murray the news of his master's death at Missolonghi. "After twenty years of service, he was more to me than a father," wrote the heart-broken valet.

For his unfairness toward women as a class and for his conduct toward individuals, it is impossible that Byron should ever be forgiven. Women were always indispensable to him, on a high, as well as on a low plane; yet he was almost habitually cynical in his observations on the sex as a whole. He is full of shrewd comments and had a keen eye for feminine foibles; but his general interpretation of the sex is shallow. The portraits of women, in the serious poems, are mostly favorable, but are, with few exceptions, romanticized out of all resemblance to life. He was too well satisfied to class women with such solaces of

life as music, flowers, and wine, and too ready to sympathize with the Turk. "The Turks shut up their women and are much happier; give a woman a looking-glass and burnt almonds, and she will be content," is one of his random cynicisms. Intellectual women, blue-stockings, prudes, precisians, and mathematical prodigies, he mostly turned to laughter, as "benign ceruleans of the second sex."

> Yet some of you are most seraphic creatures,
> But times are altered since, a rhyming lover,
> You read my stanzas, and I read your features,
> And — but no matter, all those things are over;
> Still I have no dislike to learned natures,
> For sometimes such a world of virtue cover;
> I knew one woman of that purple school,
> The loveliest, chastest, best, but — quite a fool.

That much of this sort of thing was mere banter, is clear, if we compare such utterances with the apostrophe to Astarte in *Manfred*, and the characterization of Adah in *Cain*, and recall the profound tenderness with which he tells the story of Haidee, and the exalted mood in which he almost invariably addresses his sister Augusta.

In his many *liaisons*, there was usually some heart, — more or less, — but his moral code was certainly not that of a Meredithian hero; it was more nearly that of the average young man of fashion of his day. And yet, it may be doubted if the critics have done justly, in treating his delinquencies less leniently than those of Shelley and Burns. There was less of cowardice and cruelty in Byron's treatment of women than was the case with either Burns or Shelley, — more adherence to the code of the man of the world, — not a high standard, certainly, — but Byron chose to see things as they were and lacked the sustained sentimentalism of the one, and the blinding self-righteousness of the other. It must be remembered, too, that if ever a being was the quarry of the Superman, it was he.

Upon the subject of Byron's separation from his wife, volumes have been written, but it need not detain us here. There was much wrong on both sides in that matter. The important thing is, that this event and his subsequent unpopularity and expatriation had more effect on Byron, for better and for worse, than any other event in his life. It shook him to the last fibre, and stimulated, if it did not actually awaken, his genius.

However one may see fit to dispose the lights and shadows in the character and conduct of "this unfortunate great man," what remains, after any and all deductions, is a superb personal force; powerful, and on the whole splendid; imperfect, but fearless and free; weakened by pride, but by that very quality hardened to keep its identity intact; "a personality, in eminence such as has never been yet and is not likely to come again," said Goethe; a "fiery mass of living valor," hurling itself upon life, with unparalleled emotional energy. Both mind and will were of more than common force; irony modified all his perceptions; yet his passions lifted him and whirled him away. Rage, love, hatred, pity, laughter, convulsed him by turns. When he unexpectedly met Lord Clare in the road near Bologna, he became shuddering and speechless, overpowered by the recollections which thronged upon him, of their boyish friendship and the days at Harrow. La Guiccioli tells a similar story of a meeting with Hobhouse at Pisa. On one occasion, enraged over a tradesman's bill, he dashed his favorite watch into the fireplace and ground it to pieces with the tongs. His wife was present; no wonder she thought him mad. Kean, as Sir Giles Overreach, Alfieri's "Myrrha," threw him into hysterical sobs, so that he was compelled to leave the theatre. In one of his sister's letters, written at the time of the separation, a sort of report to Lady Byron, we come across this mysterious sentence, "The screams have

ceased." He was not mad; he was merely "eaten up with passion." This fountain of passion, usually under control, was the source of his inspiration and of his influence over others. "All other souls in comparison with his seem inert," says Taine.

And with Byron passion was not merely a gift; it was a doctrine. In one of his letters to Miss Milbanke, there is an observation which comes very near to expressing the central principle of his existence. "The great object of life is sensation — to feel that we exist — even though in pain." To him, one of the chief curses of society was its *ennui*, the futility of its conventional pursuits, which all recognize, but most endure. He was for fanning the coal of life into a blaze. The vitality of his emotions demanded this. Hence, when friendship stagnated, when love lapsed back into the inevitable mediocrity and torpor, he fretted or fled. In ordinary terms, he was fundamentally and abnormally impatient of being bored.

A being thus constituted, and cherishing so dangerous a doctrine, naturally found no peace in this life, but was goaded on from pleasure to pleasure, or from one violence to another. Passionate friendships, savage quarrels, gaming, carousing, travel and adventure, hard reading, hard riding, flirtations, and intrigues of varying intensity and duration, playing the social and literary lion, parliament, marriage, occupied but did not satisfy him. Avid of sensation, avid of power, he threw himself impetuously into his pursuits, lavished his life with the reckless waste of a cataract, and seemed as inexhaustible. He was too clear-sighted not to perceive the triviality of many of his occupations, and though too willful to change his ways, or employ his ample will power in self-restraint, he was not sordid enough to be happy so. Hence, he became a malcontent. Love soothed him, nature appeased him, for a time; and in the presence of either, he soared into realms of serene delight and contemplation. But "he could not keep his spirit at that height;" say, perhaps, he was not a dreamer; his passion called for outlet in action, in enterprise; and he became — a writer!

It has been said that Byron had the making of a matchless orator, possibly of a great publicist. The career was open to him. From the age of ten he had been a peer of England, and at his majority he became entitled to a seat in Parliament, and a share in its deliberations. He took his seat, and made a speech or two; but his vanity was not tremendously gratified, and he scarcely entered the hall again. After all, he was too impatient ever to have made a statesman. The truckling, the compromises, the checks and balances by which nations are ruled, would have been maddening to a spirit so haughty and intolerant as Byron's in his youth. "Strength of endurance is worth all the talent in the world," he once said; but he added, "I love the virtues that I cannot share." And yet, during the last months of his life in Greece, he showed to a remarkable degree the fortitude and self-possession of an executive. Still, paradoxical as it may seem, fate and instinct probably led him to the field which offered the best scope for his vehement and random energies.

Fate and instinct, — for Arnold is somewhat misleading when he tells us that Byron "threw himself upon literature." The very title, *Hours of Idleness*, which the young lord affixed to his maiden volume, sufficiently indicated the lackadaisical spirit in which he came before the public, and he further promised in his preface not to offend again. Of course this protestation is not to be taken too seriously, for Byron periodically resolved never to publish again; but it was his resentment at the severe handling of his first volume by the *Edinburgh Review* which really committed him to literature. Like Don Juan, when surprised in a compromising situation, —

> His blood was up; though young, he was a Tartar,
> And not at all disposed to prove a martyr.

"They knocked me down; but I got up again," he boasted, many years later. Elsewhere, he recalls, with relish, the counsel of his old boxing-master, Jackson, with reference to conduct in a *mêlée:* "Mill away, right and left; don't stop to pick out your friends." These instructions Byron followed faithfully in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* His third volume was the result of his native impulse to expression, a series of descriptive sketches and reflections, poured out in verse during his travels through Spain, Greece, and the Levant, and dominated by a thinly veiled, somewhat theatrical portrait of himself. Convention is probably right in attributing the success of this volume to the fact that it precisely met the taste of the time. Byron's faculty for hitting out telling phrases is nowhere better illustrated than by the now hackneyed words in which he described the suddenness of the sensation produced by *Childe Harold:* "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." Henceforth, whatever he chose to write was sure of an immediate audience. Now, indeed, he "threw himself upon literature." It was not alone that his vanity was flattered by the reception of his works; more and more he found in poetry an outlet for his fiery opinions; in the world of his own creation, he lived the life of sensation, of boundless energy, of unmitigated intensity, for which he burned.

> 'T is to create
> And by creation live a being more intense,
> That we endow with form our fancy.

From this time on, there was no question of his vocation; he wrote voluminously and with steadily increasing power, to the time of his fatal expedition to the fever camps of Greece, which was to terminate his energies at the age of thirty-six. Taine is certainly wrong when he says that Byron was worn out, that his power flags toward the close; Byron himself was certainly wrong on this point. Some of the most vigorous, most sincere, and most engaging verse he ever wrote is to be found in the last cantos of *Don Juan,* and his prose of the same period is glorious for its swiftness, lucidity, and strength.

Byron's was not one of those great, unselfish imaginations, like that of Shakespeare, or even like that of Goethe, which can take up into itself all that it finds in the life of the world, and recreate it into splendid wholes of artistic consistency and loveliness. But his mind was of the same general order. It is true, he could not get away from himself; but this does not mean, as some have asserted, that he had no imagination; it means only that his gift was not dramatic. The power which seizes with a mighty grasp upon the salient realities of the world and subdues them to unity, he had in a high measure; but the law to which he subdues them is the law of his own being. On the one hand, this is the source of all that is pitiful and childish in him; but, on the other, it is the source of all his might. We find something ennobling and stirring in the arrogance which sees, in all the enterprises and all the convulsions of nature and of society, the prototypes of his own fiery life. One man stands up and says to all the world, "This is I: I am one with the storm! The rolling thunder-stone, reverberating through the abysses of the Alps, is the echo of my own soul! All desolate lands and cities — Greece, unhappy Greece, Venice with her faded grandeurs, and Rome, a plundered ruin — *express me.* But I am greater than these symbols, myself, one and indivisible, — a tortured human soul, unconquered, unsurrendering." This it was which made conquest of reviving Europe. To an age of awakening individuality, he proclaimed the dogma of rebellion, of freedom and defiance. And he became as a pillar of fire to superannuated peoples who had but to doff the lethargy of custom to find themselves young.

It has been urged that his genius was all destructive, that he had no constructive wisdom. But his sense of the unsatisfactoriness of life is in itself recreative.

One does not hate the false, unless his eyes, however bandaged, have had some glimpse of the truth. Byron is allied to the great minds of tragedy and comedy by his alertness to the incongruities of life, the grand and the trivial. What conformed to true design he could set forth with noble eloquence, and, at times, with superb poetic beauty; but he was more at home in the passions of discontent. Over what seemed but splendid failures in the scheme of things, he grieved with incomparable melancholy; the trivial, he lashed with diabolic mockery and scorn. His flippancy arises out of those moods in which all things seem trivial, — moods to which a Shakespeare or a Goethe never succumbs. Yet when all is said and done, such is the effect of his delight in the exercise of his own force, his own "boldness, dash, and daring," that we are not depressed but exhilarated; the total effect is not that of despair but of defiant will. We come out of the tumult, the vastness, and the gloom, energized, lifted up, electrified, as he himself came from the embraces of the sea, the caress of the night and the storm.

But his eloquence lacks the sustained distinction, his comedy the light-heartedness, of the very greatest. "The mind in creation is as a fading coal," said Shelley. In Byron, the poetic fire often fades suddenly and leaves us staring at blackened spots in his creations. He was dependent upon his volleying passion for illumination; and this failing, he had no assured art of style, or lacked the patience, to patch up his transitions or overlay with conciliating decoration the blotches where inspiration cooled. And this grave defect is very unsatisfactorily remedied by representing him in extracts, such as those chosen by Arnold. One must feel the long sweep, the general buoyancy of Byron, in order to understand him. It is this which is exhilarating, which carries us triumphantly over many a flagrant delinquency of metre or of diction. The critic who comes "to peep and botanize" will find nothing but misery in Byron's style, unless, indeed, he come, as many critics do, to gloat. There are few single lines of magical appeal, as in Keats and Coleridge. It is almost impossible to select a single stanza, even from the best parts of *Childe Harold*, that is not disappointing if examined too closely. And yet, somehow, we are sustained and swept onward.

> Awaking with a start,
> The waters heave around me and on high
> The winds lift up their voices. . . .
>
> Once more upon the waters! Yet once more!
> And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
> That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
> Swift be their guidance wheresoe'er it lead!
> Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed,
> And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
> Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
> Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail
> Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

This is rhetoric, perhaps, — call it what you will, — but it is rhetoric which attains its object. Here is the feel of the wave, the sound of the wind, the passion of the traveler, conveyed in words that shout and sting, in verse that swells and billows with the sea.

There is a now famous article by Mr. Swinburne, in which, infuriated at the villainy of Matthew Arnold in ranking Byron above Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, he threw himself upon Byron with a determination to eradicate him, root and branch. The article is a powerful and a cunning one, though weakened by hydrophobic symptoms, here and there. It contains numerous instances of the unfair kind of criticism by which the fame of Byron has been injured. For example, to prove Byron's deafness to style and metre, Mr. Swinburne selects a rather crude passage from one of the less mature poems, *The Siege of Corinth*, and not satisfied with wrenching the four wretched verses from their context, he insults over the sense and breaks the metre with marks of exclamation and parenthetical (*sic*). Considered as an ex-

ample of verbal melody, the lines are poor enough.

> Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,
> That the fugitive may flee in vain,
> When he breaks from the town; and none escape,
> Aged or young, in the Christian shape.

But let one read these verses in their context, — the description of a scene immediately preceding a cavalry charge, — particularly let him read them aloud, and he finds that what seemed crude and inert is awakened to life by the energy of the whole, and plays its due part in a general effect of somewhat coarse and melodramatic, but indisputable, vigor and reality. Had the critic wished to be only half fair to his victim, he might have chosen some lines from the description of the preceding night, about a page back, the passage beginning, —

> "'T is midnight; on the mountains brown
> The cold round moon shines deeply down."

But no one would think of basing the title of Byron to poetic importance upon poetry of this class. It was in *Don Juan* that he found himself. "I see you still insist on regarding me as a gloomy personage," he once wrote to Miss Milbanke. "The fact is I am a very facetious fellow." "We have laughed for four days," he wrote after one of Moore's visits, many years later. The grand, gloomy, and self-torturing misanthrope who dominates all Byron's early romances, as well as *Childe Harold*, *Manfred*, and *Cain*, illustrates only one phase of an exceedingly complicated and variable temperament. When Byron discovered himself in *Don Juan*, his mind had matured, his way of life had become more wholesome, his technical ability had reached its height; what was of particular importance, he had learned to write more slowly and with greater patience; his daily stint was two octaves of *Don Juan*. The scheme of the poem was such as to allow him to deploy all his powers. Flesh and blood narrative, description which *is* the thing, satire in all keys, sentiment, trenchant reflection, are woven together with a mastery and ease which continually astonish, and never tire, though they sometimes shock. He is, by turns, comical and savage, pathetic and terrible, romantic and burlesque, earnest and reckless, intellectual and voluptuous; he laughs and weeps, prays and blasphemes, sings, shouts, threatens, cajoles, caresses, stabs right and left. Half a dozen stanzas as cleverly keyed and turned as the one quoted above to illustrate his satire of the blue-stockings would be sufficient to make the fame and determine the bent of a minor poet, such as Praed; and this represents only one of a thousand moods. And yet, *Don Juan* is not a series of passages; the narrative swims forward without effort; our eyes are continually on the hero; our heart aches with the meaning of it all. It is a shallow view of this poem which regards it as a mere string of studied disenchantments, lewdnesses, cynicisms, and blasphemies. It is the panorama of life as Byron saw it, "with all its imperfections on its head," a mixture of good and evil, which he was bound to render frankly as it appeared to him, and as he lived and judged it,—not well perhaps, but passionately, fearlessly, and as a citizen of the world. Byron's recent editor is not wrong in calling *Don Juan* the "epic of modern life."

Byron's view of life was, after all, essentially moral. He was deeply and sincerely interested in the moral aspect of things; only, he laid the stress elsewhere than on the conventional morality of his day. That conventional morality — often a mere matter of appearances — he stigmatized as cant; he hated that cant, not comically, at bottom, but earnestly, savagely; and he assailed it with furious blows, shocked it without mercy or caution. There is no doubting his sincerity when he cries out in his letters, "It is the most moral of poems;" his contempt is as genuine as it is bitter, when he says to the British nation, —

> "You 're not a moral people and you know it,
> Without the need of too sincere a poet."

But he was less interested in private, domestic morality than in public, political morality. Nothing could more clearly present this contrast than his terrible arraignment of George III, in *The Vision of Judgment*. And herein, he took a large, a continental view, — not an insular, British view. Perhaps he was wrong, but he was sincere. Further, his treatment of this theme is essentially poetical. He creates a myth, a political myth. His assaults on individuals are not, for the most part, the result of personal rancor, though this sometimes added to the zest of his attack. He erected a mythus of political devildom, and its heroes were Castlereagh and Wellington and George III, and, most of all, Southey, the recalcitrant laureate, the idealization, in his mind, of pusillanimous time-serving, of scribbling, prosperous British cant.

There is no doubt that *Don Juan* is often shocking; perhaps the sum total of its impression is that of a terrible disorder of enormous and varied powers, often ill-directed. There is no mistaking the inferiority of Byron's force to that of Shelley, in attractiveness, in sweetness, radiance, and charm; but there is, likewise, no mistaking Byron's superiority in massiveness, in variety, and in effectiveness. Shelley, who understood Byron thoroughly, was not deceived on that point; he well knew which was the mightier spirit. Shelley, too, not being one of the canters, readily saw that in *Don Juan* the immense talent of his great contemporary had first found the means of freely rendering itself effective.

If we seek, now, to illustrate the qualities of this poem, we realize, at once, how surprising is its range, by the very absurdity of such an attempt. There is room for a single extract which will show the poet in one of his better moods; the language is simple and clear and direct; but the result is thoroughly poetical. These are the three stanzas in which the poet dismisses the story of Haidee, and then, as if dashing a tear from his eye, turns, with a subtle bravado, to Juan; if we read in this transitional stanza only a piece of brutal bathos, if we cannot see the poet smiling through his tears, we have no business to be reading *Don Juan*.

The isle is now all desolate and bare,
  Its dwellings down, its tenants passed away:
None but her own and father's grave is there,
  And nothing outward tells of human clay:
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,
  No stone is there to show, no tongue to say
What was: no dirge, except the hollow seas,
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

But many a Greek maid in a loving song
  Sighs o'er her name; and many an islander
With her sire's story makes the night less long.
  Valor was his, and beauty dwelt with her:
If she loved rashly, her life paid for wrong —
  A heavy price must all pay who thus err,
In some shape; let none think to fly the
    danger,
For soon or late Love is his own avenger.

But let me change this theme, which grows too
    sad,
  And lay this sheet of sorrows on the shelf;
I don't much like describing people mad,
  For fear of seeming rather touched myself —
Besides, I 've no more on this head to add;
  And as my muse is a capricious elf,
We 'll put about and try another tack
With Juan, left half-killed some stanzas back.

Byron has been accused of childishness by latter-day writers, because of his admiration and defense of Pope, and his stout adherence to classical theories of poetic art. Yet he was more than half classical himself, as his recent editor, Mr. More, has pointed out. Revolutionary though he was in his opinions, and many points as he had in common with the romantic school, he is classical in the directness and simplicity of his methods, in the large lucidity of his aims, in his subordination of means to ends, in the roundness and sonority of his execution, his indifference to decoration. And I suspect that, even as a critic, if any one will take the trouble to read him, he will be found to have known what he was talking about, rather better than the æsthetico-romanticists have been disposed to admit. "I said we were on a wrong tack,"

he once wrote to Moore, "but I never said that we did not sail well. Our fame will be hurt by admiration and imitation. When I say 'our,' I mean all (Lakers included) except the postscript of the Augustans . . . the next fellows must go back to the riding school and the *manège* and learn to ride the 'great horse.'" Great as was the contrast between Byron's theories and his practice in poetry, it was not so great as has been represented. And unsatisfactory as his total output, in many ways, is, the power which he showed in literature was of a high order; only a narrow creed of poetry, a too narrowly æsthetic conception of its aims and its means, can exclude a large body of his work from that class.

It has often been accounted a strange divagation of judgment in Matthew Arnold, that he saw in Byron one of the greatest poetic forces of modern times, a conviction which he uttered not once, but many times. The ranking of poets is a precarious and not always a profitable pastime, and yet it is not likely that Arnold's critical reputation will ultimately suffer to the degree that Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Saintsbury have presumed, from the fact that he chose Wordsworth and Byron as the two names of surpassing importance in the poetry of the nineteenth century. The sooner we escape from the bondage to æstheticism which forces a writer like Mr. Saintsbury to approve the saying of a brother critic, that "the first ten lines of Beddoes's *Dream Pedlary* contain more pure poetry than the entire works of Byron," the sooner will there be a sound hope that the "future of English Poetry" may be, what Arnold loved to say it would be, "immense." Despite the present disposition on the part of many clever little men to disparage our great standard critic, his approval will always be a strong card for Byron. Arnold was not only a critic; he was an advocate. To inculcate in his nation "the sense for style" was the mission which he took upon himself and which he so nobly discharged. Considering his aim, he might have been pardoned had he erred in applying his standard somewhat too drastically to such a writer as Byron. It is evidence of his admirable sanity as a critic, that, in spite of his aims as a teacher, he saw clearly the place to which Byron was entitled, not by the perfection of his style, but by the "eminence" of his personality, by virtue of his personal force and fire and freedom and saliency.

These truly valiant qualities, which made Byron so enormously effective in his generation, may still give us pause. In our days of poetic puttering, when we can point to hundreds of clever technicians in verse, but not to one singer or maker who sways the time, we can ill afford to despise the memory of one who accomplished so much in his way and day. Though a great deal of Byron's subject matter is obsolete, though many of his ideas no longer interest us, so much, at least, is of perennial interest. Byron's liveness, Byron's directness, his intellectual dauntlessness, his ethical cogency, his wholesome contempt for social and artistic futility, his reckless valiancy of spirit, his very faults even, will be educative always, will always cry rebuke to the putterers and patchers of poetry.

MR. SHAW AS CRITIC

BY H. W. BOYNTON

Too many words, it will be said, have already been printed around and about the busy journalist and critic Mr. G. B. Shaw. Seldom has a more lively pother been stirred up by the long spoon of virtuosity. Ten years from now he will, no doubt, be well on his way toward oblivion; but for the moment he is a phenomenon to be reckoned with, whether as the Pulcinello, the Cagliostro, or the mere bogey-man of the literary hour. He has made sure of our attention if only, as it were, by putting his feet in our laps. This has appealed to some of us as an act of genius, to which we have hastened to pay a ready tribute of round eyes, if not of worship. Here is the ardent and ingenious Mr. James Huneker picturing Mr. Shaw as an unfathomable being, a man of mystery, hidden from mortal eyes by innumerable concealments and disguises. "He has spoken through so many different masks that the real Shaw is yet to be seen. Perhaps on his deathbed some stray phrase will illuminate with its witty gleam his true soul's nature. He has played tag with this soul so long that some of it has been lost in the game." All this is amusing, but it does not mean overmuch. In the light of the present volumes [1] Mr. Shaw does not appear to be a difficult puzzle to solve, if, indeed, he is a puzzle at all. By race and nature a wit, he has indulged himself in paradox and other verbal mystification to the top of his bent. His temperament is all mercury, but his mind is firm enough upon its foundations, such as they are. None of his bodily or mental addictions are strong enough to arrest his flow of spirits; he is a joyous socialist, a boisterous Fabianite, and, yet stranger portent, an exuberant vegetarian. He is extravagant by instinct as well as by policy. So far as questions of good form are concerned, he appears at first glance to be quite untrammeled by any consideration of taste. This is more obviously untrue of his attitude toward questions of higher importance than good form. However obscured by its fantastic dress of impudence and irreverence, paradox and persiflage, the most characteristic utterance of this self-confessed mountebank proceeds from a singularly rigid morality.

By his most characteristic utterance I do not mean the plays; they represent a phase of heightened self-consciousness and diminished self-command. Mr. Shaw is at his sanest in the dramatic criticisms contributed weekly to the *Saturday Review* during the years 1895–98, and but now republished in two rather thick volumes. From the outset he is frankly impatient of conventional restraint, and contemptuous of the cautious methods of urbane criticism. "In this world," he cries presently, "if you do not say a thing in an irritating way, you may just as well not say it at all, since nobody will trouble themselves about anything that does not trouble them." When this was written, a dozen years ago, Mr. Shaw was already a man of middle age. People were beginning to trouble themselves more or less about what he said in his irritating way. A few earnest persons (at whom he laughed) were disposed to hail him as a prophet. The youthful mind began to rejoice in him as an insubordinate and a cynic. The powers that were regarded him with the sidelong eye, half ashamed, half amused, with which responsible members of society are wont to look upon the not always seemly antics of an *enfant*

[1] *Dramatic Opinions and Essays.* By G. Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's. 1906.

terrible. Already in America had been heard the sound of that wild horn on Piccadillian echoes borne.

Mr. Shaw's training had not been of a sort to breed the amenities. He began life as an electrical engineer. "You must not suppose," he remarks blandly, "because I am a man of letters, that I never tried to earn an honest living. I began trying to commit that sin against my nature when I was fifteen, and persevered, from youthful timidity and diffidence, until I was twenty-three." His last professional experience was connected with an unsuccessful attempt to establish the Edison telephone in London; in the end Bell's machine proved too much for it. Thereupon the young Irishman deliberately betook himself to the literary life of idleness. "Just as people with social ambitions will practice the meanest economies in order to live expensively, so the artist will starve himself through incredible toil and discouragement sooner than go and earn an honest week's wages." For the next few years Mr. Shaw so starved himself, writing five novels (surely a liberal experiment) for which no publisher could be found; and was presently driven, according to the best traditions, to the forlorn hope — criticism. Pictures, music, contemporary literature, became in turn his prey. To all of these tasks he brought an open mind, an honest impulse, a keen eye, unlimited diligence, and immovable self-confidence. Eventually, after some twenty years, he entered upon the experience as dramatic critic the results of which are now before us. This three years' service, he complains, nearly killed him. Pictures and music were bad enough, but "the theatre struck me down like the veriest weakling." At all events, in 1898 he retired, physically ill and mentally exhausted, from his critical post on the *Saturday Review*. He had fully expressed his opinions of what the modern play is and should be; and these opinions he had reinforced by the purely negative means of his satirical farces, the best of which were already written. "Up to that fateful day," he says in one of his characteristic prefaces, "I had never stopped to spoon up the spilt drops of my well into bottles. Time enough for that when the well was empty. But now I listened to the voice of the publisher for the first time since he had refused to listen to me. I turned over my articles again; but to serve up the weekly paper of five years ago as a novelty — no: I had not yet fallen so low, though I see that degradation looming up before me as an agricultural laborer sees the workhouse. So I said, 'I will begin with small sins: I will publish my plays.'" So the plays were published, with spectacular prefaces, which represent, at least, a less perverted exercise of the critical faculty than the plays do. The writer's irritated audience was greatly enlarged by the publication, notably in America, which is not so easily mystified by rhodomontade and hyperbole, and is a good deal at home with Mr. Shaw's humor. Might not Mark Twain have said the same thing, to a comma, about the man of letters and the honest living?

I do not see that much is to be said for the positive value of the plays, even as wholesome irritants. Their quality is negative. One is interested in them, if at all, because of what they refuse to be, what they suggest; because, in short, of their critical property. On their sparkling griddle is done to a turn all the sham and banality and false flutter of the popular drama; but there is nothing else. Mr. Shaw's vaunted normality of vision does not prevent his being self-deceived on this head, for it is clear that he regards himself as a writer of genuine plays. "Not," he says, in speaking of the difficulties involved in his first attempts to get a hearing — "Not that I lacked the dramatist's gift. As far as that is concerned, I have encountered no limit but my own laziness to my power of conjuring up imaginary people in imaginary places, and making up stories about them in the natural scenic form which has given rise to that curious human institution, the theatre."

Mr. Shaw's features probably take on an expression of bland amusement when it is intimated that there is nothing in the least "imaginary" in his farces. The people are aspects of his own mind, and the place is where he chances to be; the story is an illustrated lecture. The lecturer, whose themes are serious enough, and who is not a fool, is unable to keep his head before a crowd. The result is a fiasco of criticism gone astray. This fact seems not to have been generally observed, even by assiduous students of the Shaw phenomena. In his Introduction to the present volumes (Mr. Shaw has already said his say in his preface to *Three Plays for Puritans*), Mr. Huneker remarks briskly, "He now produces plays instead of rowing in the critical chain-gang; why cannonade cockchafers when you can demonstrate that the possession of the critical faculty does not oust the creative?" If this fact needed proof (one seems to recall such respectable instances to the contrary as Dryden and Goethe and Coleridge), Mr. Shaw's plays would certainly fail to supply it. His is an instance of a criticism, creative in a minor sense, seeking to enforce itself by a process of purely artificial construction. At best the so-called plays can be said to give inferior, erratic, and partial expression to a fundamentally sound critical instinct, which it would have been a delight to see embodied fully in some "creative" form, as the phrase goes. That they fail to present this full embodiment is precisely our cause of quarrel with them. They are not generous, they offer nothing. They sneer at the common cant and would substitute a cant of their own. If beneath their ridicule of conventional sentiment and morality there appeared, however dimly, some sort of reverence for something, we might have in them a group of comedies instead of a series of bitter farces.

In the body of his critical work such a reverence, such a sense of responsibility plainly inheres. Criticism is Mr. Shaw's "job," as distinguished from what we may call his super-jobs, the scorn of virtue and the praise of Shaw. And he has a perfectly dignified conception of the critical function: "Even Louis the Eleventh," he says, "had to tolerate his confessor, standing for the eternal against the temporal throne. Democracy has now handed the sceptre of the despot to the sovereign people; but they too must have their confessor, whom they call Critic." What finer ideal of criticism does one recall than this of "standing for the eternal against the temporal throne?" Furthermore, Mr. Shaw rightly believes that the critic qualifies for his office by an experience of rational enjoyment. With his contemporary, Mr. Walkley, he holds that the ideal spectator, ὁ χαρίεις, is not the average spectator, but the accomplished spectator: the critic, in short. "The drama's laws the drama's patrons give," he quotes derisively after hearing Mr. Henry James thoroughly "booed." "Pray, which of its patrons? It is the business of the dramatic critic to educate these dunces, not to echo them." This, then, is Mr. Shaw's task as he conceives it, to educate the dunces. And in order to educate them it is first of all necessary to wake them up, to jostle and hustle them into some semblance of attention. Dignity of critical method may be thrown by the board. What is the use in a criticism written for critics? "Criticism is not only medicinally salutary, it has positive popular attractions in its cruelty, its gladiatorship, and the gratification its attacks on the great give to envy, and its praises to enthusiasm. . . . It may say things which many would like to say, but dare not, and indeed for want of skill could not, even if they durst. Its iconoclasms, seditions, and blasphemies, if well turned, tickle those whom they shock; so that the critic adds the privileges of the court jester to those of the confessor."

This puts the whole situation before us as Mr. Shaw sees it: his aim in criticism is to defend the eternal from the temporal by frankly temporal means. Not even "vulgarity and impudence" are

to be neglected by the critic "whenever they are the proper tools for his job." The gospel is to be disseminated at all hazards, — by blaspheming it, if necessary. Mr. Shaw has declared himself a mountebank, blowing his mercenary trumpet at the cart's tail. He is much more like a salvation laddie, sounding his drum and bellowing rag-time in the name of the Lord. Such performers are prone to be seduced by their own rude music, and they who came to preach remain to play. In the long run, Mr. Shaw's gospel has not fared very luckily at his hands; for it must be said that vulgarity and impudence are tools with which nature rather than art has endowed him. They have helped qualify him, in a vulgar sense, as satanic functionary, the useful adversary who brings home to us our silly prides and hypocrisies. Why not ignore the laddie's manner, and consider, for a moment, the truth that is in him?

First it is to be noted that he is more powerfully obsessed with the notion of his own exceptional normality than are most men of unusual ability. On top of his failure as a novelist, a physician chanced to pronounce his sight normal; that is, as he defined it, such as only one person in ten possesses. This explained everything: "My mind's eye, like my body's, was normal: it saw things differently from other people's minds, and saw them better." Something very like this we feel to be true of geniuses of the first order. Of Mr. Shaw it may be said that his primary impulses are normal; his virtue lies in what he instinctively feels rather than in what he consciously sees. His utterance as a whole is a witty and petulant protest against the world's denial of its birthright. His criticism, with all its violences and all its trivialities, is as much as any thing else the expression of a belligerent honesty and a long-suffering but by no means defunct idealism. This is why the critic in him so often shifts to the satirist. This is why his critical faculty so often fails to exercise itself at all, leaving him to brandish his shillalah in the market place, to the amusement or disgust of the tenth who chance to possess normal manners as well as morals. Unless one understands that Mr. Shaw's work (yes, *Widower's Houses* and all) is based upon a painfully uncompromising morality, one must altogether miss its animus. It is only necessary to compare him with his compatriot, contemporary, fellow-exile, and fellow-protestant, Mr. George Moore, to do him this kind of justice. Mr. Moore runs amuck against religion, and moral standards, and marriage, out of sheer wantonness. Paganism is the word which he absurdly connects with the attitude. On the other hand, while Mr. Shaw declares that he has "no taste for what is called popular art, no respect for popular morality, no belief in popular religion, no admiration for popular heroics," the stress is all upon the epithet. It is the stupidly conventional *form* of things that drives him into his Berserker fury, as it drove Swift and Carlyle before him. At the extreme of the mood he finds it a relief to pretend that he is amused, and not enraged at all. He attacks marriage because it is so often a cloak for cupidity and license; he attacks the clergy because so many of them are mere "blind mouths;" he attacks romance because it is popularly taken to be the same thing as sentimental cant. In all this iconoclasm his impulse, at least, is perfectly healthy and normal.

In matters of taste (a word which Mr. Shaw repudiates) the situation is measurably the same; not absolutely, since æsthetic impulses are so much less to be relied upon than moral impulses. Most of us are provided by nature with an ethical rule of thumb upon which we can rely; as for æsthetic sense, we have, at best, an obscure instinct to start with. In Mr. Shaw this instinct was strong and sound; strong enough and sound enough to survive, and even, in a way, to thrive on, the incessant reactions incident upon a running fight with temperamental in-

subordination and intellectual "cussedness." That Mr. Shaw's education was of a decidedly casual sort is a fact hardly to be regretted. The academic experience could have done little for him. He was born to be the *advocatus diaboli* of a generation somewhat in need of the prosecuting brief.

As for the individualism or impressionism of his method, it can scarcely be condemned in this age on the ground of irresponsibility. It has, in fact, been the method of most modern dramatic critics of note, — Lewes, Archer, and Walkley; Sarcey, Lemaître, and Anatole France, — M. Brunetière standing well-nigh single-handed for the "objective" tradition of Aristotle, Horace, and Boileau. Ours is the generation in which M. Lemaître has phrased the already famous definition of criticism as "the adventures of a soul among masterpieces;" and in which M. Anatole France has declared, "To be frank, the critic should say, 'Gentlemen, I am going to talk about myself apropos of Shakespeare, or of Goethe. Could I have a better opportunity?'" The Shaw egotism has plenty of precedent, it seems. Read Mr. Archer's collected reviews, and you will find no avoidance of the first person singular, nay, even an occasional ebullition of Caledonian sprightliness which is evidently felt to be in order. Read Mr. Walkley's, and you will not find him deficient in audacity. Pick up one of Mr. Sarcey's feuilletons, and you have the ripest opinion uttered with the least possible ceremony, a cheerful flow of colloquialisms, topical allusions, slang of the boulevard and of the theatre. Mr. Shaw is not a monster in that sort, at least.

Nor is he an interpreter of no school. There has been plenty of comment upon his modernity, his revolutionary aspect, his Ibsenism, and so on. The real explanation of the man lies in the fact that he is a survival, in his indignant and perversely expressed conservatism. This public prosecutor of convention, of romance, of idealism, is a stubborn pre-Raphaelite. His confessions of faith have been clear and frequent enough. "Educated people," he says, in one of his early criticisms, "have ceased to believe that architecture means 'ruins by moonlight' (style, ecclesiastical Gothic); that the once fashionable admiration of the Renaissance and the 'old masters' of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has been swept away by the growth of a genuine sense of the naïve dignity and charm of the thirteenth century work, so that nowadays ten acres of Carracci, Giulio Romano, Guido, Domenichino, and Pietro di Cortona will not buy an inch of Botticelli, or Lippi, or John Bellini — no, not even with a few yards of Raphael thrown in; and that the whole rhetorical school in English literature, from Shakespeare to Byron, appears to us in our present mood only another side of the terrible *dégringolade* from Michael Angelo to Canova and Thorwaldsen, all of whose works would not now tempt us to part with a single fragment by Donatello, or even a pretty foundling baby by Della Robbia. . . . Burne-Jones has made himself the greatest among English decorative painters by picking up the tradition of his art where Lippi left it, and utterly ignoring their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff. . . . William Morris has made himself the greatest living master of the English language, both in prose and verse, by picking up the tradition of the literary art where Chaucer left it, and Morris and Burne-Jones, close friends and coöperators in many a masterpiece, form the highest aristocracy of English art to-day." How remote all this seems from the bellicose and vulgar strain which, as such strains will, has carried farthest, — the petulant and rude utterance, it is not uncommonly supposed, of a bounder and a Goth. This man's hero is William Morris, not Ibsen or Nietzsche. The least farcical of his plays has a confessedly pre-Raphaelite motive. "To distil the quintessential drama from pre-Raphaelitism mediæval or modern," he says, apropos of *Candida*, "it must be shown in con-

flict with the first broken, nervous, stumbling attempts to formulate its own revolt against itself as it develops into something higher." In the young poet-idiot "Marchbanks," then, we are expected to see "the higher, but vaguer, timider vision, and the incoherent, mischievous, and even ridiculous unpracticalness, which offered me a dramatic antagonist for the clear, bold, sure, sensible, benevolent, salutarily short-sighted Christian Socialist idealism," as embodied in "Morell." In effect, Marchbanks is an etherealized Sartorius, Valentine, Bluntschli—Shaw; the voice of disillusion crying in a metropolis. The old things are passing away, and a new world is at hand; a blessed world of Supershaws, in which shall be neither marrying nor giving in marriage, nor good manners, nor conventional morals, nor the building of churches, nor lying, nor folly, nor meat. A delightful plan this, which has appealed to other philosophers than Mr. Shaw from time immemorial. What more thorough-going remedy than, having discovered that the present human race is a failure, to set about the creation of a new one?

As a matter of fact, every other page of Mr. Shaw's criticism confesses the existence of an extant and tolerably respectable humanity. It is pleasant to find this supposed iconoclast perpetually betrayed into bursts of indignation against not only stage cant, but stage lubricity, brutality, and unchivalrousness. "To laugh without sympathy is a ruinous abuse of a noble function; and the degradation of any race may be measured by the degree of their addiction to it." So, between grimaces, speaks our maker of farce, honestly deaf to the quality of the laughter he himself oftenest excites. He sincerely wishes to "stand for the eternal against the temporal throne." Sincerity is the touchstone applied to the business of the playwright, manager, or actor. The man who is not an artist, Mr. Shaw somewhere intimates, "regards art as a quaint and costly ring in the nose of Nature." For himself, he is never so uneasy as in the presence of petty contrivance and elaborate convention.

"It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that what most of our critics mean by mastery of stage-craft is recklessness in the substitution of dead machinery and lay figures for vital action and real characters."

"Character-actor is a technical term denoting a clever stage performer, who cannot act, and therefore makes an elaborate study of the disguises and stage tricks by which acting can be grotesquely simulated."

"By 'a good acting play,' is always meant a play that requires from the performers no qualifications beyond a plausible appearance and a little experience and address in stage business. A 'literary play,' I should explain, is a play that the actors have to act, in opposition to the 'acting play,' which acts them."

Naturally this critic loses no chance to express his contempt for what he calls "Sardoodledom:" the cult of the "well-made" play. He gives M. Sardou no bail, and barely allows Mr. Pinero to go at large on good behavior. (Pinerotic is his happy epithet for the Ebbsmiths and Tanquerays of that culprit.) For Sir Henry Arthur Jones he has little but praise. But I may not begin to go into his criticisms of contemporaries in detail; it must suffice to say that they deserve to be read by playgoers who have any other than the most trivial interest in play-going.

The general impression made by Mr. Shaw's utterances on Shakespeare is of a rather conscious blasphemy. He is so impatient of the nonsense commonly associated with Shakespeare's name, that he has the air of despising the name itself. Just as his idealism causes him to declare that there is no such thing as romance, his love of Shakespeare leads him to run amuck amidst the most cherished observances of our Shakespeare-worshiping ritual. For Elizabethan drama as a whole he has nothing but contempt. "There is only one use left for the

Elizabethan dramatists, and that is the purification of Shakespeare's reputation from its spurious elements. Just as you can cure people of talking patronizingly of 'Mozartian melody' by showing them that the tunes they imagine to be his distinctive characteristic were the commonplaces of his time, so it is possible perhaps to cure people of admiring, as distinctively characteristic of Shakespeare, the false forced rhetoric, the callous sensation-mongering in murder and lust, the ghosts and combats, and the venal expenditure of all the treasures of his genius on the bedizenment of plays which are, as wholes, stupid toys. When Sir Henry Irving presently revives *Cymbeline*, the numerous descendants of the learned Shakespearean enthusiast who went down on his knees and kissed the Ireland forgeries will see no difference between the great dramatist who changed Imogen from a mere name in a story to a living woman, and the manager-showman who exhibited her with the gory trunk of a newly-beheaded man in her arms. But why should we, the heirs of so many greater ages, with the dramatic poems of Goethe and Ibsen in our hands, and the music of a great dynasty of musicians, from Bach to Wagner, in our ears, — why should we waste our time on the rank and file of the Elizabethans, or encourage foolish modern persons to imitate them, or talk about Shakespeare as if his moral platitudes, his jingo claptraps, his tavern pleasantries, his bombast and drivel, and his incapacity for following up the scraps of philosophy which he stole so aptly, were as admirable as the mastery of poetic speech, the feeling for nature, and the knack of character-drawing, fun, and heart-wisdom which he was ready, like a true son of the theatre, to prostitute to any subject, any occasion, any theatrical employment? The fact is, we are growing out of Shakespeare. Byron declined to put up with his reputation at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and now, at the beginning of the twentieth, he is nothing but a household pet." Rude speech this, with quite enough hard sense in it to discomfit the Stratford pilgrim. It is rather comforting to find Mr. Shaw betrayed presently (by the emotions consequent upon an actual hearing of the Irving *Cymbeline*) into the following sweeping remark: "With the single exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer, not even Walter Scott, whom I can despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his." This at once clears the air, and relieves the worst of our apprehensions. Mr. Archer really has said all that needs to be said in the connection: "For my part, I have long ago given up as a bad job the attempt to convert Shakespeare to my views." Mr. Shaw is incapable of so ignominious a surrender.

His admiration for the pure music of Shakespeare is very great, and he is continually being roused to indignation by the brutal mouthing of the magic lines to be expected of the ordinary actor. The cutting and garbling of the plays in "stage versions" is another red rag to him, as well as the cheapening of their imaginative appeal by the over-elaboration of modern stage-management. He displays, in short, a greater reverence for the integrity of Shakespeare than many Shakespearean scholars — than the greatest Shakespearean actors. Mr. Archer's remark certainly brings to light the loose screw in Mr. Shaw's contempt for Shakespeare's intellect. Shakespeare was neither a pre-Raphaelite, a Fabianite, nor a socialist, and he had a wretched habit of saying the merely normal thing in beautiful verse. Deceiver! Nor is it satisfying that a man who might have roused his age by a sufficiently ruthless recourse to satire should have wasted himself upon romantic follies such as *As You Like It*. Fribble! *All's Well*, *Measure for Measure*, and *Troilus and Cressida* are the plays for which our critic has most respect. It is not surprising to find him pronouncing Fielding the most important dramatist between

Shakespeare and Ibsen. Fielding's plays, deficient in the benign humor of the novels, are correspondingly more didactic in motive, and more scathing in wit. Like Mr. Shaw, he wrote, not comedies, but satirical farces; which had as brief a hearing as they deserved. In his *Quintessence of Ibsenism*, Mr. Shaw has had his say about Ibsen very fully. It cannot be rehearsed here. One may note the characteristic turn given (in a criticism of *Little Eyolf*) to a sneering allusion made by a brother-critic to Ibsen as "suburban." "Suburbanity at present means modern civilization. The active, germinating life in the households of to-day cannot be typified by an aristocratic hero, an ingenuous heroine, a gentleman-forger abetted by an Artful Dodger, and a parlor-maid who takes half-sovereigns and kisses from male visitors. . . . But if you ask me where you find the Helmer household, the Allmers household, the Solness household, the Rosmer household, and all the other Ibsen households, I reply, 'Jump out of the train anywhere between Wimbledon and Haslemere; walk into the first villa you come to: and there you are.' . . . The true explanation of Hedda Gabler's vogue is that given by Mr. Grant Allen: 'I take her in to dinner twice a week.'" When it comes to be considered a little, such a remark seems to have only the merit of a vague suggestiveness. No dinner which included Hedda Gabler could conceivably include Mr. Grant Allen. For the table would be set in an unapproachable villa in some ethereal suburb of Ibsen's consciousness; and the other guests would be Rosmer, and Nora, and the Lady from the Sea, and the rest; and at the head Peer Gynt.

Mr. Shaw's own Suburbia has not a trace of poetic aloofness. His stage figures are mere intellectual puppets, fashioned rudely in the image of their maker, and more or less absurdly contorting themselves as his voice crackles on in the wings. In the employment of his proper vehicle, on the other hand, he has proved himself a perfectly intelligible and capable critic of the uncompromising method of Nietzsche. In sober moments he does not claim very much for himself. He is, he confesses, a crow who has followed many ploughs; not particularly original: "What the world calls originality is only an unaccustomed method of tickling it." His plays he values chiefly as steps in the right direction: "The next Shakespeare that comes along will turn these petty tentatives of mine into masterpieces final for their epoch. . . . We must hurry on: We must get rid of reputations: they are weeds in the soil of ignorance." At such moments the clown not only achieves dignity, but actually approaches the feat of minor prophecy. However we may disrelish his appearance, however we may distrust his premises and discredit his conclusions, we must perforce yield him the attention due to sincerity of impulse and integrity of conduct. We cannot quite dismiss him with a shrug.

THEOLOGY AND HUMAN NATURE

BY GEORGE HODGES

It is still true that "the heart makes the theologian." That is, his efficiency and even his accuracy depend on his personal qualities. It is highly desirable that he should know something about theology, but it is absolutely necessary that he should be fairly acquainted with human nature. Lacking such acquaintance, he will be both uninteresting and unconvincing; and he will probably be found to be in error.

The student of theology deals with a theme for which the mind alone is as inadequate as in the case of music or of art. The artist and the musician have need of intellectual ability of a high order; but they have need also of imagination, of feeling, of vision, of sympathy, of the qualities of the heart. The valedictorian may be able to paint a good picture, but not because he is a valedictorian. The idea that anybody who has an informed mind is thereby competent to arrive at valid conclusions in theology is as absurd as the classic instance of the man who was asked if he could play the violin, and who replied that he thought he could, though he had never tried. A man of science may compose a symphony; but his success in that undertaking will depend on his possession of qualities other than those which lead to successful investigation. A man of science may write a book of theology, and the book may be filled with learning and with sound logic; but it will be as hard and cold as the technique of the player who has no soul, unless the writer is also a man of religion; and with all its learning and its logic it may be wholly mistaken, because it begins without the first premise of a right point of view. In order to know the truth of God, it is necessary to do the will of God; and that implies not only the love of God but the love of our neighbor. It is an assertion of the essential place of human nature in the right study of theology.

This is equally true as regards the teaching of theology. For teaching is the process whereby one takes the ideas of his own mind and puts them into the mind of his neighbor. For the success of this process the neighbor is absolutely necessary. The truth must be spoken so that he may hear it, so that he may understand it, and so that he may be persuaded to receive it. If the teacher fails to gain attention, or if he speaks in a language which his hearer does not understand, he may be trying to teach; but he is not teaching. So it is also if he states his own conviction in such a way as to repel rather than to convince his neighbor.

For example, England was made Protestant by the arguments of Queen Mary. The people had no great desire to break with Rome; they had no strong enthusiasm for the Reformation; they had not been convinced either by Henry or by Cranmer. But Mary convinced them. She maintained the Catholic cause in such a way that the nation hated it. Also, New England was made Puritan by the arguments of Archbishop Laud. There was, indeed, a Puritan party in the Church of England, as there is a "low church" party to this day; but they had no wish to leave the Church. They had no wish to associate themselves with Brownists or Baptists or such "factious humorists." It was Laud who persuaded them that that was the proper thing to do. John Knox was preaching ecclesiastical revolution with the voice of thunder, but he was making little progress in England until Laud came to his assistance. It was Laud who founded the Presbyterian and Congregational churches of England

and of New England. And he did that thing which he desired to prevent, because he did not take human nature into account.

Dr. Brown, in his *Social Message of the Modern Pulpit*,[1] has a passage on the right attitude of the minister toward Socialism, which illustrates both the method and the value of the other way. "With many of the abstract ideas proclaimed by the socialists, I," he says, "with all other humane people, am in most hearty sympathy. But I do not follow with them in their advocacy of the economic programme put forward as the best method of attaining these ideals. At the very moment when my heart responds eagerly to many of the ideals themselves, my sober economic judgment withholds its endorsement of the plan proposed for the realization of them. The poetry of socialism is, to a considerable extent, acceptable to all men whose sympathies are alive and active; but the prose of socialism remains open to serious questions at the hands of discriminating intelligence and age-long experience." Here are the qualities of friendliness and appreciation which make profitable and convincing discussion possible. In the main, we are in agreement; we desire the same things; but let us see now about some of the details. Thus shall the debate begin, into which both sides may enter without the entanglements of pride or prejudice. From such a debate both the parson and the socialist may come with changed minds, each having imparted some of his own convictions to his neighbor. This is the effect of a recognition of human nature.

Dr. Brastow, in *The Modern Pulpit*,[2] values various contemporary preachers according to this test. They are convincing or conventional in proportion as they lay hold on human nature. Thus he criticises a good deal of Anglican preaching on the ground that it is external and unessential. "There is often a suggestion of the artificial, the mechanical, about the preacher, as if he were accustomed to deal with things that are a little foreign to him, because they come from without and not from within. It suggests the clerical habit of mind. Things of small import, things that do not concern the larger interests of men, that do not touch the weightier matters of life, are exploited in the most extraordinary, painstaking manner." "The Anglican pulpit in general," he says, "lacks breadth of humanity." I am not concerned so much with the validity of the criticism as with the validity of the method of the critic. There is somewhat to be said for the gentle dullness of a good deal of Anglican preaching. It is better than a certain obtrusive individualism. But the test is a true test. A preaching which lacks breadth of humanity is lacking also in practical results. Dr. Brastow thinks more highly of American preaching. "Theology," he says, "is less abstract and speculative than it was formerly. With ever-increasing earnestness of desire and purpose the true preacher recognizes his vocation to adapt Christianity to the actual conditions of the people. Hence, the prevailing tendency of the American preacher in interpreting Christianity to appeal to human experience."

A signal instance of the need of appreciating human nature, and of the inevitable failure of all teaching which lacks such appreciation, is given by Dr. Hall in his Noble Lectures, *Christ and the Human Race*.[3] He quotes from the preface of a book on the Parsi religion, written for Parsi readers by an ardent and devoted Christian missionary, who was much better acquainted with theology than he was with human nature. After speaking in the first sentence of the "puerilities and absurdities" of the religion of the Parsis,

[1] *The Social Message of the Modern Pulpit.* By Charles Reynolds Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906.

[2] *The Modern Pulpit.* By Lewis O. Brastow. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1906.

[3] *Christ and the Human Race.* By Charles Cuthbert Hall. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

he says that it affords "an illustration of the almost unbounded scope which the human mind will, indolently or actively, give to the device and practice of vanity, and, I will add, folly and impiety, in connection with its proposed intercommunion with the powers of the unseen world." After thus insulting his readers, he labored, of course, in vain to persuade them to accept his convictions. Probably the things which he said in his various arguments were true; his theology was excellent; but he had defeated his purpose before he began, by his bad manners. Dr. Hall himself is an illustration of the very opposite of this. He approaches the East with a courtesy equal to that for which the East is eminent. He is a student as well as a teacher, and expects to receive as well as give. The purpose of these lectures is to urge upon us the duty of considering the ancient Oriental religions with deference and regard, as sincere endeavors after truth, and as ministering to the higher life. He would have the missionary deal with them in a modest and appreciative spirit. Thus shall Christian truth be added to Buddhist truth, and there shall result an Indian Christianity paying its own distinctive contribution to our understanding of the truth, such as was brought first by the Greeks and then by the Latins. But the missionary who is an ecclesiastical person rather than a friendly person, who is strong in theology, but weak in human nature, would better stay at home. For purposes of spiritual success, courtesy is better than orthodoxy.

These illustrations assert the fact which appears in one way or another in most of the theological writing of the past year.

The initial theme of theology is the doctrine of the existence of God. This doctrine was formerly approached by students from the side of the world without. They perceived that back of every fact is a cause, and behind all causes is a First Cause. They perceived also that the marvels of nature, especially in the adaptation of means to ends, declared that the First Cause is both intelligent and beneficent. But these arguments left them at a remote distance from the God of religion, and even then were open to the attacks of counter arguments. Other students, beginning with the same facts, arrived at very different conclusions. Mr. Romanes, for instance, found that this road led to atheism. The fallacy, as Mr. Romanes afterwards discovered and proclaimed, was the omission of man. The entrance of this factor brought with it a whole new series of arguments, whereby the doctrine of God was approached from the side of the world within. The student now deduced the being of God from the being of man. He found God personal and righteous and loving, because these are human qualities, and if God lacks them, man is greater than God. Thus the consideration of man corrected and assisted the knowledge of God.

This is what is implied in the title of Dr. Gordon's book of sermons, *Through Man to God.*[1] It is the most characteristic note of our contemporary theological thinking. And it is contributed, if one may so say, not by the study but by the street; not by the experiences of the man of God among his books, but by the illuminative and interpretative experiences of the man of God among his people.

A like change of theological reasoning is that which was worked out long ago in regard to the doctrine of the atonement. It is a significant example of the profitable alliance between human nature and theology. After some centuries of conventional acceptance of the theory that the death of Christ was paid to the devil for the ransom of our souls, and some further centuries of acceptance of the theory that the death of Christ was paid to God on account of the penalty due from us by reason of our sins, it was perceived that neither of these theories paid any attention to man. In either case, the atone-

[1] *Through Man to God.* By GEORGE A. GORDON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

ment was a transaction carried on in heaven, without the coöperation of our will. Sin was treated as a burden, such as Christian in the *Pilgrim's Progress* carried on his back. But as theologians began to consider human nature, they saw that sin is a malady of the soul, and that in order to be rid of it we must somehow set ourselves against it. Then it was suggested that whatever of truth the previous doctrines of the atonement had contained needed some addition, and the theory appeared that the death of Christ was not so much for the sake of the devil, or for the sake of God, as for the sake of us. And the text was remembered which says that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. Accordingly, Dr. Beckwith in his *Realities of Christian Theology*,[1] traces the import of the death of Christ to the principle of love. "Since the glory of the Messiah was to be the bursting forth of the splendor of love, the way to it was simple, — the way of love. If Jesus is the shepherd into whose hands the Father has intrusted the safety and well-being of the flock, then there is no point short of death at which his self-surrender may be arrested." Dr. Beckwith says that "we must behold in the suffering of Christ the suffering of God. Otherwise God remains unknown to us. Suffering is the symbol by which is measured the identification of Christ with sinners; and if 'God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself,' then the suffering of Christ was also God's suffering, — the revelation of fatherhood." Here the doctrine of the atonement is stated in terms of human facts and qualities.

The atonement was the central doctrine of our fathers; with us the central doctrine is the incarnation, the doctrine of the philanthropy of God. It is at the heart of the divine immanence, of the indwelling God, of God evident in the world, without and within, which is at this moment affecting theology as profoundly as the kindred doctrine of evolution is affecting science. It is at the heart of the higher criticism, of the idea of God speaking in the book, but by the lips of men and under the limitations of human knowledge and experience. It is at the heart of the social settlement and of the institutional church, and of all our recognition of the dignity of men as sons of God, and of our resulting fraternal responsibilities.

The doctrine of the incarnation has been beset by many heresies, on this side and on that, but by no heresy more destructive than that which denies or impairs the true humanity of Christ. This error is the more dangerous because it is the misbelief of the orthodox, the mistake of the devout, the heresy of the saints. Regarding the human life of Christ as symbolical rather than actual, and considering him in terms of theology only, it is in peril of making him a doctrine rather than a person. Dr. Du Bose, in his book *The Gospel in the Gospels*,[2] and Mr. Slattery in *The Master of the World*,[3] have emphasized rather than minimized their faith in Christ as the revelation of God by dwelling with particularity upon his kinship with men.

It is the human element in Christian faith which keeps it sane and sober. The moment this is dismissed by the theologian, theology soars like a balloon released, into the clouds, driven by the winds. The vagaries, the absurdities, the impossibilities of belief have arisen in great part in the minds of men who have secluded themselves from their neighbors. They have been the theories of the cloister and the study. They have lacked the wholesome correctives of common experience and common sense. The theologian sits by himself among his books,

[1] *Realities of Christian Theology.* By Clarence Augustine Beckwith. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

[2] *The Gospel in the Gospels.* By William Porcher Du Bose. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

[3] *The Master of the World.* By Charles Lewis Slattery. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

having shut his door upon the world, and there in solitude, by process of logic, he elaborates his system of divinity. But such a system proceeds in ignorance of one of its essential factors. The solitary theologian is unacquainted with the people. Thus he is unprejudiced by any intimate acquaintance with the human facts, and ventures with unconscious audacity into the regions of dogmatic generalization. It is said, for example, of Jonathan Edwards, that "his nature was so rare and fine, with its interest in things remote, unseen, and holy, that the detachment from earth was so complete that his feet were as the feet of an angel when he touches the ground." These conditions made the doctrine of total depravity easy enough. For this is an academic doctrine, constructed without any reference to the facts of common life. The same writer says, Edwards "was not a model pastor, and except when the need was urgent he made no calls." One would infer that from his theology. The errors of Edwards were mainly due to the fact that he was not interested in the divine book of human life. His was the theology which is unaffected by pastoral calls. He is the classic example of what theology comes to under such conditions.

A reading of the theological books of the past year finds the human element pervasive and almost universal. There is very little writing of the old academic sort. The new books are for the most part interesting, and one source of their interest is in the freedom with which the writers handle their materials. And this comes from the consciousness that they are both dealing with human nature and appealing to human nature. The reaction from the old conventionalism may sometimes startle the conservative reader, but he reads on, and is in sympathy with the spirit of the book even while he dissents from some of its details. The interpretation of the Acts in Dr. Hall's *Paul the Apostle*[1] and Dr. Ropes's *Apostolic Age*,[2] and of the Gospels in Dr. Pfleiderer's *Christian Origins*[3] and Dr. Schmidt's *Prophet of Nazareth*,[4] is a living and breathing matter, a real thing, seeking honestly and earnestly for truth, and bringing us the truth thus found with all frank generosity. Some of these gifts we may accept and some we may decline, but the courtesy and sincerity of the givers is evident. The new books, even when they deal with controverted questions, do not make the reader angry. They are filled with a fine, persuasive human nature. Professor Gwatkin's *Knowledge of God*[5] is uncommonly readable and convincing, not only by reason of its abundant learning but by reason of its unfailing fairness, and its habitual restraint. The argument is never overstated, and the difficulties are never undervalued. This is the temper which the theologian gains by the wholesome discipline of free debate, by the gradual perception of the facts of human nature.

This note in the new books is both significant and encouraging, because it implies a clearer perception of the function of the religious teacher, and particularly of the way in which religious teaching may be made effective. The purpose of the church as a teacher of the truth is to implant certain convictions in the mind and heart and life of the community. When the church fails to do this, the result is sometimes called schism, sometimes heresy, according to the lesson which the church was endeavoring to teach. If it was a lesson in method, — that is, in ritual or in polity, — the unconvinced pupil is a schismatic. If it was a lesson in doctrine, the unconvinced pupil

[1] *Paul the Apostle.* By EDWARD H. HALL. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1906.

[2] *The Apostolic Age.* By JAMES HARDY ROPES. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906.

[3] *Christian Origins.* By OTTO PFLEIDERER. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 1906.

[4] *The Prophet of Nazareth.* By NATHANIEL SCHMIDT. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1906.

[5] *The Knowledge of God.* By HENRY MELVILL GWATKIN. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906.

is a heretic. Heretics and schismatics are evidences of ecclesiastical incompetence. Occasionally, but rarely, they mean that something is the matter with the lesson. Commonly, they mean that something is the matter with the teacher.

Take, for example, the fact of schism. It begins with a difference of opinion as to a non-essential matter. The individual says, "I do not wish to do that." But the church believes that it ought to be done. There is the problem. If now the church rises up in mighty indignation, with vigor and rigor, with the book in one hand and the stick in the other, and says, "You must," the individual, if he has any decent self-respect, replies, "I won't." And the result is schism, for human nature works that way. If, on the other hand, the church says, "This is a non-essential matter, and although uniformity is good, peace and unity are better; try your own way and let the fittest survive," the chances are that the individual will do as the church wishes. His central objection was not to the thing itself but to the compulsion of his free will. The preacher in the college to whom they brought the customary black gown, said, "Must I wear this thing? Because if I must I won't." And when they said, "You may wear it or leave it, as you please," he put it on. After the Reformation, in England, there was a long and bitter contention as to the use of the sign of the cross in baptism; but when a rubric was inserted in the book, permitting the omission of the sign of the cross, if the parents or sponsors so desired, nobody from that day on asked that it be omitted. A like use of a wise alternative, a like perception of the procedure of human nature, would have kept all the Presbyterians and Congregationalists and Methodists and Baptists in the Episcopal Church to this day. On the other hand, our Puritan forefathers hated the Book of Common Prayer, simply because they had been compelled to use it; they had been banged about the ears with it by the bishops.

Or take the fact of heresy. Let us grant that the heretic is wholly mistaken. Here he is, teaching his erroneous doctrine, and here are we, considering what we ought to do about it. It seems to be a problem in theology, but the solution of it depends chiefly upon our understanding of human nature.

One element in this problem is the nervousness of the orthodox. I mean the uneasy feeling that something may happen to the truth; the idea that truth is of a very delicate constitution, and must be shielded and nursed like a sick child. This nervousness results in a panic fear, which on the one hand abandons reason, and on the other hand is capable of great cruelty. The nervous theologian is as incapable of competent discipline as a nervous teacher. The first thing which he needs to do is to take himself in hand. He needs to reassure himself as to the substantial foundations of the faith, and by prayer and patience to recover the serenity of his mind. Commonly, he preaches a fierce and imprecatory sermon, or writes an irreligious letter to a church paper. He is angry and afraid because he is nervous about the everlasting truth; and being afraid, he scares his sensitive neighbors; and being angry, he stirs up a like anger in the heretic whom he attacks. And there it is.

Another element in the problem is the privilege of error. We are all bound to make mistakes, and we all have a right to make mistakes. It is a part of the process whereby we arrive at truth. Whoever is living an active life, if he has any emotion, if he has any enthusiasm, if he has any gift of speech, is sure to say some things to-day which he will desire to modify to-morrow. It is a matter of temperament. Your safe man who is always right is an unprofitable citizen; he is forever criticising and never doing anything. Your safe parson who makes no mistakes preaches the dullest of sermons to the sleepiest of congregations. Bishop Hobart used to say, in the face of this passive and monotonous accuracy, "Give me a little zealous imprudence."

But the privilege of error carries along with it the right to change one's mind with self-respect. That is made possible and easy by the courtesies of debate. Under these Christian conditions the heretic is shown his heresy, and is shown, at the same time, the way out of it. By fairness, by friendliness, by gentle force of reason, he is convinced of error. Sometimes the same result is reached by patiently leaving him alone, and letting him follow the wrong road till he finds out his mistake, or gets tired. Most of the heresies which have distressed the Christian world would have ceased in the parish in which they began if they had been dealt with according to the plain facts of human nature.

For when the arguments of the heretic are answered with the argument of the club, two consequences follow; one is the confirmation of the heretic, the other is the dissemination of the heresy. In the sight of the club, the heretic cannot decently change his mind; he is forced into defenses and replies which serve to strengthen him in his error. And also at the sight of the club, the crowd comes; the thing is common property; and the new doctrine or the new denial is taught to the community by the very process by which it is sought to stop it. Then with pain, amid scandal and division, wise men remember how the Master said of the tares, "Let both grow together till the harvest." The eager servants came and said to the householder, "Wilt thou that we go and gather them up?" But he said, "Nay, lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them."

In order either to learn or to teach the knowledge of God aright, theology must be tempered with human nature. The student of theology, the teacher or the writer of theology, must be a friendly and fraternal person, acquainted with human nature, and sympathetic with the souls of men. The other way is towards the heresy of Cain. This is the way of peace and truth.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

BOYS AND THE LANGUAGE

However far my practice falls short of theory, I am by temperament inclined to purism. Not even a patriotic American haste to speak twice before you think, can justify, in my private view, the insertion of a half dozen merely *possible* antecedents between a relative pronoun and its *real* antecedent. I insist upon "wanting only five," not "only wanting five," even though the majority against me be comparable only to the Texas election returns in its size and its heterogeneous democracy. I still shiver at the sight of a split infinitive, even though the infinitive-splitters of late have beaten the rail-splitters in capturing the Presidency by a record of at least three to one.

But though I may look upon my own linguistic state of mind with a feeling of placid self-satisfaction, I am chagrined to find that I have failed utterly to transmit that state of mind as an inheritance to my two little boys. In their view language was made for boys, not boys for language. I gave to the older, at a tender age, a copy of Mrs. Dana's *How to Know the Wild Flowers*. He opened to an illustration of *arisæma triphyllum* and cried out, "Oh! Here's Jack-in-the-Pulpit! *I've sawn parts of 'im before but this is whole him!*" The younger came to the dinner-table one day with some story about Lillie Jones. "Who is Lillie Jones?" I asked. "Why, papa, don't you know Lillie Jones?" he answered. "She's *the man that mows the campus's*

little girl." After all, the child's point of view here was logically correct. To him, *the - man - that - mows - the - campus* is a thought-unit, not six separate word-signs of as many separate ideas, and the sign of the possessive at the end is a matter of course. It is only when he grows older that he will worry himself into incipient insanity over the rival claims of "anybody else's" and "anybody's else."

Doubtless it is possible for the conscientious parent, by insistent perseverance, to get the linguistic bit into a child's mouth at an early age, and keep it there. To do just that was a settled principle in my own system of practical parental philosophy, up to the date when my first child was born. In the confusion attending that event the system got mislaid, and our parental conduct has been guided by any chance *modus vivendi* we could get our hands on, pending the recovery of the approved code. Whether the fact that I really have children, and have forgotten how I used to train them when I had none, has anything to do with it or not, it remains true that at present I find more interest in watching their vigorous attempts to take such words as they know and make them serve their purpose than in forcing their tentative and unsophisticated efforts at self-expression at once into the hard-and-fast grooves of linguistic conventionality. In thinking somewhat seriously over the future of these two little boys, I have made up my mind at least thus far, that the first point in any worthy ideal of speech for them is that they should express *their thought*, fully, clearly, and effectively. A child, with its meagre store of language, is somewhat in the position of the fabled woodchuck, which was just *obliged* to climb a tree, whether it could do so in harmony with the facts of natural history or not. He must express himself with what language is immediately at his command, or fail in more or less serious degree to express himself at all; and so his little store must be treated as thoroughly plastic, just as the language of his race, in its earlier stages, was plastic. The existence of *whiten*, "to make white," is all the justification he needs for *smallen*, "to make small," or *lowen*, "to make low." "Jimmie Jones has n't grown much since he was here before," says some one. "Why, I really believe he's *ungrowed* some," answers my younger, expressing his thought clearly and fully, and delightfully unconscious of the fact that linguistic authorities do not recognize the right of this handy prefix to attach itself to this particular verb. Ought I to have stopped him right there and loaded his undeveloped memory with parallel columns of words which *do* and do *not* admit the prefix *un-*? If I had done so his brother would probably not have ventured to ask, a little later, how people make *un*-hand-painted china, and his knowledge would have been less to-day by the small amount of information which I was able to give him.

In short, I have deliberately concluded not to stifle the enthusiastic and natural desire for expression which my boys exhibit, by filling them at their tender age with the fear that they are in constant danger of perpetrating some unpardonable blunder in the use of language. When one of them asked me at table for "just one little *chee*," I thought it better to repress my laughter than to repress the boy, and my remarks were confined to the probable effect of the cheese on his stomach, not to the elimination of his mistaken inference from the sound of the word. At present I want him to get the best possible sum total of results out of his necessarily limited supply of linguistic tools, just as his pioneer great-grandfather was accustomed to shoe his own horses, put hoops on his rain-barrel, renew the bottom in his wife's washtub, "upset" his worn axe-blades and do the family cobbling, all with a combined kit of tools less in number and variety than the follower of any single one of the trades indicated is supposed to possess to-day before he is in shape to ask for the patronage of the public. There is one

point, however, at which I feel no conscientious compunction in interposing immediate restraint, and that is when I detect a tendency to substitute habitually some smart-sounding expression of current slang for good English. Better a dozen innocent blunders in an honest attempt at straightforward communication of an idea than one slang expression deliberately chosen because it sounds "smart." How I shall come out with my endeavors is uncertain, as are all things human. My hope is, *first*, that by less of distracting attention to mere form at the beginning my boys will get a better idea of language as an effective tool of individual expression; *secondly*, that increasing familiarity with good English, coupled with increasing precept, as the danger of its possible stifling effect passes away with maturer years, will stimulate a desire to use this tool in a manner which will commend itself to those best fitted to pass judgment.

ON A PREFERENCE FOR LIVING IN ENGLAND

When men pitch their life-tents far away, they have manifold causes and reasons: some sound, some questionable, some wholly weak and unworthy. It is one thing feloniously to cast off one's derivation, nurture, and responsibilities; and quite another thing to brave homesickness in order to outwit and escape too difficult outward conditions. It is the pride of absence to remember Argos forever, to rest upon its garnered glories, and brooding upon its future with thoughtful affection, to

> "lean and hearken after it
> And grow erect as that comes home."

The purpose of this paper is to hold a brief not so much for those who go, as for those who cannot stay. European passports, for instance, must be cheerfully furnished to our artist fraternity. With us, the historical sense, the scholastic mind, the instinct for color and form, must bring, in time, their own obsession. Whoever has a rage for origin, a lust for things at first-hand, is foredoomed to chafe at a civilization which dates from this morning, and spends its energies on tasks far other than the effort to see life steadily and see it whole. There is something rational, surely, in an attraction which has already drained the United States of so much genius, literary and artistic; which has resulted in forming so many wise, devoted, and detached critics to whip us up to our ideals, and remind us of our sins.

But the fellow-citizen, of all others, who must have the right of way over sea, is the wounded man, the tired man, the sufferer from *Hustlerium Tremens sive Americanitis*. Let that true lover of the Republic fear not, but sink his foot in alien turf for the most defensible reason in life; like Denham's hero, unblamed,

> "If here he frets, he finds at Rome,
> At Paris, or Madrid, his home."

He has "gone to be a fairy," not for ambition, not for excitement, nor for vogue; but for the velvety feel of the Past under foot, like moss of the forest floor to a barefooted child; or for the hardly less gentle feel of the Present, whence noise and worry seem miraculously to have vanished away. Well for him, when at last, from his own foolish impetus, as well as from the epic newness, and startling developments, and too eager gynæcocracy of the States, he has fled into transmarine twilight, and the ever noble State of Suspended Animation!

An American living on the Continent suggests, somehow, a career of genius or of crime. An American in England, on the other hand, is a perfect working hypothesis. Scotland, Wales, Ireland (and Ireland especially), are bristling with ideas, as with so many spiritual burs and mosquitoes. But England, with her queer and meek climate, presents no such intimidations to the weary who would rest there. She is a heaven for retired and non-rheumatic racers, who

are set only upon a smoke and a sleep. The quality of the Past and of the Peace proffered is incomparably the best, for these debased reasons: that the past is the very one, next his own, about which the average educated American knows most; and peace is certainly promoted, in the adult breast at least, when no necessity exists for the full dress of a foreign language. That ghostly encounter with "chaunt" or "gulph," in columns yet wet from the printing-press, that strange sea-change of what was a "spool of cotton" into a "reel of thread," — these and their like are pleasing titillations, and to the truly lazy mind are beatific substitutes for the diplomacies of Latin idiom, and the strangling vocabulary of the Fatherland.

Oh, the grave charm of rural England! Every hedgerow seems to imply a racial age-long deliberate choice of simplicity and sincerity over all which would dim them or drive them away. None can know this people at home well enough to poke fun at them, without reverencing them all the while: their moral etiquette is so sure, their standards so disinterested. Outside tainted London, loud success is accorded little preëminence. All other things being equal, the rich stranger, not the poor one, is put on his social probation. There is extraordinary trustfulness in business relations; fabrics are genuine; street noises come under legislation; a fare in any conveyance (except where Americans are in control) means a seat; the children are wholesomely childish, and the old are fearlessly aged; the decorum and honor of life, excluding sensationalism, rule the national imagination. Here are some rather large towns (to say nothing of the country districts) which are no more agitating than a dove's note or a junket. You cannot walk through them for three minutes in any direction without seeing something famous and ancient and uniquely beautiful; nor beyond them, without meeting a landscape which is almost mystically dreamy. There is never, so far as one can make out, any fickle fashion in clothes, any fad in amusements. There is no highway army of poles and wires; no appreciable slush or drifts or icicles; no continuous agony of heat; no mosquitoes; no nerves! Work is lonely and unhurried, and recreation reasonable and calm. One can the better endure the scarcity of wild wood, moor, and river, when daily conventional pleasuring, even at its worst, is so near to Nature. The god of Tea is propitiated on a greensward, in the company of gentle dames who all say "Quite so!" and mannerly little girls with their mannerly dogs; "a summer shower," as Hazlitt says, "is dropping manna on your head, and an old crazy hand-organ is playing 'Robin Adair'" on the other side of the blessed ivied garden wall. This is to loaf and to reign.

You know now that you will never long to get anywhere in particular, or strain after anything except salvation. You set up for a smug, rich, intellectual Pharisee, with immaterial horizons which never were, nor can be, in the West. Time and eternity are pretty nearly one in the moist amethyst-colored air. You realize fully that the ozone is gone out of it, and that the sad heart of the earth beneath has bled for long. But you also realize that you are acquiring from contact with these an almost sportive sense of the unseen and the supernatural, and a sense which unravels essence from accident, true from plausible, lasting from uncertain, innocent from profane. Very grateful some outlanders are for this strange, painless stretching of their spirits. They have done with the Puritans. They have been kidnapped and catholicized. Small wonder if they feel that they have come home, body and soul, in coming near to the Simple Life and the Quiet Mind: not, mind you, to mere talk of these healthful and beatific things. Not that our happier natures in the United States have not at all times attained to them. But their exemption from the hurly-burly is a bought one:

you do not have to buy it in England. It commends itself to the indigent, for it is as a flowing fountain in the streets.

Our imaginary friend Fugacius, hungry for rest, may attain even that, and a better thing, — anonymity. He may possibly be tired of keeping awake, of toeing the mark, of showing interest, and wearing an intelligent expression. He may have been martyred, more or less, by the Public Eye; but in England, if anywhere, he may indulge to the full a lifelong passion for silence and seclusion. He will not be asked by an interviewer at 4 A. M., and at the point of the moral bayonet, for his impressions concerning problems fiscal or forensic. If he is understood to have exhibited in the Salon, or to have published a sonnet, not a living British creature will think any the better of him for it. Mention was made, a moment ago, of a garden wall: ubiquitous and beloved symbol! Conscious that it is stone, ten feet high, and ninety-one feet in circumference, the American memory runs across, in the wake of ships, to the exquisite suburban streets where the graceful houses, with their wooden gables and verandas, their lilacs and syringas, and wide graveled paths, lie open to one another and to the road. An American feels sure, of a sudden, that the English inclosure gives a freedom that he never knew, and that even a king, in such a fastness, could defy the demon of publicity. Too much praise cannot be given to the universal inviolable respect for privacy in the land of the garden wall. The human ear, even in a drawing-room, is as holy as any mediæval ambry. There have been two celebrated instances, in our own generation, where real names of English writers, objects of curiosity to the whole reading world, were kept from it through many years, and up to the deaths of the authors, although the secret of identification had been quite casually shared, for long, by scores of discreet friends. Such instances commend the conditions (how unlike ours!) which make them possible. Indeed, they arouse enthusiasm in any natural enemy of newspaper headlines.

A wit once remarked that the English love Americans but not America, and that the Americans love England, but not the English. The truth of this discerning remark is obvious, whatever the explanation of it may be. But every day one hears some anecdote or other which makes one feel that shell and snail, at least with them, are inseparable: that an Englishman is just what he is, because England is just what she is. Here is one slight illustration of the point. During the August of 1906 a party of three Americans went north from Euston Station in London. The railway porter put them aboard the train, after his wont, observing, as it would appear, the name marking their luggage. The gentleman of the party asked the porter whether he should have to change carriages before reaching his destination; the porter answered in the negative, the door was slammed to, and the day-long journey began. Hours later, at a station, as the train slowed up, an inspector came along the corridor, repeating in a loud voice a name which the travelers recognized as their own. He held a telegram in his hand. This had been sent to him direct, asking him to find aboard a certain train Mr. ——, bound for ——, and to tell him that he had been misinformed and that he must make a change at —— Junction. Now that London porter must have known that the Americans were mere sightseeing strangers, that he would never see them or hear of them again, and that the odds were that they would inquire anew about changing on the journey, and find their way to —— as scheduled, or, for that matter, not lose their wits or lives if they did not: in fact, there was every inducement to make him wash his hands of them. Yet it was he who sent the wire, taking all that thoughtful trouble to set his blunder right. Could such a thing have happened under ordinary circumstances in our country? We have heroisms on every

side; but we are too busy for contritions. Exercise of scrupulous conscience in official matters is precisely England and the English; the little fortuitous error, the abundant reparation, are not exceptional and individual, but as typical as they can possibly be. Here is a people which fumbles, which drops many stitches, which has its multiform inefficiencies. But it may boast truly that a passion for duty is in its very marrow; it will not in the end consciously go forward with unrepented wrong in its bosom. Is it any wonder if some children of a more heedless and elliptical nation, harassed by rude corporations and their units, think it pleasant to dwell among the million blood-relatives of that unknown adored railway porter? For so soothing a privilege, they will even endure the immemorial cabbage, the sacred Brussels sprouts of Great Britain and Ireland, for three hundred and sixty-five days of the gastronomical year.

In England, notably in middle England, flourishes the most unbelievable and ubiquitous density of mind. It is there indeed; and it is disciplinary; it is funny; it is maddening. Does it dash your joy, in some village of heavenly picturesqueness, to find (as you are always finding!) that the parson is a stock, and the laundress a stone? Well, never ultimately; for the stocks and stones are excellent to live with and have staying qualities. The secret of happiness for us, under their roof, as elsewhere, is the spirit of conformity and compromise. The English ethnological key seems to be D minor, and the household metronome to be set at *Adagio Marcato;* until you have tried the tune of Yankee Doodle in that unexpected key, and to that revolutionizing measure, you can have no idea of its moving effectiveness, and its powers of accommodation. The expatriate, if any one, should get a right perspective, and an unconfused sense of values. He knows that for the joy of life; for zest thorough and permeating; for organization and invention; for autumn forest pageantry in its perfection; for idyllic things to eat, and the magical cooking of the same; for the prevalence of personal and domestic taste; for true touchstones of human worth and worthlessness; for exquisite chivalry in the relations between men and women, — he knows that for these he must cross the bounding main: he must go home. But dear as these things are, deeply as these things (especially the last) are respected and lamented by all who knew them, one can do without them for a while. The Past, and Peace, are dearer yet. The faction which stays on and on, in a land not quite foreign, is agreed quite passionately about that.

THE PESSIMISTIC POSE

"I WOULD like to open a shop," said my cousin Augustina.

I stared at her.

"A shop," she repeated firmly, "for the sale of cakes and ale."

"What!"

"Cakes and ale," said my cousin Augustina. "I would sell these articles, not for the sake of the filthy lucre which might be obtained by the transaction, but for the benefit of the community in general, and a certain story-teller in particular."

"Why not try pre-digested food?" suggested I.

Augustina consigned me to oblivion with a wave of her hand.

"There has lately been a revival of the cult of the Misunderstood," she said, "the ancient cult of the Pessimistic Pose."

"What especial story-teller have you in mind?" I asked shrilly.

"Several," said Augustina.

"Go on."

"These authors put into each of their stories one man or one woman, sometimes more, who staggers along under the rôle of the Disappointed, the Flower that wastes its sweetness on the desert air. Their particular grievance looms large on the horizon. They produce it

if you but look at them. The consequence is," said Augustina gloomily, "I have spent the last few weeks of my existence in dodging the confidences of dark-eyed husbands with Ideals, or thin little spinsters with Hearts."

"I understand," said I.

"They begin it young," said Augustina. —"At the mature age of nine, Geoffrey discovers that his glass marbles possess fewer stripes than those of Oliver, his chum; and instead of kicking the latter and getting possession of them like a man and a brother, he stands aloof in a corner and broods."

"I once read a book called *Louie's Last Term at St. Mary's*," said I tentatively. "It was about a girl that nobody ever found out."

"She must have been a sneak," said Augustina.

"She belonged to your list of the Misunderstood," I said with dignity. "Nobody took the trouble to understand her, not even the bishop. I believe she died."

"I'm sure she did," said Augustina, "between a bishop and her particular variety of marble, I see there was nothing else to do."

"Jane Eyre —" began I —

"Was one of the first," said Augustina. "And don't you remember Ellen Montgomery in the *Wide Wide World?* I actually grew sloppy over that book. For a good long while life appeared to me nothing better than a bleak New England country-side. Sometimes I think this cult must have been originated or else re-vivified by Byron. When the whole of England, and the rest of Europe can tack itself to a wide shirt collar and a gloomy eye," said Augustina, "and begin to wear both, do you call that a fashion, a passion, or a disease?"

"I don't know," I said uneasily, for Augustina's eye was piercing me like a gimlet.

"Byron was a lineal descendant of the Smelling-Salts period in English fiction," said Augustina. "I mean the period of the early novels. I never poke my nose into one of them without getting a whiff of some medicinal liquid. All around I see women in swoons and hysterics — Clarissa going into a faint, and Pamela just coming out of one. And these were the maternal ancestresses of the Misunderstood. For what other kind of sons and daughters can you expect from an anæmic breed but these?"

I dared an interruption. "Becky Sharp does n't belong amongst them."

"Of course she does n't," returned Augustina. "Any woman muscular enough to shy a dictionary out of a four-wheeler is in no immediate need of cakes and ale. Becky's sharp gray eyes saw the world plain and saw it whole. Becky was no Brooder."

A silence.

"We have had the Smelling-Salts period," said Augustina, counting on her fingers, "and the Shirt Collar, and the Athletic periods." She stopped. "Do you recollect those awful athletic novels?"

"Yes."

"The men in them swore like troopers," said Augustina thoughtfully, and resumed her counting; "and now we have come again to the Period of the Misunderstood, a harking back to the Byronic days. The shirt collar has disappeared, but the gloomy eye still remains. Wherever I turn, I see it. For wherever I turn I see long processions of Martyrs clothed in gray and walking two by two."

I sighed.

"Uniforms and processions," said Augustina, "are dear to the human heart. The average man or woman likes to have his feelings worked upon. He deals in emotions, not in ideas. To tell you the truth, the average man would n't know what to do with an idea. Rather than have one he would take to Greenland's icy mountains, or to India's coral strand. So it happens that the Misunderstood flourish like the green bay tree. They walk about clothed in gray, and the average man takes them to his heart and sniffles over them. They are so different, he thinks, and so he keeps on

sniffling, and the processions keep on growing."

"Well, Augustina —"

"I read a book the other day," said Augustina, getting high and mighty again, "and it contained no fewer than five of these dear, dilapidated creatures, male and female, all cut out of the same cloth, and fashioned after the same pattern. There was Isabel. She had a father who was fond of flowered waistcoats and rocking-chairs. He was so artistic indeed and so lazy, that Isabel was obliged to earn not only her own living, but that of her family. She marries, and after marriage becomes acquainted with a famous tenor-singer. And from that time forth she joins the procession of the gloomy-eyed. What is life without a tenor-singer?"

"Well, Augustina —"

"There is Elvira Jane," continued Augustina, "who goes into a remote part of the country, and lives an uneventful life. Once, she comes back to her native city, and happens to be invited to a concert. After that, although an honest, decent sort of woman, she plays the part of the Aloof, the Put Upon. What is life without a flute and a bass-fiddle?"

"Augustina!"

"There is Daniel, brought up in poverty and the shorter Catechism. His good folks sit out on the stoop on Sunday afternoons and discuss the morning's sermon. But Daniel has yearnings for something more vivid than sermons and John Calvin. He haunts the lobbies of the theatres. At last he commits suicide. What is life without footlights, bouquets, and the shouts of the multitude?"

"But, Augustina," I screeched, "there *are* people in the wrong places in life."

"I am through with the book," said Augustina. "It left a bad taste in my mouth. But the processions are still growing. Who is that little creature that I see at the very end, in short frocks, and tails down her back?"

"Rebecca Mary?" I returned faintly.

"Rebecca Mary!" said Augustina. "I could spank her every time I think of her. The only cheerful member of that family is the rooster."

"But her aunt *was* hard on her, Augustina."

"Then she should have banged the doors, or broken the teacups, or told one good, round, honest, rousing lie!"

"O-h!"

"I have searched the Plummer family with a microscopic eye," said my cousin Augustina," and in spite of all their vaunted *blood*, I have not been able to discover one ounce of Plummer *sense*."

"Well."

"Uniforms and processions, I repeat, enrapture the public. Only whine loud enough, or long enough, or, better still, look as if you want to, and you can bring the community to your feet. Single yourself out and put on an air, — and here you go past with the glorious army of Martyrs, with the great and growing order of Brethren Gray, and all the amalgamated Clubs of the Nincompoops."

"But there *are* people who are out of their places, Augustina."

"There are, and there are misunderstood people, too. Indeed, each of us is that. So was Job. Do you remember his friends Eliphaz, and Bildad, and Zophar, and Elihu the son of Barachel the Buzite? Poor Job! Our nearest and our dearest are miles away from us, and we from them. It is a part of our complex, common nature, and it is a law of that nature that we cannot be everywhere at the same time, or get everything all at once. Well, the best of us go straight ahead, a step at a time, with courageous hearts. Our breeding, or some prod from some half-forgotten catechism, or perhaps only some general principle that it would be mean to do otherwise, keeps us from crying out. And the public never gives us even one sniffle as we go by!"

I sighed dismally.

"The average reader and the average novelist of to-day are suffering from a sort of spiritual anæmia. Their view of

life is the attitude of Geoffrey toward the marbles of Oliver. But life," said Augustina, with a sweep of her hand, which included the earth, the sea, and all that therein is, "is a homely and a comely thing, the bare living of which is a privilege. And it rouses my wrath," she cried, with another sweep, "to see it pictured as the dreary, half-lighted, monotonous desert of the Pessimists."

"Then why don't you —"

"I am going to open a shop for the sale of cakes and ale," said Augustina, "and then I shall divide my friends — the sensible ones" — with a glance at me — "into police committees to spy out and arrest and hale to the afore-mentioned shop all authors guilty of creating characters of the Isabel — Elvira Jane — Daniel type. I shall take away from them all their stock in trade, frilled collars, gray habits, gloomy eyes, aloof manners, and a general air of after us the deluge. I shall then direct their attention to a suggestive legend in a gilt frame upon the walls: 'All sniffling to cease; no Martyrs Allowed on These Premises.'"

I began to chuckle.

"And then," said Augustina, "I shall turn them loose on the cakes and ale."

THE PLEA OF THE CHILDREN

A Boston peace advocate protests against allowing our children to play with tin guns, lead soldiers, and other warlike toys, lest mimic battle engender a spirit of militarism.

Mr. William Archer objects to giving Shakespeare to children, lest premature and ignorant familarity dull the edge of appreciation.

Dear parents, you have taught us to respect you,
To think you wise and morally upright.
Did *your* good parents, zealous to protect you
From evil influence, rob you of delight
And take away your toys by day
And books by night?

When pewter regiments their foes o'erpowered
Upon your battlefield, the nursery floor,
Did you despise your Noah as a coward
Because his ark was not designed for war?
Did toyland fill your hearts with military lore?

If so, then take away our wooden daggers,
Break in our drums, and burn our paper hats;
Melt the lead soldier that so boldly swaggers
Among the woolly lambs and cotton cats.
(They fear no fray with him, for they
Are diplomats.)

Give us instead toy courts of arbitration,
Little tin Hagues that peaceful toyshops sell,
And doll commissioners for every nation
With works ingeniously contrived to tell,
When gently pressed upon the chest,
That "War is hell."

But don't deprive us of those consolations
To childish hearts imperishably dear,
The works of Shakespeare, which two mighty nations
In unity neglect but still revere.
Don't take away our right to say
We *have* read *Lear*.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

BORN NOVEMBER 11, 1836
DIED MARCH 19, 1907

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
1881–1890

TO THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

FOREVER young is that immortal throng
Whose golden rhymes to-day our lips recite:
Like stars they shine and sing across the night,
Unchanged and changeless through the ages long.
In Fancy's realm, upon foundations strong
They built their monuments of beauty bright,
Creating out of dreams for our delight
Arches and domes and pinnacles of Song.

They know not age; no, nor dost thou, in truth,
For thou with laurels green on locks of gold
Hast reached but now the poet's dewy prime.
A thousand years! O Song-enamored Youth,
Thy lyric castles never shall grow old,
Nor ruin mar their airy walls of rhyme!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN
In The Atlantic Monthly, June, 1906

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY, 1907

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS

BY FRANK HAIGH DIXON

DURING the celebration attending the opening of the first passenger railroad, the Honorable William Huskisson, Member of Parliament for Liverpool, was run down and killed by the locomotive Rocket, that wonderful product of the brain of Stephenson which was to revolutionize modern industrial life. To an expectant world, eager for a practical demonstration of the power of this new motive force, the death of the English statesman uttered a tragic warning that the tremendous industrial possibilities of this great invention were not to be achieved without the sacrifice of human life. Although three quarters of a century have passed since the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, there has not been a day in all those years in which danger and death have not hung like a cloud over the railroad industry.

A series of unusual disasters in the United States during the past few months has roused the public as never before to an appreciation of the perils of modern railroading, and to a determination to discover whether these hazards are inevitably associated with train operation. To answer in part this oft-repeated question is the purpose of this article.

From the last published report of the statistician of the Interstate Commerce Commission, we learn that during the year ending June 30, 1905, 9703 persons were killed, and 86,008 persons injured, in railroad accidents in the United States. Of this number, 270 persons were killed, and 30,395 injured in accidents having no connection with train movement. Of the accidents related in some way to train operation, 4865 deaths and 5251 injuries were the result of trespassing. Other persons, who were neither trespassers nor travelers, accounted for 862 deaths and 3063 injuries, and employees other than trainmen for 1183 deaths and 7201 injuries. Of those more directly connected with train movement, 533 passengers were killed and 10,245 injured; and 1990 trainmen were killed and 29,853 injured. A tabular presentation of these facts follows: —

PERSONS KILLED AND INJURED IN RAILROAD ACCIDENTS DURING THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1905

	Killed.	Injured.
From train movement:		
Passengers	533	10,245
Trainmen	1,990	29,853
Other employees	1,183	7,201
Trespassers	4,865	5,251
Other persons, not trespassers	862	3,063
	9,433	55,613
From causes other than train movement:		
Passengers	4	212
Employees	188	29,779
Other persons	78	404
	270	30,395
Total killed and injured	9,703	86,008

Causes of accident "other than train movement" include the handling of traffic, tools and machinery, and getting off and on trains while at rest. In this class of accidents, injuries far exceed deaths, the largest number taking place among shopmen. Accidents of a similar character occur in other industries, frequently in greater numbers, and these figures should

be eliminated in discussing the peculiarly hazardous character of the railroad industry.

"Trespassers" mainly consist of persons stealing rides, and those walking on railroad tracks. The railroad police systems must be relied upon to eradicate the first of these evils. This article does not contemplate a discussion of the tramp problem or the training of children. Walking on tracks is purely an American diversion. It is forbidden by law in England and on the Continent, and should be here. But even with laws on our statute books, the evil will not cease until Americans have outgrown their genial habit of appropriating to public use all property that is not securely fenced. Until that time comes, we shall have to fall back upon the principle of *caveat viator*.

The grade-crossing danger has been recognized for many years as the penalty we are paying for rapid and cheap construction of railroad lines. Deaths at highway crossings during the year 1905 numbered 838 and injuries 1574. Many states have taken steps to atone for their early short-sightedness by passing statutes that provide for the gradual elimination of crossings at grade, a movement in which Massachusetts has taken the lead. These laws usually provide that the expense incident to the condemnation of land and the construction shall be divided between the railroad, the state, and the town. Most of the larger cities have also put an end to the earlier practice of allowing railroads to enter their terminals at grade by the use of the city streets. In some sections where the overhead crossing is not practicable, gates or flagmen have been provided; and sometimes, when railroads are equipped with signal-systems, crossing warnings are interlocked with the block signals. All these safeguards should be rapidly extended, but responsibility for such extension rests upon the states, and not upon the national government.

It is upon train accidents that public attention is mainly centred, and it is the appalling total of casualties of this character that has led to such severe denunciation of our reckless railroading, and to frequent unfavorable comparisons with results in England. Such comparisons are often inaccurate and misleading. That accidents are less numerous in England than here is undoubtedly true. We have no such record as that of England for the eighteen months ending March 31, 1902, when not a single passenger was killed. But statistics are not available that will allow fully for dissimilarity of conditions and permit of accurate comparison.

The most careful and scientific study of this question which has been attempted was published by Professor Carroll W. Doten in the *Publications of the American Statistical Association* in March, 1905. From that study the following comparisons are drawn. They relate to the year 1903.

	United Kingdom.	United States.
Train Accidents to Passengers:		
Killed per million train miles	0.06	0.18
Injured per million train miles	2.0	4.7
Killed per million carried	0.02	0.25
Injured per million carried	0.6	6.7
Accidents to Trainmen:		
Killed per million train miles	0.18	2.02
Injured per million train miles	4.1	24.6
Killed per thousand employed	0.9	8.0
Injured per thousand employed	20.6	97.0

While these averages do not account for all variations in conditions in the two countries, they establish beyond dispute the greater safety of English travel.

Accidents to trainmen, as shown in the table for 1905, and again in the comparative statistics just presented, are by far the most serious. In the United States in 1905 one trainman was killed for every 133 employed, and one was injured for every nine employed. The life of the trainman is undoubtedly the most hazardous in modern industry.

With only those accidents to trainmen which result from coupling cars, falling from trains, and striking overhead ob-

structions has the federal government concerned itself. Inasmuch as federal intervention in many different forms is being urged as a means of relief from our present difficulties, it is desirable to consider the Safety-Appliance Acts somewhat in detail. When the agitation for uniform safety appliances was begun by the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1889, the subject was not a new one. Railroad journals had for years advocated reforms, state railroad commissions had discussed the question, and in some states, such as Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, and Michigan, laws had been enacted requiring the use of the automatic coupler on all new cars constructed. But these state laws had complicated rather than relieved the situation, for they had led to the adoption of special types of couplers for the different states, which would not couple with cars of other states not similarly equipped, creating a situation more dangerous than that which it was designed to correct. The Master Car Builders Association, a representative organization of railroad men engaged in practical construction, had approved in 1888 a standard type of automatic coupler; but roads had been slow to adopt the device. The expense was a hindrance, as was the opposition of manufacturers whose couplers did not meet the requirements of the standard. But a more serious objection was that such a device was not likely at once to become universal, and with the prevalence of the system of car interchange between different railroad systems, roads would be compelled to use both automatic and hand couplers with all the added risks of such an ill-mated alliance. By 1889 a few of the large roads had adopted the Master Car Builders type, some were experimenting, some were actively hostile, but the majority were either indifferent or in a waiting mood.

With this problem was associated that of a standard height of drawbar or coupler head that should insure perfect coupling. Such a standard had been established by the Car Builders in 1872, but was generally disregarded.

The situation regarding continuous train brakes operated from the locomotive was more favorable, although by no means ideal. From the time of the inventions of Westinghouse in 1869 and 1871, the railroads had taken great interest in this device and had made constant tests. Its possibilities as a life-saver were seen in the power to stop the train within a shorter distance, in the automatic application of the brakes upon the parting of a train, and in the relief to trainmen from the necessity of traversing the tops of cars. Moreover it appeared to have economic advantages in rendering possible the running of heavier trains at higher speed. Yet the expense of installation, the need of uniform action by all roads, and the delay in making up trains with cars only partly equipped with the new device, interfered with rapid adoption of the invention. The train brake was almost universal in 1889 on passenger cars, but was in general use in freight service only on lines which handled trains for long distances without much reliance upon foreign cars, that is, on roads west of the Missouri River.

Much the same problem existed with reference to grab-irons and hand-holds on the ends and sides of cars. Finally a series of frightful accidents had attracted public attention to the danger of heating trains with the car stove, and laws had been enacted in some states to do away with this method. But if cars were to be interchanged between different roads, it was necessary that some uniform system of train-heating should be adopted, and the difficulties of adjustment had not yet been eliminated.

With this situation in mind, the Interstate Commerce Commission began its agitation in 1889 for the abolition of the awkward, expensive, and mechanically defective hand coupler, for a standard height of drawbar, and for systems of continuous braking and heating. Uniformity in practice was the urgent need,

and it appeared that such uniformity was not to be had without federal regulation. This position the state railroad commissions universally indorsed. The first national Safety-Appliance Act, passed March 2, 1893, made it unlawful after January 1, 1898, for any road engaged in interstate commerce to use on its line in interstate traffic any locomotive not equipped with a power driving-wheel brake and appliances for operating the train-brake system, or to run any train in such traffic that had not a sufficient number of cars so equipped that the engineer could control the train without the use of hand brakes. It was also made unlawful to haul in interstate commerce any cars not equipped with couplers coupling automatically by impact, and not capable of being uncoupled without compelling men to go between the ends of the cars. Carriers were authorized to refuse to receive cars not lawfully equipped. It was further made unlawful after January 1, 1895, to use in interstate commerce any car not provided with secure grab-irons and hand-holds on the ends and sides of cars. The American Railway Association was authorized to recommend a standard height of drawbar, which was to be embodied in an order by the Commission, and all cars were required to comply with this standard. The heating problem was not covered by the statute. This problem applied mainly to passenger traffic, concerning the safety of which railroads had always been actively solicitous, and it appeared that the question was being rapidly solved by the railroads themselves.

The American Railway Association promptly complied with the suggestion of the law relative to drawbar height, and the Commission was able to announce the standard one month after the passage of the act. The time limit for compliance with the brake and coupler provisions was twice extended, and the law did not become fully operative until August 1, 1900. Experience soon demonstrated the need of amendment. The requirement that a "sufficient" number of cars should be equipped with train brakes to insure control, proved too indefinite to be enforceable, and by act of March 2, 1903, it was prescribed that a minimum of 50 per cent of the cars in a train should be so equipped. Power being given to the Commission to extend the minimum, it was made 75 per cent on August 1, 1906, and so remains.

To secure enforcement of the law, and to gather information that would aid in perfecting the methods of regulation, the Commission in 1893 appointed an inspector to examine railroad equipment. Aided by congressional appropriation, this practice has been extended until the force of inspection now numbers eighteen men. They are all persons of several years' experience in train operation, and are carefully selected with the aid of the Civil Service Commission. Rules for inspection have been drawn up by the Commission in consultation with railroad managers, and inspections are openly made, usually with the cordial approval and assistance of railroad officials. The reports of inspectors in recent years have disclosed the fact that violations of law, which are almost entirely confined to freight equipment, have consisted not so much in failure to provide the appliances demanded as in neglect to maintain these appliances in working order. This has added a new element of danger, for trainmen have been led to rely upon the satisfactory working of an automatic device which has sometimes failed at a critical moment. Carelessness of trainmen and a failure on their part to realize the necessity of perfect maintenance have been constant causes of complaint. But the situation is improving rapidly, and conditions are now more favorable than at any time since the passage of the original law. Instruction cars, testing plants, and traveling inspectors in the employ of the railroads are becoming common. Coupling devices are increasing in strength, and there is a tendency toward uniformity in the make of coupler employed. The stand-

ard height of drawbar is almost universally adopted, and it is unusual to find cars lacking in proper grab-irons and hand-holds. Air-brake equipment shows marked improvement, and since the 75 per cent minimum order went into effect, the situation has bettered to such an extent that it is probable that freight trains will soon be controlled wholly by power brakes. Many old and poorly equipped cars, which are a source of danger when placed between new and stronger ones, have been retired, and rules have been adopted on some roads providing for separate grouping of heavy and light cars in the interest of safety. Local agreements for the exchange of cars between connecting roads have been largely abrogated, and it is a well-nigh universal practice at present for roads to refuse to receive or deliver cars in interchange, not equipped in accordance with law. Prosecutions against violators of the statute have been pushed vigorously. The statistics for 1905 show that 87 per cent of the equipment used in interstate commerce was provided with the train brake, and 99 per cent with the automatic coupler. What is still further needed is authority on the part of the Commission to require the maintenance of the old hand brakes, which have in many cases been allowed to deteriorate, but which still must be relied upon in switching, and the extension of the act to cover the other appliances listed in the Master Car Builders' standards of protection to trainmen, such as sill-steps, ladders, and roof hand-holds. It is to be hoped that some device may also be invented that will relieve trainmen from the necessity of going between cars to couple and uncouple steam hose. Finally, an increase in the force of inspection is desirable, in order to meet the increase in railroad equipment and the increasing number of complaints demanding investigation. But these are mere details in comparison with what has been accomplished. Congress wisely did not prescribe definite appliances, but laid down general requirements in the interest of safety. In the same spirit the Commission has persistently refused to settle controversies between roads as to the best appliance for adoption. The problem has been worked out by the roads themselves, aided by their efficient organizations of employees and officials, and supported cordially by the Commission through its secretary and his corps of inspectors.

What then have been the results of this legislation? It is gratifying to observe from the following table that deaths and injuries to employees from the causes discussed show a marked decrease.

NUMBER OF EMPLOYEES KILLED AND INJURED IN COUPLING ACCIDENTS, FALLING FROM TRAINS, AND OVERHEAD OBSTRUCTIONS, PER 100,000 EMPLOYED.

	Coupling Accidents.		Falling from Trains and Overhead Obstructions.	
	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.
1893	50	1,296	82	486
1894	33	940	64	425
1895	37	1,043	65	467
1896	28	1,031	65	519
1897	26	766	55	488
1898	32	803	60	489
1899	28	735	55	478
1900	28	518	58	480
1901	19	259	49	405
1902	14	243	49	457
1903	21	271	49	454
1904	24	312	50	508
1905	17	257	39	451

This decrease in accidents is even more favorable than at first appears, for it has taken place coincidently with an expansion of business which has resulted in the crowding of tracks and terminals and the employment of large numbers of inexperienced men, and with the increased use of heavy equipment and long trains, which has introduced additional elements of risk. Accidents still take place, but they are largely due either to lack of proper maintenance of safety appliances, for which trainmen themselves are in part responsible, or to reckless disregard of ordinary safeguards. The Safety-Appliance Acts seem in large measure to have fulfilled their function, and a fur-

ther reduction of accidents from these causes must be almost altogether a matter of discipline. The statute may have been unnecessary in the case of well-managed railroad systems, but its justification lies in the fact that without the intervention of Congress these same systems, by reason of the prevalence of car interchange, would have been put at the mercy of less efficient roads.

Finally, it is interesting to observe that this movement in the interest of safety to trainmen has brought abundant return to the railroads in economies of operation. Time is saved in the making-up of trains through the use of the coupler, and in train movement through the air-brake. Switching force and equipment have been economized. Damage claims for accidents of this character have become smaller. But, most significant of all, the great economies of modern transportation that have resulted from larger equipment and longer trains would have been quite impossible of realization without the use of these devices which the Safety-Appliance Acts have prescribed.

Leaving the classes of casualties against which safeguards have been provided by statute, we turn to collisions and derailments, which have for years been responsible for most of the serious accidents. While a welcome diminution in casualties may appear now and then, the situation as a whole shows no improvement, but on the contrary a disheartening monotony of results and causes. In studying accidents of this character, we are greatly assisted by a law of March 3, 1901, which requires railroads under oath to make monthly reports of all collisions and derailments and of all accidents to passengers, and to employees while on duty, with the attendant circumstances. These reports are published by the Commission in the form of quarterly bulletins, the circumstances of the more prominent accidents being given. The information is not wholly satisfactory, for officials exercise their own judgment in deciding what they shall return to the Commission. The explanations are in the briefest form, and obviously become less reliable the nearer the responsibility for the accident approaches the official making the report. The following table shows the results of collisions and derailments for the past five years: —

TOTAL PERSONS KILLED AND INJURED IN ACCIDENTS FROM COLLISIONS AND DERAILMENTS, AS COMPILED FROM THE ACCIDENT BULLETINS OF THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION.

Year ending June 30.	Killed.	Injured.
1902	821	7,937
1903	987	9,844
1904	1,018	10,244
1905	1,064	11,949
1906	977	12,686

The bulletin for the quarter ending September 30, 1906, showed an increase of 129 passengers and employees killed over the corresponding period for 1905. This increase, when considered in connection with the series of fatal accidents that have occurred during the past six months, warrants the conclusion that, unless an extraordinary immunity from accident is enjoyed during the next quarter, the total for 1907 will far exceed that for 1906.

In classifying the causes that produce collisions and derailments we shall leave out of consideration those which are beyond the control of the railroad management or its employees, such as flood, wind, fire, and the acts of miscreants, and also disasters resulting from defects in equipment, such as broken rails and wheels, parted couplers, and the like. Some of these could doubtless have been prevented by more rigid inspection, but many of them we are compelled to regard as unavoidable. With these eliminations, the great majority of accidents may be traced to four causes: high speed of trains, inexperience and overwork of employees, and negligence.

Speed as a cause of accident needs interpretation. A favorite text for newspaper sermons is the reckless speed of

our long-distance passenger trains, and the insane efforts of competing roads to clip a few more minutes off the schedule. There is some question whether the eighteen-hour trains between New York and Chicago meet any real economic need, except possibly as an aid to the financial legerdemain of a few Wall Street financiers. Yet they gratify a genuine American desire for speed for speed's sake, and as advertising agencies are well worth while. Are they as dangerous as is sometimes supposed? England, our exemplar in the matter of safety in railroad travel, runs more high-speed trains than do we, and a glance through our accident bulletins reveals the fact that high speed as such is not an important cause of accident. The fact that accidents due to high speed take place on prominent roads, and involve well-known trains, and that such accidents may result in serious consequences, has led us to overestimate the risks of fast travel. High-speed trains are found usually only on double-track roads that are most efficiently safeguarded with block-signal and interlocking systems, and manned by thoroughly disciplined forces of employees. Most of the accidents attributed to high speed are due to the failure of the engineman or other trainman properly to control speed at danger points, such as switches and stations, and should be charged to negligence. Taking a curve at too high a speed is usually due to the negligence either of the engineman who disregards instructions (as was the case in the terrible accident at Salisbury, England), or of the officials in failing to determine with scientific accuracy the limits of safety.

Inexperience usually means negligence, but the real blame in such cases seems to rest with officials who have placed in responsible positions men with too little knowledge of their duties. Inexperience as an assigned cause of accidents involves trainmen of all classes,—some of whom may have been long in service, but are unfamiliar with the division of the road upon which the accident takes place,—and operators at stations, signal-men, and switchmen. The risks resulting from inexperience are greatly increased with the growth of traffic and the constant demand for more help. The railroad manager hears on the one hand the cry of the shipper for quicker service, and on the other the demand of the traveling public that their lives shall not be intrusted to the care of an untrained force. Whether more could be done to overcome the difficulty will be discussed later, but it is only fair to railroad managements to admit that in a time of such extraordinary industrial expansion the constant maintenance of a well-seasoned force of men is a virtual impossibility. Moreover, the railroad manager is probably interpreting correctly the demand of the American public when he concludes that on the whole they prefer service to safety.

Overwork has received wide attention from the public during the past year, and the railroads have been censured severely by the press for what has seemed to be a flagrant disregard of their public duty. It is difficult to reach a definitive conclusion as to the seriousness of this evil, for the facts are not available. Reports to the Commission are not complete in respect to hours on duty, and it is impossible to decide how far negligence may be attributed to weariness. The Commission's judgment is that the number of instances where employees have been on duty an excessive number of hours warrants the inference that overwork is a more or less frequent cause of accident, and we occasionally hear of a case so flagrant as almost to destroy altogether our confidence in railroad management. The Massachusetts Railroad Commission reports an accident in November, 1905, in which the engineman had worked sixteen hours per day for five successive days in the week preceding the collision. The South Carolina Commission is responsible for the statement that in a collision in that state in January, 1906, the trainmen had been on duty for 25 hours and 32 minutes, and that the whole train

crew was asleep at the time of the accident. But perhaps the most startling case is that reported in the Commission's Accident Bulletin number 19, in which both engineman and fireman were asleep, and during the 74 hours previous to the collision had been on duty as follows: on duty, 14½ hours; off duty, 4½ hours; on duty, 14 hours; off duty, 4½ hours; on duty, 22 hours; off duty, 4 hours; on duty, 10½ hours. The report states that, after the 22-hour period, the engineman requested that he be allowed to be called for a certain train in order that he might reach home sooner; that he could have been relieved by another engineman if he had made a request to that effect. But why should it have been left to the judgment of the engineman?

Yet a uniform working day for trainmen is not easy to establish, for the question of hours is linked with the complicated system of train movement. There are fluctuations in the quantity of transportation from week to week, creating variations in the number of train movements required. Men are paid mostly on the mileage basis, and are eager to earn as high wages as possible. Train masters, struggling with congestion of traffic, dispatch trains as rapidly as the capacity of the road will permit. The men prefer, and in large measure secure, "turn runs" by which their rest time can be spent at home, and the vicious principle of "first in, first out" is almost universally prevalent. The serious difficulty is in the freight service, where delays of every conceivable kind occur, increased by the heavy traffic and the lack of adequate terminal and siding facilities; and the superintendent, pressed on one side by insistent shippers and a congested freight-yard, and on the other by men desirous of arranging their runs on the basis of the greatest revenue and comfort, permits the men practically to determine the length of their working day. We hear the charge made by the railroads that the dominance of the trade-union interferes with the employment of a larger force of men, and the assertion that men work overtime at their own request until an accident occurs, and then shift responsibility upon the management. Railroads insist that they have rules which forbid men to work beyond a reasonable number of hours, except in emergencies, and in the same breath they admit that the freight service is one uninterrupted emergency. They protest that any absolute limitation upon the hours of trainmen would seriously affect the business community by requiring the rearrangement of divisions and terminals, and would interfere with the domestic comfort of their employees by compelling them to change their residences. Then they plead that the financial burden of the necessary shift of terminals and of the required increase of labor force would be beyond their ability to bear.

Such arguments did not prove sufficiently convincing to prevent, at the session of Congress just ended, the passage of the La Follette bill in a somewhat amended form. This measure makes it unlawful, after March 4, 1908, for any trainman employed in interstate commerce to work more than sixteen consecutive hours, or to resume work until he has been off duty for ten hours. It also makes it unlawful for him to work more than sixteen hours in the aggregate during a twenty-four-hour period, without eight hours' rest, even if the working hours are not continuous. Dispatchers and operators in important offices are limited to nine hours per day, and in all other offices to thirteen hours. Exceptions to the act are allowed only in case of unavoidable accidents, or delays due to causes that could not be known when the employee left the terminal and started on his run. While the exception clause leaves a large opportunity for overwork, the act goes as far as Congress ought to go under present conditions in the direction of restrictive legislation. In fact, if the public could rely upon voluntary agreements between railroads and their employees for the solution of the question, results

would doubtless be much more satisfactory, for no hard-and-fast statute can meet the innumerable and varying situations in train operation. This latest example of government interference is probably justified, but even with the statute in effect, the results hoped for can never be secured without the maintenance by operating officers of a rigid system of discipline.

Negligence will explain a very large proportion of railroad accidents, and many of the practices which fall under this designation are so persistent and apparently so ineradicable that they have come to be regarded by many as inherent in our present methods of train handling. Before the introduction of the telegraph, trains in this country were operated, after the first crude beginnings, solely by means of the time-table, and each crew was supposed to take care of its own welfare and the welfare of those in its charge. Great reluctance was shown to the use of Morse's invention, even after its utility had been demonstrated, because it was feared that it would have a tendency to relieve trainmen of responsibility, and to lower the discipline of the service. As late as the seventies, many roads were running trains solely by time-table and guesswork. But the time-interval system, with the aid of telegraphic communication, is now the prevailing practice. In fact, much the greater number of trains are not scheduled at all, but are under the direction solely of the train dispatcher. The task of this individual is serious enough on double-track roads, but on single-track lines, with heavy traffic, the problem is one of extreme intricacy, calling for the exercise of the utmost coolness and vigilance. It is a tribute to his skill and to the efficiency of the rules under which he works, that collisions are comparatively so infrequent. The weakness of the system lies in the fact that the execution of an order requires the perfect coöperation of several individuals. The message must pass from dispatcher to station operator, and thence to conductor and engineman. If there is a slip anywhere in the course of transmission, the conditions of disaster are present. A glance at the causes of accident in the Commission's bulletins reveals the startling character of this weakness. Again and again we read such explanations as these: dispatcher sends conflicting orders; dispatcher makes mistake in keeping his record; operator fails to deliver order, copies order incorrectly, forgets or fails to deliver order, delivers wrong order; conductor misreads order, fails to deliver order to engineman. This time-interval system further necessitates devices to prevent collision when unforeseen stops occur out of reach of telegraphic communication. For such emergencies, flags, torpedoes, and fusees are used. The accident record tells its tale of improper flagging, miscalculation of distance, and laziness of rear brakemen. But this is not the whole story. When orders have been correctly delivered and correctly understood, we find accidents attributed to uncertainty, neglect to identify trains that are met, mistakes in reading time, miscalculation of speed, running ahead or behind schedule, and "taking chances." Doubtless many accidents would not take place if all railroad systems were double-tracked and trains were no longer compelled to make meeting points. But the very large amount of mileage in regions of light traffic makes such a means of relief impracticable for many years to come. Less than one tenth of the total mileage of the country at present is double-tracked.

It is not surprising, in view of the difficulties of operation under such a system, and the impossibility of obtaining at all times perfect obedience to orders, that there should have been a demand for a scheme of train handling that would eliminate to some extent at least the human factor. England had set us an example by the early adoption of the block system. This system, which was employed there in principle almost from the beginning,

had become practically universal in the British Isles by 1870, and is now required by law.

The system is simplicity itself. It merely substitutes an interval of space for an interval of time. It divides a road into sections of a length varying with the demands of traffic and the exigencies of the system, and in its strict application allows only one train in a section at a time, the movements of trains being controlled by signals placed at each end of the block. It is not within the purpose of this article to discuss the merits of the various forms of block signaling, but a mere statement of the different systems in use may prove helpful. The simplest form is the "telegraph" block, in which the signals are operated manually, and communication between the signal towers at each end of the block is maintained by telegraph or telephone. The "controlled manual" system varies from the "telegraph" block in the fact that signals are locked electrically, so that a signalman cannot clear his signal without the coöperation of the operator at the other end of the block. The "staff" system, used extensively in England, consists of staff instruments placed at either end of the block, containing staffs of metal, and so interlocked that when a staff is removed from one instrument, both instruments are locked until the staff is returned to one of them, the possession of the staff thus giving the engineman right of way in the block. This system is used to advantage on difficult stretches of mountain road, or where trains of several divisions or roads operate for considerable distances over one pair of rails. The "automatic" system dispenses with the signalman, and the signals at either end of the block are connected electrically and operated by the entrance of the train into the section. This automatic system, which has now been perfected until it is considered by experts to be perfectly reliable, has the added advantage that by the automatic setting of signals at danger, it gives notice of defects in roadway, such as broken rails, or open drawbridges or switches. It is peculiarly an American device, and has been adopted to a slight extent elsewhere. Only with extreme reluctance has the British Board of Trade given consent for its installation. This is to be explained partly by a natural reluctance to abandon a system so long and so successfully used, and partly by the fact that signalmen in England perform many useful services in the inspection of trains outside of their strict duties at the signal tower.

For further safety and efficiency, the block system proper must be accompanied by "interlocking," an arrangement of signals employed at terminals, junctions, crossings, and sidings, so interlocked with the block signals that it is impossible for a signal to show clear when switches and "derails" are improperly set. In this feature of safety appliances, the American roads are deficient. We have not, as has England, developed the two side by side. The unusual expenditure required for initial installation has delayed the fulfillment of a well-recognized duty. But there is universal indorsement by railroad men of the block system in general. It is the opinion of many signal experts that the time is coming when trains will be handled with perfect safety, even on single tracks, without the issuance of a single train order.

The block system has been gradually introduced upon American roads during the last fifteen or twenty years, although it has sometimes required a serious collision to furnish the needed stimulus. Most railroads of any importance now use it on a part of their lines; some use it for a part of the time, when traffic demands; some have introduced the principle, but its application has been defeated by insufficient regulation and control. The Commission's recent report to Congress shows that the aggregate length of line in the United States equipped with block signals in September, 1906, was 48,743 miles, about one fifth of the total

mileage, of which 6827 miles was automatic.

Although comparative statistics are obviously not available, it is generally conceded that under the block system collisions are very much less frequent. The device gives the engineman more definite information of conditions immediately ahead of him, and in limiting the field of his responsibility, decreases the chances of accident. Undoubtedly the cost of installation explains the deliberateness with which the system has been introduced upon American roads; yet it is not at all clear that it would not prove to be a real economic gain, as in the case of automatic couplers and train brakes. Reduction of damage and injury claims would be no small factor. The general manager of an American road recently estimated that during the past year, in the matter of butting collisions alone, the automatic block system on his single-track road had saved the company $120,000 above the cost of maintenance and betterment of the plant. But of more importance is the fact that the block system makes possible a considerable reduction of the interval of time between trains that safe operation requires, and proportionately increases the efficiency of the line.

The delay in installing the block system in the face of its obvious advantages led the Interstate Commerce Commission three years ago to prepare the draft of a bill on the lines of English legislation, providing for the gradual introduction of the system on American roads. The Commission wisely forbore to prescribe any type of mechanism, but, as in the Safety-Appliance Acts, laid down a policy and left its detailed execution to railroad experts. The bill was a recognition of the fact that, while enlightened selfishness might be relied upon to introduce safeguards as rapidly as practicable on many of the better systems, the authority of law was necessary to stimulate the laggards. It has twice been introduced in the House by Representative Esch of Wisconsin. A resolution of Congress last June directed the Commission to investigate "the use of and necessity for" block-signal systems, and its report, already referred to, was presented just at the close of the last session. As Congress had its interest newly aroused by the terrible accident last December in the very shadow of the Capitol, some action in the near future seems not improbable.

But the block system, even if universally installed, would not eliminate dependence upon the human element for safety in travel. The accident bulletins give the following causes of accident upon roads equipped with the block system: running past signals, failing to see signals, false clear signal given, misunderstanding by signalman of telegraphic order, lack of caution under permission to proceed with block occupied. The only adequate remedy thus far found for such contingencies is the automatic stop, in successful use in the New York Subway, and on the Boston Elevated, which automatically sets the brakes on a train that passes a danger signal. As this device has never had its utility thoroughly proved in the case of open roads, where the difficulties of installation are numerous, and where ice and snow may interfere with satisfactory operation, it may be set aside at present as impracticable.[1]

We are thrown back then upon the one hope of better discipline and a more highly developed *morale* among employees. How to enforce better discipline among the men is the problem that is trying the souls of many of the best railroad managers; how to compel managers of a less conscientious type to enforce discipline more rigidly is a question that has troubled the mind of many an observer of railroad-operating practice. It is easy to throw the blame for failure of discipline upon the guilty trainman when the acci-

[1] Congress at its last session appropriated $50,000 to enable the Interstate Commerce Commission to test experimentally the automatic stop.

dent occurs; but who is at fault for the lowered tone of the whole service that makes this particular breach of discipline inevitable? How long will the public continue to regard accidents due to such causes as "unavoidable," and ascribe them with a shrug of the shoulders to the frailty of human nature? Charles Francis Adams as early as 1879 wrote that "the only thing left with some men who are not accessible to argument, or to the teachings of experience, is the gentle stimulant of a criminal prosecution." His suggestion is still pertinent, for we have never yet had the courage to apply the drastic remedy. The extreme difficulty of the problem should not be underestimated. The demands of traffic with developing industry have concentrated attention upon the heavy train-load as the ideal of operating efficiency, and have greatly increased, in ways already suggested, the perplexities of the disciplinary problem. Yet the public has a right to presume that what one railroad can do in this respect is not impossible for another, and to demand that the discipline of all shall be raised to the level of the best. This involves in the first place an attitude on the part of operating officials that will dispel from the minds of trainmen any impression that the management will wink at disobedience to orders, provided only the schedules are adhered to. It means a vigorous reform in the methods of examination of men for positions of danger and responsibility, tests that shall insure more than good eyes, and a working knowledge of a locomotive. It means a longer and more carefully watched apprenticeship, by no means an easy matter when men are so much in demand and tenure is so brief. It means schools of instruction, in which causes of accident and their avoidance shall be studied, and in which men shall be tested constantly on train rules and emergency methods. It means "surprise checking" and instant application of penalties, without a hearing, for failure to meet the tests imposed. It may mean higher wages and more men, and it will probably mean pensions or other beneficiary systems. Discipline means, in a word, a thorough and continuous system of inspection; yet railroads as a whole, according to B. B. Adams of the *Railroad Gazette*, give to instruction of their trainmen less attention than they do to the inspection of a mechanical appliance such as the air-brake. He says, "From the standpoint of the thoughtful passenger, it must seem utterly ridiculous to constantly watch trainmen to see if their shoes are blacked and their faces shaved, while taking no measures to see whether men charged with the safety of passengers' lives are not daily disobeying some vital rule."

Railroads frequently complain of the effects of trade-unionism on discipline, and of the compulsion which employees' organizations bring to bear to retain inefficient men or to reinstate those who have been discharged for infractions of discipline. This is a question upon which it is impossible to pass final judgment. It would appear, however, that such difficulties are not insurmountable when handled by firm and tactful superintendents. Certain it is that such a pretext cannot and will not long be permitted to stand in the way of a discipline adequate to guard the public safety.

Finally, the traveling public itself has some difficult lessons to learn. Impatience of delay and an insane desire for speed at any price have had not a little influence in leading trainmen and superintendents to take chances.

But one further remedy for the present situation, of a more general character, should be mentioned, a plan which has received wide acceptance from railroad officers and the technical press, and has been recommended by the Commission to Congress in its recent block-signal report. This proposal contemplates the creation of a board for the proper investigation, by federal authority, of accidents upon interstate railroads. Such a system has been recognized in principle in England since 1840, and by formal statute

since 1871. This law compels railroads to give notice to the Railway Department of the Board of Trade of any accident resulting in loss of life or personal injury, or of any accident likely to have had such a result. Four inspectors detailed from the Royal Engineers, with several assistants, constitute the investigating body. The inspector proceeds to the scene of the accident, clothed with power to hold an inquiry, summon any person as a witness, and require the production of any relevant document. This inquiry is purely informal, the purpose being to obtain information, not to inflict penalties. Judicial investigations may be made, but are seldom required. In such cases, a magistrate sits with the inspector as a court, but even then power is limited to investigation. The report of the inspector, which includes the facts in the case, the testimony of witnesses, and his conclusions and recommendations, after submission to the Board of Trade, is sent to the railroad concerned, and to the press, and later published in the form of a parliamentary blue book. The inspectors enjoy a life tenure, and as they are men of recognized ability and high character, their conclusions are almost invariably accepted and acted upon by railroad officials. This system of inspection has worked with unvarying success, and is probably the strongest single influence in creating that degree of immunity from accident which England enjoys.

Investigation of accidents in this country is confined to the state railroad commissions, and to but a part of these. Some of these bodies are clothed with large powers, which they exercise with vigor, and their conclusions have proved valuable, especially in insuring the maintenance of railroad structures in safe condition. But there is no uniformity in the powers of the various commissions, or in the conscientiousness with which these powers are exercised. Investigations vary all the way from rigid inspection to junketing trips once a year over the lines within the state. An examination of the personnel of the commissions in many states, and the method of their appointment, leads to the conclusion that little is to be hoped for from this kind of accident investigation.

This discussion has now passed in review the various causes of accidents and the practicable remedies. No specific cure has been offered, for none is at hand, and the results to be hoped for from such suggestions as have been made are not particularly encouraging. Yet it is possible to draw a few general conclusions from this somewhat technical study of railroad-operating practice. In the first place, the success of the Safety-Appliance Acts, which is universally admitted, justifies hearty public support of proposals to dispense still further with the human element in train operation by making the installation of block-signal systems compulsory. Experience with couplers and brakes has also proved that the absolute necessity of uniformity in signal practice and in the inspection of signal systems makes it necessary to take the problem of legislation out of the hands of the states and lodge it with the federal government. Finally, it is clear that the plea of expense must not be permitted to interfere with the enactment of such a law, for it is more than probable that the installation of signal systems has sound economic justification.

One conclusion must be evident to any one who has followed this discussion in detail, — that the fundamental weakness of American railroading from the standpoint of safety is the widespread and almost universal lack of discipline. This weakness extends all the way from the directors of a railroad whose sole interest is in the creation of speculative values on Wall Street, and whose gaze is riveted on the ticker-tape, down to the humblest employee who has become infected with the demoralization pervading the entire system. We can get no aid in the solution of this problem from a study of the railroads of other countries. We may strive

to reach England's standard of railroad safety by such means as double-tracking, extending the block system, and abolishing grade crossings, but we can hardly hope to transfer to American soil the temperament of the English railway servant, or the conditions determining the employment of British labor. The question of discipline is an American problem, to be grappled with and solved amid the difficulties and perplexities of American conditions.

But we can adopt entire the British system of accident investigation, a system which the existing situation imperatively demands.

What the country needs is a federal board of inspection, of long, if not of permanent tenure, consisting of men of such wide knowledge and of such undoubted integrity that their conclusions will be accepted without question, and their recommendations adopted by the railroads as a matter of course. The reports of such a board would be of incalculable value in our present perplexity. We should have the facts, gathered by unprejudiced and competent investigators, and no longer be obliged to rely for information upon the scraps that fall from the table of the railroad official. We should really know whether inexperienced men are being placed in responsible positions, whether employees are being persistently overworked, whether every precaution is being taken to enforce discipline. We should be able to dispel the mystery of the "personal equation." Defects in the block system could be detected and its efficiency increased. The good old explanation of "spreading rails" would disappear forever. The mere publication of reports prepared by a board of experts would act as a powerful tonic on the whole railroad system of the country. Shiftless methods that endanger life and property cannot long persist in the light of a merciless publicity.

Finally, conclusions of such a board would provide indispensable material for such legislation as experience would show to be necessary. It would discourage wholesale law-making, and would lead to the exercise of greater restraint and more sanity in the enactment of measures to guard the public safety. Enduring results in legislation are only to be realized when statutes are based on a broad foundation of accurate and well-digested information.

THE HELPMATE[1]

BY MAY SINCLAIR

XVII

Gloom fell on the house in Prior Street in the weeks that followed Christmas. The very servants went heavily in the shadow of it. Anne began to have her headaches again. Deep lines of worry showed on Majendie's face. And on her couch by the window, looking on the blackened winter garden, Edith fought day after day a losing battle with her spine.

The slow disease that held her captive there seemed to be quickening its pace. In January there came a whole procession of bad nights, without, as she pathetically said, "anything to show for it," for her hands could make nothing now. She lay flatter than ever; each day she seemed to sink deeper into her couch.

Anne, between her headaches, devoted herself to her sister with a kind of passion. Her keenest experience of passion came to her through the emotion

[1] Copyright, 1906, by May Sinclair.

wakened in her by the sight of Edith's suffering. She told herself that her love for Edith satisfied her heart completely; that she fulfilled herself in it, as she never could have fulfilled herself in any other way. Nothing could degrade or spoil the spiritual beauty of this relation. It served as a standard by which she could better judge her relation to her husband. "I love her more than I ever loved him," she thought. "I cannot help it. If it had been possible to love him as I love her, — but I have lowered myself by loving him. I will raise myself by loving her."

She was never tired of being with Edith, sewing silently by her fireside, or reading aloud to her (for Edith's hands were too tremulous now to hold a book), or sitting close up against her couch, nursing her hands in hers, as if she would have given them her own strength.

And thus her ardor spent and renewed itself, and left her colder than ever to her husband.

At times she mourned, obscurely, the destruction of the new soul that had been given her last year, on her birthday, when she had been born again to her sweet human destiny. At times she had glimpses of the perfect thing it might have been. There was no logical sequence in the events that had destroyed it, the return of Lady Cayley and the spectacle of her triumph. She could not say that her husband had deteriorated in consequence. The change was in herself, and not in him. He was what he always had been; only she seemed to see him more completely now. At times, when the high spiritual life died down in sleep, she slipped from her trouble, and turned, with her arm stretched towards him where he lay. In her dreams he came to her with the low cry she had heard in the wood at Westleydale. And in her dreams she was tender; but her waking thoughts were sad and hard.

Majendie found it more than ever difficult to realize that she had ever shown him kindness, that her arms had opened to him and her pulses beaten with his own. Her face and body were changing with this change of soul. Her health suffered. Her eyes became dull, her skin dry; her small, reticent mouth had taken on the tragic droop; she was growing austerely thin. She had abandoned the pleasing and worldly fashion of her dress, and arrayed herself now in straight-cut, sombre garments, very serviceable in the sick room, but mournfully suggestive, to her husband's fancy, of her renunciation of the will to please.

On her first appearance in this garb he inquired whether she had embraced the religious life.

"I always have embraced it," said she in her ringing voice.

"I believe it's about the only thing you ever wanted to embrace."

"You need not say so," she returned.

"Then why, oh why, do you wear those awful clothes?"

"My clothes are suitable," said she.

"Suitable? My dear girl, they suggest a divorce suit, Majendie versus Majendie, if you like. You're a walking prosecution. Your face, with that expression on it, is a decree nisi with costs. You don't want to be a libel on your husband, do you?"

"How can you say such things?"

"Well, — look in the glass, dear, if you don't believe me."

She looked. The dress was certainly not becoming. She greeted the joyless apparition with her thin, unwilling smile.

He put his arm round her and drew her to him. He loved her dearly, for all her sadness and unsweetness.

"Poor Nancy," he said, "I *am* a brute. Forgive me."

"I do forgive you."

The words seemed the refrain of her life's sad song.

And as he kissed her he said to himself, "That's all very well; but if I only knew what I'm supposed to have done to her! Her friends must think me a perfect monster."

And, indeed, there was more truth than Majendie was aware of in his extravagant

jests. His wife's face was so eloquent of misery that her friends were not slow in drawing their conclusions. Thurston Square prepared itself to rally round her. Mrs. Eliott was loyal in keeping what she supposed to be Anne's secret, but when she found that the Gardners also understood that young Mrs. Majendie was n't very happy with her husband, discussion became free in Thurston Square, though it went no farther.

"The kindest thing we can do is to give her a refuge sometimes from his dreadful friends," said Mrs. Eliott. "I have to ask her here every time they're there."

Mrs. Gardner declared that she also would ask her gladly. Miss Proctor said that she would ask Mr. Majendie and Mr. Gorst, which would come to the same thing for Anne, but that she would not have Anne without her husband. Miss Proctor could be depended on to take a light view of any situation, a view entirely her own.

So the Gardners, as well as the Eliotts, rallied round Mrs. Majendie, and offered their house also as her refuge. And thus poor Anne, whose ideal was an indestructible loyalty, contrived to build up a most undesirable reputation for her husband in Thurston Square. Of this reputation she now became aware, and it reacted on her own estimate of him. She said to herself, "They don't approve of him. They seem to know something. They are sorry for me." And she was humbled in her pride.

The one who seemed to know most, and to be sorriest of all, was Canon Wharton. She was always meeting him now. It was positively as if he lay in wait for her. His eyes seemed more than ever to have penetrated her secret. They held it safe under the pent-house of his brows. They seemed to be always making allusions to it, while his tongue preserved a delicate reticence. At meeting they said to her, "It does n't matter if I know your secret. Do you suppose it is so evident to everybody? Why, in all this town, there is no one — no one, dear lady — capable of discovering it but I. It is a spiritual secret." And at parting they said, "When you can bear it no longer you must come to me. Sooner or later you will come to me."

And the weeks went on towards Lent. Anne longed for the time of cleansing, and absolution, and communion; for the peace of the week-day services; and for the sweet, sharp gray light of the young spring at evening, a light that recalled, piercingly, the long Lent of her girlhood, and the passing of its pure and consecrated days.

She had not yet completely forsaken St. Saviour's for All Souls. She loved the gray old church in the market-place. Set in the midst of that sordid scene of chaffering and grime, St. Saviour's perpetuated for her the ancient beauty and the majesty of her faith. When she desired to forget herself, to sink humbly back into the ages, passive to a superb tradition, she went to St. Saviour's. When she wished to be stirred and strengthened, to realize her spiritual value, to feel the grip of divine forces centring on her, she went to All Souls.

On the Sunday before Lent she was fairly possessed by this ardent personal mood. In obedience to it she attended Matins at the Canon's church.

She had had a scruple about going, for Edith had been worse that morning and more evidently unhappy. She went alone. Majendie had admitted lately that he liked going to St. Saviour's, but he refused to accompany her to All Souls.

She went in a strange, premonitory mood, expectant of some great illumination. It came with the Collect for the day. Anne was deeply moved by the Collect. She prayed inaudibly, with parted lips, thirsting for the sources of her spiritual help. Her light went up with the ascending, sentence by sentence, of the prayer.

"Oh Lord, who hast taught us that all our doings without charity are nothing worth:

"Send Thy Holy Ghost and pour into

our hearts that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues;

"Without whom whatsoever liveth is counted dead before Thee:

"Grant this for thine only Son, Jesus Christ's sake." The ritual rang upon that note. The music of the hymns of charity were part of the light that penetrated her, poignant but tender.

Poignant but tender, too, was the aspect and the mood of the Canon as he ascended the pulpit and looked upon his congregation.

There was a rustling, sliding sound as the congregation turned to listen to their vicar.

"'Though I speak,'" said the Canon, "'with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or as a tinkling cymbal.'"

He gripped his hearers with the stress he laid upon certain words, "angels," and "cymbal." He bade them mark that it was not by hazard that the great prayer for charity was appointed for the Sunday before Lent. "The Church," he said, "has such care for her children that she does nothing by hazard. This call is made to us on the eve of the great battle against the world, the flesh, and the devil. Why? But that those among us who come off victors may have mercy upon those weaker ones who are worsted and fallen in the fight. The life of the spirit has its own unique temptations; and it is against these that we pray to-day. We are all prepared to repent, to use abstinence, to mortify the body with its corrupt affections. Are we prepared to bear the burden of our brother's and our sister's unrepentance? Of their self-indulgence? Of their sin? To follow in all things the Divine Example? We are told that the Saviour of the world was the friend of publicans and sinners. We accept the statement, we have gone on accepting it, year after year, as the statement of a somewhat remote, but well-authenticated historical fact. Have we *yet* realized its significance? Have we pictured, are we able to picture to ourselves, what company He kept? Among what surroundings his divine figure was actually seen? In what purlieus of degenerate Jerusalem? In what iniquitous splendors? In what orgies of the Gentiles? And who are they to whom He showed most tenderness? Who but the rich young man, the woman taken in adultery, and Mary Magdalen with her seven devils? Which is the divinest of the divine parables? The parable of the prodigal son, who devoured his father's living with harlots!"

The Canon's voice rose and fell, and rose again; thrilling, as his breast heaved with the immense pathos and burden of the world.

Anne had a vision of the Hannays and the Ransomes, and of the prodigal cast out from the house that loved him. And she said to herself for the first time, "Have I done right? Have I done what Christ would have me do?" The light that went up in her was a light by which her deeds looked doubtful. If she had failed in this, in charity? She pondered the problem, while the Canon approached gloriously his peroration.

"Therefore we pray for charity," — the Canon's voice rang tears, — "for charity, oh, dear and tender Lord, lest, having known thy love, we fall, ourselves, into the sins of unpity and of pride."

Tears came into Anne's eyes. She was overcome, bowed, shaken by the Canon's incomparable pleading. The Canon was shaken by it himself; his voice trembled in the benediction that followed. No one had a clearer vision of the spiritual city. It was his tragedy that he saw it, and could not enter in. Many, remembering that sermon, counted it, long afterwards, to him for righteousness. It had conquered Anne. The tongues of men and of angels, of all spiritual powers, human and divine, spoke to her in that vibrating, indomitable voice.

The problem it had raised remained with her, oppressed, tormented her. What she had done had seemed to her so good.

But if, after all, she had done wrong? If she had failed in charity?

She had come to a turning in her way when she could no longer see for herself, or walk alone. She was prepared to surrender, meekly, her own judgment. She must ask help of the priest whose voice told her that he had suffered, and whose eyes told her that he knew.

She sent a note to All Souls vicarage, requesting an interview, at Canon Wharton's house rather than her own. She did not want Edith or the servants to know that she had been closeted with the Canon. The answer came that night, making an appointment after early evensong on the morrow.

After early evensong, Anne found herself in the Canon's library. He did not keep her waiting, and, as he entered, he held out to her, literally, the hand of help. For the Canon never wasted a gesture. There was no detail of social observance to which he could not give some spiritual significance. This was partly the secret of his power. His face had lost the light that illuminated it in the pulpit, but his eyes gleamed with a lambent triumph. They said, "Sooner or later. But rather sooner than I had expected."

Anne presented her case in a veiled form, as a situation in the abstract. She scrupulously refrained from mentioning any names.

The Canon smiled at her precautions. "We are working in the dark," said he. "I think I can help you a little bit more if you'll allow me to come down to the concrete. You are speaking, I fancy, of our poor friend, Mr. Gorst?"

She looked at him helplessly, startled at his penetration and her own betrayal, but appeased by the pitying adjective which brought Gorst into the regions of pardonable discussion.

"You need n't be afraid," he said. "I had to be certain before I could advise you. I can now tell you with confidence that you are doing right. I — know — the — man."

He uttered the phrase with measured emphasis, and closed his teeth upon the last words with a snap. It was impossible to convey a stronger effect of moral reprobation. "But I see your difficulty," he continued. "I understand that he is a rather intimate friend of Miss Majendie."

Anne noticed that he deliberately avoided all mention of her husband.

"She has known him for a very long time."

"Ah yes. And it is your affection, your pity, for your sister that makes you hesitate? You do not wish to be hard, and at the same time you wish to do right. Is it not so?"

She murmured her assent. (How well he understood her!)

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Majendie, we have sometimes to be a little hard, in order that we may not be harder. You have thought, perhaps, that you should be tender to this friendship? Now, I am an old man, and I have had a pretty large experience of men and women, and I tell you that such friendships are unwholesome. Un-wholesome. Both for the woman and the man."

"If I thought that —"

"You may think it. Look at the man. What has it done for him? Has it made him any better, any stronger, any purer? Has it made her any happier?"

"I think so. It is all she has —"

"How can you say that, my dear Mrs. Majendie, when she has you?"

"And her brother."

The Canon gave her a keen glance. He seemed to be turning a little extra light on to her secret, to see it the better by. And under that light her mind conceived again a miserable suspicion.

"He knows something," she thought. "What *is* it that he knows? that they all seem to know?"

She turned the subject back again to her sister-in-law and Mr. Gorst. "She thinks she can save him."

"Her brother?"

It was another turn of the searchlight, but this time the Canon veiled his eyes, as if in mercy. He really knew nothing,

nothing at all; but, as a man of the world, he felt that there was a great deal more than Mr. Gorst and Miss Majendie at the back of this discussion, and he was very curious to know what it might be.

Anne recoiled from the veiled condemnation of his face more than she had from its open intimations. She was not clever enough to see that the clever Canon had simply laid a trap for her.

She was now convinced that there was something that he knew. She lifted her head in loyal defiance of his knowledge. "No," said she proudly, "Mr. Gorst. It was of him I was speaking."

"Ah," said the Canon, as if his mind had come down with difficulty from the contemplation of another and more interesting personality; and again the significance of his manner was not lost upon Anne.

"I do not know Miss Majendie," he went on, still with the air of forcing himself to deal equitably with a subject of minor interest; "but if I am not much mistaken, she is, is she not, a little morbid?"

"She is a hopeless invalid."

"I know she is" (his voice dropped pity). "Poor thing — poor thing — And she thinks that she can save him? Mark me, I put no limit to the saving grace of God, and I would not like to say whom he may not choose as his instrument. But before we presume to act for him, we should be very sure about the choice. Judging by the fruits — the fruits of this friendship —" He paused, as if seeking for a perfect justice — "Yes. That is what we must look at. I imagine that Miss Majendie has been morbid on this subject. Morbid; and, perhaps, a little weak?"

Anne flushed. She was distressed to think she had given such an impression. "Indeed, indeed she is n't. You would n't say that if you knew her."

"I do not know her. But the strongest of us may be sometimes weak. You must be strong for her. And I" — he smiled — "must be strong for you. And I tell you that you have been — so far — wise and right. As long as this man continues in his evil courses, go on as you are doing. Do not encourage him by admitting him to your house and to your friendship. But" — the Canon stood up, both for the better emphasis of his point, and as a gentle reminder to Mrs. Majendie that his dinner-hour was now approaching — "but let him repent; let him give up his most objectionable companions; let him lead a pure life — and *then* — accept him — welcome him" — the Canon opened his arms, as if he were that moment receiving a repentant sinner — "rejoice over him" — the Canon's face became fairly illuminated — "as — as much as you like."

The peroration was rapid, valedictory, complete. He thrust out his hand, displaying the whole palm of it as a sign of openness, honesty, and good-will.

"God bless you."

The solemn benediction atoned for any little momentary brusquerie.

Anne went away with a conscience wholly satisfied, in an exalted mood, fortified by all the ramparts of the spiritual life.

She was very gentle with Edith that evening. She said to herself that her love must make up to Edie for the loss her conscience had been compelled to inflict. "After all," she said to herself, "it's not as if she had n't me." Measuring her services with those of the disreputable Mr. Gorst, it seemed to her that she was amply making up. She had a hatred of moral indebtedness, as of any other, and she loved to spend. In reckoning the love she had spent so lavishly on Edie, she had not allowed for the amount of forgiveness that Edie had spent on her. Forgiveness is a gift we have to take, whether we will or no, and Anne was blissfully unaware of what she took.

Majendie watched her ministrations curiously. Her tenderness was the subtlest lure to the love in him that still watched and waited for its hour. That night, in the study, he was silent, nervous, and un-

happy. She shrank from the unrest and misery in his eyes. They followed or were fixed on her, rousing in her an obscure resentment and discomfort. She was beginning to be afraid of him. It had come to that.

She left him earlier than usual, and went very miserably to bed. She prayed, to-night, with her eyes fixed on the crucifix. It had become for her the symbol of her life, and of her marriage, which was nothing to her now but a sacrifice, a martyrdom, a vicarious expiation of her husband's sin.

As she lay down, the beating of her pulses told her that she was not to sleep. She longed for sleep, and tried to win it to her by repeating the Psalm which had been her comfort in all times of her depression. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth."

She closed her eyes under the peace of the beloved words. And as she closed them, she felt herself once more in the arms of the green hills, the folding hills of Westleydale.

She shook off the obsession and prayed another prayer. She longed to be alone; but, to her grief, she heard the opening and shutting of a door and her husband's feet moving in the room beyond.

A few blessed moments of solitude were left her during Majendie's undressing. She devoted them to the final expulsion of all lingering illusions. She had long ago lost the illusion of her husband's immaculate goodness; and now she cast off, once for all, the dear and pitiful belief that had revived in her under her brief enchantment in the wood at Westleydale. She told herself that she had married a man who had, not only a lower standard than her own, but an entirely different code of morals, a man irremediably contaminated, destitute of all perception of spiritual values. And she had got to make the best of him, that was all. Not quite all; for she had still to make the best of herself; and the two things seemed, at moments, incompatible. To guard herself from all contact with the invading evil, to take her stand bravely, to raise high the spiritual ramparts and retire behind them, that was no more than her bare duty to herself and him. She must create a standard for him by keeping herself forever high and pure. He loved her still, in his fashion; he must also respect her, and, in respecting her, respect goodness — the highest goodness — in her.

Accustomed to move in a region of spiritual certainty, Anne was untroubled by any misgiving as to the soundness of her attitude. It was open to no criticism except the despicable wisdom of the world.

Her chief difficulty was poor Majendie's imperishable affection. She tried to protect herself from it to-night by feigning drowsiness. She lay still as a stone, stiff with her fear. Once, at midnight, she felt him stir, and turn, and raise himself on his elbow. She was conscious through all her unhappy being of the adoring tenderness with which he watched her sleep.

At last she slept, and, sleeping, she dreamed a strange dream. She found herself again in Westleydale, walking in green aisles of the holy, mystic, cathedral woods. The tall beech-stems were the pillars of the temple. A still light came through them, guiding her to the beech-tree that she knew. And she saw an angel lying under the beech-tree. It lay on its side, with its wings stretched out so that the right wing covered the left. As she approached, it raised the covering wing, and in the warm hollow of the other she saw that it cradled a little naked child. And at the sight there came a thorn in her breast that pricked her. The child stirred in its sleep, and crawled to the place of the angel's breast, and fondled it with searching lips and hands. Then it wailed, and, as she heard its cry, the thorn pressed sharper into Anne's breast; and the angel's eyes turned to her with an immortal anguish, and pity, and despair.

She looked and saw that its breast was as the breast of the little child. And she was moved to compassion at the helplessness of them both, of the heavenly and of the earthly thing; and she stooped and lifted the child and laid it to her own breast, and nourished it; and had peace from her pain.

XVIII

It was the first day in Lent. Anne had come down in a state of depression. She was silent during breakfast, and Majendie became absorbed in his morning paper. So much wisdom he had learned. Presently he gave a sudden murmur of interest, and looked up with a smile. "I see," said he, "your friend Mrs. Gardner has got a little son."

"Has she?" said Anne coldly.

The blood flushed in her cheeks, and a sudden pang went through her and rose to her breasts with a pricking pain, such pain as she had felt once in her dream, and only once in her waking life before. She thought of dear little Mrs. Gardner, and tried to look glad. She failed miserably, achieving an expression of more than usual austerity. It was the expression that Majendie had come to associate with Lent. He thought he saw in it the spiritual woman's abhorrence of her natural destiny. And with the provocation of it the devil entered into him.

"Is there anything in poor Mrs. Gardner's conduct to displease you?"

She looked at him in a dull passion of reproach.

"Oh," she said, "how can you be so unkind to me!"

Her breast heaved, her lower lip trembled. She rose suddenly, pressing her handkerchief to her mouth, and left the room. He heard the study door open hastily and shut again. And he said to himself, as with sudden lucid freshness, "What an extraordinary woman my wife is. If I only knew what I'd done."

As she had left her breakfast unfinished, he waited a judicious interval and then went to fetch her back.

He found her standing by the window, holding her hands tight to her heaving sides, trying by main force to control the tempest of her sobs. He approached her gently.

"Go away," she whispered, through loose lips that shook with every word. "Go away. Don't come near me."

"Nancy — what is it?"

She turned from him, and leaned up against the folded window-shutter. Her emotion was the more terrible to him because she was so seldom given to these outbursts. She had seemed to him a woman passionless, and of almost superhuman self-possession. He removed himself to the hearth-rug and waited for five minutes.

"Poor child," he said at last. "Can't you tell me what it is?"

No answer.

He waited another five minutes, thinking hard.

"Was it — was it what I said about Mrs. Gardner?"

He still waited. Then he conceived a happy idea. He would try to make her laugh.

"Just because I said she'd had a little son?"

Her tears fell to answer him.

She gathered herself together with a supreme effort, and steadied her lips to speak. "Please leave me. I came here to be alone."

A light broke in on him, and he left her.

He shut himself up in the dining-room with his light. He had pushed his breakfast aside, too preoccupied to eat it.

"So that's it?" he said to himself. "That's it. Poor Nancy. That's what she's wanted all the time. What a fool I was never to have thought of it."

He breathed with an immense relief. He had solved the enigma of Anne with all her "funniness." It was not that she had turned against him, nor against her destiny. She had been disappointed of her destiny, that was all. It was enough. She must have been fretting for months, poor child; and, just when she could

bear it no longer, Mrs. Gardner, he supposed, had come as the last straw. No wonder that she had said he was unkind.

And in that hour of his enlightenment a great chastening fell upon Majendie. He told himself that he must be as gentle with her as he knew how; gentler than he had ever yet known how. And his heart smote him as he thought how he had hurt her, how he might hurt her again unknowingly, and how the tenderness of the tenderest male was brutality when applied to these wonderful, pitiful, incomprehensible things that women were. He accepted the misery of the last three months as a fit punishment for his lack of understanding.

His light brought a great longing to him and a great hope. From that moment he watched her anxiously. He had never realized till now, after three months of misery, quite what she meant to him, how sacred and dear she was, and how much he loved her.

The depth of this feeling left him for the most part dumb before her. His former levity forsook him, and Anne wondered at this change in him, and brooded over the possible cause of his serious and unintelligible silences. She attributed them to some deep personal preoccupation of which she was not the object.

Meanwhile her days went on much as before, a serene and dignified procession to the outward eye. She was thankful that she had so established her religion of the household that its services could still continue in their punctual order, after the joy of the spirit had departed from them. The more she felt that she was losing, hour by hour, her love of the house in Prior Street, the more she clung to the observances that held her days together. She had become a pale, sad-eyed, perfunctory priestess of the home. Majendie protested against what he called her base superstition, her wholesale sacrifices to the gods of the hearth. He forbade her to stay so much indoors, or to sit so long in Edith's room.

One afternoon he came home unexpectedly and found her there, doing nothing but watching Edith, who dozed. He touched her gently, and told her to get up and go out for a walk.

"I'm too tired," she whispered.

"Then go upstairs and lie down."

She went; but, instead of lying down, she wandered through the house, restless and unsettled. She was possessed by a terrible sense of isolation. It came over her that this house of which she was the mistress did not in the least belong to her. She had not been consulted or thought of in any of its arrangements. There was no place in it that appealed to her as her own. She went into the little grave old-fashioned drawing-room. It had a beauty she approved of, a dignity that was in keeping with her own traditions, but, except for a few books and photographs that she had placed there herself, there was not a solitary object in it that was hers. It had remained unchanged since the days when it was inhabited, first by her husband's mother, then by his aunt, then by his sister. He had handed it over, just as it stood, to his wife. It was full, the whole house was full, of portraits of the Majendies; Majendies in oils; Majendies in water colors; Majendies in crayons, in miniatures, and silhouettes. She thought of Mrs. Eliott's room in Thurston Square, of the bookcases, the bronzes, the triptych with its saints in glory, and of how Fanny sat enthroned among these things that reflected completely her cultured individuality. Fanny had counted. Her rarity had been appreciated by the best of husbands; her tastes had been studied, consulted, indulged. Anne did not go so far as to say that her own life had been made unhappy for want of a triptych in her drawing-room. The triptych only reminded her of the immense spiritual want through which her marriage had been made void.

As she looked sadly round, it occurred to her that she might find some consolation in arranging the furniture on an entirely different plan. She rang the bell

and sent for Walter. He came, and found her sitting on the high-backed chair whose cover had been worked by his grandmother. He smiled at the uncomfortable figure she presented.

"So that's what you call resting, is it?"

"Walter, — do you mind if I move some of the furniture in this room?"

"Move it? Of course I don't. But why?"

"Because I don't very much like the room as it is."

"Why don't you like it?" (He really wanted to know.)

"Because I don't feel comfortable in it."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, dear. Perhaps — we'd better have some new things."

"I don't want any new things."

"What do you want, then?" His voice was gentleness itself.

"Just to move all the old ones, — to move everything."

She spoke with an almost infantile petulance that appealed to him as pathetic. There was something terrible about Anne when armored in the cold steel of her spirituality, taking her stand upon a lofty principle. But Anne sitting on a high-backed chair, uttering tremulous absurdities, Anne protected by the unconscious humor of her own ill-temper, was adorable. He loved this humanly captious and capricious, childishly unreasonable Anne. And her voice was sweet even in petulance.

"My darling," he said, "you shall turn the whole house upside down if it makes you any happier. But" — he looked round the room in quest of its deficiencies — "what's wrong with it?"

"Nothing's wrong. You don't understand."

"No, I don't." His eye fell upon the corner where the piano once stood that was now in Edith's room.

"There are three things," said he, "that you certainly ought to have. A piano, and a reading-stand, and a comfortable sofa. You shall have them."

She threw back her head and closed her eyes to shut out the stupidity and the mockery and the misery of that idea.

"I — don't — want" — she spoke slowly; her voice dropped from its high petulant pitch, and rounded to its funeral bell note — "I don't want a piano, nor a reading-stand, nor a sofa. I simply want a place that I can call my own."

"But, bless you, the whole house is your own, if it comes to that, and every mortal thing in it. Everything I've got 's yours, except my razors and my braces, and a few little things of that sort that I'm keeping for myself."

She passed her hand over her forehead, as if to brush away the irritating impression of his folly.

"Come," he said, "let's begin. What do you want moved first? And where?"

She indicated a cabinet which she desired to have removed from its place between the windows to a slanting position in the corner. He was delighted to hear her express a preference, still more delighted to be able to gratify it by his own exertions. He took off his coat and waistcoat, turned up his shirt cuffs, and set to work. For an hour he labored under her directions, struggling with pieces of furniture as perverse and obstinate as his wife, but more ultimately amenable.

When it was all over, Anne seated herself on the settee between the windows, and surveyed the scene. Majendie, in a rumpled shirt and with his hair in disorder, stood beside her, and smiled as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Yes," he said, "it's all altered. There is n't a blessed thing, not a chair, or a foot-stool, or a candlestick, that is n't in some place where it was n't. And the room does n't look a bit better, and you won't be a bit better pleased with it tomorrow."

He put on his coat and sat down beside her. "See here," said he, "you don't want me really to believe that that's where the trouble is?"

"The trouble?"

"Yes, Nancy, the trouble. Do you

think I'm such a fool that I don't see it? It's been coming on a long time. I know you're not happy. You're not satisfied with things as they are. As they are, you know, there's a sort of incompleteness, something wanting, is n't there?"

She sighed. "It's you who are putting it that way, not I."

"Of course I'm putting it that way. How am I to put it any other way? Let me think now. Well — Of course I know perfectly well that it's not a piano, or a reading-stand, or a sofa that you want, any more than I do. We want the same thing, sweetheart."

She smiled sadly. "Do we? I should have said the trouble is that we don't want the same thing, and never did."

"I don't understand you."

"Nor I you. You think I'm always wanting something. What is it that you think I want?"

"Well — Do you remember Westleydale?"

She drew back. "Westleydale? What has put that into your head?"

He grew desperate under her evasions, and plunged into his theme. "Well — that jolly baby we saw there — in the wood — You looked so happy when you grabbed it, and I thought, perhaps —"

"There's no use talking about that," said she. "I don't like it."

"All right — only — it's still a little soon, you know, is n't it, to give it up?"

"You're quite mistaken," she said coldly. "It is n't that. It never has been. If I want anything, Walter, that you have n't given me, it's something that you cannot give me. I've long ago made up my mind to that."

"But why make up your mind to anything? How do you know I can't give it you — whatever it is — if you won't tell me anything about it? What *do* you want, dear?"

"Ah, my dear, I want nothing, except not to have to feel like this."

"What do you feel like?"

"Like what I am. A stranger in my husband's house."

"And is that my fault?" he asked gently.

"It is not mine. But there it is. I feel sometimes as if I'd never been married to you. That 's why you must never talk to me as you did just now."

"Good God, what a thing to say!"

He hid his face in his hands. The pain she had inflicted would have been unbearable, but for the light that was in him. He rose to leave her. But before he left, he took one long scrutinizing look at her. It struck him that she was not, at the moment, entirely responsible for her utterances. And again his light helped him.

"Look here," said he. "I don't think you're feeling very well. This is n't exactly a joyous life for you."

"I want no other," said she.

"You don't know what you want. You 're over-strained — frightfully — and you ought to have a long rest and a change. You're too good, you know, to my little sister. I've told you before that I won't allow you to sacrifice yourself to her. I shall get some one to come and stay, and I shall take you down this week to the south coast, or wherever you like to go. It'll do you all the good in the world to get away from this beastly place for a month or two."

"It'll do me no good to get away from poor Edie."

"It will, dearest, it will, really."

"It will not. If you go and take me away from Edie I shall get ill myself."

"You only think so because you're ill already."

"I am not ill." She turned to him her sombre, tragic face. "Walter, — whatever you do, don't ask me to leave Edie, for I can't."

"Why not?" he asked gently.

"Because I love her. And it's — it's the only thing."

"I see," he said; and left her.

He went back to Edith. She smiled at his disarray and inquired the cause of it. He entertained her with an account of his labors.

"How funny you must both have looked," said Edith, "and, oh, how funny the poor drawing-room must feel."

"It does. And if I could have made it feel still funnier, I would. I'm in a state of mind to let her keep ten Barbary apes in my dressing-room, if she wanted to."

"And she's in a state of mind to write a post-card to Whiteley's, ordering ten Barbary apes to be sent by return."

"The fact is," said Majendie gravely, "I don't think she's very well. I shall get her to see Gardner."

"I would, if I were you."

He wrote to Dr. Gardner that night and told Anne what he had done. She was indignant, and expounded his anxiety as one more instance of his failure to understand her nature. But she did not refuse to see the doctor when he called the next morning.

When Majendie came back from the office he found his wife calm, but disposed to a terrifying reticence on the subject of her health. "It's nothing — nothing," she said; and that was all the answer she would give him. In the evening he went round to Thurston Square, to get the truth out of Gardner.

He stayed there an hour, although a very few words sufficed to tell him that his hope had become a certainty. The President of the Philosophic Society had cast off all his vagueness. His wandering eyes steadied themselves to grip Majendie as they had gripped Majendie's wife. To Gardner, Majendie, with his consuming innocence and anxiety was, at the moment, by far the more interesting of the two. The doctor brought all his grave lucidity to bear on Majendie's case, and sent him away unspeakably consoled; giving him a piece of advice to take with him. "If I were you," said he, "I would n't say anything about it until she speaks to you herself. Better not let her know you've consulted me."

In one hour Majendie had learned more about his wife than he had found out in the year he had lived with her; and the doctor had found out more about Majendie than he had learned in the ten years he had been practicing in Scale.

And upstairs in her drawing-room, little Mrs. Gardner waited impatiently for her husband to come back and finish the very interesting conversation that Majendie had interrupted.

"Who is the fiend," said she, "who 's been keeping you all this time? One whole hour he's been."

"The fiend, my dear, is Mr. Majendie." The doctor's face was thoughtful.

"Is he ill?"

"No; but I think he would have been if he had n't come to me. I've been revising my opinion of Majendie to-night. Between you and me, our friend the Canon is a very dangerous old woman. Don't you go and believe those tales he's told you."

"I don't believe the tales," said Mrs. Gardner, "but I can't help believing poor Mrs. Majendie's face. *That* tells a tale, if you like."

"Poor Mrs. Majendie's face is a face of poor Mrs. Majendie's own making, I'm inclined to think."

"I don't think Mrs. Majendie would make faces. I'm sure she is n't happy."

"Are you? Well then, if you're fond of her, I think you'd better try and see a little more of her, Rosy. You can help her a good deal better than I can now."

Professional honor forbade him to say more than that. He passed to a more absorbing topic.

"I must say I can't see the force of this fellow's reasoning. What's that?"

"I thought I heard baby crying."

"You did n't. It was the cat. You must learn the difference, my dear. Don't you see that these pragmatists are putting the cart before the horse? Conduct is one of the things to be explained. How can you take it, then, as the ground of the explanation?"

"I don't," said Mrs. Gardner.

"But you do," said Dr. Gardner. It was in such bickerings that they lived and moved and had their happy being. Each

was the possessor of a strenuous soul, made harmless by its extreme simplicity. They were united by their love of argument, divided only by their adoration of each other. They now plunged with joy into the heart of a vast metaphysical contention; and Majendie, his conduct and the explanation of it, were forgotten, until another cry was heard, and, this time, Mrs. Gardner fled.

She came back full of reproach. "Oh Philip, to think that you can't recognize the voice of your little son!"

Dr. Gardner looked guilty. "I really thought," said he, "it was the cat." He hated these interruptions.

He looked for Mrs. Gardner to take up the thread of the delicious argument where she had dropped it; but something had reminded Mrs. Gardner that she must write a note to Mrs. Majendie. She sat down and wrote it at once while she remembered. She could think of nothing to say but, "When will you come and take tea with me, and see my little son?"

Anne came that week, and saw the little son, and rejoiced over him. She kept on coming to see him. She always had been fond of Mrs. Gardner; now she was growing fonder of her than ever. In her happy presence she felt wonderfully at peace. There had been a time when the spectacle of Mrs. Gardner's happiness would have given her sharp pangs of jealousy; but that time was over now for Anne. She liked to sit and look at her and watch the happiness flowering in Mrs. Gardner's face. She thought Mrs. Gardner's face was more beautiful than any woman's she had ever seen, except Edie's. Edie's face was perfect; but Mrs. Gardner's was a simple oval that sacrificed perfection in the tender amplitude of her chin. There were no lines on it; for Mrs. Gardner was never worried, nor excited, nor perplexed. How could she be worried when Dr. Gardner was well and happy? Or excited, when, having Dr. Gardner, there was nothing left to be excited about? Or perplexed, when Dr. Gardner held the solution of all problems in his mighty brain?

Mrs. Gardner's bridal aspect had not disappeared with the advent of her motherhood. She was not more wrapped up in the baby than she was in Dr. Gardner and his metaphysics. She even admitted to Anne that the baby had been something of a disappointment. Anne was sitting in the nursery with her when Mrs. Gardner ventured on this confidence.

"You know I'd rather have had a little daughter."

Anne confessed that her own yearning was for a little son.

"Oh," said Mrs. Gardner, "I would n't have him different now. He's going to have as happy a life as ever I can give him. I've got so much to make up for."

"To make up for?" Anne wondered what little Mrs. Gardner could possibly have to make up for.

"Well, you see, it's a shocking confession to make; but I did n't care for him at all before he came. I did n't want him. I did n't want anybody but Philip, and Philip did n't want anybody but me. Are you horrified?"

"I think I am," said Anne. She had difficulty in believing that dear little Mrs. Gardner could ever have taken this abnormal, this monstrous attitude.

"You see, our life was so perfect as it was. And we have so little time to be together, because of his tiresome patients. I grudged every minute taken from him. And, when I knew that this little creature was coming, I sat down and cried with rage. I felt that he was going to spoil everything, and keep me from Philip. I had n't a scrap of tenderness for him, poor little darling."

"Oh," said Anne.

"I had n't really. I was quite happy with my husband." She paused, feeling that the ground under her was perilous. "I don't know why I'm telling you all this, dear Mrs. Majendie. I've never told another soul. But I thought, perhaps, you ought to know."

"Why," Anne wondered, "does she think I ought to know?"

"You see," Mrs. Gardner went on, "*I* thought I could n't be any happier than I was. But I am; ten times happier. And I did n't think I *could* love my husband more than I did. But I do; ten times more, and quite differently. Just because of this tiny, crying thing, without an idea in his little soft head. I've learned things I never should have learned without him. He takes up all my time, and keeps me from enjoying Philip; and yet I know now that I never was really married till he came."

Mrs. Gardner looked up at Anne with shy, beautiful eyes that begged forgiveness if she had said too much. And Anne realized that it was for her that the little bride had been singing that hymn of hope, for her that she had been laying out the sacred treasures of her mysteriously wedded heart.

In the same spirit Mrs. Gardner now laid out her fine store of clothing for the little son. And Anne's heart grew soft over the many little vests, and the jackets, and the diminutive short-waisted gowns.

She was busy with a pile of such things one evening up in her bedroom when Majendie came in. The bed was strewn with the absurd garments, and Anne sat beside it, sorting them, and smiling to herself that small, pure, shy smile of hers. Her soft face drew him to her. He thought it was his hour. He took up one of the little vests and spanned it with his hand. "I'm so glad," he said. "Why did n't you tell me?"

She shook her head.

"Nancy —"

"I can't talk about it."

"Not to me?"

"No," she said. "Not to you."

"I should have thought —"

Her face hardened. "I can't. Please understand that, Walter. I don't think I ever can, now. You've made everything so that I can't bear it."

She took the little vest from him, and laid it with the rest.

And as he left her his hope grew cold. Her motherhood was only another sanctuary from which she shut him out. There was something so humiliating in his pain that he would have hidden it even from Edith. But Edith was too clever for him.

"Has she said anything to you about it?" he asked.

"Yes. Has she not to you?"

"Not yet. She won't let me speak about it. She's funnier than ever. She treats me as if I were some obscene monster just crawling up out of the primeval slime."

"Poor Wallie!"

"Well, but it's pretty serious. Do you think she's going to keep it up for all eternity?"

"No, I don't, dear. I don't think she'll keep it up at all."

"I'm not so sure. I'm tired out with it. I give her up."

"No, you don't, dear, any more than I do."

"But what can I do? Is it, honestly, Edie, is it in any way my fault?"

"Well — I think, perhaps, if you'd approached her in another spirit at the first. She told me that what shocked her more than anything that night at Scarby, was, darling, your appalling flippancy. You know, if you'd taken that tone when you first spoke to me about it, I think it would have killed me. And she's your wife, not your sister. It's worse for her. Think of the shock it must have been to her."

"Think of the shock it was to me. She sprang the whole thing on me at four o'clock in the morning, — before I was awake. What could I do? Besides, she got over all that in the summer. And now she goes back to it worse than ever, though I have n't done anything in between."

"It was all brought back to her in the autumn, remember."

"Granted that, it's inconceivable how she can keep it up. It is n't as if she was a hard woman."

"No. She's softer than any woman I know, in some ways. But she happens to be made so that that is the one thing she finds it hardest to forgive. Besides, think of her health."

"I wonder if that really accounts for it."

"I think it may."

"I don't know. It began before, and I'm afraid it's come to stay."

"What has come to stay?"

"The dislike she's taken to me."

"I don't believe in her dislike. Give her time."

"Oh, the time I have given her! A year and more."

"What's a year? Wait," said Edith. "Wait."

He waited; and as the months went on, Anne schooled herself, for her child's sake, into strength and calm. Her white brooding face grew full and tender; but its tenderness was not for him. He remained shut out from the sanctuary where she sat nursing her dream.

He suffered indescribably; but he told himself that Anne had merely taken one of those queer morbid aversions of which Gardner had told him. And at the birth of their child he looked for it to pass.

The child was born in mid-October. Majendie had sat up all night; and very early in the morning he was sent for to her room. He came, stealing in on tiptoe, dumb, with his head bowed in terror and a certain awe.

He found Anne lying in the big bed under the crucifix. Her face was dull and white, and her arms were stretched out by her sides in utter exhaustion. When he bent over her she closed her eyes; but her lips moved as if she were trying to speak to him. He felt her breath upon his face, but he could hear no words.

"What is it?" he whispered to the nurse who stood beside him. She held in one arm the new-born child, hooded and folded in a piece of flannel.

The nurse touched him on the shoulder. "She's trying to tell you to look at your little daughter, sir."

He turned and saw something—something queer and red between two folds of flannel, something that stirred and drew itself into puckers, and gave forth a cry.

And as he touched the child, his strength melted in him, as it had melted when he laid his hands for the first time upon its mother.

XIX

After the birth of her child, Anne was restored to her normal poise and self-possession. She appeared the robust, superb creature she had once been. The serenity of her bearing proclaimed that in her motherhood her nature was fulfilled. She had given herself up to the child from the first moment that she held it to her breast. She had found again her tenderness, her gladness, and her peace.

Majendie had waited for this. He believed that if the child made her so happy, she could hardly continue to cherish an aversion from its father.

In the months that followed he witnessed the slow destruction of this hope. The very fact that Anne had become "normal" made its end more certain. There were no longer any affecting moods, any divine caprices, for him to look to, nor was there much likelihood of a profounder change. Such as his wife was now, she always would be.

She had settled down.

And he had accepted the situation.

He had had his illusions. He loved the child. It was white, and weak, and sickly, as if it drew a secret bitterness from its mother's milk. It kept Anne awake at night with its crying. Once Majendie got up, and came to her, and took it from her, and it was suddenly pacified, and fell asleep in his arms. He had risen many nights after that to quiet it. It had seemed to him then that something passed between them with the small tender body his arms took from her, and gave to her again. But he had abandoned that illusion now. And when he saw her with the child he said to himself, "I see. She has

got all she wanted. She has no further use for me."

Thus the child that should have united separated them. Anne took from him whatever small comfort it might have given him. She was disposed to ignore those paternal passages in the night-watches, and to combat the idea of his devotion to the child. That situation he had accepted, too.

But Anne, in appearing to accept everything, accepted nothing. She was conscious of a mute rebellion, even of a certain disloyalty of the imagination. She disapproved of Majendie more than ever. She guarded her own purity now as her child's inheritance, and her motherhood strengthened her spiritual revolt. Her mind turned sometimes to the ideal father of her child, evoking visions of the Minor Canon whom her soul had loved. Lent brought the image of the Minor Canon nearer to her, and toward his perfections she turned the tender face of her dreams, while she presented to her husband the stern face of duty.

She had never swerved from that. There was no reason why she should close her door to him, since the material bond was torture to her, and the ramparts of the spiritual life rose high. Her marriage was more than ever a martyrdom and a sacrifice, redemptive, propitiatory of powers she abhorred and but dimly understood.

Majendie was aware that she had now no attitude to him but one of apathy touched by repugnance. He accepted the apathy, but the repugnance he could not accept. The very tenderness and fineness of his nature held him back from that, and Anne found once more her refuge in his chivalry. She made no attempt to reconcile it with her estimate of him.

By the time the child was a year old their separation was complete.

As yet their good taste shrank from any acknowledgment of the rupture. Majendie did his best to cover it by a certain fineness of transition, and by a high smooth courtesy punctiliously applied. Anne responded on the same pure note; for, tried by courtesy, her breeding rang golden to the test.

She was not a woman (as Majendie had reflected several times already) to trail an untidy tragedy through the house; she had never desired to play a passionate part; and she was glad to exchange tragedy for the decent drama of convention. She was helped both by her weakness and her strength. Her soul was satisfied with its secret communion with the Unseen; her heart was filled with its profound affection for her child; her mind was appeased by appearances, and she had no doubt as to her ability to keep them up.

It was Majendie who felt the strain. His mind had an undying contempt for appearances; his heart and soul had looked to one woman for satisfaction, and could not be appeased with anything but her. Among all the things he had accepted, he accepted most of all the fact that she was perfect. Too perfect to be the helpmate of his imperfection. Always to do without her, always to be tortured by the fairness of her presence and the sweetness of her voice; always to sit up late and rise up early, in order to get away from the thought of them; to come down and find her fairness and sweetness smiling politely at him over the teapot; to hunt in the morning paper for news to interest her; to mix with business men all day, and talk business, and to return at five o'clock and find her, punctual and perfect, smiling in her duty, over another teapot; to rack his brains for something to talk about to her; not to be allowed to mention his own friends, but to have to feign indestructible interest in the Eliotts and the Gardners; to dine with inspiration drawn again from the paper; and then perhaps to be read aloud to all evening, till it was time to go to bed again. That was how his days went on. He shuddered at the years that were in store for him. The child and Edie were his only accessible sources of consolation. But Edie was

dying by inches; and he had to suppress his affection for the child as well as his passion for the mother.

For that was the thorn in Anne's side now. The child was happy with her only when Majendie was not there. The moment he came into the room she would struggle from her mother's lap, and crawl frantically to his feet. Her tiny face curled in its white, angelic smile as soon as he lifted her in his arms. Little Peggy had an adorable way of turning her back on her mother and tucking her face away under Majendie's chin. When she was cross or ailing she cried for Majendie, and declined to take food or medicine from any one but him.

He was sitting one day in the nursery with the little year-old thing on his knees, feeding her deftly from a cup of warm milk that she had pushed away when presented by her mother. The nurse and Nanna looked kindly on the spectacle of Majendie's success, while his wife watched him steadily without a word. The nurse, presuming on her privileges, made an injudicious remark.

"She won't do anything for anybody but her daddy. I never saw such a funny little girl."

"I never saw such a shocking little flirt," said Majendie; "she takes after her mother."

"She's the living image of you, m'm," said Nanna, conscious of the other's blunder.

"I wish she had my strength," said Anne, in a voice fine and trenchant as a sword.

Nanna and the nurse retired discreetly.

The parents looked at each other over the frail body of the little girl. Majendie's face had flushed under his wife's blow. He knew she was thinking of Edith and her fate. The same malady had appeared in more than one member of his family, as Anne was well aware. (Her own strain was pure.) Instinctively he put his hand to the child's spine. Little Peggy sat up straight and strong enough. And another thought passed through him. His eyes conveyed it to Anne as plainly as if he had said, "I don't know about her mother's strength. She's the child of her mother's coldness."

He set the child down on Anne's lap, told her to be good there, and left them.

Anne saw she had hurt him, and was visited with an unfamiliar pang of self-reproach. She was very nice to him all that evening. And out of his own pain a kinder thought came to him. He had been the cause of great unhappiness to Anne. There might be a sense in which the child was suffering from her mother's martyrdom. He persuaded himself that the least he could do was to leave Anne in supreme possession of her.

XX

What with anxiety about his daughter and his sister, and a hopeless attachment to his wife, Majendie's misery became so acute that it told upon his health. His friends, Gorst, and the Hannays, noticed the change and spent themselves in persistent efforts to cheer him. And, at times when his need of distraction became imperious, he declined from Anne's lofty domesticities upon the Hannays. He liked to go over in the evening, and sit with Mrs. Hannay and talk about his child. Mrs. Hannay was never tired of listening. The subject drew her out remarkably, so that Mrs. Hannay, always soft and kind, showed at her very softest and kindest. To talk to her was like resting an aching head upon the down cushion to which it was impossible not to compare her. It was the Hannays' bitter misfortune that they had no children; but this frustration had left their hearts more hospitably open to their friends.

Mrs. Hannay called in Prior Street, at stated intervals, to see Edith and the baby. On these occasions Anne, if taken unaware by Mrs. Hannay, was always perfect and polite, but when she knew that Mrs. Hannay was coming, she contrived adroitly to be out. Her attitude

to the Hannays was one of the things she undoubtedly meant to keep up. The natural result was that Majendie was driven to an increasing friendliness, by way of making up for the slights the poor things had to endure from his wife. He was always meaning to remonstrate with Anne, and always putting off the uncomfortable moment. The subject was so mixed with painful matters that he shrank from handling it. But, with the New Year following Peggy's first birthday, circumstances forced him to take, once for all, a firm stand. Certain entanglements in the affairs of Mr. Gorst had called for his intervention. There had been important developments in his business; Majendie was about to enter into partnership with Mr. Hannay. And Anne had given him an opportunity for protest by expressing her unqualified disapprobation of Mrs. Hannay. Mrs. Hannay had offended grossly; she had passed the limits; having no instincts, Anne maintained, to tell her where to stop. Mrs. Hannay had a passion for Peggy which she was wholly unable to conceal. Moved by a tender impulse of vicarious motherhood, she had sent her at Christmas the present of a little coat. Anne had acknowledged the gift in a note so frigid that it cut Mrs. Hannay to the heart. She had wept over it, and had been found weeping by her husband, who mentioned the incident to Majendie.

It was more than Majendie could bear; and that night, in the drawing-room (Anne had left off sitting in the study; she said it smelt of smoke) he entered on an explanation, full, brief, and clear.

"I must ask you," he said, "to behave a little better to poor Mrs. Hannay. You 've never known her anything but kind, and sweet, and forgiving; and your treatment of her has been simply barbarous."

"Indeed?"

"I think so. There are reasons why you will have to ask the Hannays to dinner next week, and reasons why you will have to be nice to them."

"What reasons?"

"One's enough. I'm going into partnership with Lawson Hannay."

She stared. The announcement was a blow to her.

"Is that a reason why I should make a friend of Mrs. Hannay?"

"It is a reason why you should be civil to her. You will send an invitation to Gorst at the same time."

She winced. "That I cannot do."

"You can, dear, and you will. Gorst's in a pretty bad way. I knew he would be. He's got entangled now with some wretched girl, and I've got to disentangle him. The only way to do it is to get him to come here again."

"And *I* am to write to him?" Her tone proclaimed the idea preposterous.

"It will come best from you, as it's you who have kept him out of the house. You must, please, put your own feelings aside, and simply do what I tell you."

He rose and went to the writing-place, and prepared a place for her there.

Anne said nothing. She was considering how far it was possible to oppose him. It had always been his way to yield greatly in little things; to drift and let things drift till he created an illusory impression of his weakness. Then when "things" had gone too far, he would rise, as he had risen now, and take his stand with a strength the more formidable because it came as a complete surprise.

"Come," said he, "it's got to be done, and you may as well do it at once and get it over."

She gave one glance at him, as if she measured his will against hers. Then she obeyed.

She handed the notes to him in silence.

"That's all right," said he, laying down her note to Gorst. "And this could n't be better. I'm glad you've written so charmingly to Mrs. Hannay."

"I'm sorry that I ever seemed ungracious to her, Walter. But the other I wrote under compulsion, as you know."

"I don't care how you did it, my dear, so long as it's done." He slipped the note to Mrs. Hannay into his pocket.

"Where are you going?" she asked anxiously.

"I'm going to take this myself to Mrs. Hannay."

"What are you going to say to her?"

"The first thing that comes into my head."

She called him back as he was going. "Walter — have you paid Mr. Hannay that money you owed him?"

He stood still, astonished at her knowledge, and inclined for one moment to dispute her right to question him.

"I have," he said sternly. "I paid it yesterday."

She breathed freely.

Majendie found Mrs. Hannay by her fireside, alone but cheerful. She gave him a little anxious look as she took his hand. "Wallie," said she, "you're depressed. What is it?"

He owned to the charge, but declined to give an account of himself.

She settled him comfortably among her cushions; she told him to light his pipe; and while he smoked she poured out consolation as she best knew how. She drew him on to talk of Peggy.

"That child's going to be a comfort to you, Wallie. See if she is n't. I wanted you to have a little son, because I thought he'd be more of a companion. But I'm glad now it's been a little daughter."

"So am I. Anne would have fidgeted frightfully about a son. But Peggy'll be a help to her."

"And what helps her will help you, my dear; mind that."

"Oh, rather," he said vaguely. "The worst of it is she is n't very strong. Peggy, I mean."

"Oh, rubbish," said Mrs. Hannay. "*I* was a peeky, piny baby, and look at me now!"

He looked at her and laughed.

"Sarah's coming in this evening," said she. "I hope you won't mind."

"Why should I?"

"Why, indeed? Nobody need mind poor Sarah now. I don't know what's happened. She went abroad last year, and came back quite chastened. I suppose you know it's all come to nothing?"

"What has?"

"Her marriage."

"Oh, her marriage. Has she told *you* about it?"

"My dear, she's told everybody about it. He was an angel; and he's been going to marry her for the last four years. I say, Wallie, do you think he really was?"

"Do I think he really was an angel? Or do I think he really was going to marry her?"

"If he *was*, you know, perhaps he would n't."

"Oh, no, if he was, he would; because he would n't know what he was in for. Anyhow the angel has flown, has he? I fancy some rumors of the past must have troubled his bright essence."

Mrs. Hannay suppressed her own opinion, which was that the angel, wings and all, was merely a stage property in the comedy of respectability that poor Sarah had been playing in so long. He was one of many brilliant and entertaining fictions which had helped to restore her to her place in society. "And you really," she repeated, "don't mind meeting her?"

"I don't think I mind anything very much now."

The entrance of the lady showed him how very little there really was to mind. Lady Cayley had (as her looking-glass informed her) both gone off and come on quite remarkably in the last three years. Her face presented a paler, softer, larger surface to the eye. Her own eye had gained in meaning and her mouth in sensuous charm; while her figure had acquired a quality to which she herself gave the name of "presence." Other women of forty might go about looking like incarnate elegies on their dead youth; Lady Cayley's "presence" was as some great ode, celebrating the triumph of maturity.

She took the place Mrs. Hannay had vacated, settling down by Majendie among the cushions. "How delightfully

unexpected," she murmured, "to meet *you* here."

She ignored the occasion of their last meeting, just as she had then ignored the circumstance of their last parting. Lady Cayley owed her success to her immense capacity for ignoring. In her way she lived the glorious life of fantasy, lapped in the freshest and most beautiful illusions. Not but what she saw through every one of them, her own and other people's; for Lady Cayley's intelligence was marvelously subtle and astute. But the fierce will by which she accomplished her desires urged her intelligence to reject and to destroy whatever consideration was hostile to the illusion. It was thus that she had achieved respectability.

But respectability accomplished had lost all the charm of its young appeal to the imagination; and it was not agreeing very well with Lady Cayley just at present. The sight of Majendie revived in her memories of the happy past.

"Mr. Majendie, why have I not met you here before?"

Some instinct told her that if she wished him to approve of her, she must approach him with respect. He had grown terribly unapproachable with time.

He smiled in spite of himself. "We did meet, more than three years ago."

"I remember." Lady Cayley's face shone with the illumination of her memory. "So we did. Just after you were married?"

She paused discreetly. "You have n't brought Mrs. Majendie with you?"

"N-no — er — she is n't very well. She does n't go out much at night."

"Indeed? I *did* hear, did n't I? that you had a little —" She paused, if anything, more discreetly than before.

"A little girl. Yes. That history is a year old now."

"Wallie!" cried Mrs. Hannay, "it 's a year and three months. And a darling she is, too."

"I'm sure she is," said Sarah, in the softest voice imaginable. There was another pause, the discreetest of them all. "Is she like Mr. Majendie?"

"No, she 's like her mother." Mrs. Hannay was instantly transported with the blessed vision of Peggy. "She 's got blue, blue eyes, Sarah; and the dearest little goldy ducks' tails, curling over the nape of her neck."

Majendie's sad face brightened under praise of Peggy.

"Sweet," murmured Sarah. "I love them when they 're like that." She saw how she would flatter him. If he loved to talk about the baby, *she* could talk about babies till all was blue. They talked for more than half an hour. It was the prettiest, most innocent conversation in which Sarah had ever taken part.

When Majendie had left (he seldom kept it up later than ten o'clock) she turned to Mrs. Hannay.

"What 's the matter with him?" said she. "He looks awful."

"He 's married the wrong woman, my dear. That 's what 's the matter with him."

"I knew he would! He was born to do it."

"Thank goodness," said Mrs. Hannay, "he 's got the child."

"Oh — the child."

She intimated by a shrug how much she thought of that consolation.

XXI

The new firm of Hannay and Majendie promised to do well. Hannay had a genius for business, and Majendie was carried along by the inspiration of his senior partner. Hannay was the soul of the firm and Majendie its brain. He was, Hannay maintained, an ideal partner, the indefatigable master of commercial detail.

The fourth year of his marriage found Majendie supremely miserable at home, and established, in his office, before a fair, wide prospect of financial prosperity. The office had become his home. He worked there early and late, with a dumb,

indomitable industry. For the first time in his life Majendie was beginning to take an interest in his business. Disappointed in the only form of happiness that appealed to him, he applied himself gravely and steadily to shipping, finding some personal satisfaction in the thought that Anne and Peggy would benefit by this devotion. There was Peggy's education to be thought of. When she was older they would travel. There would be greater material comfort and a wider life for Anne. He himself counted for little in his schemes. At thirty-five he found himself, with all his flames extinguished, settling down into the dull habits and the sober thoughts of middle age.

To the mind of Gorst, the spectacle of Majendie in his office was, as he informed him, too sad for words. To Majendie's mind nothing could well be sadder than the private affairs of Gorst, to which he was frequently required to give his best attention.

The prodigal had been at last admitted to Prior Street on a footing of his own. He blossomed out in perpetual previous engagements whenever he was asked to dine; but he had made a bargain with Majendie by which he claimed unlimited opportunity for seeing Edie as the price of his promise to reform. This time Majendie was obliged to intimate to him that his reform must be regarded as the price of his admission.

For, this time, in the long year of his exile, the prodigal's prodigality had exceeded the measure of all former years. And, to his intense surprise, he found that Majendie drew the line somewhere. In consequence of this, and of the "entanglement" to which Majendie had once referred, the aspect of Gorst's affairs was peculiarly dark and threatening.

In the spring of the year they gathered to their climax. One afternoon Gorst appeared in Majendie's office, sat down with a stricken air, and appealed to his friend to help him out.

"I thought you *were* out," said Majendie.

"So I am. It's because I'm so well out that I'm in for it. Evans's have turned her off. She's down on her luck — and — well — you see, *now* she wants me to marry her."

"I see. Well —"

"Well, of course I can't. Maggie's a dear little thing, but — you see — I'm not the first."

"You're sure of that?"

"Certain. She confessed, poor girl. Besides, I knew it. I'm not a brute. I'd marry her if I'd been the first and only one. I'd marry her if I were sure I'd be the last. I'd marry her, as it is, if I cared enough for her. Always provided I could keep her. But you know —"

"You don't care, and you can't keep her. What are you going to do for her?"

Gorst in his anguish glared at Majendie.

"I can't do anything. That's the damnedest part of it. I'm simply cleaned out, till I get a berth somewhere."

Majendie looked grave. This time the prodigal had devoured his living. "You're going to leave her there, then. Is that it?"

"No, it is n't. There's another fellow who'd marry her, if she'd have him, but she won't. That's it."

"Because she's fond of you, I suppose?"

"Oh, I don't know about being fond," said Gorst sulkily. "She'd be fond of anybody."

"And what do you want me to do?"

"I'd be awfully glad if you'd go and see her."

"See her?"

"Yes, and explain the situation. I can't. She won't let me. She goes mad when I try. She keeps on worrying at it from morning to night. When I don't go, she writes. And it knocks me all to pieces."

"If she's that sort, what good do you think I'll do by seeing her?"

"Oh, she'll listen to reason from any one but me. And there are things you can say to her that I can't. I say, will you?"

"I will if you like. But I don't suppose it will do one atom of good. It never does, you know. Where does the woman live?"

He took down the address on the visiting-card that Gorst gave him.

Between six and seven that evening he presented himself at one of many tiny, two-storied, red brick and stucco houses that stood in a long flat street, each with a narrow mat of grass laid down before its bay window. It was the new quarter of the respectable milliners and clerks; and Majendie judged that the prodigal had taken some pains to lodge his Maggie with decent people. He reasoned farther that such an arrangement could only be possible, given the complete rupture of their relations.

A clean, kindly woman opened the door. She admitted, with some show of hesitation, that Miss Forrest was at home, and led him to a sitting-room on the upper floor. As he followed her he heard a door open; a dress rustled on the landing, and another door opened and shut again.

Maggie was not in the room as Majendie entered. From signs of recent occupation he gathered that she had risen up and fled at his approach.

The woman went into the adjoining room and returned, politely embarrassed. "Miss Forrest is very sorry, sir, but she can't see anybody."

He wrote his name on Gorst's card, and sent her back with it.

Then Maggie came to him.

He remembered long afterwards the manner of her coming; how he heard her blow her poor nose outside the door before she entered; how she stood on the threshold and looked at him, and made him a stiff little bow; how she approached shyly and slowly, with her arms hanging awkwardly at her sides, and her eyes fixed on him in terror, as if she were drawn to him against her will; how she held Gorst's card tight in her poor little hand; how her eyes had foreknowledge of his errand and besought him to spare her; and how in her awkwardness she yet preserved her inimitable grace.

He could hardly believe that this was the girl he had once seen in Evans's shop, when he was buying flowers for Anne. The girl in Evans's shop was only a pretty girl. Maggie, at five and twenty, living under Gorst's "protection," and attired according to his taste, was almost (but not quite) a pretty lady. Maggie was neither inhumanly tall, nor inhumanly slender; she was simply and supremely feminine. She was dressed delicately in black, a choice which made brilliant the beauty of her coloring. Her hair was abundant, fawn-dark, laced with gold. Her face was a full short oval. Its whiteness was the tinged whiteness of pure cream, with a rose in it that flamed, under Maggie's swift emotions, to a sudden red. She had soft gray eyes dappled with a tawny green. Her little high-arched nose was sensitive to the constant play of her upper lip; and that lip was so short that it could n't always cover the tips of her little white teeth. Majendie judged that Maggie's mouth was the prettiest feature in her face, and there was something about it that reminded him, preposterously, of Anne. The likeness bothered him, till he discovered that it lay in that trick of the lifted lip. But the small charm that was so brief and divine an accident in Anne was perpetual in Maggie. He thought he should get tired of it in time.

Maggie had been crying. Her sobs had left her lips still parted; her eyelids were swollen; there were little ashen shades and rosy flecks all over her pretty face. Her diminutive muslin handkerchief was limp with her tears. As he looked at her he realized that he had a painful and disgusting task before him, and that there would be no intelligence in the girl to help him out.

He bade her sit down; for poor Maggie stood before him humbly. He told her briefly that his friend, Mr. Gorst, had asked him to explain things to her; and he was beginning to explain them, very gently, when Maggie cut him short.

"It's not that I want to be married,"

she said sadly. "Mr. Mumford would *marry* me."

"Well — then —" he suggested; but Maggie shook her head. "Is n't he nice to you, Mr. Mumford?"

"He 's nice enough. But I can't marry 'im. I won't. I don't love him. I can't — Mr. Majendie — because of Charlie."

She looked at him as if she thought he would compel her to marry Mr. Mumford.

"Oh, dear — " said Maggie, surprised at herself, as she began to cry again.

She pressed the little muslin handkerchief to her eyes; not making a show of her grief, but furtive, rather, and ashamed.

And Majendie took in all the pitifulness of her sweet, predestined nature. Pretty Maggie could never have been led astray; she had gone out, fervent and swift, dream-drunk, to meet her destiny. She was a creature of ardors, of tenderness, and of some perverse instinct that it would be crude to call depravity. Where her heart led, her flesh, he judged, had followed; that was all. Her brain had been passive in her sad affairs. Maggie had never schemed, or calculated, or deliberated. She had only felt.

"See here," he said. "Charlie *can't* marry you. He can't marry anybody."

"Why not?"

"Well, for one thing, he 's too poor."

"I know he 's poor."

"And you would n't be happy if he did marry you. He could n't make you happy."

"I'd be unhappy then."

"Yes. And he 'd be unhappy, too. Is that what you want?"

"No — no! You don't understand."

"I'll try to. What do you want? Tell me."

"To help him."

"You can't help him," he said softly.

"I could n't help him if 'e was rich. I can help him if he 's poor."

He smiled. "How do you make that out, Maggie?"

"Well — He ought to marry a lady, I know. But he can't marry a lady. She 'd cost him pounds and pounds. If he married me I'd cost him nothing. I'd work for him."

Majendie was startled at this reasoning. Maggie was more intelligent than he had thought.

She went on. "I can cook, I can do housework, I can sew. I 'm learning dressmaking. Look!" She held up a coarse lining she had been stitching at when he came. From its appearance he judged that Maggie was yet a novice in her art. "I'd work my fingers to the bone for him."

"And you think he 'd be happy seeing you do that? A gentleman can't let his wife work for him. He has to work for her." He paused. "And there 's another reason, Maggie, why he can't marry you."

Maggie's head drooped. "I know," she said. "But I thought — if he was poor — he would n't mind so much. They don't, sometimes."

"I don't think you quite know what I mean."

"I do. You mean he 's afraid. He won't trust me. He does n't think I 'm very good. But I would be — if he married me — I would — I would indeed."

"Of course you would. Whatever happens you 're going to be good. That was n't what I meant by the other reason."

Her face flamed. "Has he left off caring for me?"

He was silent, and the flame died in her face.

"Does he care for somebody else?"

"It would be better for you if you could think so."

"*I* know," she said; "it 's the lady he used to send flowers to. I thought it was all right. I thought it was funerals."

She sat very still, taking it in.

"Is he going to marry her?"

"No. He is n't going to marry her."

"She 's not got enough money, I suppose. *She* can't help him."

"You must leave him free to marry somebody who can."

He waited to see what she would do.

He expected tears, and a storm of jealous rage. But all Maggie did was to sit stiller than ever, while her tears gathered and fell, and gathered again.

Majendie rose. "I may tell Mr. Gorst that you accept his explanations? That you understand?"

"Am I never to see him again?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Nor write to him?"

"It's better not. It only worries him."

She looked round her, dazed by the destruction of her dream.

"What am I to do, then? Where am I to go to?"

"Stay where you are, if you're comfortable. Your rent will be paid for you, and you shall have a small allowance."

"But who's going to give it me?"

"Mr. Gorst would if he could. As he cannot, I am."

"You must n't," said she. "I can't take it from you."

He had approached this point with a horrible dread lest she should misunderstand him.

"Better to take it from me than from him, or anybody else," he said significantly, "if it must be."

But Maggie had not misunderstood.

"I can work," she said. "I can pay a little *now*."

"No, no. Never mind about that. Keep it — keep all you earn."

"I can't keep it. I'll pay you back again. I'll work my fingers to the bone."

"Oh, not for *me*," he said, laughing, as he took his hat to go.

Maggie lifted her sad head, and faced him with all her candor.

"Yes," she said, "for you."

THE POET'S SLEEP

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

"In spite of all I am going to sleep. Put out the lights." — THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

EVER when slept the poet his dreams were music,
And in sweet song lived the dear dream once more.
So when from sleep and dreams again he wakes —
Out from the world of symbols passing forth
Into that spirit-world where all is real —
What memoried music, new and exquisite,
Shall strike on ears celestial, — where he walks
Reverent among the immortal melodists!

CONFESSIONS OF A SPELLING REFORMER

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

It was my fortune to be wandering in lands where English is not spoken, when the President issued his famous order in regard to spelling. Little, therefore, of the comment it occasioned met my eyes, either at the time or long after; little of the clamor it excited reached my ears. But since my return to my own country I have had the opportunity to look over no small number of the productions which came out in opposition to it or in criticism of it, whether they appeared in the form of reported interviews with prominent persons, of leaders in newspapers or letters to them, or of elaborate articles in periodicals. Most of these written pieces were anonymous; but some of them came avowedly from men of recognized eminence in various fields of intellectual activity.

It is with no intention of conveying the slightest suggestion of disparagement of the authors of these various articles that I say that not one of them contains a single argument which every person who has paid even a superficial attention to the history of English orthography has not been familiar with from the time of his first entering upon the study. Even the jokes and sarcastic remarks of the newspapers are hoary with the rime of age. It is only the fact that the writers of the more elaborate articles seem to regard the reasons they put forth as novel, if not startling, contributions to thought, which imparts, in the mind of the veteran of orthographical wars, a certain languid interest to what they say. One comes, in truth, to feel a sort of respect for the continuous incapacity to comprehend the exact nature of the problem presented, which year after year of discussion does not impair, nor affluence of argument disturb.

As in a number of the pieces I have been privileged to see, I find my own name mentioned, I trust it will not be deemed a mark of offensive egotism — egotism of one sort it assuredly is — if I take the occasion of its appearance in these articles to state my views exactly on various points connected with the subject instead of having them stated for me inexactly by others. As confessions seem now to be the literary fashion, it has seemed best to put what I have to say in that form. The method of personal statement enables me also to bring out more distinctly not merely the views held by many, but also the reasons by which their course has been influenced. This consequently may serve as an excuse for a mode of utterance which in the case of one so obscure as myself would be otherwise out of place. Still, while the sentiments indicated may be entertained by numbers, they are here to be considered as nothing more than my own individual opinions. I do not pretend to speak with authority for any person but myself, least of all for any organization which has started out to carry on the work of spelling reform. Some, indeed, of the particular views I express may possibly, or, it may be, will probably meet with the dissent of those who hold in general the same beliefs.

Now that the storm and stress which followed the President's order is over, now that every one seems to have regained for the time being his equanimity, the fitting moment has apparently arrived to consider not merely the action of the Committee on Simplified Spelling, but the whole subject itself, without reference to their particular proposals. This can be done at present with a certain detachment from the feelings which at-

tended the heated controversy that prevailed — at least with as much detachment as is consistent with the possession of personal convictions. As this article, however, is avowedly egotistical, I may be permitted, before entering into the general discussion, to refer to a specific charge which has been brought again and again against me as well as others. It is all the more desirable to do so because the consideration of it leads directly to the comprehension of what is really the great mainstay of the existing orthography. The charge is that in what I publish I do not use myself the new spellings, save, at least, on the most limited scale. I am inconsistent. My practice does not conform to my pretended belief.

Now it is very easy to retort the charge of inconsistency. No one can use our present spelling without being inconsistent; for English orthography is nothing but a mass of inconsistencies. But it is no real justification for one's own conduct to prove that similar conduct is pursued by those who criticise him for it. Let me bring forward a few reasons which have influenced my own action, as doubtless they have more or less that of others. There is first the publisher to be considered. He is apt to have views of his own, together with the means of enforcing them. There is further the printing-office to be consulted. This has generally an orthography of its own and does not like to have it deviated from. But above all there is the public itself. To many men a strange spelling is offensive; by the ill-informed it is regarded as portending ruin to the language. Necessarily no writer desires to limit his possible audience by running counter to its feelings in a matter which has no direct bearing upon the subject of which he treats. In my own case the public — most unwisely, as it naturally strikes me — is none too anxious under any circumstances to read what I write. Why, therefore, should I convert what is in my eyes a culpable lack of interest into absolute indifference or active hostility by rousing the prejudices of readers in consequence of insisting upon a point which has only a remote concern with the actual topic under consideration?

These are reasons which I could fairly and honestly give. But after all the main one is something entirely different, something altogether independent of the feelings of others. With advancing years knowledge may or may not come; but altruism distinctly lingers. As we get along in life most of us lose the inclination to be constantly engaged in fighting strenuously for the progress of even the most praiseworthy causes. The desire wanes of benefiting your fellow man, while encountering in so doing not merely his indifference, but his active hostility; of urging him to show himself rational while his proclivities are violently asinine. Even the far keener enjoyment of rendering him miserable by making evident to his reluctant but slowly dawning intelligence how much of an ignoramus, not to say idiot, he has shown himself in his acts and utterances, — even this most poignant of pleasures loses its relish if indulgence in it can be secured only at the cost of much personal trouble. This is just as true of spelling reform as of any other movement. In fact, indifference to the propagation of the truth about it may be regarded as a species of that very altruism of which I have just disclaimed the practice. If a man seriously believes that it is essential to the purity and perfection of the English language that *tenour* should be spelled with a *u* and *terror* without it; that *honourable* should be spelled with a *u* and *honorary* without it; that *metre* should have its final syllable in *re* and *diameter* in *er;* that *deign* should terminate in *eign* and its allied compound form *disdain* in *ain;* why not leave him in the undisturbed enjoyment of this mild form of imbecility? He will not be made happier by being made wiser.

It is natural, therefore, that the position of the man who has got along in years should tend to be rather that of a looker-on than of a participant in the strife. He

feels more and more disposed to content himself with approving and applauding the work of the younger and better soldiers. My own attitude is, indeed, very much the same as that once described to me as his by my dear and honored friend, the late Professor Child of Harvard. He sometimes did and sometimes did not employ in his correspondence the reformed spellings which were recommended by the English and American philological societies. It may be added, in passing, that these changes, with the weight of the greatest scholars of both countries behind them, were in general treated with almost absolute indifference; or, if considered at all, met usually with the same unintelligent opposition as has the list put forth by the Committee on Simplified Spelling. "If I am writing," said Professor Child, "to one of these educated ignoramuses who think there is something sacred about the present orthography, I always take care to use the changed forms; but when writing to a man who really knows something about the subject, I am apt not to take the extra trouble required to conform to the recommendations made by the two Philological Societies."

In not following my faith by my practice, I am perfectly willing to concede that my course is not merely inconsistent, but unmanly. I shall not quarrel with any one who calls it pusillanimous, and even mean. Intimations to that effect have been made to me more than once in private letters. These reproaches I recognize as deserved, and therefore receive them with meekness. But one of the reasons given above for my action, or rather inaction,— the hostility of readers to new spellings, — points directly to the one mighty obstacle which stands in the way of reforming our orthography. It is, in truth, all-potent; but singularly enough it is so far from receiving consideration that it hardly ever receives much more than mere mention.

The regard for our present orthography is not based at all upon knowledge, nor upon reason. It owes its existence and its strength almost entirely to sentiment. We give it other names, indeed, and describe in big phrases the motives which animate us. We talk of our devotion to the language of our fathers, while displaying the amplest possible ignorance of what that language was. We please ourselves with the notion that in denouncing any change we are nobly maintaining the historic continuity of the speech. As a matter of fact, we are governed by the cheap but all-powerful sentiment of association. We like the present orthography because we are used to it. When once the point of intimate familiarity with the form of a word has been reached, it makes thenceforward no difference to us how wide is the divergence between the pronunciation and the spelling which is ostensibly designed to represent the pronunciation. Indeed, many of us feel a secret pride that in some given case there is the slightest possible connection between the two. As little difference does it make if the form with which we have become familiar not merely fails to indicate the origin of the word, but on the contrary suggests and even imposes upon the mind a belief in an utterly false derivation. Such considerations do not affect us in the slightest. We simply like the spelling to which we are accustomed; we dislike the spelling to which we are not accustomed.

Because hostility to change springs not from knowledge, not from reason, but almost entirely from sentiment, it must not be inferred that the obstacle it presents to reform is a slight one. On the contrary, it is peculiarly formidable. So far from being a feeble barrier to overcome, it is of the very strongest, if not the very strongest. The fact that in numerous instances it is based upon foundations demonstrably irrational does not in the least impair its influence. In any matter of controversy we can fight with assurance of success against beliefs which the holder has honestly, even if mistakenly, adopted, because he deems them to be in accordance

with reason. Appeal can then be made to his intelligence. But not so in the case of a belief based primarily upon sentiment. This is constantly exemplified in controversies about politics or religion. But nowhere is the fact more conspicuous than in the matter of English orthography. To spell differently from the way in which we have been trained to spell irritates many of us almost beyond the point of endurance. We can manage to put up with variations from the present orthography prevailing in past centuries, when we come to learn enough about the subject to be aware that such variations existed. The writers of those times had not reached that exalted plane of perfect propriety on which it is our good fortune to live and move. But no contemporary must venture to free himself from the cast-iron shackles in which we have inclosed the form of our words without subjecting himself to our indignant protest.

It is vain to deny the strength of the feeling of association. Even to those who have ascended out of the atmosphere of serene ignorance in which it flourishes most luxuriantly, a new spelling is always apt to come with something of a sense of shock. No matter how fully we recognize the impropriety and even absurdity of the old form, none the less does the sentiment of association cling to it and affect our attitude toward it. As this article sets out to deal somewhat with my own impressions, I may be pardoned the employment of a personal exemplification of the point under discussion. German is for all practical purposes a phonetic tongue. In modern times the few anomalies which once existed have been largely swept away; for, Germany being a nation of scholars, scholars have there some influence. In studying the language as a boy I learned some spellings now rarely used. For instance, *thun* and *todt* appeared then in the forms here given. Now I see the one without the *h*, the other without the *d*. I recognize the propriety of the action taken in dropping the unpronounced letters. But while my judgment is perfectly convinced of its correctness, for the life of me I cannot get over a certain sense of strangeness when I come across the words in their new form.

It is because I look upon the sentiment of association as the main bulwark of our present orthography that I have all along taken the ground that it is only through a rising generation that any thoroughgoing reform of English orthography can ever be accomplished. It is asking too much of human nature to expect a generation already risen to go a second time through the fiery ordeal of learning to spell. Individuals belonging to it will adopt proposed changes, especially those in whom conviction is reinforced by the energy of youth or of personal character. Of these there will be a regularly increasing number with the enlightenment which is sure to follow discussion of the subject. But the action of the great mass of even highly educated men will not be affected. This state of things would probably be true of the spelling of any language; but in one so defiant of all law as our own the aversion to change would increase in proportion to the lawlessness. We are not disposed to give up what with so much toil we have acquired. Furthermore, there comes to be in the minds of many a certain fondness for the existing orthography for its very irrationality, its constant unfitness to fulfill its professed aim of representing pronunciation. Its uncouthness inspires them with the same sort of devotion with which the lower order of savage tribes regard their gods. The uglier they are, the more fervently they are adored.

In the case of a rising generation there are no such feelings to be encountered. The soil is virgin. No prejudices are to be overcome, no sentiments shocked, no customs changed. The reasoning powers have not been so blunted by association that the mind looks with favor upon what is defiant of reason. Furthermore, about the changed and correct forms would speedily gather the same sentiment which has caused the previous

forms to be cherished by their elders. The younger generation will in time do more than look upon the new spellings as the only conceivably rational ones. They will wonder by what perversity their fathers came to tolerate the old ones in defiance of reason. If a child has been accustomed from his earliest years to use exclusively the forms *vext* and *mixt*, not only will the present spellings *vexed* and *mixed* seem offensive to him when he becomes a man, but it will be difficult for him to comprehend the precise nature of the irrationality which could ever have insisted upon it as a virtue that the combination *-ed* should have the sound of *t*.

A risen generation, accordingly, cannot reasonably be expected to adopt a new spelling. The most that can be asked of it is that it shall not put itself in active opposition, that it shall let the task of improving our present barbarous orthography go on unimpeded. This, however, is the very last thing it is inclined to do. The fathers have eaten sour grapes; they have no intention of keeping their children's children's teeth from being set on edge. Yet there is plainly to be recognized now the existence of a steadily increasing number of persons who are disposed to consider this whole question carefully. In the case of such men — upon whose coöperation the success of any movement must ultimately depend — it is all-essential that the changes proposed should recommend themselves by their manifest propriety or by the probability of their general acceptance. They may be unwilling to take the trouble to use these new forms in their own practice, even if convinced of their desirableness; but they will be ready to cast their influence in favor of their adoption by the members of that rising generation to whom the spelling of certain words in certain ways has not yet become almost a second nature.

The permanent success of any spelling reform, according to this view, depends upon its adoption by a rising generation. To have it so adopted, it must recommend itself to the risen generation as being both desirable and feasible. Unreasoning ignorance, intrenched behind a rampart of prejudice, can be ignored. Not so the honest ignorance of those whose training naturally inclines them to favor what has been long received, but who are not averse to consider the questions in dispute fully and fairly. In any case the changes proposed, in order to succeed, must follow the line of least resistance; for they have to encounter that peculiarly formidable of hostile forces,— the unintelligent opposition of the intelligent. The altered forms recommended for adoption must therefore have at the outset some support either in present or past usage, or they must be in accord with the operation of some law modifying orthography, which has always been steadily, even if imperceptibly, at work in the language.

It is because it does not conform to either of these principles that, had I had anything to say about it, I should have objected to the recommendation of the spelling *thru*. My reasons for taking such ground would have had nothing to do with the abstract propriety or impropriety of the new form. Nor could exception be taken to it on the score of derivation. The original word, indeed, from which it came was *thurh*, later at times *thruh*. I should have objected to it simply on the ground that it is a violent break with the literary past. Therefore, instead of following the line of least resistance, it would follow the line of greatest. It would be sure in consequence to excite bitter hostility and to drive support from the other recommendations made. Its adoption into the list would therefore not have seemed to me good policy. This is a view of the matter entirely independent of my personal indisposition to favor vowel changes in the spelling until a settled plan for the representation of the vowel sounds has been agreed upon and accepted.

The unintelligent opposition of the intelligent! This is an obstacle hard to sur-

mount, because it rests upon the combination of the maximum of prejudice with the minimum of knowledge. These characteristics frequently meet, too, in those who in other matters have the right to demand respectful attention to all they choose to say. To this class belong many men of letters — not all of them, and far more of them in England than in America. Some of these have made themselves conspicuous by the violence of their utterances, some by the extent of their misapprehension of the question at issue, and some by the display of a store of misinformation so vast and varied that one gets the impression that no small share of their lives must have been spent in accumulating it. To many persons it does not seem to occur that before discussing English orthography it is desirable to equip one's self with at least an elementary knowledge of its character and history. As the acquisition of this preliminary information is not deemed essential, there is little limit to the surprising statements made upon this subject and the more surprising facts by which they are fortified. The annals of fatuity will in truth be searched in vain for utterances more fatuous than some of those produced in the course of this controversy. There is a strong temptation to substantiate this assertion by illustrating it from recent sayings and writings of those opposed to spelling reform. But it is not desirable to impart to the discussion of the subject a personal character by selecting such examples from the utterances of living persons. That the statement of the ignorance of men of letters is not unwarranted, however, can be shown as well by bringing in the testimony of the dead. In this instance it will be taken from an author of the past generation, of highest literary eminence.

Many will remember an essay of Matthew Arnold on the influence of academies, that panacea for all literary and linguistic ills so constantly held before our eyes. According to him they raised the general standard of knowledge so high that no one could wantonly run counter to its requirements and escape with impunity. The force of critical opinion would control the vagaries and correct the extravagant assertions of the most learned. In the case of our own tongue he adduced an illustration of the injury wrought to the language by the lack of such a central authority. It was taken from what he told us was one of those eccentric violations of correct orthography in which men of our race willfully indulge. The offender was the London *Times*. That paper for a good part of the nineteenth century was addicted — and for aught I know may be so still — to printing the word *diocese* as *diocess*.

This act aroused Arnold's indignation. It is clear from his words that resentment at the course of the London *Times* in this matter had long been rankling in his bosom. A lawless practice of such a sort could not have been possible, he felt, in a country where speech had been subjected to the beneficial sway of an academy. Only in a land where no restraining influence was exerted upon the performances of the educated class could such a violation of linguistic knowledge and literary good taste be permitted. Here are his words: —

"So, again, with freaks in dealing with language; certainly all such freaks tend to impair the power and beauty of language; and how far more common they are with us than with the French! To take a very familiar instance. Every one has noticed the way in which the *Times* chooses to spell the word 'diocese;' it always spells it diocess, deriving it, I suppose, from *Zeus* and *census*. The *Journal des Débats* might just as well write 'diocess' instead of 'diocèse,' but imagine the *Journal des Débats* doing so! Imagine an educated Frenchman indulging himself in an orthographical antic of this sort, in face of the grave respect with which the Academy and its dictionary invest the French language! Some people will say these are little things; they are not; they are of bad example. They tend to spread

the baneful notion that there is no such thing as a high correct standard in intellectual matters; that every one may as well take his own way; they are at variance with the severe discipline necessary for all real culture; they confirm us in habits of wilfulness and eccentricity which hurt our minds and damage our credit with serious people."

No one will question the earnestness with which these words are spoken. The difficulty with them is that they are at variance with the severe discipline necessary for all real culture, — the discipline which forbids us to discuss magisterially matters we know nothing about. What are the actual facts in regard to the history of this word which Arnold supposed the London *Times* may have fancied to be derived from *Zeus* and *census?* Students of Chaucer are well aware that his spelling of it was *diocise*. Later, under Latin influence and for phonetic reasons, it became regularly *diocess*. There were other forms; but this was the standard one. Such it remained for hundreds of years. Dr. Johnson, the great lexical authority of the eighteenth century, is ignorant of any other way of spelling the word. Nor was his predecessor, Bailey, any better informed, or his successor, Walker. The fifth edition of this last lexicographer's dictionary — long regarded by our fathers as a sort of linguistic statute-book — was published in 1809, two years after his death, but with his final revision and improvements. In it *diocess* was the only form recognized. But the present method of spelling the word was then already making its way into general use, probably under French influence. It gradually supplanted the older form, though even as late as 1835 that was the only one to which Knowles gave a place in his dictionary. As always happens, indeed, there was a certain body of conservatives who refused to accept what was in their eyes the new-fangled monstrosity. The ancient usage was good enough for them. Among these the London *Times*, owing to its position in the newspaper world, occupied a specially prominent place. It not impossibly felt that in standing by the time-honored *diocess* it was resisting an insidious attempt to ruin the language.

There are circumstances in which no amount of genius can make up for the lack of a little accurate knowledge. It is not often given to an essayist to exemplify himself a practice he vehemently condemns in the very paragraph containing the condemnation. If academies really exerted the power with which Arnold credited them; if they could exercise a controlling influence over public opinion; if they could establish so broad a basis of intelligence that men would be prevented from giving utterance to crude and hasty dicta, would be prevented from palming off upon the public the results of imperfect knowledge acting through the medium of perfect prejudice, — if these things were so, it is quite clear that in this particular instance it would have been the utterances of Matthew Arnold that would have been suppressed, and not the assumed orthographical vagaries of the London *Times*. In Germany, where there is no academy, but where there is a broad and lofty level of linguistic intelligence, observations of a similar character would have met with immediate and crushing exposure and censure. In England and America, where there is a broad and deep level of linguistic ignorance, this blundering statement has long been hailed by many as a proper rebuke to the miscreants who are seeking to defile the sacred altar of English orthography.

An extravagant outburst like the one just cited, — it could easily be paralleled from recent utterances, — coming from a man occupying a far higher position than any literary defender of the present spelling, reveals what a fathomless abyss of ignorance and prejudice must be filled up or bridged over before there can be even a calm discussion of the subject by the mass of educated men. The process of enlightenment will have to go on slowly. Not the slightest preliminary know-

ledge can be assumed. To any student of our speech the Committee on Simplified Spelling would seem to have adopted — with a single exception — the most conservative of courses in their acts, as they certainly have in their utterances. They have not only made no attempt to introduce phonetic spelling, but they have distinctly disclaimed any such intention. Yet it is a charge from which they have been unable to escape. One of the most striking as well as most entertaining features of the controversy was the persistent assertion of the committee that they had no design or desire to introduce anything of the sort; and the equally persistent assertion of their assailants that it was the very thing they were aiming to introduce. One side laid down precisely what it sought to do. The other side denounced it for doing the very thing it disclaimed doing. One side declared that it purposely limited its efforts to the removal of some few of the anomalies in our present orthography. The other employed two methods of attack: on the one hand it inveighed against the committee for going as far as it did; on the other it reproached it for its inconsistency in not going farther.

Any one who has the slightest conception of what a reform of our spelling on pure phonetic principles means will absolve the committee from any design of that sort. It requires, indeed, a singular innocence of all knowledge of this particular subject to make such a charge. Certain changes recommended would, indeed, have brought particular words nearer a phonetic standard. But if everything proposed were to be universally adopted,—and even ten times more,— the real disease which afflicts our orthography would be but partially alleviated. It would do little more than set us on the road to reform. No one, indeed, who comprehends what is required, in a language so lawless as ours, to bring about a perfect accordance between orthography and orthoepy, is ever likely to underrate the difficulties which stand in the way of the establishment of phonetic spelling, even were men as eager for its adoption as they are now hostile to it. In the present state of feeling, therefore, no one need distress himself about its immediate coming.

But why should any one distress himself at all? Little is there more extraordinary to witness in these days of assumed general enlightenment than the horror which many estimable persons seem to feel at the danger of being devoured by this dreadful ogre which they call phonetic spelling. They have no idea what it is, but they know from its name that it must be something frightful. Now written language was designed to be phonetic. To have the spelling represent pronunciation was the ideal aimed at by those who first formed the conception of the alphabet, which, imperfect as it is, still remains the greatest and most useful invention to which the mind of man has given birth. So long as written speech deviates from the phonetic standard, it fails to fulfill the object for which it was created. It shows how far the English race has wandered away in feeling and opinion from the original motives which led men to seek the representation of the spoken word by written characters, that its members have come to look upon the perfect accordance of orthography and orthoepy as a result, not merely impracticable,— which is a thoroughly defensible proposition,— but as something in itself undesirable, as something fraught with ruin to the speech itself. The written word was devised to reproduce as closely as possible the sound of the spoken word. Yet this ideal is more than discredited with us; it is treated as if it were in some way peculiarly monstrous. Yet all there is of value in our existing orthography is due to what still survives of the phonetic element. Had that wholly disappeared, the acquisition of English spelling would no longer be the task of the years of childhood, but the work of a lifetime. With us the consonants have as a rule clung pretty closely to their proper sounds in all situa-

tions where they are sounded at all. Hence when uncombined they generally indicate their own pronunciation. Had they fallen into the chaos in which the vowel system is floundering, we should hardly be able to tell, in any given case, from the form of a word, not how it ought to be, but how it is, pronounced.

The real life of a language consists in its sounds, not in the signs intended to represent them. The one is the soul of speech; the other can hardly be considered a necessary bodily framework, for the former could and does exist without the latter. In earlier times, when language was learned almost exclusively by the ear, this fact would naturally force itself upon the attention of every reflecting man. But with the spread of education, when acquaintance with a tongue is acquired largely through the eye, the knowledge of the symbolic representation of sounds has come to predominate in the minds of the men of our race over the knowledge of the sounds themselves. While all of us are familiar with the one, but few are with the other. Ask any person of ordinary attainments the number of letters in the English alphabet. He will unhesitatingly answer twenty-six; though the chances are that he will be ignorant of the fact that some of the twenty-six are really supernumerary. But extend the inquiry further, and go with it to the vast body of educated men, excluding those whose pursuits require of them more or less the study of phonetics. These being excepted, ask any single person belonging to the most highly cultivated class — opponents of spelling reform to be preferred — how many are the sounds which the letters of the alphabet and their combinations are called upon to represent. Ask him how many are the sounds which he is in the habit of employing himself in his own utterance. The chances are fifty to one that he will be utterly at a loss what to reply. He has learned the symbols of things; he has not learned the things themselves.

That this should be so in the case of our own tongue is not particularly surprising. It is, perhaps, inevitable. The attention of the men of our race has been more than distracted from any consideration of the subject by the character of our orthography. Their minds have been thrown into a state of bewilderment. As a single illustration take the representation of the sound usually called "long *i*." This third so-called vowel of our alphabet is not really a vowel, but a diphthong. Its sound is most commonly represented by the single letter itself, seen, for instance, in such a word as *mind*. But some idea of the uncertainty and range attending its use, with the consequent perplexity to its users, can be gathered from a few selected examples. It is represented by *ai* in *aisle;* by *ay* in *aye;* by *ei* in *height;* by *ey* in *eye;* by *ie* in *lie;* by *oi* in *choir;* by *uy* in *buy;* by *y* in *try;* and by *ye* in *dye*. Or, reverse the operation, and see how many sounds the same sign can represent. Take the combination *ou*, and observe the differences of its pronunciation in the words *about*, *young*, *youth*, *four*, *fought*, *would*, and *cough*. Of course similar illustrations of other vowel sounds could be multiplied abundantly. But the two which have been given are sufficient to show the confusion which exists with us in the written speech, and which naturally extends to the minds of its users.

It is because of the havoc which the present spelling has wrought in our conceptions of the proper representation of sounds that the English race, as a race, has lost largely the phonetic sense. Dictate to a dozen educated Germans or Italians a passage containing a large proportion of words they have never heard before. If the pronunciation has been clearly conveyed, they will all spell them the same way, and will all spell them correctly. Try a similar experiment with a dozen English-speaking persons of the very highest cultivation — in the number it would be desirable to have certain presidents of our leading universities included. Not only would they all be fairly certain to spell the same words dif-

ferently, but the same man would represent the same sound in different instances by different signs. The reason is obvious enough. In German or Italian the same sound is invariably conveyed by the same letter or by the same combination of letters. In English the writer would have an indefinite number of letters or combinations to select from, with no exclusive value attached to any of them.

Examples of the prevalent lack of any conception of the distinction of sounds and of their proper representation are brought constantly to the attention of those engaged in the work of instruction. But the comments and communications which appeared in the course of this controversy, especially those intended to be satirical, furnished the most striking illustrations of this all-prevailing, all-pervading ignorance. There has rarely been a more edifying spectacle than the attempt made, in some cases by men of very genuine ability, to write what they called phonetically. In one of the squibs designed to show by example the folly of the proposed changes, the word *see* was represented by *C;* in another the verb *are* by *r*. It is perfectly clear that neither one of the writers of these had the slightest conception of what was essential to convey the representation of a given sound. Any arbitrary symbol, pronounced in a particular way, seemed to them all-sufficient. Their action evinced hardly higher intelligence than would have been shown by considering the word *five* as phonetically represented by the Arabic numeral 5, which in all languages conveys the same meaning, and in all languages has a different pronunciation. One characteristic there is which denotes most distinctly the infantile state of knowledge that still continues to prevail on the whole subject. By most men any bad spelling is invariably termed phonetic spelling. That is all the idea of the latter they have. The spelling of Chaucer would in their eyes be indistinguishable in character from that of Josh Billings.

It shows, indeed, how much the written word has come to predominate in our minds over the spoken that we have been told in all seriousness that a new spelling would mean a new language. Fancy a man refusing to repair his clothes or to put on a new suit on the ground that by so doing he could never be again what he was before; that the integrity of his character and the continuity of his traditions would be destroyed; that he would no longer be the same man to those who had known him and loved him. This is not a travesty of the argument which has been advanced. It is the argument itself, applied not to the dress of the body, but to that of the speech. The men who hold such opinions are really in the same grade of intellectual development as regards language, as in literature are those who fancy that beginning a line with a capital letter is the one essential thing which constitutes poetry. Yet this argument has been put forth by some from whom we have a right to expect better things. It was one of the glaring but melancholy concomitants of the late controversy, that able men who knew absolutely nothing about the subject should so often have missed opportunities which were fairly obtrusive of remaining silent.

This controversy, indeed, has brought out more sharply than ever before the existence of the singular situation which prevails in regard to spelling reform. The highly trained expert opinion is practically all on one side; the vast preponderance of educated lay opinion is on the other. Several eminent men have taken part in the discussion in opposition to change. But in all their ranks cannot be found a single one who would be recognized by special students of English as entitled to speak with authority. Not a single one of the latter class has come forward in opposition. Some of them are very possibly indifferent; but so far as they have spoken — and many have spoken — they have pronounced in its favor. If there is among them one who entertains hostility, he is sufficiently in

awe of his professional brethren to deem it his wisest course to keep his opinion to the sanctity of private intercourse. No applause of the multitude could make up to him for the condemnation that would be his from his peers. By ranging himself among the opponents of spelling reform he would be well aware that he would distinctly lose caste. He would be placed in a dilemma on one of whose two horns he would be impaled. He would be looked upon as guilty either of lack of knowledge or of lack of judgment.

This is a state of things that could not well exist in the case of any other subject than language. Nor, indeed, could it well happen with any other race than the English, where on both sides of the Atlantic ignorance of the tongue and of its history has been sedulously cultivated for centuries. Accordingly the raggedest of penny-a-liners or the callowest of story-tellers considers himself as much entitled to speak with authority on the subject as he who has devoted years of study to its consideration. Of course this is a state of things that can not continue permanently. In the long run the opinions of the few who know will triumph over the clamors of the many who do not know. Indeed, a distinct advance has already been achieved. The subject is no longer treated with indifference. It calls forth hostile criticism, ridicule, vituperation. Furthermore, certain things can no more be said which were once said with smug satisfaction. We are now a long way beyond that provincial faith in Worcester which permitted, fifty years ago, so eminent a man of letters as Oliver Wendell Holmes to remark that Boston had for one of its distinctions "its correct habit of spelling the English language." In these days an author of his high grade would be saved by his inevitable association with English scholars from perpetrating an observation so singularly crude. Views of such a sort now find their home only in the congenial clime of the remote rural districts. For slow as has been the progress in this matter, it has been steady. In the immediate future it is destined to advance at a much more rapid rate. The leading universities of America — it is unfortunately not yet true of England — are regularly sending out a small body of trained special students of our speech. In the face of this steadily increasing number of experts whose opinions are based upon adequate investigation and full knowledge, sciolists will in time conclude for their own safety to learn a little before they talk much.

Furthermore, neither now nor in the past has the advocacy of spelling reform been confined to the specialists in English study. It has embraced scholars of all lands who paid attention to our language or to some form of its literature. Long ago Grimm pointed out that the greatest obstacle to the predominating influence of the English tongue was the character of its orthography. But without going so far back, let us select as types of advocates of reform three representative men of the generation which has just passed away. They are Professor Max Müller of Oxford, Professor Child of Harvard, and Professor Whitney of Yale. Of course these scholars were cranks, "crazy cranks," if you will. Much learning had made them mad,— insanity from that cause being something from which the critics of their orthographical views feel the sense of absolute immunity. Of course we know further that professors are a simple, guileless folk — constantly imposed upon by arguments whose speciousness is at once seen by the clearer vision of the men engaged in the struggle and turmoil of practical life. To them unhappily has never been given the easy omniscience which is enabled to understand the whole of a subject without mastering a single one of its details. Still, as a member of this unpractical fraternity, and sharing in its intellectual limitations, I cannot get over the impression that there are difficulties connected with English orthography which even the very youngest newspaper writer cannot settle sum-

marily, and questions which he cannot answer satisfactorily offhand. Let me endeavor to state some of the reasons by which the actions are influenced of those who advocate change in the spelling.

It is conceded that in the present state of public opinion there is little prospect of even so much as a calm, dispassionate consideration of any thorough-going scientific reform of our orthography. While phonetic spelling is an ideal to be aimed at,— every alteration made should be an alteration in that direction,— no one supposes that its realization can take place in our day. Compared with the effort to reach such a result, the difficulty experienced in introducing the metric system, encountering as it did the prejudices and revolutionizing the practices of centuries, would be but slight. Even were all men agreed upon its desirability, were all men clamoring for its introduction, its establishment in a language like ours — with half a dozen signs representing the same sound and half a dozen sounds represented by the same sign — would be a work of time and toil and patience. But while this is so, there is no reason why a beginning towards it should not be made by removing some of the anomalies that make our present spelling so peculiarly lawless. There is no reason why in certain classes of words order should not be made to exist where disorder now reigns. Most of the arguments advanced against such a course are nothing but the expression of personal likes or dislikes which have their origin in the sentiment of association. Still there are a few which have the semblance of reason though not its substance; and, as they weigh with many, it is only fair to give them consideration.

The first of these is connected with the subject of derivation. There goes on, we are told, an irrepressible conflict between phonetic and etymological spelling. If the former come to occupy the foremost place, the latter, it is asserted, will disappear. Incalculable harm would thereby be wrought both to the speech and to its speakers. According to some, life would become a burden to the individual, and the language would be ruined beyond redemption, if the spelling of a word should hide from our eyes the source from which it came. The mystic tie that binds the speech of the past to that of the present would be severed. This is an argument which comes not infrequently from members of the educated, and sometimes of the scholarly class, though not from that section of it which deals with English scholarship.

Now, in the first place, were the charge true, the objection would not be a valid one. The well-being of the many is always to be preferred to the satisfaction of the few. A language does not exist for the sake of imparting joyful emotions to the members of a particular group who are familiar with its sources. When committed to writing it is so committed for the purpose of conveying clearly to the eye the sounds heard by the ear. Anything in the form of the printed word which stands in the way of the speediest arrival at such a result is to that extent objectionable. But even this so-called advantage of suggesting origins is distinctly limited. What educated men know of the sources of words is almost entirely confined to Latin and Greek. Of the earlier forms of the more common native words, and of their meanings, the immense majority of even the most highly cultivated are ignorant. Their ignorance, however, does not seem to impair their happiness any more than it does their comprehension.

But the objection, further, is a purely artificial one. The happiness conferred is a happiness assumed to be confined to the words in their present form. The example of other tongues shows there is no justification for this belief. The Italian is a phonetic language. Does any one believe that an Italian scholar experiences any less satisfaction in finding the Græco-Latin *philosophia* converted in his speech into *filosofia* than an English one does in seeing it in the form *philosophy*? Has his language suffered any material injury in consequence? Were I not myself in-

consistent and lazy and several other disreputable adjectives, I should write *fonetic* instead of *phonetic*. This I cheerfully admit. But were not the strictly virtuous defenders of spelling according to derivation equally lacking in consistency, and absolutely unfaithful to the high etymological ideals they hold up for our admiration, they would be writing *phansy*, at least, instead of *fancy*. In one of the sporadic attacks of common-sense which have sometimes overtaken the users of our speech, *f* has displaced *ph* in this word, though to prevent the result from being wholly rational, it has substituted *c* for *s*. The Greek *phantasia* has come down to us through *phantasy*, *fantasy*, finally subsiding into the present form. To the believer in etymological spelling *fancy* ought to be as objectionable as *fonetic*.

In the second place, the hollowness of this pretended regard for etymology is not merely detected, but emphasized, by the fact that the opposition to change is equally pronounced in the case of words where the present form is the result of blundering ignorance which gives an utterly erroneous idea of their origin. Can any antagonist of simplification be induced by his devotion to derivation to abandon *comptroller*, which not merely defies pronunciation, but gives the false impression that the first part of the word comes from the French *compter*, instead of the Latin *contra*? Could any upholder of etymological spelling be induced to drop the *c* of *scent*, though nobody ever pronounced the intruding letter? Yet as it comes from the Latin *sent-ire*, the substitution of *scent* for the previous *sent* destroys in this case for the vast majority of educated men that delightful reminiscence of the classic tongues which, we are told, imparts so peculiar a charm to the present orthography. Mitford, the historian of Greece, was subjected to ceaseless ridicule and vituperation because he preferred the correct etymological form *iland*, and refused to adopt the *s* which had been inserted into the word under the blundering belief that it was either derived from or was in some way related to the Latin *insula* and the French *isle*.

In truth, the argument of derivation is invoked only to retain whatever orthoepic anomalies we chance to have. It is abjured the moment an effort is made to root out any etymological anomalies which have been introduced into the speech. The fact is that if spelling according to derivation were heeded it would result in changes to which those proposed by the Committee on Simplified Spelling would seem absurdly trivial. This would be particularly noticeable in the case of words derived from native sources. Out, for instance, would go the *l* of *could* and the *h* of *ghost* and *ghastly*. Or take, for illustration, the whole class of words ending in *k*. The letter was as little known to the Anglo-Saxon alphabet as it was to the Roman. Hence, were spelling according to derivation strictly enforced, *k* would have to disappear from no small number of words where it is not merely superfluous as regards pronunciation, but is actually defiant of derivation. The original of *back* in Anglo-Saxon, for instance, was *bæc*, of *quick* was *cwic*, of *stock* was *stoc*, of *thick* was *thic*. Imagine the indignant feelings of the assumed ardent devotee of spelling according to derivation, if he were asked to drop the final letter from these words, though from his own point of view it has no business there at all.

As a matter of fact this particular brand of ruin had already overtaken the language to some extent. From the native words no one had ever thought of dropping the final *k*, because scarcely any one knew of the forms these originally had. But knowledge of Latin was widespread. Regard for derivation succeeded, therefore, in banishing it from whole classes of words derived from that language. The struggle, however, was long. The authority of Dr. Johnson was in vain invoked for its retention. One must be familiar with the history of orthography to appreciate what dissensions sprang

up in once happy homes, what prognostics were indulged in of the ruin that would betide the speech, were men ever to be induced to spell *musick* and *historick* and *prosaick*, and a host of similar words, without their final *k*. Boswell, who could not help reproaching Johnson for dropping the vowel *u* from *authour*, praised him for standing up for the retention of this final consonant. He represents him as saying that he spelled *Imlac* in *Rasselas* with a *c* at the end because by so doing it was made less like English, which, he continued, "should always have the Saxon *k* added to the *c*." The Saxon *k* was the lexicographer's personal contribution to the original English alphabet. "I hope," continued Boswell, "the authority of the great master of our language will stop this curtailing innovation by which we see *critic*, *public*, etc., frequently written instead of *critick*, *publick*, etc."

The biographer's hopes were doomed, however, to disappointment. Walker, the favorite lexicographer of a hundred years ago, bowed to the storm, while he deplored the havoc it had wrought. "It has been a custom within these twenty years," he wrote, "to omit the *k* at the end of words when preceded by *c*. This has introduced a novelty into the language, which is that of ending a word with an unusual letter, and is not only a blemish on the face of it, but may possibly produce some irregularity in future formations."

The language has apparently survived both the blemish and the injury wrought by the final *c*. So powerful, indeed, is the sentiment of association that now to end these words in *k* would seem as offensive as once it was to end them without it. But the former method died out slowly. In our country, in truth, there was a Virginia editor, who, faithful among the faithless, clung to the letter long after its English friends had abandoned it. Let us not be unjust to his memory. In that perfect sincerity which springs from pure and undefiled ignorance he honestly believed that he was standing up for English pure and undefiled.

So much for an objection which, if not serious in itself, has to many a serious look. There has been another brought forward, which is so baseless, not to call it comic, that nothing but the sincerity of those adducing it would justify its consideration at all. It is to the effect that, were there any thorough reform of the spelling, all existing books would be rendered valueless. Owners of great libraries built up at the cost of no end of time and toil and money would see their great collections brought to nought. The rich and varied literature of the past could no longer be easily read; it would have to wait for the slow work of presses to transmit it to the new generation in its modern form. Such is the horrible prospect which has been held before our eyes. The view would be absurd enough if directed against genuine phonetic forms; as against the petty changes advocated by the Committee on Simplified Spelling, language is not sufficiently vituperative to describe its fatuousness. But as in the discussion of this question we have to deal largely with orthographical babes, it is desirable to pay it some slight attention.

For the purpose of quieting the fears which have been expressed, it is necessary to observe that change of anything established, even when generally recognized as for the better, is not accomplished easily, and therefore is not accomplished quickly. It never partakes of the nature of a cataclysm. For its reception and establishment it requires regular effort, not impulsive effort; it requires labor prolonged as well as patient. It took, for instance, many scores of years to establish the metric system wherever it now prevails, with all the power of governments behind it. When the change made depends upon the voluntary action of individuals it must inevitably be far slower. Any reform of spelling which is ever proposed must stretch over a long period of time before it is universally adopted. There will consequently be

ample time for both publishers and book-owners to set their houses in order before the actual arrival of the impending calamity.

This is on the supposition that it can be deemed a calamity to either. There is actually about it nothing of that nature. The process deplored is a process which is going on every day before our eyes. There is not an author of repute in our literature, of whose works new editions are not constantly appearing in order to satisfy a demand which the stock on hand does not supply. But the appearance of the new book does not lower the value of the old, if it be really valuable. If it be not, if the edition supplanted is of an inferior character or has been merely a trade speculation, it has already served its purpose when it has paid for itself. Under any conditions it can be trusted to meet the fate it deserves.

So much for the point of view of book-sellers and book-owners. As regards book-readers the fear is just as fatuous. Valuable works printed in an orthography different from that which now prevails do not decrease in price at all. On the contrary, they steadily rise. This is a fact which the impecunious student, in search of early editions, learned long ago, not to his heart's content, but to its discontent. The increase in value renders them difficult for him to procure. Does the difference of spelling render them difficult to decipher? A single example will suffice to settle that point. At the present moment there lies before me the first edition of the greatest English satire to which the strife of political parties has given birth — the *Absalom and Achitophel* of John Dryden. To purchase it now would under ordinary circumstances take far more money than it would to buy the best and completest edition of the whole of Dryden's poems. It consists of ten hundred and twenty lines of rymed heroic verse. The number of different words it contains may be guessed at from that fact; it has never, to my knowledge, been determined. But the words in it which are spelled differently from what they are now are slightly under two hundred. But the poem presents certain orthographical characteristics which are calculated to shock the susceptibilities of those who believe that our present spelling has been divinely inspired. Two will serve for examples. *Though*, which occurs precisely six times, invariably appears as *tho*. The past participle, when its termination has the sound of *t*, ends in *t*, as *banisht*, *impoverisht*, *opprest*, *laught*, *snatcht*, and others. Yet with all these differences of orthography the most unintelligent opponent of spelling reform would experience no difficulty whatever in reading the poem.

There is still another objection to be considered. We are given to understand that difference of spelling is quite essential to the recognition of the meaning of words pronounced alike. Otherwise there would be danger of misapprehension. This is what comes to men from learning to look at language from the side of the eye and not of the ear. Here is my old friend, Dr. Everett, who, I find, specifies me personally as one setting out to destroy what he calls sound English by arranging letters in a totally different way, and thereby seeking to reconstruct the language to its destruction. Naturally he is indignant at the nefarious attempt, though when he considers the disproportion between the pettiness of the puny agent and the massiveness of the mighty fabric, there would appear little reason for much excitement. Personally, so far from feeling resentment at his words, I read them with even more amazement than sorrow. The argument he uses is of the sort which I expect to find communicated to the press by that noble army of the ill-informed who are always rushing to the rescue of the English language from the reckless practices of those who do not use it with their assumed accuracy, or spell it according to their ideas of propriety. But Dr. Everett is a scholar through and through. His words are therefore a convincing argument of the

necessity of reform, for they show the bewildering effect our orthography exercises over the reasoning powers. He wants to know what the phonetists — they deserve that name, he tells us — are going to do with words alike in sound but different in sense. He begins with *ale* and *ail*. One might infer from his argument that, unless *ail* and *ale* were spelled differently, one could never be quite certain whether he were suffering from the one or partaking of the other. We are asked to believe that something which presents no difficulty in the hurry of conversation is to prove a formidable obstacle to the apprehension in the ample leisure of reading. Another of his instances is *bear* and *bare*. Does anybody, on hearing one of these words, hesitate about its meaning? Why should he, then, when he sees it, even if both were spelled the same way? Or again, take the noun *bear* by itself. If any one comes across it, does he suffer much perplexity in ascertaining whether it is the bear of the wilderness or the bear of Wall Street that is meant?

This last example, indeed, exposes of itself the utter futility of this argument. There is an indefinite number of words in the language which have precisely the same form as nouns or verbs. The fact that they belong to different parts of speech never creates the slightest confusion. Furthermore, there are but few common words in the language which are not used in different senses, often in many different senses, sometimes in widely different senses. Does that fact cause any perceptible perplexity in the comprehension of their meaning? Do reporters, who must arrive at the sense through the medium of the ear, experience any difficulty in ascertaining what the speaker is trying to say? Does any one in any relation of life whatever? When a man is returning from a voyage across the Atlantic, is he bothered by the different senses of the same word when he is trying to ascertain whether it is his duty to pay a duty? When one meets the word *piece*, does he suffer from much embarrassment in determining whether it means a part of something, or a firearm, or a chessman, or a coin, or a portion of bread, or an article of baggage, or a painting, or a play, or a musical or literary composition? Illustrations of this sort could be given by the hundred.

Another objection remains to be considered. It is not really directed against any proposals made by the Committee on Simplified Spelling, but against the far wider-reaching reform which would aim to render the spelling phonetic. It is regarded by some as so crushing that I have deferred its consideration to the last. It may be summed up in a few words. It is impossible, we are told, to have our tongue spelled phonetically, because it is pronounced differently by different persons equally well educated. Whose pronunciation, therefore, will you adopt? That is the point which has first to be determined, and it is safe to say that it is one which can never be determined satisfactorily. That fact is of itself decisive. This view of the question at issue is triumphantly put forward as one which can never be successfully met.

Assuming for the sake of the argument that it is a genuine objection, let us look at what it involves. The very result of the lawlessness of our present orthography is given as the reason why no attempt should be made to bring it under the reign of law. It is a real maxim in morals, and a theoretical one in jurisprudence, that an offender has no right to take advantage of his own wrong. This is the very course, however, which opponents of change recommend for adoption. Our orthography has rendered the pronunciation varying and doubtful. There should accordingly be no attempt to reduce the former to order, because the uncertainty which has been fastened upon it by the latter has rendered it impossible to ascertain what is really ought to be.

But it never seems to occur to those who advance this argument that difficulties of the sort here indicated are not experienced in languages which for

all practical purposes are phonetically spelled, such as German and Italian and Spanish. Take, for example, the first-mentioned of these tongues. Its pronunciation differs in different parts of the country. In some cases the variation is very distinctly marked. Yet, while the spelling remains the same, no embarrassment follows of the kind indicated. If this simple fact had been taken into consideration, it would at once have disclosed the nature of the imaginary strength and actual weakness of this supposedly crushing argument.

For no phonetically spelled tongue ever has or ever would set out to record the varying shades of the pronunciation of any country, still less the varying shades of the pronunciation of individuals. A system which indicates the delicate distinction of sounds characterizing the speech of different regions resembles the chemist's scales, which detect the variation in weight of filaments of hair to all appearance precisely the same. Such phoneticians may need in order to represent the slightest diversities of pronunciation. But they are not needed for the ordinary purposes of life. All any working phonetic system would set out to do is to give those broad and easily recognizable characteristics of educated utterance which are sufficient to indicate to the hearer what the speaker is aiming to say. It would represent a norm sufficiently narrow of limit to make understood what is said, and sufficiently broad to offer within justifiable bounds ample opportunity for the play of individual or territorial peculiarities. Its principal effect would be to set up a standard which would be ever before the eyes of men.

For it must be kept in mind that phonetic spelling is not a destructive, but a conservative agency. Once established, it holds the pronunciation of a speech fast to its moorings. Had it existed with us, the wide degradation of the sounds of *a*, as seen, for illustration, in *father* and *far*, could not have gone on at the rapid rate it has done in this country. There are districts in the United States where even the following *l* does not protect it, and *calm*, for instance, is made to rhyme with *clam*. Did phonetic spelling exist in the mother country, the Cockney pronunciation of *a* almost like long *i*, — as, for example, *late*, which by American ears is apt to be mistaken for *light*, — now so prevalent in London and apparently extending over England, could never have held its ground, even if it had originated at all. Such degradations are always liable to occur, because with our orthography we can have no easily recognizable standard of correct usage. In the clumsy effort made in the newspapers to reproduce what they call phonetic spelling, there was more than one instance in which *new* was to be found represented by *noo*. It is clear that the writers of these effusions were utterly ignorant how this common word should be properly pronounced. The lawlessness distinguishing spelling had succeeded in perverting the pronunciation. Had this not been the case, they would no more have represented *new* by *noo* than *few* by *foo*. Were a phonetic system in vogue, New Yorkers could be trusted universally to learn to pronounce correctly the name of their own city.

Finally, it is not because of the waste of time in education — harmful as it is — that our present orthography seems to me peculiarly objectionable. It is the direct influence its acquisition exerts in putting the intellectual faculties to sleep at the most active period of life. We can get a glimpse of the havoc wrought by it when we consider a single one of scores of illustrations that could be cited. At the very outset of his study the child is given, for example, the words *bed* and *red* to spell. If he has been properly trained up to this point, the limited acquaintance he has made with the values of letters leads him to say *b-e-d* and *r-e-d*. These are pure phonetic spellings. They satisfy all the conditions. Then he is introduced to the word *head*. Reasoning from analogy, he proceeds to spell it *h-e-d*. But here authority steps in and directs him to

insert another letter for which neither he nor his instructor can see the use. Then the word *bead* is shown him. Following the analogy of *head*, he naturally pronounces it *bed*. Once more authority steps in and directs him to give the combination *ea* another and quite distinct sound. Next, he is presented with the infinitives and presents, *read* and *hear*. Conforming to the example just given, and perceiving it to be satisfactory, he fancies that he has reached at last a secure haven. He finds his error when he meets the preterites of these two verbs. Both have the same vowel combinations as the present. One of them has precisely the same form. But he discovers that *read* of the preterite has quite a distinct pronunciation from *read* of the present, and that the *ea* of *heard* has another, distinct from either sound, to which he has not yet been introduced.

Is it any wonder that in circumstances like these the child should speedily infer that it is of no benefit to him to make use of what little reasoning power he has been enabled to acquire? He must force himself to submit blindly to authority, which compels him to accept as true what he feels to be false. Now authority in education is a good as well as a necessary thing when its dictates are based upon reason. But when they are not, when in truth they are defiant of reason, no more pernicious element can well enter into the training of the young. Doubtless the rational processes employed in other studies correct in time for most of us the mental twist thus imparted in childhood. But it is not always corrected. We have only to read certain of the arguments advanced against spelling reform to become aware that the faculty of reasoning on this subject which has been muddled in childhood is apt to remain muddled the rest of one's life.

There has been much discussion of the wisdom or unwisdom of the President's order. It was called an impulsive act by that body of men who are disposed to confound mental torpor with profound deliberation, and look upon the inability to come to a decision in any given case as evidence of prolonged reflection. To me its wisdom and its timeliness have been justified by the result. It has done more to call general attention to the character of our spelling than all other agencies combined. The views expressed in it have been proclaimed again and again by scholars, both English and American, for at least a third of a century. They have scarcely raised a ripple on the current of public opinion. But the course taken by the most prominent personality among the executives of the earth awakened the whole English-speaking world from its indifference. Both here and abroad the action invited and aroused discussion, the one thing above all others spelling reform needs for its success. That the President ceased to enforce his order is a matter of comparatively little consequence. The effect wrought by it had been produced. Public documents reach but a limited number, and from the nature of things can rarely be made familiar by frequency of reading. There are, indeed, men so lost to all that is true and high and ennobling as to turn almost disdainfully from the perusal of the Congressional Record. From this time on they may be induced to scan its pages, since it is now authoritatively proclaimed that henceforth we are to find in it "normal" spelling, — a sort of spelling which scholars everywhere have sought for long, but have hitherto failed to find.

THE DAWN OF THE AMERICAN DRAMA

BY JOHN CORBIN

In an article on "The Twilight of the Poets," the sad purport of which was poetically adumbrated in its title, Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman once remarked, "The time has come for poetry in any form that shall be *dramatic*. . . . I think that our future efforts will result in dramatic verse, and even in actual dramas for both the closet and the stage." This he gave forth, not as a prophecy, but as a speculation, founded on certain general tendencies in our life. "We scarcely can forecast next month's weather from the numberless shifting currents of to-day," he admitted; and he further safeguarded himself by saying, "I am aware that this belief has been entertained before, and prematurely; it was strong in the time of Taylor, Dunlap, and Payne. Nor would our own experiments be much more significant than theirs, were it not for the recent and encouraging efforts of our younger authors, many of whom are among the poets already named."

These words were published twenty-two years ago. There have been many generations of "younger authors" since: generations of younger authors are brief. Of all those whom Mr. Stedman, in his catholicity and hopefulness, deemed worthy of mention, only one made his mark in the theatre — Bronson Howard; and for sixteen years now no new piece of his has seen the footlights. Certainly speculation is safer than prophecy.

Yet even a prophet may take courage. Two voices have haunted the drama from its cradle in the cart of Thespis — the cry of its utter degeneracy, and the shout of triumphal acclaim. To take a comparatively modern instance, not without subtle humors: Sir Francis Bacon warned folks from spending much time in the theatres, and stigmatized his age as decadent — and this in the very year, 1605, which marked the culmination of Shakespeare's powers; whereas the obscure parson-pedagogue, Francis Meres, had already pronounced Shakespeare the successful rival of the mightiest ancients — in 1598, before he had reached his full stature in either comedy or tragedy. The world does move; and the humblest prophet of hope stands the best of chances against the mightiest prophet of despair.

Quite boldly, then, I prophesy the dawn of the American drama; and quite confidently, too, for the drama has already dawned. Several years ago I reminded Mr. Stedman of his ancient speculations. He acknowledged the corn. To-day he is still a familiar figure at first nights of promise, and unless I have misunderstood him, he also has seen the peep o' day. The present season, I am persuaded, has been the most notable in the history of our stage; and every indication points to a brighter day to come.

I

The era following the Civil War, as Mr. Stedman pointed out, was one of reaction. That conflict, the mightiest and most momentous of the century, left us in a state of exhaustion, both material and moral. The energy of the men it left us found superabundant scope in political and business development. Intellectually the pendulum swung from exalted ideals and passions to skeptical if graceful dilettanteism. The recent and all but bloodless conflict with Spain has wrought the opposite effect. As happened with England three centuries before, on the easy overthrow of the Armada, it brought

to the surface two factors of prime potency — a realization of our greatness among the nations of history, and a realization of the vices that are sapping that greatness. The instinct of self-criticism is no less essential to creative activity than the instinct of self-glorification, and if we have more of it in proportion than our English ancestors, the fact falls in fortunately with the scientific and critical spirit of our time.

More concretely discernible, if not more powerful, is the organization of the business of the theatre. The nature of the theatrical trust, the so-called syndicate, is pretty well known, though I am inclined to think that its character has been somewhat unduly blackened. Its purpose is frankly commercial. To berate it for its lack of altruistic devotion to the art of the drama is as illogical and as perverse as it would be to berate publishers because they do not endow libraries, or picture dealers because they fail to give their wares to the art museums. In a people who, of all moderns, have most stolidly refused to organize in behalf of the greatest of all arts, the cry that private merchants have cast the drama to the dogs is grotesquely comic. Two great services the commercial managers have rendered us; they have raised the calling of playwright and actor to a stable and lucrative vocation, and they have familiarized the entire continent with many of the best works of the dramatists of Europe. It has often been pointed out that the most powerful stimulus to artistic creation has been familiarity with the more advanced products of other lands and peoples. The work of the syndicate in this direction, though partial and unconscious, has been powerful and fruitful.

II

The result has been to develop a body of playwrights who may be called the syndicate school. In estimating what they have accomplished it is mere justice to remember the difficulties with which they have contended. They had to compete not only against such plays from the Continent as promised to be popular here, but against the output of a large band of playwrights in England, who are now acknowledged to have brought the art of the theatre to a development higher than it has reached since the day of Goldsmith and Sheridan. Moreover, writing for a public numbering thousands of thousands, and living in widely scattered localities, they have been limited to subjects of the most general appeal. Their plays gained no doubt in breadth of interest, but they as certainly lost in intelligence and refinement of art. The result is a good number of deservedly popular pieces, and none of high significance or of even excellence.

The plays of Bronson Howard are still performed on the humble stages of local stock companies. All of them are instinct with broad and wholesome human sympathy and racy masculine humor. One of them, *The Henrietta*, held the regular stage until the recent death of Stuart Robson. The earliest of our most characteristic genre of plays, the business play, it is still the ablest, excelling alike in its appeal to vigorous emotion and in its grasp of salient, humorous character. When it was first produced it was censured, somewhat academically, perhaps, for presenting on the same stage farcical comedy and melodramatic death. A more valid objection is that its moral values are mixed. We are expected to laugh, and in fact do laugh, with the Wall Street buccaneer who, betraying a widow's trust in him, deliberately brings financial ruin on her in order to force her to marry him; and at the same time we are called upon to exult, and do exult, in the death of his son, who has been similarly treacherous to his father. Behold the triumph of dexterously manipulated values! The least to be said of this is that the play, in spite of its indubitable power, belongs to a dramatic convention — that of the Victorian era — which is radically false and factitious.

Later playwrights in the syndicate school have come appreciably nearer to actuality. William Gillette, as for example in *Secret Service*, has raised the melodrama of situation and action to the highest plane of skill and theatric intelligence. Augustus Thomas, as in *Alabama* and *Arizona*, has vivified a melodramatic plot with a distinct degree of local atmosphere and racy character; while in *The Other Girl*, a hybrid of drama and comedy, he has created, in the prize-fighter Kid Garvey, a comedy character of consummate vitality, truth, and humor. Clyde Fitch, the most prolific and versatile of the school, has, as it seems to me, taken the lead in spontaneity, tact, and intelligence. But none of these playwrights has as yet produced a work of large calibre and sustained art.

The deficiency, if in part their own, is largely due to the régime under which they labor. Unimpeachable on the score of art and ethics, the syndicate managers have, or so it seems to me, committed a cardinal commercial blunder. It is the mark of the able merchant that he seeks always to extend his field of operations, not only by anticipating each new taste as it rises, but by actually creating demands. Now, the American public is on the whole the most intelligent and best educated in the world, and at no time has its artistic progress been more rapid than in the past decade. Instead of eagerly watching this advance and fostering it, the syndicate managers have ignored it, even resisted it. Secure, as they thought, in control of the situation, they have consistently refused to back any new author or any new movement until its commercial value has been demonstrated — and generally by others. They have not had the foresight to recognize that the merely artistic success of to-day is the commercial success of to-morrow. Their first gains they made by importing plays that had proved themselves popular abroad; and to-day they are not producers but reproducers of the drama.

Ten years ago, when Bernard Shaw was beginning to be read, I suggested to the most artistic of the syndicate managers, Mr. Daniel Frohman, that he produce *Candida* with Miss Annie Russell in the title part. When brilliant and, as it seemed to me, stimulating plays were to be had, I thought it shameful that an actress of such distinction of personality and art should be wasted in a sentimental tomfoolery by Jerome K. Jerome. A little later Mr. Arnold Daly proposed that Mr. Frohman produce the play, with himself as Marchbanks, and Miss Hilda Spong as Candida. Mr. Frohman was deaf to both proposals. The actress who ultimately played Candida was pitiably unsuited to the part; but the play scored, and paved the way for the entire Shaw repertory,— of which the syndicate itself eventually became chief producer. The incident is only one of a dozen that could be cited. Our national indifference to dramatic art, even our native puritanism, has not been more ruinously conservative than these managers whose sole purpose is avowedly commercial.

III

If the drama is dawning, the fact is in a large measure due to the organization of independent managers into what is in effect an anti-syndicate; for though the Fafnir of monopoly may lie gorged with possessions, fate will not allow it to sleep. It is a mistake, I think, to regard this as the sole cause. Shortly before his death, the late Kirke La Shelle, one of the ablest and most intelligent of our managers, remarked that native playwrights were beginning to write in the technique of the European masters, and that the time was at hand when we should have a vigorous drama. On hearing the remark, one of the syndicate dramatists asked somewhat skeptically who these new playwrights were, and where were their plays. It was the wrong time for scoffing. The Shubert brothers had already established a formidable circuit of

first class theatres in the leading American cities, and had secured the coöperation of other independent managers, who had openly revolted against the arbitrary authority and the financial exactions of the syndicate booking agency,— among them Mr. and Mrs. Fiske, David Belasco, and Walter N. Lawrence. Actors, too, and among them the ablest and most prominent, seceded to the anti-syndicate. There was an urgent need of plays.

Meantime another powerful factor had been introduced into the situation. The supply of foreign pieces, by monopolizing which the syndicate had built up its strength, was failing. As for plays from the Continent, two influences combined to invalidate them. The growth of native feeling in our audiences rendered the old method of false and specious adaptation powerless; and, with the growth of realism and the literary sense abroad, the plays themselves were becoming more and more difficult to transpose into terms of American life. The D'Ennery type of melodrama, exploited by Lester Wallack and A. M. Palmer, has long been extinct. Amiable German comedies of the school of Blumenthal and Kadelberg, which Augustin Daly so long lived by importing, became fewer and of less and less appeal. Even the Bisson type of Parisian farce, written in a mood of gayety unhampered by bourgeois morality, soon lost its novelty and no longer attracted a public essentially serious. The newer order of dramatists— Ibsen, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Capus, Brieux, Donnay, Lavedan and others— were on the whole impossible, at once because of their greater intellectuality, their more local and individual presentation of life, and the gloominess or unmorality of their themes.

The manners and moods depicted in English plays are more intelligible and sympathetic; but the output is far from copious. The present season, although of more than average richness, has seen only two successful new English plays. *His House in Order* is more popularly sympathetic than most of Mr. Pinero's work, and has a full measure of his adroit technique; but it strikes no new note of interest, and in the portrayal of a group of hypocritically righteous middle-class Britons it reverts to the more crudely theatric manner of its author's youth. In *The Hypocrites* Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has performed a striking feat of dramatic skill, and has again shown himself supreme among his fellows in portraying deep and sincere passion; but his theme — a trusting maiden betrayed and scorned — harks back through a long list of his plays to his earliest dramatic success, *Saints and Sinners;* while by a curious coincidence his background of hypocritical Britons are own brothers to Mr. Pinero's. There is nothing in either piece to controvert the almost unanimous verdict of English critics that for almost a decade drama and comedy have been on the decline — pushed to the wall by music-hall variety shows and musical comedy. The result is all too obvious here. The old Lyceum Theatre, which Daniel Frohman made the home of imported English plays, began to lose prestige even before it was pulled down. The New Lyceum has nothing that can be even miscalled a stock company; it is simply one of several of the better class of Broadway playhouses. More and more every year the staple of the syndicate managers is becoming musical comedy.

Yet all this time theatres have been springing up like mushrooms the entire length of Broadway, from Madison Square to Central Park, and even beyond; and contrary to the fears of the less speculative, it has become evident that there are audiences ready and eager to fill them on the least promise of being interested or amused. How much of the new development in our drama is due to the business crisis, and how much to the playwrights and public, will probably never be determined; but it is obvious that the two forces have met in the most fortunate conjunction.

There has been an attempt to make the public believe that the anti-syndicate is inspired by a lofty devotion to dramatic art; but in part at least this is manifest buncombe. The most powerful factors in the combination, the Shuberts, are quite of the type of the syndicate managers. They have been more daring in their reliance on fresh talent, but there has been nothing to show that this has been the result of anything higher than commercial necessity. Mr. Belasco has extraordinary horse sense in choosing popular themes, and has an ability amounting to genius in the externals of theatric stage management; but his plays have not the slightest pretension to be regarded as literature, and whatever taste he has shown in the drama has been conspicuously bad. Mr. Lawrence's productions have evidenced a certain gentle right-feeling, much enhanced in his productions by the admirably subtle and realistic stage management of Mr. George Foster Platt; but in vigorous intelligence they have been conspicuously lacking. Of all the anti-syndicate managers, only Mr. and Mrs. Fiske have shown originality and intelligence. In short, the conditions governing the dramatic world continue all but as purely commercial as they have been. I am stating a fact, not preferring a charge. If any one is to blame for the commercialism of the drama, it is not the merchants who purvey it, but ourselves, who have rested content with no better than the average public demands.

IV

The native syndicate playwrights, meanwhile, have shown a tendency to exhaustion not unlike that of the English school with which their development synchronized. Mr. Gillette's *Clarice*, his only original play in a decade, opened with an act of delicious sentimental comedy, but after that declined into unpleasant and incredible melodrama. Mr. Thomas has for two years produced only actor vehicles; they have had a full measure of his racy wit, but have been otherwise without originality or strength. It must be added, however, that his powers have always been subject to lapses of considerable duration.

Mr. Fitch's case is problematical in the extreme. From the days when, as a youth, he wrote *Beau Brummell*, it has been evident that he is gifted with a freshness of observation, a spontaneous fecundity of invention, and a skill in the externals of the art of the theatre that are truly phenomenal. Both in drama and in comedy, he has written scenes and characters which are at once more original, more varied, and of a higher quality than the work of any of his competitors. A considerable proportion of his extraordinarily copious output has been ill conceived, though never without touches of originality; but his successes have been equally numerous, and whenever, as not infrequently happens, one of them is revived, — as for example such dissimilar pieces as *The Climbers* and *Captain Jinks*, — its vitality and vivacity are found to be unimpaired. And his powers are apparently still in the ascendant.

What he lacks is a feeling for the deeper emotional and spiritual themes of life, and the mental grasp necessary to work his subject out with sustained and symmetrical technique. Twice of late he has given hopeful evidence of an ability to rise above his previous limitations, in *The Girl with the Green Eyes*, and *The Truth*. Neither play treats a theme comparable in depth or in scope with the themes of the best plays of the leading English playwrights, to say nothing of the intellectual dramatists of the Continent. Jealousy is the ugliest and least dignified of the passions, and habitual lying is at best a vice. None the less, Jinny, the girl with the green eyes, stands forth as one of the most individual, vivacious, and poignant characters of the contemporary stage; and though the play as a whole turns upon a rather factitious complication and ends in sheer

bathos, it has one entire act, the third, of quite masterly salience and power.

The Truth, the most interesting of Mr. Fitch's four pieces this season, has a character and a history very pertinent to our present discussion. An amiable foible of untruth, a penchant for the wifely taradiddle, is not, in the nature of things, a theme for stirring and heartfelt emotion. No universal appeal was possible. That, as it seems, must have been evident to the humblest dramatic intelligence. Yet as a theme for the subtler comedy of manners, it is as novel as it is amusing. Mr. Fitch wrote his play with admirable simplicity and discretion. On purely technical grounds, it is by far the evenest and most sustained performance of his career. Yet from the point of view of commercial management the result was lacking in power. He gave sanction under pressure to an attempt to "lift" the final scene of the third act by playing it in the bow-wow style. As a result, this crucial moment in the play was rendered at once false and futile. The first-night critics in New York, upon whose verdict much depends, not unnaturally found the piece indifferent or bad. On the second night the defect was remedied. The scene was played simply, naturally. The public responded, and by the end of the week it was evident that the play would net a normal profit. But already, without having been given a chance for its life, it has been ordered off the boards, to make way for a musical comedy star in farce.

The final result thus far is that the anti-syndicate has bought it to produce next year. With it goes Clara Bloodgood, who by her work in this play and in *The Girl with the Green Eyes* has placed herself at the head of all our feminine exponents of the comedy of manners — an actress whose artistic truth and poignance of feeling have been somewhat tardily recognized. For the good of the stage as a whole it is to be hoped that Mr. Fitch will not be hampered by allegiance to either party; but it is far more needful that he should have managers who recognize the wisdom of aiding rather than hindering his artistic development.

V

The value of the newer order of playwrights does not lie in their craftsmanship, which is defective, nor in the popularity they have achieved — though, owing partly to a condition of general prosperity, this has been extraordinary. It lies in the nature and the calibre of the themes they have undertaken and the predominant sincerity with which they have handled them. Their work reveals a strong, if subconscious, sense of the importance of our national life, and of the magnitude of the evils that are threatening it. Hitherto, our drama has concerned itself mainly with men and women as individuals. The English drama has a broader outlook upon the social order, but it has almost exclusively limited itself to a single class, the aristocracy. Now, in American life the dominant factors are commercial and political. *The Henrietta* blazed the way for a type of drama which, so far as the English-speaking stage is concerned, was momentous — the play of business and of politics. The younger generation, finding more fortunate themes in our recently quickened moral consciouness, has developed and extended it.

Years ago Charles Klein wrote *The District Attorney*, but the time and his talents were not ripe. *The Lion and the Mouse* was made possible by the era of what, by the misapplication of a rightly invented word, is called *muckraking*. Specifically its inspiration lay in Miss Ida Tarbell's *History of Standard Oil*. In all respects the play is as uneven as it has proved popular. A childishly weak first act is followed by a good second and a powerful third act. The means by which the heroine, daughter of a supreme court justice who has been falsely disgraced, is introduced into the household of the commercial magnate who has

ruined him, is romantically, melodramatically impossible; but the result is a scene of vivid, vital character and tense, dramatic emotion. And this scene in turn, which is as sincerely felt as it is trickily prepared for, is followed by a conventional "happy ending," in which a Napoleonic captain of industry is represented as repenting the error of his ways, and welcoming as his daughter-in-law the young woman who has exposed his villainy and frustrated his will and his interests. Mr. Klein's subject is new and vital, and his sincerity of feeling is undoubted; but the morals of the world he has created are as false and factitious as those of *The Henrietta*.

In *The Daughters of Men*, produced this season, Mr. Klein has attempted a far more difficult subject, the conflict of labor and capital. It is possible that no skill could embody the two opposing factors of the dramatic struggle in salient and convincing figures; and it is certain that Mr. Klein has failed to do this. Lacking these, the play lacks action, and welters in a sea of economic discussion. The result was in no wise fortunate. Here also, in the end, Mr. Klein plays the part of the reconciler. Everything turns out for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

Doubtless our generation is happy, prosperous, and predominantly moral. Possibly it is ascending to far greater heights. The last thing any sane person would ask for is premeditated gloom and despair. Yet tragedy is as essential in all life as sin and death, and without it no dramatic treatment of a great vital theme can sound the depths of passion or reach the heights of art. Much is to be forgiven the man who lives by pleasing the general public; but once a great theme is broached, to sidestep its normal issue is unintelligent and inartistic. It has been said that the American public demands fiction in which the lovemaking is passionate, but pure. Mr. Klein has attempted a not dissimilar combination. He has treated pleasantly deep and vital ills in the body politic. Yet it is much to have treated them at all. As a pioneer he deserves all credit.

In *The Man of the Hour*, Mr. George H. Broadhurst has risen from his early triumphs in farce to the dramatization of the shame of the cities. When his play was tried out in Philadelphia, his hero was recognized as Mayor Weaver; and in other Pennsylvania cities there were similar local identifications. New York recognized portraits of Mayor McClellan and two prominent Tammany bosses of contrasted types. Almost any city might put on this dramatic coat. Technically the action is ill conceived, being so full of incident as to render quite impossible any convincingly dramatic development. Superficially the play resembles melodrama. Essentially, however, it is a drama, and it presents two or three characters and a vital situation in municipal politics with rare humor and spirit.

Somehow Mr. Broadhurst has the grace to escape the censure Mr. Klein provokes. This may be due in part to the fact that his attitude is detached and impartial — being the attitude of the comedian rather than that of the moralist. It is probably truer and fairer to attribute it to a deficiency of emotional earnestness. A man whose apparent purpose is only to interest and amuse risks none of the dangers of the loftier flight. The difference is of kind rather than of quality. As Mr. Klein has prepared the way for the tragedy of American life, so Mr. Broadhurst has prepared the way for its drama.

VI

If, as has been stated on authority, the quality of fire is to burn and of water to wet, some consideration is due to the comedy that amuses. It would be sad indeed if our new playwrights had hung up the fiddle and the bow when they took down the shovel and the muckrake. *The Chorus Lady* and *The Three of Us*, it is true, have each a "dramatic" third

act, in which the heroine is discovered in the villain's bachelor quarters, alone with him, at midnight; but this situation is the tribute which young originality pays to ancient managerial convention. Both plays have scored successes that bid fair to outlast the entire season; but their appeal lies in the freshness with which they present the simplest humors and tenderness of life. In *The Chorus Lady*, James Forbes has presented with extraordinary vivacity the slangy wit and sophisticated shrewdness, the absurdly flashy vices and the homely honesty of the world behind the scenes; and in Miss Rose Stahl he has found a dexterous and refreshing protagonist. Chorus ladies of Broadway are said to have found the play vulgar and commonplace; but women of the avenues and men from everywhere have delighted in it. In *The Three of Us* Miss Rachel Crothers, like Mr. Forbes a novice, has told a simple story of humble domestic life in a western mining town; and she has shared his good fortune in finding an actress of prime ability, Miss Carlotta Nillson. The dominant impulse in the play is a gentle and sound heart, and the manner is of amusingly if somewhat trivially detailed realism. Except for their stale and largely factitious bedroom scenes, both pieces are absolutely native and sincere.

It is with malice aforethought that I class Mrs. Fiske's present offering, *The New York Idea*, by Langdon Mitchell, among the merely amusing plays from novices. Mr. Mitchell made his début some fifteen years ago, and his treatment of the American divorce question, as he himself impressed upon a newspaper interviewer, was inspired by the most serious moral and artistic purpose. Yet this is his first original play that has succeeded; while to those who found it amusing, — and it has had a fair share of prosperity, — it was a daring and brazen effrontery (some of them called it vulgar), whose only excuse for being was its incessant drollery.

For myself, in spite of half a dozen good lines and one hilarious situation, I did not find it amusing. Perhaps I am overserious; but naturally I prefer to believe that it is Mr. Mitchell who is guilty of levity. From the outset I felt the underlying intention to do a big thing well, and was offended by the constant miscarriage of that intention. The purpose of the play is sincere and true; the play itself is neither.

Divorce is a serious, a vital subject; and to say that, of course, is to say that it stands among the most fruitful themes for comedy; but just because it is serious and vital it demands to be treated with unsophisticated truth. I am not pleading the cause of comedy against farce. Mr. Mitchell dodges that issue by describing *The New York Idea* merely as a "play." There have been admirable farces of divorce, as for example the one by Sardou. But extravagant as it was, indecent if you will, it had the virtue of presenting people who were essentially true in a situation that was essentially vital. The manner was exaggerated, but the underlying matter was in no wise falsified.

Mr. Mitchell's divorcée has left her husband, not because he had been untrue to her or because she was or fancied herself in love with another man. She left him because he would not abandon important business in town to take her to the races. It may be argued that it is characteristic of American women to seek divorce on almost as trivial grounds, and characteristic of American courts to grant them right. There is truth in this — it is one of the curious phenomena of puritan individualism in decadence. New England leads in such divorces. But in choosing such an instance it is manifest that Mr. Mitchell has minimized and devitalized his theme.

In laying his scene in New York, and among its most fashionable set, he has introduced an element of violent untruth. The divorces of Fifth Avenue have sprung not from trivial individualism, but from

the lusts of the flesh. There is no place, moreover, in which divorce is more rigidly disapproved by authority. The law forbids it except for a breach of the seventh commandment, and the church discountenances it altogether. "The Little Church Around the Corner," famed for its broad humanity, will not remarry a divorced person. All the leading clergymen have preached against divorce in most vigorous terms to the most fashionable audiences. On the very day that recorded the production of *The New York Idea*, Bishop Doane of Albany was reported as having said that divorced people who marry again flaunt their sin. Yet Mr. Mitchell represents a New York clergyman, in his cloth, as fatuously congratulating himself on a sermon recommending divorce. There is nothing final in life, he had said, and still less is there anything final in death. Why should there be anything final in marriage, which is only a human institution?

Why did Mr. Mitchell make New York the target of his satire? It is hard to conceive any other reason than a desire to profit by the curious general interest in metropolitan society, and the equally curious willingness to believe, and to laugh at, the worst of it. Such falsehood pervades the entire play. Its drolleries are attained by a calculated perversion of the facts. It is neither farce nor comedy, but deliberate phantasy. And the very thing that makes divorce fruitful in comedy or well-conceived farce makes it distasteful as a theme for tomfoolery. On moral grounds the play is innocent enough. It is no more likely to pervert any one than to edify him. Its offense is against dramatic art; and as in the case of Mr. Klein, the offense is greater in proportion as the underlying purpose is important and right. It is fortunate for the play that it is presented by Mrs. Fiske and her extraordinarily able company, for without the aid of amusing and illusive acting its falsity must have been patent to all.

VII

No part of Mr. Stedman's speculation has been more accurately fulfilled than that the great inspiration to our drama would come from our younger poets — though Mr. William Vaughn Moody and Mr. Percy Mackaye are of a very different vintage from the poets he had in mind. Mr. Moody has produced a prose play, and Mr. Mackaye a play in verse, which challenge comparison with the best work of the modern stage in any country.

In the first enthusiasm over *The Great Divide*, finely, powerfully acted by Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin, the temptation was strong to proclaim it as marking definitely the opening of a new and triumphant epoch. Here was a play on a vital and permanent theme, and wrought out with a skill which, though it was by no means masterly and sometimes fell short of unmistakable clarity, was in the main as strongly dramatic as literary. Beside it the cleverness and mirth of our previous best, its satire, its morality and its sentiment, somehow seemed to shrink. Months have not altered the impression. One swallow, it is true, does not make a drink — and especially from the high Pierian spring. Yet this much is certain, that *The Great Divide* makes a vital demarcation in the growth of its author. Whether it has any larger significance will, I think, depend upon the finality with which Mr. Moody keeps on the hither side of it.

He has not always been content to distill his own liquor. Body and bouquet both have been under suspicion of alien origin. Of many of his poems it has been said — and with intent to praise — that on internal evidence they could not be distinguished from Browning's poems. *The Fire Bringer* is to all intents a Greek drama, though here Mr. Moody is manifestly less than his originals. Quite aside from the question of verse, the great Greeks knew their theatre,

wrote for actual presentation on it, and showed workmanlike originality in enlarging its bounds. Mr. Moody's play, in spite of a certain crude dramatic quality in the fable, is wholly, at times almost ludicrously, unplayable on any stage. His most celebrated poem, "An Ode in Time of Hesitation," appeared during the Philippine insurrection in the pages of this magazine. Quite clearly it is, on its æsthetic side, an echo of the odes of James Russell Lowell, while its anti-imperialism is derived from the outcry raised by Lowell two generations ago against a radically different war, — the war with Mexico.

Differences of political opinion, it is true, have nothing to do with literary criticism, though it fares ill as the world wags with the poets of lost causes. The significant fact is that in *The Great Divide* Mr. Moody has found his true self both in his manner and his matter. He writes as only he can write or has written; and his message, as it somewhat strangely happens, is the direct reverse of that of his earlier poems. Without being in the least political, his play is essentially imperialistic; it is a deep and convincing presentation of the right of sturdy might, however crude and tyrannous, in opposition to the thin and anemic self-righteousness of our traditional puritanism.

The " great divide " of the title is the line of demarcation between the West of primitive impulse and the East of refined and conscious propriety. Originally the play was called *The Sabine Woman*, in reference to the fact that the hero lays hands of violence upon the heroine and forces her to submit to his will. Three drunken roisterers come upon Ruth Jordan, left alone for the night on a ranch. The best of them, an American named Ghent, shoots up one greaser and buys off another with a chain of nuggets from his neck; and as the price of protecting Ruth from outrage he leads her to the nearest magistrate. Here is an analogy so perfect that it walks on all fours. The projectiles we put into the fleet of the Spaniards in Manila Bay and the millions we paid for the Philippines could not have a more fitting symbol than the bullets from Ghent's shooting iron and the nuggets from his neck. And the result of this bargain of force on the Arizona desert, as Mr. Moody portrays it, was the deepest and most permanent happiness for both parties to it.

For, different to the superficial view as are the drunken miner and the daughter of New England culture, they are one at heart. Mr. Moody has denoted this with fine intuition. Ruth has lived long enough in the West to respond in spirit to its ampler life — to desire at heart to become one with it. And the eye of drunken desire which Ghent casts upon her becomes from the first the eye of a true aspiration. Each has need of the other to evoke the latent powers of his soul. Our anti-imperialistic simile does not here walk on all fours; but until we attempt to assimilate the Filipinos by force there is no need that it should do so. The struggle by which Ghent benevolently assimilates Ruth Mr. Moody denotes somewhat obscurely perhaps. The play has provoked sharp differences of opinion, and among the most intelligent. Yet to me it seems inerrantly fine and right. The final scene of reconciliation is one of consummate divination. It is the man who has perpetrated the sin; but, essentially true and sincere at heart, he has derived only good from it. He has grown to his full stature of spiritual strength. The woman has suffered violence and outrage, and out of it has got only blight to her character and spiritual death. It is the realization of this that reconciles and ennobles her.

It would be hard to overestimate the originality or value of such a treatment of such a theme. The wages of sin, so our preachers and playwrights are accustomed to tell us, are death; the reward of sorrow and wrong new strength to the soul. Here is a dramatist who shows us that the wages of sin may be a purer life, that sorrow and wrong may corrupt.

Ruth's sternly puritan brother, when he learns of the manner in which Ghent won her, has the impulse to kill him. Her mother, who is a model of conventional goodness, says, "You should have killed yourself!" Ruth has learned that either course would have meant the loss of all life has to give.

There has been much question of the seemliness of representing on the stage the initial scene of violence, — in fact, of treating such a subject in any manner. To my mind, and to the mind of the great public which has crowded the theatre throughout an entire season, the frank brutality of the story is its triumph. Where other American playwrights have skirted the edges of a big vital theme, Mr. Moody has drawn its heart's blood, courageously, intelligently, and has found it pure. If the guardians of conventional propriety were as keen as they are eager, they would find far greater offense in the underlying thought in the play. Stroke by stroke, subtle, quiet, but luminous to the understanding, Mr. Moody slays our most cherished beliefs.

Bernard Shaw at his most irreverent never was more iconoclastic. And Mr. Moody has this supreme advantage, that, whereas the brilliant Irishman has spent his powder when he has flashed a paradox or two in the dramatic pan, he infuses his play with the earthly fires of primal passion and fans the flame with the deepest spiritual breath of men and women. Henry Arthur Jones has the heart of strong feeling and the head of right thinking; but compared with this play all his outcries against puritan hypocrisy seem pale. Pinero has never been keener in psychology, and never half as deep. Those three Britons, it is true, are great playwrights, each with his niche in the hall of dramatic fame won by a life of successful effort, while Mr. Moody is as yet a novice. One swallow, I repeat, does not make a drink. Yet it is all the connoisseur requires to savor the rarest vintage. *The Great Divide* is a picture painted on a small canvas. The characters are few and the scenes are three. The technic is not always that of a master. But it is deeply original, inalienably American in origin, and world-wide in its implications. If Mr. Moody has crossed his great divide for good, then all the things one hopes are true.

Mr. Klein's, Mr. Forbes's, and Mr. Broadhurst's managers are affiliated with the syndicate, though loosely; Miss Crothers's, Mr. Mitchell's, and Mr. Moody's belong to the anti-syndicate. Mr. Mackaye's "Jeanne d'Arc" is produced by Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe, who have lately joined the opposition in order to attain the freedom to expand denied them by their former managers.

VIII

What Lamartine did for Jeanne d'Arc in biography, and Boutet de Monvel in illustration, Mr. Mackaye has done in the poetic drama. Here for the first time on the stage — and I say this with Schiller's powerful but theatric and rhetorical Johanna well in mind — we have the maid of voices and visions, the peasant saint in her habit as she lived, nobly patriotic in her rustic girlhood, sweetly intimate, unaffectedly simple in her triumph as in her martyrdom. Many a great actress, and notably Bernhardt, has found the Maid of Orleans a pitfall. Miss Marlowe, thanks to her author, has found in her the means of one of the purest, deepest, and most compelling impersonations of the modern stage. And in the subordinate part of D'Alençon, Jeanne's skeptical and humanistic yet reverent lover, Mr. Mackaye has written for Mr. Sothern a part in the gentler moods of Hamlet, which gives scope to his finest and loveliest powers.

In one element of success, it seems to me, Mr. Mackaye is lacking. His gift has not yet proved itself essentially dramatic. I use the word advisedly. For the external arts of the theatre he has, as becomes a son of Steele Mackaye, an unfailing instinct. His dialogue is firm and

natural. He never fails to visualize, and externally to vitalize, his scenes. His pictorial projection of Jeanne's visions shows an expert hand in what the profession calls effects. He probably could not if he would write an unactable part. But he has never yet evinced the clear intellect and firm grasp of the conflicts of character and impulse which are essential to the construction of a dynamic stage story.

This is the one great defect of his play. It is, to be sure, a defect that springs from a not inconsiderable virtue. His dominant purpose is to reveal the character and career of his heroine from her girlhood in Domremy to her death in Rouen; and this he has done without exaggeration, without any of the cheap sophistications of the theatre. Yet the fact remains that, fine, true, and moving as is the character of the heroine, the six scenes which portray her career have no informing principle, no single, propulsive development. From the point of view of drama, the effect of the whole is fragmentary. The action is constructed as the Elizabethans built chronicle histories. But their purpose in so writing was primarily educational and patriotic, not artistic. When they felt free to shape their materials, they wrote, at their best, far otherwise. There are no clearer examples of unified development through conflict than *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*.

This defect is not peculiar to Mr. Mackaye. *Cyrano de Bergerac* is a character play rather than a drama, and of the works of Stephen Phillips, only one, *Herod*, is essentially dramatic. This fact, more than aything else, explains why the modern poetic drama lives such a dead-and-alive existence on our stage. From the point of view of the average playgoer, *l'homme moyen sensuel*, these are slow plays — a thing which dramatic masterpieces never are. Even to the most sympathetic, there are passages in Jeanne d'Arc in which the attention flags.

Mr. Mackaye has, however, as it seems to me, taken an honorable position among modern poetic dramatists. His play has little of the brilliancy of Rostand, little of the dramatic movement and suspense of Stephen Phillips at his best. But it has a quality of its own, which, to me at least, is no less momentous — an unfailing grace of the affections and a sustaining spiritual power. This is the work of a young man finely and characteristically American, who sees life sweetly, with tenderness, depth, and humor, and sees it whole. It is already evident, too, that his talent is as varied as it is fine. *The Canterbury Pilgrims*, published but as yet unacted, is a brisk and ebullient comedy of Chaucer, and *The Wife of Bath* full of the childlike gayety and childlike poetry of old England. *The Scarecrow*, neither published nor acted, is a keen and striking satirical phantasy of puritan New England, founded on Hawthorne's *Feathertop*. As yet in his early thirties, the success of *Jeanne d'Arc*, which is extraordinary, should prove the means of broadening Mr. Mackaye's talent and giving it scope. The task of creating a poetic drama in the twentieth century is not without difficulties of the gravest; but there is abundant indication that it lies within his powers.

IX

The great need of the American drama, which is the ancient and enduring need of the English-speaking peoples as a whole, is a theatre in which the conditions shall not be primarily commercial. There is danger, no doubt, in cultivating the drama in conventicles. This is a cathedral art. More than any other it draws its inspiration from the life of a nation, of a century, and lives or dies in its universal heart. The great public we have always with us. We cannot escape it, and those of us who are worthy it claims in the end as its own. Yet if the victory is won by the many it is the few who lead. In the phrase of Matthew Arnold, it is essential that the drama

be organized — and organized on its highest plane.

This season, so rich in actual accomplishment, has seen the founding of The New Theatre in New York. Plans have been made and adopted, and ground has been broken on a site overlooking the lower end of Central Park toward Fifth Avenue. The venture is radically different from those lately made in Boston and Chicago. There the effort has been made on a small scale, and with insufficient resources. The New Theatre is dedicated not only to the present year, but to the decade, the generation. It is the purpose of the founders, and their means are sufficient, to make it an institution for all time. The project promises well; but of even better augury is the fact that we have already playwrights and a public capable of such excellent things.

HIS MAJESTY THE TREE

BY M. E. M. DAVIS

"His Majesty the Tree!" Colonel David Waterman, standing on the front gallery of the Hall, took off his hat with a flourish toward the live-oak.

"His Majesty the Tree!" echoed Young David at the colonel's elbow, with a sweep of his battered straw hat, and a bow which was an exact imitation of his father's.

James, older by two years than his brother David, kept his eyes glued to the geography open upon his knee.

The Hall stood at the extreme east end of the straggling little Southern town; it had a dignified air, the old-fashioned white mansion, with its ample front and back galleries, its wide middle hall whose doors were set ever hospitably open, its sloping roof and arcaded wings, and its enormous outside chimneys, climbing like red-brick towers up either end. The large yard, whose uncut grass was deep and soft underfoot, was shaded by magnolia and crèpe-myrtle trees; there were two summerhouses guarding the front gate. They were well-nigh shapeless under their burden of honeysuckle and star-jessamine vines. A tangled rose-garden straggled away toward the orchard and the kitchen garden from one end of the house; beyond the other were "walks" of pittosporum and camelia japonica. An ancient brick wall higher than the reach of a man's hand, topped by wistaria whose branches were thicker than a man's arm, inclosed the whole place.

Just without the wall, townward, stood the Tree: its spreading limbs, in fact, projected far enough over the wall — resting lovingly thereon — to cast into the yard a big spot of cool green shade. The Tree was a live-oak, not very tall as trees go, but of a noble symmetrical circumference. A battalion of infantry in the beginning of the late (civil) war had been banqueted beneath it, the tables — served from the Hall — radiating away from the mighty trunk like the spokes of a wheel. Its huge round shone green, summer and winter; gray Spanish moss flung over it like a vapory mist.

Colonel Waterman's affection for the live-oak was as that of one comrade for another. He had played under it, a boy, when the Hall was a-building; under it, the soft moonlight sifting down through the leaves upon her golden head, he had slipped upon his young love's finger the pledge of betrothal; he had been the host — himself a private in Confederate

uniform — at that feast beneath its vast overarching dome, whence he had marched away with his comrades to the front. He was but yesterday come back, gaunt, maimed, out-worn, from Appomattox, to find his two boys motherless; and it was to the hushed and friendly shelter of the Tree that he had carried, that first midnight, the anguish of his widowed soul.

His eyes hardened, now, taking in the decay and dilapidation under them; but they melted into tenderness as they wandered once more toward the live-oak.

"His Majesty the Tree!" he repeated.

"His Majesty the Tree!" echoed the ten-year-old David at his elbow.

Old David, as his neighbors began to call him, set the Hall in order, gathered up his scattered law-practice, and overlooked his two boys. He was proud of James, who was studious and obedient — and a trifle smug; but he delighted in Young David. For one thing, the boy's fondness for the Tree, so like his own, pleased him; he had a gateway made in the wall, so that Young David might go to and from his favorite haunt at will. People in the town shook their heads over this and other like indulgences. Young David, they said — with truth! — was an idle boy and a mischievous; his books, flung down under the tree after school, were apt to lie there until somebody — anybody! — picked them up the next morning, soggy with dew; he was kept in oftener than any boy in school; he might indeed be seen almost any late afternoon headed gayly homeward, a blasting Report in his trousers pocket, his lips set to a mouth-harmonica, or a jew's-harp, his fellow-criminals, Johnnie Reed, Hal Griffin, and Bob Stafford, at his heels, — a joyous, handsome, golden-haired vagabond.

"He will come to some bad ending," prophesied the shakers of heads. "James, now, is different. James is a good boy. James is a model." James was; but somehow, so perverse is human nature, everybody, even the shakers of heads, loved Young David, and tolerated James.

The yellow-haired idler was, as the saying goes, a natural musician; from the tinkling keys of his dead mother's piano, from black Jesse's banjo, from a twanging jew's-harp, from a reed-pipe fashioned by his own long slim fingers out of a dogwood switch, Young David could draw sounds which made his own heart swell, and filled his hearers with wonder. And presently Young David began to find that, better than ringleading Bob and Johnnie and Hal into mischief, better than racing fleet-footed through the wooded slopes back of the Hall, better almost than hearing the colonel tell about the great war, he liked to sit on the bench under the Tree with Cissy Marshall, — father over yonder on the front gallery, listening, pipe in mouth, — and touch the strings of his violin with a tender bow, translating his dreams into music.

Cissy Marshall, christened Narcissa, was a dove-eyed, soft, adorable little creature, who had tagged after Young David ever since she was four years old, the boy eight. Her dove eyes worshiped him openly, her bit of a hand stole into his as naturally as a bird seeks its nest.

As the years passed, James the smug, college-graduate, student at law, sedate, correct, satisfactory, developed still farther into a model; Young David, light-hearted, feather-headed, remained a lovable ne'er-do-well.

"His Majesty the Tree," murmured Old David one June afternoon, his dimmed eyes traveling dreamily across the old-fashioned yard, with its honeysuckled arbors, its heart-shaped flower-beds, its sturdy embracing wall, — just now purple with wistaria-bloom, — to the glistening gray-veiled live-oak.

"His Majesty the Tree!" said Young David, his arm lying affectionately about the old man's shoulders.

A slight sneer curled the lip of James, sitting by, his eyes glued to the law-book open on his knee.

The next morning they found Old David dead in his armchair; the light of a great peace illumined his face.

Young David, pale and distraught, with eyes swollen by weeping, hardly listened to the reading of that part of his father's will which, in clear and concise terms, bequeathed to the testator's two sons, James Albert and David Hartwell, share and share alike, his entire estate, grown into something like a handsome fortune. But at a certain clause the golden head went up, a pleased light dawned in the blue eyes. This clause related to the live-oak, whose position and surroundings were minutely described. His Majesty the Tree, so named in the will, was given to himself, — the tree, — in perpetuity; all grounds, walls, shrubs, landmarks, etc., covered by his shade at any or all moments of the day, or touched by his limbs or branches, were his to have and to hold so long as he should live. And that he might dwell in peace in his own place, and no man's hand be laid in violence upon him, a certain lot of ground (described) was deeded to the town for the payment of his taxes, if such there should be. In the case of his death, or downfall, the said lot should revert to the testator's second son, David Hartwell.

The town laughed not a little over this singular bequest, but in the breathless changes which soon fell upon it — for it awoke from its century-old slumber to the whirl of a boom — the town council builded a school-house on the lot, and forgot the clause.

"It is a foolish bit of sentimentality," said James, when the brothers came to talk over the will, "but of course it stands."

"You bet it stands!" cried Young David, "and so does His Majesty the Tree. May he stand forever!"

There was no wrangling over the division of the property. James in his pompous way claimed the Hall by virtue of being the older son. Young David agreed to this heartily; also to the taking over by James of certain lands, "of absolutely no value," for a small amount of cash.

"You are a trump, James!" shouted Young David when matters were finally settled. James winced under the blow which fell on his shoulder from David's admiring hand.

"You will wait for me, Cissy!" David said one sunny afternoon a week or so later. The two were sitting, as usual, hand in hand, on the bench under the live-oak.

"Oh, always!" sobbed Cissy, her dove eyes welling over with tears; "but oh, *why* must you go?"

Why? He could not explain to anybody, least of all to nestling, soft little Cissy, how a voice, composed as it were of many tones, — known and unknown, gay, tender, tragic, angry, appealing, solemn, mysterious, — called him overseas, where the great masters of music have lived and wrought.

He went away blithely, with the greater part of his inheritance converted by James's help into ready money. Blithely he went — he was just turned of twenty-one — and blithely he spent, did Young David. Every capital of Europe saw him scattering abroad the coin of the realm as a sower scatters seed. Not, be it said, along those ignoble byways in which spendthrifts commonly walk; he kept his life clean and honorable, less for Cissy's sake than for his own. If he held his purse upside down, it was that less fortunate brothers in music might study at ease; it was to convey, or send, such from Paris to Berlin, from Dresden to Bayreuth, from Milan to Naples, that they might come in touch with the great artists — pianists, violinists, singers of the day. He became, himself, a student; but one who winged an ardent, erratic, exasperating flight, far beyond the ken of any master.

Meanwhile, he poured out his soul to Cissy, in confident, exuberant letters, scarcely noting that her replies, after the

first year, grew constrained, and came farther and farther apart. At the end of the third year Young David wrote two letters home: one to Cissy announcing his immediate return; the other to James cheerfully setting forth the fact that he, David, had come to the end of his funds, and asking the loan of enough money to enable him to settle certain debts, and to pay his passage across — and to the Hall, where he made no doubt a welcome, and his old quarters, awaited him. There was ample room in the west wing, he reflected, for himself — and Cissy. He would teach, of course, and — his thoughts trailed off; he seemed to see himself sitting, always, under the live-oak's green span, forever making music for dove-eyed Cissy.

A letter in James's admirable handwriting came so quickly in return that he thought, whimsically, it must have been shot through space. "Good old James," he murmured, opening the fat envelope. "Smug, but true as steel, old James!"

A sealed letter tumbled out of the envelope, — David's own late letter, addressed to Miss Narcissa Marshall. James himself wrote (upon a single sheet of legal cap) that the herewithin letter, returned, had not been delivered, the lady to whom it was addressed having been for several weeks already Mrs. James Waterman. The sum of six hundred dollars, he further stated, — David's share of the last piece of ground owned by the brothers in common, — had been placed to his, David's, credit with Blanc et Cie, Paris, France. He regretted, coldly, that David had squandered his inheritance, but desired to say that he, James, absolutely declined to receive then, or afterward, into his own decent and orderly home, a roué and beggar such as David had become. Any further application for assistance, he added, would remain unnoticed; and he begged to subscribe himself

Very truly,
JAMES ALBERT WATERMAN.

Young David laughed, loud and long, over this letter from James the Smug, the humor of it going far toward easing the pain of Cissy's treachery. Poor Cissy, her dove eyes indeed seemed to reproach him for what she had done!

The six hundred dollars served for the last payment on a Stradivarius which he had run to earth in the Rue de la Paix; and therefore young David settled down in great contentment to teaching for a daily living. He could easily have been the rage, this handsome young maestro, with his prestige, his magic personality, his rare gift of imparting to others what he knew, his spiritual insight into the souls of his followers. But his wants, he argued, were few, his need for freedom great. A handful of pupils guaranteed him both.

Young David turned out of the dusty road and walked a little way into the pine woods; the brown-needled turf was soft and springy under his feet; the warm air which he drew into his lungs in long inhalations was charged with a resinous perfume; his nostrils quivered with sensuous delight. The faint far-away sound of chopping, and above it the echo of a negro voice floating and falling in the hazy stillness, brought a reminiscent smile to his lips.

He sat down on a fallen pine and took the joints of the flute from his knapsack. As he fitted them together his eyes danced; they were very blue, Young David's eyes, and very bright and young; though in truth they had no right to be either, for Young David himself had long ceased to be young. Thirty years since he turned his back on the Hall! thirty years passed in voluntary exile. But his tall spare figure in the threadbare suit he wore was erect and graceful; his movements had the old-time elasticity; the long hair floating over his shoulders was curiously golden still. There were lines about his eyes, and in the corners of his sensitive mouth; but his face kept at fifty, and past, the rare, almost boyish

charm which no one had ever withstood — except James. He closed his eyes, wondering idly how Cissy had fared in her life-journey with James; and set the flute to his mouth.

It was all that was left to him of his famous collection, that flute. The Stradivarius? given away with enthusiasm, oh, years ago, to a brother in music. The pedigreed 'cello? loaned to a brother in music who had forgotten to return it. The priceless harp which had belonged to the Queen of Harpists? raffled for the benefit of a needy brother in music; and so on. The grand and the baby piano were sold but the other day, when a sudden inexplicable longing had seized him, yonder in Paris, to behold once more His Majesty the Tree.

He was making his way toward that glorious green round now — afoot, having quitted the railway-train when he found his purse well-nigh empty. Through the mountain-ways of Virginia and Carolina, where the young spring lay like a delicate green veil over tree and shrub; by the sandy hills of Georgia, weaving as he walked the June lilacs into a flute-song; down through Alabama greenwoods, and across Mississippi where Spanish daggers lifted waxen-white cups to the midsummer sky; and at last, into his own state of canefield and rose-hedge, he had trudged as blithely toward the Tree as ever he had speeded away from it by rail and boat thirty years before.

The melody which exhaled from the flute was scarcely audible even to the player's ears; he was merely trying it, the air which had come to him as he tramped homeward, and with which he intended to salute His Majesty when, standing at the head of the slope yonder, his eyes should fall once more on the Tree.

"A foolish bit of sentimentality, James would call that," he murmured, rising and walking on. "Cissy, too! for no doubt Cissy by this time is as smug as James himself!"

His heart beat more quickly as he drew near the top of the slope; he halted, catching his breath, a spasm of physical pain passing like a shadow across his face. "It comes oftener, that warning," he commented quietly to himself.

A few steps beyond, he stood still, his eyes downcast, his arms hanging inert; a wave of poignantly sweet emotion shook him from head to foot. "I — had not — dreamed — I could — care — like this! Home! Home!" he stammered aloud. Then he lifted his eyes, sweeping them across the shallow dip of the valley; and shrank back as if from a blow.

Well, and after all, had he not known it would be changed, the boom town? He pulled himself together and slowly measured its growth, — its climb into the low hills to the north; its eastward and southward spread; and sought among its clustering spires and massed roofs the old landmarks, —the school-house, the court-house square, the town hall; the shady by-way that led out to the ball-ground, the pecan grove by the spring, the — his tall frame stiffened into rigidity, the flute dropped from his nerveless fingers.

Certainly, there was the old place, lying like an island amid an encroaching sea of houses. But — the Hall? He made out at length that the ancient mansion was still there, but its stately whiteness had given place to a vivid green with capricious facings and stripings of red; the sloping roof was here hollowed, there rounded; drawn up to a peak on one side, shoved out into portentous eaves on another. The wide, columned galleries were gone; in their stead were jutting balconies, bay windows, fantastic little porches. The deep-breasted yard was become a lawn, clean shaven, with asphalted footways; the flower-beds and the japonica and pittosporum "walks" had disappeared; so had the summer houses with their burden of vines. Where the rose-garden had been, — beloved of young David's mother, — a tennis-court flaunted its netting.

And the wall, the dear encircling wall! not a vestige of it remained; the lawn stepped down to the very highway, — fenceless, hedgeless, shamelessly inviting the first comer, as it were, into the family life.

Young David's momentary paralysis had passed; a torrent of passionate invective was pouring from his lips; he shook his clenched fist at the modernized house; he rolled angry bloodshot eyes over the prim lawn; he cursed his brother with a fluency and in a variety of foreign-born oaths which would have frozen the blood of that correct individual, had he heard them.

"May his soul serve the Devil for a pocket-handkerchief! May Satan turn a rusty knife forever in his bowels! May he lie in melted glass throughout eternity! May —" suddenly he drew a long breath, and a low chuckle eased his fury. He had for the moment forgotten the Tree. But there He stood, glossy-green under the July sun, unshorn of any limb, untouched by the profane hand that had "improved" the Hall. And — again the easing chuckle — a bit of the old wall, fifty feet or more, had perforce been left standing, since one of His Majesty's mighty limbs rested upon it! It had an odd, incongruous look, that length of yellowed brick lying alongside the immaculate lawn. "What an eyesore it must be to James the Smug! But at all events he has respected my father's wishes," said Young David at length, softening a little.

He picked up his flute and turned away, spent to exhaustion.

A quarter of an hour later, he came by a well-remembered woodpath to the family burying-ground. He was not surprised to find that the whitewashed picket fence had been replaced by an iron grille, painted green; but it stirred him anew to see that the weeping-willow which had shaded his mother's mildewed tomb had been cut down. He wrenched open the locked gate with an angry hand, and went in. Seated upon the flat tomb of his grandfather, — another David Waterman, — he looked about, trying vaguely to fit the old tombs and headstones into their new setting. Gradually he became aware of an inscription which seemed to draw his gaze insistently toward a new, unremembered shaft, over against his father's.

NARCISSA MARSHALL

the deep-cut inscription ran,

BELOVED WIFE OF
JAMES ALBERT WATERMAN
DIED JUNE 17TH, 1886
AGED 27 YEARS

Cissy! Dead these twenty years!

When the dry sobs ceased to shake him, Young David lifted the flute to his lips. But he lowered it again; he would have liked to play for Cissy once more, yet —

A full moon rode, large and yellow, in the cloudless sky, when, skirting the pecan-grove in the rear of the home place, he came to the Tree on the close-clipped side-lawn. The Hall was brilliantly lighted, its many windows flung open to the night; but the shadows were dense under the live-oak, save where the moonlight sifted through the leaves, to fall in ghostly-white splotches on the ground. Young David passed in with head uncovered and laid his hand reverently upon the gnarled trunk. But the salutation he would have uttered was arrested by the sound of a voice. It was a girl's voice, soft, and sweet, and young.

"Yes," it said, and there were tears in it, "my father has given orders that it shall be cut down — to-morrow morning."

"What!" burst in another voice, a man's, young also, and very firm and resonant. "The Tree? *Our* tree, Cissy? Mr. Waterman is going to have the tree cut down! What for?"

Cissy! Young David's heart stood still.

"Because it interferes with the view. Besides, he wants to build an Italian

pergola out here, and a tea-house. Isabel and Katharine are delighted. But I — oh, I — "

There was a break in the musical voice. Young David divined, with a lump in his throat, the reassuring pressure of an encircling arm about the girl's waist. For the speakers were sitting upon the bench on the other side of the tree-trunk.

"They like the improvements in the house, too, my sisters. I suppose I am different, somehow. I liked it best as it was. I know my mother would have liked it best as it was. And she never could have borne to see the Tree cut down. I never knew my mother, you know, Jack," the girl went on wistfully; "she died when I was born. But old Unc' Jesse and Aun' Hannah have told me how she loved the Tree; she used to come out every day, as long as she lived, and sit under it just as I do. Aun' Hannah says," the voice dropped almost to a whisper, "that when she was a girl my mother used to sit here with my Uncle David — the one who is so wicked that my father never speaks of him. Perhaps he is dead now, my Uncle David. O Jack, I cannot *bear* to have the Tree cut down!"

"Don't cry, Cissy," soothed Jack; "we will have a tree of our own when we are married."

"Yes," sobbed Cissy, "but it can never be *the* Tree."

Young David stole forth softly. He made a wide circuit around the moonlit tree, unjointing the flute as he went, and slipping the pieces one by one into his knapsack. He strode up the asphalted walk, under the full moon, to the front door of the house. There were some people sitting on one of the flighty porches; he judged the young women to be his hitherto unknown nieces, Isabel and Katharine. They watched him idly as he pulled the bell.

"Looks like a gentlemanly tramp," commented one of the young men.

The door was opened (the Hall front-door shut, and in midsummer!) by a weazened old negro in white gloves and a tail-coat.

"Is Mr. Waterman at home?" asked the visitor.

"Mr. Waterman," began the negro pompously, "is havin' a genteman's dinin', sah. He — Gawd a'mighty, Marse Dave, is dat *you!*"

"Of course it is, you old rascal," said Young David, grasping his hand affectionately; "who else?"

"Gawd be praise', Marse Dave. You is come back home at las'. An' you looks des lak you uster. Lawd, Hannah will shout hallelujah!" The tears were streaming down his black face.

"My brother is in the dining-room, eh, Unc' Jesse?" Young David was handing hat and knapsack to the old man.

"Ya-as, sah, Marse Dave. Mr. Jeems is in de dinin'-room — "

"*Mr.* James?" frowned David.

"Yas, sah, Mr. Jeems. I done quit callin' *him* Marse. Yas, sah, Marse Dave, he's got a dinin'," — anxiously, — "he don't lak to be 'sturb'."

"Never mind, Unc' Jesse." Uncle Jesse had dropped to his knees and was brushing off the traveler's worn shoes with his handkerchief. "I don't mind disturbing him. The old dining-room?"

"No, sah, Marse Dave. It's in de wing. Todes yander."

"Very well. Stay where you are. I will be back presently."

He went down the unforgotten hallway, and turned into the west wing, where his own bachelor quarters used to be. His lip curled scornfully as he cast a glance here and there upon the new furniture, the new hangings, the new papering on the walls, the new chandeliers. But his face was quite tranquil when, lifting a heavy portière, he presented himself to his brother and his brother's guests seated around a richly-appointed dinner-table.

"How do you do, James," he said pleasantly, advancing a step or two.

Mr. Waterman, who had started up at the appearance of a dust-covered intruder, dropped back into his chair, purple with indignation. He had grown stout and bald with the drifting years, had James; and prosperity and self-sufficiency were written loud all over his correctly clad person.

"I have merely called in passing —" Young David was beginning, but several chairs had been suddenly pushed back.

"By the gods! it's our Pied Piper!" cried Judge Robert Stafford, hurrying around to clap the intruder on the shoulder.

"Young David! Welcome home!" shouted Mayor John Reed and banker Henry Griffin in a breath.

The others, strangers to an earlier past, looked on curiously while the threadbare newcomer returned the joyous greetings of his old-time chums, asking and answering questions, filling the stiff room with that beguiling atmosphere which no one had ever resisted — except James.

"Why, boys, it is like our old game of buttons," laughed Young David at length. "Mayor, judge, banker — "

"*Chief!*" interrupted Judge Stafford, touching Young David's breast with an earnest forefinger. "Do you think that we have not heard of the great things you have been doing all these years, *maestro?* You were always at the very top, Young Davie. You always will be the chief."

"You'll stop at my house, you know, old man," cried Mayor John Reed.

"And you boys will all dine with me to-morrow," said Mr. Griffin.

James came forward. "Will you not join us at table, David?" He could hardly be blamed if his tone was slightly acid, seeing that his dinner-party was in danger of failure.

"Thanks, no," said David politely. "I'm sorry, boys, but I leave within the hour. I am hurrying to meet an important engagement on the Other Side. By the way, James, I am glad to see that His Majesty the Tree holds his own. May he live forever! Curious clause that was in my father's will, Bobby." He turned to the judge, but his eyes addressed the mayor while he ran lightly over the story of the will.

"By Jove!" ejaculated one of the strangers. "How interesting! Belongs to himself, hey?"

"Forever," returned Young David emphatically. "Nobody can cut him down but God Almighty; eh, James!"

"Now that you recall it, I remember it all perfectly," said the mayor.

"Of course you do, Johnnie. And you and Bob can help James to remember that clause, and keep that piece of town property from reverting to the testator's second son." Young David laughed gayly.

When he came out Uncle Jesse was waiting for him.

"You ain' gwine *away*, Marse Dave!" groaned the old man. Young David was passing the strap of his knapsack over his shoulder. "An' you *des* come back! Lawd, chile, I don't want no *money!* You keep dat dollar, Marse Dave. You needs it. Not but what you don't look as gran' as *any* genterman, but — O Marse Dave, you ain' *gwine!*"

Young David had to master himself before he spoke. "Easy, Unc' Jesse," he said. "Don't you remember what you used to tell me when I was a boy? *Where the head must lie the feet must carry you.* I've got to go. My brother James has some daughters, has n't he?"

"Yas, sah, Marse Dave. He got Miss Belle an' Miss Kate, *an'* Miss Cissy. Miss Cissy, she's de younges'. She name' for her ma, an' she's sutenly de spit 'n' image of *yo'* Miss Cissy, Marse Dave. She's settin' out yander onder de Tree now, des lak — "

"Uncle Jesse, when, — when Miss Narcissa comes in — "

"She'll be comin' in turrectly, Marse Dave."

"As soon as she comes in, you tell her that her Uncle David says not to

worry about that Tree. Her father will not have that Tree cut down, to-morrow, or ever."

Young David made even a wider circuit about the live-oak in returning than before; he walked rapidly, adjusting the flute as he went. At the edge of the pecan-grove he turned and took off his hat with a flourish to the Tree. The moonlight touched his hair into a crown of gold. A moment later, a flute song, clear, penetrating, heartbreaking, floated out into the night.

"What is that?" cried Cissy, hand in hand with her lover under the live-oak. "Listen! Why, I never heard anything like it!"

Nobody ever did! It was Young David's farewell to the Tree — and to life.

CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN

BY K. ASAKAWA

To the student of human society, as well as to the friend of propaganda, few things seem more interesting than the struggle of Christianity with a nation whose long history, diversified civilization, and startling changes, the church does not comprehend to its own satisfaction. Japan and Christianity had not come in contact before the sixteenth century, when they met only to be separated within a hundred years. When they again came together in our own time, both Japan and Christianity had so immensely changed in the mean time, that they seemed perfect strangers to each other; and the former has since been so absorbed by its incessant activity, that they have hardly had enough time to know each other as fully as they should. Japan being the host and Christianity the guest, the latter has been obliged to make perhaps more blunders and larger waste of energy than the former before finding itself in a position to reflect and learn. The period of understanding and application now at last appears to have fairly begun. The present article aims merely to suggest how interesting must be a fuller account of this important social evolution.

The history of Christianity in Japan is divided into two distinct periods, separated by a long interval. The first period began with the coming of Francis Xavier and two other Jesuit missionaries in 1549, and ended with the rigorous enforcement from about 1640 of measures for excluding Japan almost completely from foreign trade and absolutely from the alien faith. After two centuries of closure, Japan's door was again opened, in 1854, to the material and moral influences from abroad, an event which has heralded an age of tremendous activity along all lines of her national life. These two periods of Japan's church history present important points of contrast to each other. The first period, during which Catholicism was the only proselyting force, was marked by a comparative unity of the purpose and methods of the church; while, in the second, diversity and mutual independence have, for good or for ill, characterized not only the numerous orders and denominations, Greek, Roman, and Protestant, but also the races and nations that have sent missionaries of the same description. Their perfect unity of control and discipline enabled the Catholic teachers of the first period to command undisputed obedience of their followers, and, whenever possible, even to wield large temporal powers; as, for example, for several years till 1588, when they acted as political masters of the city

of Nagasaki, and used fire and fagot to persecute Buddhists. They were animated by the traditional passion to rule, and had not learned the historic lesson of tolerance. Nothing could be more different from their attitude than that of the Christian workers of to-day, who as such are entirely out of political life, and are even accused by some of being too conciliatory to one another and to Buddhists and Shintoists to be sufficiently self-assertive and aggressive. The difference has been recognized in a manner no less distinct by the government in its religious policy: in the first period it began with perfect non-interference, but experience taught it to increase in severity, until the result was a thorough extermination of the Catholics. The second period saw the process reversed, namely, from the prohibition of "the evil cult" to an absolute freedom of religious belief. In our historic discussion, therefore, we should constantly bear in mind its two large factors, that is to say, the changing conditions and attitude of the church, and the progress of the religious policy of the government; and to these should be added an even more important element, the position in society which the church at the different periods has occupied.

I

The story of the first period has been so well told in English, in Mr. James Murdock's *History of Japan*, and, more briefly, in Captain Brinkley's *Oriental Series: Japan and China*, that it would be superfluous to summarize it here. It is enough to emphasize a few points of importance. Coming at the time when the Japanese nation had long been subject to violent changes of men and things during centuries of civil strifes, the Portuguese traders and missionaries were received with curiosity and open-handed freedom by the rough-and-ready warrior-princes. The Jesuit discipline, too, with its combination of sentimentalism and implicit obedience, seems to have so strongly appealed to the moral undertone of the feudal society as neither Buddhism nor Shintoism could have done. Political reasons further favoring its progress, the Catholic Church of this period grew much faster than the Protestantism of to-day. It was at this point, however, that the Jesuit expansion was marred by that intolerance and love of power above which men of the sixteenth century knew not how to rise. The advent of other orders from Manila made matters worse. The internal variance of the Catholics, and those social, political, and legal evils of their communities which are so familiar to the student of the Christian history of China, became so apparent in Japan that Toyotomi Hideyoshi, the feudal suzerain, sought in some measure to control the propaganda from about 1587. This, however, only served to intensify the well-known evils. These were also in constant danger of being magnified into political dimensions by the malcontents, eager to seize upon anything to undermine the power of the new lord Tokugawa Ieyasu, — the fear which was realized in 1614 and 1615 in connection with the battles of Osaka. For the sake of his own security and of the nation's peace, therefore, Ieyasu had begun, from 1612, not only to control, but to prohibit propagation. Under these measures the Catholics now increased at a marvelous rate, numbering at one time not less than 600,000 scattered through the country, or six times as many as all the Christian brethren living in Japan of to-day. In 1608 a papal bull was issued, throwing Japan open to the proselytism of all the Catholic orders, and thus directly opposing Ieyasu's will and ignoring his authority as suzerain. The Dutch and English visitors also whispered to him how serious a political danger from abroad might result from suffering the Roman Church to expand itself in Japan. Milder policy having thus failed to accomplish the desired end, and prohibition having only served to increase enormously the power of the Catholics, Ieyasu now determined

not only to prohibit propagation, but to exterminate all the Catholics of the realm who would not recant. Sharp and cruel persecutions which defy description followed one another; and also the subtle method of taking, through the Buddhist churches, a compulsory religious census of all the subjects of Japan. The measures adopted were so exhaustive that in 1637 a large part of the remaining Christians of Kyushu were goaded into the great rebellion of Shimabara. Here the besieged Christians, perhaps 25,000 in number, maintained themselves for four months against an army nearly five times as large. When Shimabara at length fell, the Tokugawa *shogun* not only persecuted the Christians with increased rigor, but forbade trade with all Europeans but the Dutch, although it had, only twenty years before, been unmolested along the entire coast line of Japan, and had been tolerated even at the time of the rebellion. The chief reason for excluding European trading ships was the danger that they might bring missionaries and tracts. Investigation leaves little doubt that the political conduct of the Catholics was to a large extent responsible for the extension of the policy of seclusion from religion to trade. Henceforth, for more than two hundred years, the Dutch at the tiny islet of Deshima, the site of which may still be traced at Nagasaki, monopolized the small but highly lucrative trade, and served as the only connecting link between the sealed Japan and the West.

The foreigners who next came a-knocking at Japan's closed doors, at the time when her conditions were so ripe for a new activity that merely a match was needed to kindle the all-consuming fire of nationalism, — these foreigners were no longer the half-mediæval Catholic Portuguese and Spaniards, but, for the most part, a new set of foreigners with new ideas and methods. A more opportune combination of favorable circumstances for the advent of New Japan could hardly be imagined. Feudalism had decayed in spirit, after having taught the people what to learn from it, and had then vanished as vapor before the light of the new civilization of the West, which shone in to animate the long-trained intellect and the sacred hope of growth of the new nation. It was a new Christianity that now entered, and it was a new Japan that it found here.

II

Impatient Protestantism had invaded Japan even before the fall of her feudal régime. The first treaties she made with the Powers, in 1858, recognized the right of belief of the foreign residents at the treaty ports. It is true that the propagation of the new faith was not as yet legally permitted, and that the old sign-boards prohibiting the "wrong cult" (*jashūmon*) of Christianity still stood by the wayside all over the land; but the first Protestant missionaries, namely, two Episcopalian and four Dutch Reformed, arrived from America so early as 1859, the year next after the conclusion of the treaties. The ardent effort, however, of these six apostles — who comprised names memorable in the history of the church of Japan, such as C. M. Williams (Episcopalian), and J. C. Hepburn, S. R. Brown, G. E. Verbeck, and D. B. Simmons (Reformed), — bore little fruit amid the great turmoil which convulsed the nation, until the feudal rule was finally superseded by the new Imperial government, in 1867–68. Before this event, the missionaries succeeded in converting, in 1864, only one Japanese, a teacher of English.

The new administrators found themselves confronted by the herculean task of restoring peace, reorganizing the state on an entirely novel basis, reconciling the foreign powers, and, what was the worst, of performing all these and other duties with an almost empty exchequer. Naturally, they were too busy with these primary questions to investigate the nature of Christianity and define their attitude toward it. Many an idea bequeathed from the feudal forefathers, including the

conviction that Christianity was incompatible with the good sense and the loyalty of the citizen, still lingered among the people, and, in like manner, the government seemed at first to follow the anti-Christian policy of its predecessors. The thirty-seven hundred Catholics about Nagasaki, who had, during the Tokugawa period, been veiling their faith under Buddhist guise, — a practice performed so subtly and for so many generations that many devotees had actually forgotten the original meaning of their services, — now came forth at the dawn of the new era, and were at once, in 1870, arrested and treated as inveterate felons. The government, however, had not yet framed its policy toward Protestantism, the difference of which from Catholicism it seemed to appreciate in some measure. The American missionaries, now twelve men and three women, labored, therefore, among an unfriendly nation and under no law's sanction, — or, more correctly, against law. By 1872, after thirteen years' work, less than twenty Japanese, a number nearly equal to that of the missionaries, had been baptized.

These years of adverse conditions and meagre success were, however, the apostolic age of Japanese Christianity, the pristine vigor and faith of which will ever gladden the memory of the church. The historic truth that a new church among a hostile nation attracts strong souls was nobly exemplified here by the few men joining the brotherhood. They were all young students, typical sons of the time, who were full of hope and ambition and were animated by a tremendous sense of responsibility to the future of the nation. They comprised such illustrious names as Oshikawa, Honda, Uemura, Okuno, Kozaki, Yokoi, Ebina, Miyakawa, Nitobe, and Uchimura, most of whom are still among the foremost in ministry, education, and politics, and whose names are inseparably associated with the history of the Japanese church. These men lived not in one place, but in south, central, and north Japan, and became in as many places powerful nuclei of small but strong Christian communities.

In 1872 the government awoke to the injustice of the restrictions and prohibition of religions, so that it rehabilitated Buddhism to the position of which it had so lately been deprived, and regarded it as on a parity with Shinto. The same spirit of justice was in a large measure responsible for the termination in this year of the prohibition of Christianity. Christianity had entered Japan from small openings and achieved but slight success, but its powerful position abroad and its possible progress in Japan were brought home to her administrators through the representations of foreign diplomats and the reports of the first Japanese embassy, under Iwakura, that went round the world. It seemed now as untenable to deny an equitable treatment to Christianity as it was to continue to favor Shinto at the expense of Buddhism. The former step was, however, an important advance upon the latter, inasmuch as it implied the end of any state religion. Shinto had been such since 1871; but from 1872, when Buddhism was accorded the same position, no religion as such has been identified with the state, while, on the other hand, the just policy begun in these years was, as has been suggested, carried to its logical consequence in the Constitution of 1889.

From this consideration we are led to consider who was most responsible for the important act of 1872. It has been said that the foreign representatives in Japan had persistently urged that the continued prohibition of the Western religion was barbaric. These remonstrances would, however, have carried but little weight, nor would they have been made so vigorously, but for the arrest of nearly four thousand Catholics at Nagasaki, and also for the presence in several places of a certain number of Protestant teachers and disciples. The latter fact must be considered an important background of the diplomacy of this period, while the former incident had called forth a unani-

mous protest of the envoys of the Catholic and Protestant Powers alike, and a loud voice of indignation in the foreign press. Tomomi Iwakura, who had been obdurate under diplomatic pressure at home, succumbed to the public opinion abroad during his embassy through Europe and America, and his telegraphic reports to the home government were perhaps more decisive than anything else in determining the latter's religious policy. Thus began Japan's march toward that absolute fairness and freedom which now characterizes her religious policy, and which is hardly excelled in any modern state. It is interesting to observe that the felicitous beginning of toleration made in 1872 had been occasioned by a Catholic persecution. Nor should the handful of Protestants be denied a due share in that unconscious influence which went far toward deciding the issue in that propitious year.

A far greater influence was, it should not be forgotten, the moral and material power of foreign nations, which might be turned against Japan, as it had been in China with frightful effects. The Japanese statesmen did not, as did their feudal forefathers, politically fear the Christians at home, but they had learned to be mindful of the mood of the so-called Christian Powers. Herein is evident the great psychological difference between the Japanese and their neighboring nation. History has again and again shown that circumstances had developed too little catholicity in the Chinese mind, while it is one of the predominant traits of the Japanese and has extricated the latter from difficulties each of which might have committed a Chinese nation to disastrous errors. The same fairness with which Japan adopted Chinese institutions in the seventh century, gave up the Korean dependency in 663, overthrew feudalism in 1868, and accepted the treaty of Portsmouth in 1905, manifested itself in 1872 in her new religious policy. If, in this year, the government did what the nation at large would have hesitated to do, it was because the former had, in this case as in others, a more intimate knowledge of the difficulties, and bore a greater responsibility, than the latter. What the government saw the nation also soon discovered, or else there would have been in Japan a Tientsin massacre and a Boxer uprising, as well as continually recurring religious troubles, disturbing the peace of the East, and endangering her own independence.

IV

Japan's repeal of her anti-Christian laws in 1872 may be said to mark at once the end of the period when her inchoate church was as small in size as great in spirit, and the beginning of the new period in which it made the most brilliant successes in numbers. To this latter result many circumstances contributed. Who can forget that this was an era of excessive Europeanization of Japan? The powerful reaction now felt against the long seclusion in the past was intensified to an abnormal extent by the dazzling splendor of Western civilization. The thoughtful minority emulated achievements of the West from worthy motives and with deliberation, but the vast crowd hastened blindly to imitate things occidental, not excluding Christianity. The people were curious to see the owner of the talismanic white skin, and to listen to his sermons delivered in peculiar Japanese, even to the brogue and the coarse grammar to which they would persuade themselves to take a fancy. The Bible was bought in large numbers of copies, and the impure style of its version was widely reproduced in the prose writings of the day. Mission schools, ill-equipped with teachers and careless in the curricula as they were, proved a winning novelty and were thronged with pupils. The church which could show less than twenty converts in 1872, had in 1889 nearly 29,000, the Roman and the Greek Catholic churches having also gained the surprising numbers of 39,000 and 16,000,

respectively. It was often hoped and predicted that Japan would be thoroughly Christianized before the end of the century. The tremendous growth was, however, built upon a foundation at once untrue and unsafe.

It is interesting to note that the same argument was preferred in the nineteenth century in favor of Christianity that was urged in the sixth by the advocates of Buddhism on its first entry into Japan. Then as now the gospel came from beyond the Western seas, and was identified by its professors with the civilization of the Occident. The teaching had been accepted, said they, by all the civilized nations of the West, — why should you alone stand aloof from it? A similar contention was reëchoed in the nineteenth century, with various degrees of sobriety of judgment, from the most frivolous feeling that Christianity should be received as another ware of luxury and refinement emanating from the fascinating West, to the earnest appeal to the conscience of the nation to reform itself, not only externally, but also in spirit. Even the last idea, however, noble as it was, contained one of the most serious intellectual errors of the church. No student can concede, but the idea still obtains among well-meaning missionaries, that Christianity is the spirit of the entire body of Western civilization. The examples are too many to be cited to show that the so-called progress of the West in philosophy and art, in law and constitution, even in science and industry, as well as in commercial veracity, is ascribed to the influence of Christianity. A little reflection will make it clear, it is superfluous to say, that, while much of this progress is owing to religion, some of its important phases have either been independent of Christianity, or have even arisen as a protest of the mind against the enthralling church; while some others have developed from so diverse and still obscure sources, that it would be wide of the mark to attribute them all to Christianity. Perhaps a comparative study of the Christian and the non-Christian community will reveal more excellences of the former than it is conscious of; but they may not be explained, or even be found, along the line of the crude argument that has been set forth. What a multitude of intellectual sins this innocent bias conceals, and yet how few churchmen are free from it! It was therefore with almost astonishing persistency and clamor that the idea was proclaimed during the period under discussion. Coming at the very time of the mania for novelties, the force of the charming generalization seemed irresistible. The old order of society having been upset, it was urged, the new one should be based upon Christian teachings, whatever one may precisely mean by them. The claimants, who were many and increasing, for greater popular rights were also told that they should go to the fountain head of all the freedom and liberties of the West, Christianity. It was absurd, so it was said, to develop the natural sciences and mechanic arts and to neglect religion, for the latter had inspired the former into being. So long as the people were dreaming that European civilization was their ideal, nothing would be more welcome than what was asserted to be its motive force, and no one would be stronger and wiser than one who had acquired it. If there were still cases of family and social ostracism of converts, and of the ridicule of the press, and petty annoyances from the Buddhists, these trifles seemed only to arouse the pride of the professed or intended church-member, who esteemed himself a clearer thinker and nobler being than his fellow-men. It is easy to see that under these circumstances there inevitably appeared among the multitudes who thronged the churches, persons not of the same fibre as those who accepted the faith before 1872.

V

The year 1889 saw the promulgation of the Japanese Constitution, the twenty-eighth article of which reads: "Japanese

subjects shall, within limits not prejudicial to peace and order and not antagonistic to their duties as subjects, enjoy freedom of religious belief." This important clause reveals Japan's religious policy in its full maturity, — a policy which, since its first departure in 1872 from earlier traditions, had progressed with unmistakable steps toward that complete freedom now clearly set forth in the fundamental law of the land. Those who would further study the history of the policy are referred to the Private Schools Law of 1899, and the Religions Act of the same year, the latter of which the Imperial Diet did not pass, but which was an extension of the principle of 1889. The principle implied, it is needless to say, is that the state should not identify itself with any one of the religions, and that the latter are, in the eye of the law, on the basis of equality with one another. It only remains now to see the promulgation of a law similar to the unpassed act of 1899, enabling the Christians to incorporate their churches and societies so as to place their properties under special protection of law.

The ground was cleared in 1889, so far as law was concerned, for a free competition of the religions. The arrangement was perhaps entirely pleasing neither to the Shintoist, who would regard Japan as the land of his gods, nor to the Buddhist, who could point to the ages past in which the church of Sakya swayed the nation. Nor were some Christians more satisfied, who would not rest until Japan should cease to be "pagan." They were often heard to complain that the constitution had made Japan a confirmed pagan country, by its absurd dictum that the state should stand above all religions. Nevertheless, it may not be unfair to say, historically, that the government's policy was even more largely due in 1889 than it was in 1872 to the unconscious influence of the Christian church in Japan. But for the latter the religious clause of the constitution, and all the subsequent laws and acts embodying the common principle, would have been superfluous. The Christians may well be proud of their triumph, if an achievement largely unconsciously gained by them and unsatisfying to some of them may be called a triumph.

Thus, in 1889, Christianity had not only gained a legal status, but had also secured legal equality with any other religion in the realm. It, moreover, seemed full of youthful vigor, and its growth irresistible. It was, however, suddenly confronted on every side by a tremendous reaction, — a reaction against Europeanization in general and against Christianity in particular. All the important arguments once urged by the church now recoiled on itself. If Christianity was the motive force that had inspired occidental civilization and differentiated it from the oriental, was it also responsible for the materialistic and grasping tendencies manifested by the Western Powers, and their subjects among themselves and in the East? Had not a voice of reaction been already raised in Europe against the evils of individualism and popular freedom, to which Christianity was said to have given rise? It was a time when the external and internal conditions of Japan had awakened in her an ardent spirit of patriotism and loyalty. Christianity was considered by the conservative as antagonistic to this spirit, and tending to enervate national life and invite foreign aggression. Seldom have superficial arguments been met by cruder rebuttals. Nor has want of thought and tact been mutually provoked and intensified with greater ease. If the bigotry of the opponents of Christianity went often to the verge of savagery, there were also Christians who refused to hoist colors on national holidays, and bow to the emperor's portrait, and there were others who applauded such acts as heroic. Neither side had a nobler cause in its favor than the other. The popular opposition to the Christian church in this period could hardly be worthier than the latter's popularity in the last period. Christianity as

such perhaps deserved neither the one nor the other.

All these circumstances also tended to make an alien religion of Christianity. In spite of its oriental origin, it was conceived as occidental; and, universal as its teachings were reputed to be, they were so burdened with accessories that the believer was stigmatized as a slavish imitator of outlandish fashions. The Christian would now fain modify his old position so radically as to say that his religion was born in Asia, and that, in Europe and America, it was fighting valiantly with the evils of their civilization. Such an idea, however, was as yet ahead of the time, the general trend of thought being that Christianity was as much foreign to the time-honored culture of Japan as to the rising spirit of intense patriotism of her subjects. The pride of the old native civilization and the growth of patriotism drove many people to the study of the ancient lore of the nation, particularly Japanese and Chinese classic literature, and that multifarious religion, Buddhism. Christianity could hardly be domesticated in a retrospective nation.

The perils of reaction from the outside world were unfortunately aggravated by the internal discord among the Christians themselves. The rise of the scientific spirit in historic and theological studies in the West was loudly reëchoed by the more susceptible of Japanese Protestants. The idea of evolution as applied to human society and religion had a charm for the spirit which had triumphed over the traditions of the long past. One would not emancipate himself from the dogmas of the Tokugawa period in order to fall under the yoke of the Episcopalian or Puritan dogmas. The Unitarian and the Universalist, as well as the German Evangelist, found ready listeners in Japan, and were even surprised by the rise of thinkers more liberal than themselves. It was not long before this state of things provoked a spirited opposition of the conservative churchmen. One is appalled to read to-day the missionary letters of those days, and find the opprobrious epithets flung at their liberal friends by some of the conservative missionaries. The former were "agnostic" and "atheistic," and their ideas were calculated to disturb the peace of the church and increase the number of renegades. A liberal religion, however true, could not, it was contended, be a living force among the heathen, for it chilled the zeal for propagandism; as if to say that a faith must be untrue in order to be proselyting. It was mainly this situation, intensified by the general progress in the West of scientific and industrial pursuits and decline in theology, that drove several important Japanese Christians from the church to other professions.

The troubled church made comparatively small numerical gains during this period, increasing from 28,977 members in 1889 to 42,454 in 1900. These remarks, however, do not entirely apply to the Roman and Greek Catholic churches, which were laboring under considerably different circumstances, and had quietly grown in the mean time from 39,298 to 54,602, and from 16,000 to 25,994, respectively. Let it be remembered that we are mainly concerned with the history of the Protestant church in Japan.

The period of reaction, from its very nature, could not last long. By the year 1900, both the sentimental expansion and the sentimental reaction had nearly spent their energy, and had already been succeeded by a new period of deliberation, silent progress, and increasingly cordial understanding of and by the nation at large. The following figures [1] obtained by the Home Department from the local

[1] These figures, shown by the courtesy of the Chief of the Religious Bureau, Home Department, have been gathered from the information submitted by the various cities and prefectures, and may not coincide with the figures kept at the headquarters of the denominations. Nearly one half of the Greek Catholics are in Tokyo and the two northern prefectures of Miyagi and Iwate, while nearly three fourths of the Roman Catholics are in the island of Kyushu, especially about Nagasaki.

authorities throughout the empire (excepting Formosa and Sakhalien) indicate the comparative numerical strength of the various churches at the close of 1903 and 1905:—

	Dec. 31, 1903.	Dec. 31, 1905.
Protestants . . .	48,967	55,275
Roman Catholics . .	54,235	53,010
Greek Catholics . .	11,885	13,613
Total	115,087	121,898

VI

It would be interesting to consider the effect upon Christianity in Japan of the great historic events that have occurred in the East since 1894, but let it suffice to point to some of the conditions prevalent at the present moment. One can hardly fail to recognize the fact that the recent victory won by Japan over a so-called Christian and European nation, and the puerile encomiums showered upon her by Western writers, have not tended to produce in her an illusion that she had little more to learn than she has learned from Christianity and Western civilization. It would seem surprising that the old champions of reaction should not now rise to exclaim that the enervating influence of the Christian religion upon a nation has again been demonstrated in the case of Russia. If they did, however, their declamation would be universally derided, so much more has the nation understood its own strength, as well as the nature of Christianity, its claims, and its limitations. It would be difficult to find an intelligent person who suspects political designs even in the Russian missionary. On the side of the church, also, the great effort it made during the war to cheer the soldiers at the front, and comfort the bereaved families at home, has never appeared as an act of feigned patriotism, but has been recognized as a natural and sincere endeavor, and seems to have brought the church measurably nearer at least to some portion of the people.

How have these people come to be less satisfied than before with their moral condition? Is this feeling shared by the other classes of society? If so, do they also look to the Church of Christ for the solution of their problems? Will the church be competent to give satisfaction to them?

No one who has lived among the people, and felt the pulsation of their spiritual life, will fail to be struck with the gravity of these questions. Japan, it would seem, has just entered a critical stage of her moral evolution, the early effects of which are beginning to be reflected in the conduct of certain classes of the nation. Here the question is much broader than that of the Christian church; and it is not enough to say that, after the costly experience of nearly fifty years, Japan and Christianity have begun to understand each other, and that the understanding has bred sympathy among the middle classes. During these years Japan has completely transformed herself from a feudal into a constitutional state, from a secluded nation hidden among the Eastern seas into a leader of the Orient, and a first power in the world's council. The transformation has, however, been partly scientific and industrial, but, above all, political; for the nation has been too busily occupied with more urgent affairs to find leisure for a new social, spiritual, and artistic development. Thus the social changes on their moral side have hardly kept pace with the political. The old order, based on custom and on class distinctions, having been destroyed, the society has been thrown into a state of disordered and selfish license in which the conceit and the love of comfort of the individual reign supreme. Spiritual transformation, as may easily be inferred, has been even more delayed than the social. It is true that the old feudal ethics, *bushido*, has been tempered into modern patriotism and loyalty, so brilliantly exemplified during the late war by the entire nation. This invaluable moral treasure of Japan, however, is not designed to satisfy all the spiritual needs of man,

and nowhere is the truth better seen than in the results of the moral instruction in the public schools under the rigid, uniform system of national education. While the systematic teaching in the lessons of patriotism and loyalty may indeed have largely contributed to the victory of the nation in the war, it has had little power to curb the growing tendency toward that unbridled sentimentalism and frank selfishness both of which are enthralling the youth, nor does it seem to have done anything to build up a new social order and sanction worthy of the name. The national education and the actual conditions of society have not, in a word, been of a nature to furnish the individual with a spiritual motive in time of peace. The external crisis having passed and peace being restored, the nation appears at last to have been compelled to feel, as yet blindly, but none the less deeply, that it is a miserable nation without a spiritual inspiration for its individual citizens, without a commanding moral sanction of its society, and without persons embodying its common ideals, and giving tone and standard to its conduct. It seems to exist in the midst of a moral chaos, in which each creature gropes alone on a cheerless, aimless journey.

It is this feeling of unspeakable loneliness that is in the air, and has touched the more susceptible persons. Observe how differently the different classes are affected by it. The poor, unlettered people in the city and in the country are, for the most part, still too deeply immersed in the old superstitions and mode of thought to realize what is passing above them. The highest, on the other hand, in aristocracy, in official rank, and in education, do not seem to have yet been smitten by that sense of desolation. The nobles still stand away from the newest moral activity, the wealthy are perhaps either too comfortable or too preoccupied with material cares, and the officials are too keenly interested in the ways of bureaucracy, while the educated are, on the whole, too selfish and conceited, to acknowledge that they are not less destitute spiritually than the lower classes, and are utterly unable to give moral tone and sanction to society as they should. Both the lowest and the highest layers of society still seem impervious to that spiritual longing that is already beginning to seize upon the middle classes and the students.

Turning to the middle classes, we again perceive among them phenomena as varied as their conditions of life. Some women, especially married ones, realize that they are bound to the traditional customs of the family, which appear as tyrannical in form as dead in spirit. Some merchants and farmers of moderate circumstances are listening to the teachings of the Christian Church with the modesty of one who would be respectable himself and rear his children rightly. School authorities welcome the Christian minister, for they are apprehensive lest the pupils under their charge might be spoiled by the immoral society and the trashy literature of the day, and are confident that the minister would not be so impolitic as to preach his theology before the immature youth instead of giving a wholesome moral exhortation.

It is not until we leave the middle classes and turn to the students that we discover persons most dangerously stricken by the moral famine. It is true, they have not yet advanced beyond the first stages of their starvation. Nor do they all realize what ails them, some of them being impelled hither and thither by momentary impulses. Those of the coarser grain give themselves up in bravado and sentimentalism to that false heroism which sees little reason to be ashamed of itself in this society of chaotic individualism. A cleverer set of young men takes to the doctrine of success-at-all-cost — of success justifying means and sacrificing principles. Students of finer sentiments seek satisfaction in a form of art and literature and a sort of love so sentimental and trite as to be almost pathetic to behold. There are, however, those of nobler instincts who consciously and violently call for

truth through whatever channel it offers itself. No more eager listeners and sharper critics has the Christian minister of Japan met than these students, who hail the appearance of every notable book or sermon, and then cast it aside as soon as its contents are exhausted. It is owing to the presence of these radical spirits that the last two years have seen, for the first time since the revolution of 1868, the rise, followed by the quick oblivion, of half a dozen self-styled prophets. These have proclaimed no new doctrine, but they were acclaimed, while their inspiration lasted, for the warmth of their utterances. If they have shone and vanished like meteors, they have only reflected the sharp but unsteady light of those who have called them forth.

The very fact that the students are more affected by the moral unrest than any other class of society, suggests the important explanation that the spiritual crisis of the nation is at its dawn, and that the students have first been overtaken by it because they are the most susceptible and least responsible class of persons. If this be true, one may reasonably expect that their unrest will become clearer and steadier, and will soon spread over their brethren in the remoter parts of the country; and, what is more, that it will irresistibly invade other classes of society. In what form and order this will take place is unknown, but who can say that he may not yet live to see a greater and more universal moral chaos in Japan than is to-day evident to those who have eyes to see?

VII

All these circumstances, it is needless to say, must have a tremendous reaction upon Christianity, for the latter must demonstrate whether it is able to cope with the critical situation now opening before it, and its character will be largely influenced by its relation to the spiritual life of the nation. Here again the future is unknown to us. As to the church of the present day, its most loyal ministers will be the first to acknowledge that it is sadly ill-equipped for the momentous task. Just at the moment when it is beginning to understand the character of the nation, and its sincere purposes are at last finding response among its former enemies,—on the eve of its supreme mission, — the church finds that it has long been running behind the outside world both in men and in knowledge. Several of the older leaders have left the ministry, and those who enter it are none too many or too great. When young hungry souls come clamoring at its door, the church is obliged to give them a stone instead of bread, lifeless words instead of thrilling energy. If even the younger students are disappointed, one may well imagine the attitude of the more educated, to whom the church has little to show. They regard it with a mingled feeling of indifference and ridicule, and none are more given to this feeling than those scholars who have pursued advanced studies in Europe, or have otherwise an intimate knowledge of the West. The church has hardly if ever touched them, simply because it cannot. They appreciate the historic importance of Christianity in the West, and the valuable services it has rendered Japan; but, were they urged to speak frankly, would perhaps class most of its teachings among human superstitions, and decline to coöperate with its ministers in spiritual matters. Nor is the church unaware of this state of things, and the consciousness saps its strength.

No more vital position does the missionary of the present day occupy, nor does he enjoy a higher esteem within the Christian Church, than the latter does in general society. It is true that in those denominations which are still financially dependent upon foreign mission boards, the latter's emissaries exercise a rather extensive influence over the native Christians, compared with those of Congregationalism, which, as we shall see, now forms an independent Japanese church. Even the influence of the former, however, hardly bears comparison with that

robust faith with which the earliest teachers and pupils bound themselves together into an inspiring brotherhood. It is well not to say too much on this point, and be widely misunderstood by those who have not seen the situation. The reasons for the waning of the missionaries' influence must be many, one being that they do not count among themselves so many winning personalities and great intellectual minds as one might perhaps expect from their number. Their wholesome influence in practical moral life can never be overestimated, but the high average of their intellectual attainment — their training and insight in spiritual affairs — might advantageously be higher. Too high it can never be. Sermons of the ordinary missionary are not admired as they once were, and sometimes church members frankly ask their minister to bring them any visiting preacher but a missionary. Young men, whose expectations are probably inordinately high, often express their wonder that the missionary dares preach with so little fire and so coarse an intellect. These may refer to extreme cases, but it remains a fact that, while the church has been graced with the coming of several missionaries of extraordinary moral power, there have appeared few during the last forty years whose minds seemed subtle enough and trained enough to make them authorities on Japanese history and civilization. It is feared that neither the student of sociology, nor of literature, nor of philosophy, can find the works of the missionaries on Japan sufficiently accurate and impartial to be of scientific value. If we remember that the present is a time calling as much for men of spiritual insight as of moral force, we cannot but regret the want of great intellect among the missionaries. There is an abundant and increasing work reserved for them among the lower classes of society; but they must always stand outside the central activity of the moral life of the nation so long as the present conditions prevail.

One may perhaps aver that at no other time in history has Protestantism in Japan been more harmonious among its divisions. He may, as proofs of his remarks, point to the meetings of the Evangelical Union which took place on May 2–4, 1906, followed on May 7 and 8 by the second session of the religious association, composed not only of Christians, but also of Buddhists and Shintoists. While we appreciate the enthusiasm and the salutary influence of these gatherings, we surmise that the wisest of those who took part in them will admit that the proclaimed coöperation of the denominations or of the religions represented in the meetings was rather one of intent, — that it would be long before it might translate itself into active practice on vital questions of national morals. It is true that between the rival sects and religions one no longer sees that tension which once held them from one another. The faces have been brought nearer, but do the hearts beat together? Nor does one perceive that, excepting only a few in the whole country, the individual worker is to-day more vigorous in action or more confident of his mission and strength than he was a year or two ago. One looks in vain for that overflowing energy and freedom and that coöperation, through which alone Christianity might cope with the spiritual crisis of the Japanese nation.

What ails the Christian workers? What deters them from hearty coöperation, and chills their individual ardor? There is little doubt that the general coolness of the European and American public toward Christianity finds here a reflection. For one seldom meets foreign visitors, or Japanese students who have studied abroad, and who are not ministers, who do not tell him that the church in the West is continually in danger of being left behind the outside world, which, they think, it serves less, and which regards it less highly than at any time since the Reformation. Few indeed have any firm belief in the great latent power of the Christianity of to-day, and its still greater potential energy for the future.

Granting these facts, however, we venture to suggest another cause peculiar to Japan for the unsatisfactory condition of the church. We refer to the financial dependence of the denominational churches in Japan upon their respective foreign mission boards abroad. We deeply realize that this relation has made it possible for each church to achieve whatever success it has made. Nor do we forget that some churches, if they would at all exist, must maintain the same relation for some time longer than others. Making allowances for all these and other considerations, however, it would seem none the less true that the fundamental fact that the foreign mission board may be, and is, supported only through sectarian churches, has given rise to conditions seriously interfering with the sound progress of the Japanese church.

What makes the situation worse is, it would seem, that every one in the church is at least vaguely aware what the general silence and tranquillity signify. The relation between the missionaries, ministers, and church members of the same denomination may be likened to one that prevails among a community whose members understand and condone the delicate position of one another. It is thus that among them one perceives more courtesy than trust and love, and this single remark should suggest a volume concerning the subtle effects of the system upon the general situation of the church. If this condition is true within each denomination, it will not be difficult to see that inter-denominational relations are even cooler. Subsidized as they largely are with foreign money, the churches must unconsciously feel a lack both in self-respect and in the respect of one another. Neither individually nor together will they establish a respectable footing upon the soil of Japan, so long as they are largely maintained by foreign sectarians who do not know their spiritual conditions, but exercise a large, indefinite power over their opinions. When the conditions of society call for a united effort of the churches, the division of which carries little significance out of the land of its origin, they proclaim their identity of purpose with apparent enthusiasm, as they have already done more than once, but their hearts have not come as near each other as their faces. At least no vital work has come out of the loud declarations for union.

None are more alive to these conditions than the more thoughtful men within the church. It is with this intelligent understanding, gained after years of bitter experience, that some of the denominations have of late years been seriously considering means of financial independence. Already has Congregationalism realized, since January, 1906, its long-felt desire to maintain its Japanese church and mission work with Japanese money, and the example will shortly be followed at least by the united association of the Presbyterian and the Reformed churches. The movement will no doubt extend even farther during the coming decade over a few other larger Protestant churches. Of course, the independence will not be free from certain evils and disadvantages. It, however, seems safe to say that, at least so far as the larger churches are concerned, Japan with her increasing wealth ought to be able to support them, while her general knowledge and training will be no less able than that of the missionary to prevent a lapse into aberrations in theological thought.

The average intellect of the missionaries appears to have long since ceased to be the safe medium of Christian knowledge between Japan and the West, to which her students turn directly for unprejudiced information. Independence will probably remove the missionary even farther than to-day from the central spiritual activity of Japan, make his life perhaps more monotonous if not less occupied, and in general reduce his position from that of a master and mentor, which he has once held, to that of a councilor and co-worker. The field of his activity will, however, be immense and

grow in extent, if he is independent of the mission board, and puts his heart and soul into an evangelical work among the lower middle and the lowest classes of society.

In the mean time, many new movements will naturally arise within the church as a result of its financial independence. For it is easy to imagine that, in the first place, the keen stimulus from the outside society, the force of which is so dully felt under the present system, will cause a fresh and continual readjustment of the doctrine, the method, and the talent of the church. Competition between rival thoughts and policies and between leaders will become much freer. Unexpected results might follow from the general toning and vitalizing process. In the second place the church may become sensible to the needlessness of maintaining the foreign denominations, with the genesis of which Japan has not been the least concerned. Old divisions might in part be obliterated, and new ones might arise from conditions peculiar to Japan. It would then become apparent that the futile attempts that have thus far been made between churches for union had been undertaken from the wrong end, for a financial independence alone would make a wholesome union feasible. These and other important changes, good and evil, will come into far more intimate relation than at present with the moving conditions of the outside world. For the spiritual unrest already brewing in Japanese society will perhaps spread over a large part of the nation, while the Christian movement in Korea and China will likewise call for a determined effort of the Japanese church. Then for the first time since its entry into Japan, Protestantism will be *of* her society.

These anticipations are no empty dreams, for, on the one hand, the church's own movement for independence has so unmistakably begun that, unless entirely unforeseen evils be caused by it, it will not cease until it shall have accomplished more definite results. On the other hand, the present church, fettered as it is with the old bonds, is not so dull as not to be growing uneasy under the increasing pressure from outside urging a freer and deeper thinking and more hearty coöperation. The old bigotry has so far disappeared, in spite of the remarkable absence of serious controversy in the church for several years, that it will very improbably be again voiced abroad. A large measure of independence will, then, be established in no distant future, and the church will in consequence become more articulate in thought and action, and will at last begin an evolution of its own worthy of the name.

CALVERLY'S

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

We go no more to Calverly's,
For there the lights are few and low;
And who are there to see by them,
Or what they see, we do not know.
Poor strangers of another tongue
May now creep in from anywhere,
And we, forgotten, be no more
Than twilight on a ruin there.

We two, the remnant. All the rest
Are cold and quiet. You nor I,
Nor fiddle now, nor flagon-lid,
May ring them back from where they lie,
No fame delays oblivion
For them, but something yet survives:
A record written fair, could we
But read the book of scattered lives.

There'll be a page for Leffingwell,
And one for Lingard, the Moon-calf;
And who knows what for Clavering,
Who died because he could n't laugh?
Who knows or cares? No sign is here,
No face, no voice, no memory:
No Lingard with his eerie joy,
No Clavering, no Calverly.

We cannot have them here with us
To say where their light lives are gone,
Or if they be of other stuff
Than are the moons of Ilion.
So, be their place of one estate
With ashes, echoes, and old wars, —
Or ever we be of the night,
Or we be lost among the stars.

THE AMUSEMENT PARK

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

Sir John Lubbock, in his quaint little philosophical mosaic *The Pleasures of Life*, entirely omits to mention those felicities which, selected and compounded with due discretion, fashion the amusement park. This delinquency argues no intellectual or emotional snobbishness on Lubbock's part. With insatiable curiosity he probed the activities of Battas and Cambodians, of Fijis, Bachapins, and Bouriats, and recounted them in *The Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man*. With equal (perhaps analogous) concern, I fancy, would he have contemplated the joys of shrieking multitudes such as frequent the "sceenic" railway, the "shoot the chutes," and the "house of follies." But *The Pleasures of Life*, appearing a score of years ago, came too early to admit of these fascinating considerations.

And yet, precisely at that period, Mr. Erastus Wiman was evolving the first amusement park, progenitor of the two thousand with which the nation is now beatified. To his iridescent electrical geyser at St. George's, you had access only by his Staten Island Ferry; to his Wild West, somewhere in the Hinterland, only by his Staten Island Railway; thus, whether by boat or train or by entertainment, it was always Mr. Wiman who transported you. And so remunerative became the dual rôle that later, when the trolley began its conquest, speculative genius snatched a leaf from Mr. Wiman's book; and you could scarce find a company unenterprising enough not to stimulate traffic by opening a grove or park supplied with alluring bears, irresistible simians, and the enticements of al fresco vaudeville. Meanwhile, the Saturday half-holiday and the Continental Sunday augmented the response vouchsafed by an adoring public.

It was commonly by milder measures than Erastus Wiman's that his disciples applied his theories. They judged that the town-stayed summer millions would yield up dimes and nickels gladly in purchase of idyllic and faintly sensational enjoyments. In this they had the wisdom of their day; and, as eras overlap, in pleasures as clearly as in creeds and philosophies, many charming examples of that somewhat placid, not to say languid, style of amusement park still survive. The people love them; love them better at heart, I believe, than they love the corybantic frenzies that seek to supersede them. Happier, though less frolicsome, than at Luna Park or Wonderland, they taste the delights of restful contentment, commingled with a tempered and soothing gayety, — the shade of noble elms and oaks and beeches for coolness; flowers for radiant beauty; forest folk, in open-air cages, for things to pet and to wonder at; the theatre as at least a tolerable substitute for melody and humor; the river, with luscious wooded banks and glassy surface, for cruises in pretty launches or prettier canoes. Besides, there are swings, and a tiny electric fountain, and a "palace of electrical marvels," to say nothing of the paradise of bonbons, tinted drinks, and peanuts; everywhere contentment, shining from sunny faces, particularly from the faces of wee children. Once, as it seemed to me, I saw the genius of such a place personified in a sweet little maid of three, who clapped her chubby hands in ecstasy before a bed of flowers as she cried, "Oh, see these pwitty, pwitty, *pwitty* woses!"

Nevertheless, there arose certain mis-

guided schismatics who found the idyllic pleasure grow a trifle dull, or fancied they did. People don't always think what they think they think, even regarding their amusements; indeed, it is there, most especially, that they manifest their autogullibility. This our perveyors of recreation have known from of old. Witness Barnum. Given, therefore, a populace prone to worship strange divinities, and capital will soon enough supply the altars. Here and yonder, springing up sporadically and without effort at organization, arose sierra-like funiculars, whirling death-traps, and mad, cyclonic — even seismic — bugaboos. Such won proselytes, who exhibited the traditional zeal of the convert, to the vast discomfiture of those who still confessed the fascination of bears and swings and peanuts. Folly, like would-be wisdom, has its poses, chief of which is sophistication; and what had been at first a mere inarticulate dissatisfaction with the tamer, but pleasanter, diversions became outspoken disdain. And all along, the charming grove had attracted many supercilious souls of the sort that affect to despise cheap amusement, as who should say, "Ah, yes, we went there, but pray don't imagine that's our notion of a lark!" It was, and they fibbed; and now the fib served to aid the propaganda of heresy.

Meanwhile capital, with ever an ear to the ground, had caught murmurs that set it thinking; why not kidnap the institution, cram it with heathen allurements, put it where the proletariat was already wont to go a-pleasuring, and make the reincarnated and expanded elysium independent, henceforth, of the broomstick train? In this there should be dividends! And just at this juncture, when speculative interests sat plotting, there arrived a concrete suggestion, brilliant and convincing.

Expositionism set in. It became epidemic. American cities were of two classes only, those that had had the distemper and those that wanted it; Americans likewise of two classes, those that had visited expositions and those that counted themselves debased and undone because they had n't. If, therefore, a miniature exposition should lift its towers and opal-tinted minarets close to some enormous centre of population, it would pay for itself in a season or so. Sound logic, wanting only the revision that makes assurance doubly sure.

Problem: what features of the world's fair to reproduce? The most popular, of course. And which were they? To determine this, the capitalists studied expositionitis by isolating the germ. They watched its growth in the culture tube, and as soon as it got big enough for its name to be made out, they knew their duty. The Midway, as they had already guessed, was the *clou* of the exposition. Americans had owned themselves half-Latin in their zest for carnival; the gala mood, long held in abeyance by Puritan tradition, had leaped forth in a day, claiming and winning an uproarious recognition. Hence the reincarnated amusement park, while feebly imitating the exposition architecture and providing a garish replica of its illumination, gave the Midway a dominant rank, — indeed, permitted nothing but Midway, — and, in needless tremors lest the people might have tired of those somewhat familiar distractions, combed Christendom for supplementary felicities. The Middle Western street-fair, the Parisian *fête foraine*, the mardigras, the fiesta, the penny vaudeville, the circus, the dime museum, and the jubilant terrors of Coney Island, were rifled of their magic. Never was Midway so frantic, so extravagant, so upsetting, so innoculously bacchanalian!

Meanwhile an unsuspected economic secret had been disclosed. Whereas Wiman and the Wimanites had naïvely financed their own "attractions," the brazen Midway compelled its concessionaires to purchase the right to exhibit. Thus its expansion knew practically no bounds. It realized the boast of the country circus, becoming literally "a stupen-

dous aggregation of monster shows." The more numerous and effulgent those shows, the more multitudinous the crush at the general entranceway. So, what with tolls at the outer wickets and imposts at the countless little counting houses of vassal princes, you had here a scheme for money-making that would tempt investments till, according to *The Railway and Engineering Review*, the total capitalization of amusement parks in America has reached the great figure of $100,000,000.

On the other hand, economic law involved a limitation. Summer empties the town of the class that flung away money so riotously at the expositions; instead of a fifty-cent admission fee at the gate, the park humbles itself to be happy with a dime, and very modest must be the additional fees within. Its patrons, the residuum of the mountainward, shore-ward, and Europe-ward hegira, make up in numbers what they lack in opulence. Besides, knowing world's fairs chiefly by hearsay and the half-toned photographs in the Sunday newspapers, they are indulgent of sham. Have patience, then, with a world of shortcomings well calculated to scandalize the classic Burnham and cause the great Roltaire to beat his breast. A hot board walk replaces the delicious lawns and shrubbery, tinsel architecture the exquisite façades, a few plastic fol-de-rols the lavish sculpture-groups, a heartrending "lagoon" the iris-bordered waterways, a jargon of ill-combined hues the gracious harmonies of color, and a crudely magnificent illumination the sweet poetry of radiance that once — ah, so rapturously! — turned plaster to opalescent glory. And yet, if you dismiss those visions of supreme loveliness, you call the place very pretty, while to those for whom it is particularly designed it represents a jubilant paradise of beauty. Indeed, it contributes not a little to æsthetic education. The people, like yourself, arrive at artistic appreciation through an ever-diminishing series of humbugs.

In its main purpose, though, this barbaric ensemble attains the very pinnacle of success. It expresses joyousness — sings it, shouts it, a hundred times re-echoes it. In cupolas and minarets, in domes and flaunting finials, in myriads of gay bannerets, in the jocund motion of merry-go-rounds, circle-swings, and wondrous sliding follies, in laughter and in shrieks, in the blare of brazen music and in the throbbing of tom-toms, it speaks its various language — joyous ever.

Yet somehow, amid those frisky multitudes, you detect traces of reaction. Aimless spirits drift hither and yon, wary and hesitant, "like green pigs far from home." With hilarities awaiting them on every hand, they are teasing their souls with such questions as, "Is it worth a whole quarter?" or "Should I come off alive if I tried it?" And this countercurrent of grimness results, I suppose, from a popular (and highly unpopular) fallacy. A dime takes you into the park, or pretends to. But you are never so emphatically outside it as when merely inside it. Upon that central space converge all its gaudy shows, and you are n't inside any one of them. Tantalus, I dare say, was a much-abused man in his time, but they did n't make him purchase his affliction. Unlike Tantalus, you may gain the delights that now torment you, yet vaguely you imagine that they should of right be already yours. You know in your heart that they should not; you know that the initial dime simply qualified you to pace the board walk, hear the bands play, watch the parades of show people, — Indians, Arabs, firemen, and the rest, — and witness the antics of your contemporaries. Nevertheless, you cherish resentment, — the bitterer because of its lack of logic. How fallen your nature since you passed that metamorphic wicket! Outside it, you were Mark Tapley; within, you are Scrooge.

To unscrooge Scrooge, all the beguilements of the art persuasive are let loose at you through megaphones; for your mood has been anticipated, and a race

of coaxers, wheedlers, spell-binders, and bamboozlers raised up to make attractions attract. Nothing can surpass their moral earnestness, granted you don't wink at them. They cry up the shows with passionate eloquence, sometimes even exhibiting the performers as a guarantee of good faith and a stimulus to zeal. "Esau here — the ape-man — only specia of his kind in existence!" "Princess Fatima here, a full-blooded Bedoueen from the storied city of Nineveh, will dance the mystic anaconda dance, exactly as danced by Hypatia in Holy Writ!" "Don't miss the Fatal Wedding! Sixty laughs to the minute!" "Foolish House — cra-a-a-azy house — only a dime, ten cents, the tenth part of a dollar!" "You'll ha-a-a-ave to hurry! The whale is about to enter the ring!" Zounds, what a hubbub!

Laugh, if you must, at their methods, but laugh much more heartily at the need of their being here at all. For nowhere else, save in that most absurd of situations, a battle, will you find the case paralleled. Ten thousand men strut gayly forth to annihilate ten thousand others; but, once arrived upon the field of glory, they don't know about that battle. That is why talented exhorters, called officers, have been scattered through the ranks to persuade the slayers to slay; without those subaltern cries of "Come on, boys!" there would be no battle. Likewise these pleasure-seekers, after braving the horrors of stifling railway trains and hideously over-crowded trolley-cars to reach the blessed portals, have now to be barked through them.

Within, there is generally a ripple of rather ironical comment, an exchange of I-told-you-sos. And as you wait, wait, dripping with perspiration, you analyze the economies that permit the modest charge for admission — walls of painted burlap, gaps where the wood shows through, perchance even confessions of that tarred black paper suggestive of huts for Italian ditch diggers. And all the while, the "ballyhoo" keeps baying the crowds without, though the performance was "about to begin" and you "had to hurry." You declare that you are not so much before a stage as behind the scenes, — that the real proscenium was the gorgeous entrance-way, the real performance a petty tragedy in which the overborne hero (to wit, yourself) got robbed of his money. But actors draw their pay, and you shall yet draw yours. See! Yonder comes the chief showman — with some natural pangs you recognize him as the barker. Hound of a cheat! — yet away with anger; the curtain goes up, the frolic begins — full value for the dime. However, it achieves its finale with surprising alacrity, and out you rush, unreasonably satisfied and unaccountably eager to be snared again.

For somehow you have caught the spirit of the place. You tingle with it from crown to heel. To slip dimes and quarters through silly ticket windows, to swelter in stuffy amusement pens, to cancel every canon of conventionality, every rubric of discretion, to court perils, discomforts, and mellow swindles — such is your symphony. You spy on your soul and laughingly exclaim, "Lawkamassy on us, this is none of I!" Theoretically an institution for the vulgar herd, the park is preëminently a delight for the cultivated, since the *profanum vulgus* remains involved in the embarrassment of possessing no personalities in particular to slough off.

Emotions, however, they have, — though of a primitive sort, responding only to extreme excitations. Or so, at least, you would conclude from the emotional stimuli here provided; but perhaps, as so frequently happens in picture-shows, literary competitions, and the architectural exploits of a parvenu street, each phenomenon assumes exaggerated virulence by reason merely of desperation, hoping against hope to outdo the rest. On the other hand, the popular response seems to justify the managerial philosophy, which asserts that the people crave three things only,

— a chance to wonder, a chance to shudder, and a chance to be scared out of their wits.

"That most fascinating expression upon a child's face," cries Professor G. Stanley Hall, — "that most fascinating and most beautiful expression, the expression of wonder!" Children thrive in the park; at fifty they're children still. Once they paid "five pins, crooked ones not taken," to peep through a hole in a paper box; now they pay real money for Eleusinian delights. The word "mystic," printed in huge letters on the bill-boards, draws its scores of thousands, who burn to purchase pigs in pokes. And if, having entered the "mystic" gate, the middle-aged child should come upon illusions yet more mystical, he would be as elated as was Moses Primrose when he had sold his horse for a pair of shagreen spectacles.

To get the maximum of wonder out of an illusion, you must n't be too rational, since at bottom the marvel is n't that the eye can sometimes be fooled, but that the eye can so rarely be fooled. When, at the age of four, you thought your railway train had started, and discovered that, instead, the train next yours had been moving in the opposite direction, you crowed with glee; you felt that something most extraordinary had been taking place inside you, and you valued yourself more highly on account of it.

To be gulled, to know you are gulled, and to know that the people who gull you know you know they're gulling you — ah! the bliss! Here at the park a mimic railway carriage, with biograph pictures at its farther end, takes you spinning along the funicular "up Mt. Vesuvius;" likewise a make-believe airship transports you to realms beyond the stars, since a descending panorama connotes an ascending beholder; still subtler mysteries of optics permit your fellow mortals to be innocuously burned alive before your eyes, or turned into skeletons, or waited upon by spooks. But for illusions *par excellence* commend me to yonder fat and sleepy pythoness, who sits within the Temple of Palmistry and between yawns deludes the eye of faith. There is something magnificent about those yawns. As when the wire-dancer goes blindfold, they attest sublime self-confidence; also a conviction, majestic in its immovability, that whoso has paid a half-dollar for a hoax will find grace to swallow it.

Let us not be censorious; the palmist's case verges less closely upon deceit than upon romantic fiction. You consent to illusion, just as when you opened *The Prisoner of Zenda*. If, however, instead of surrendering yourself to Mr. Anthony Hope, you had chosen a book by George Gissing and detected flaws in its realism, vast disgruntlement would result. And so it does when you cross the threshold of Fair Japan, that "revelation and perfect, unabridged realization of the Kingdom of the Mikado and the Chrysanthemum." Later, though, you find it a very agreeable psychological lark, since the people are obviously undismayed by American girls in Japanese costumes, or by wistaria reproduced in paper, or by shabby little pools bordered with Portland cement; and as for vermilion gateways and the crudest and most inartistic of decorations, not the jiu-jitsu performance itself gets a serener acceptance as "the real thing." Well, Cimabue's Madonna was a pretty sad counterfeit of womanhood, though his contemporaries carried it in triumph through Florence; and they of the amusement park still tarry within the archaic era of æsthetic development.

In Beautiful Orient, on the contrary, you see the anachronism turned literally end for end. Thanks to Mr. Frank Carpenter and Mr. William Eleroy Curtis, — newspaper heralds of the American invasion, — the spectators think the Levant a sort of incommensurable Bowery, where racial customs already give way before an overwhelming tide of occidentalism. The Princess Zuleika (née Flannery) trips forth in a second-hand cos-

tume that once lent decorous adornment to a vaudeville soubrette, and you trace her theory of the dance less to Cairo or Stamboul than to Broadway. So be it! If we must have an American invasion, we must put up with the result. Nevertheless, some would fain have proof that "East is East," as "West is West," and that "never the twain shall meet." Such take comfort in camels, in wondrous narghiles, in jugglers and sword-swallowers, in whirling dervishes and musicians from Tangier. They cherish at least a faint hope that the Turkish Theatre will reflect oriental viciousness with something approaching fidelity. But fidelity, which thrives none too well in the Levant itself, fares ill indeed in a make-believe Levant; and if you will put yourself in the manager's place, you will see that there remains no necessity for fair play. A show as old as his, long advertised by its loving friends, is bound to draw. Says Tom to Jerry, "Gee! This is what Bill seen in Chicago!" Emerging, — deeply grieved, but in excellent ethical repair, — they horribly arraign poor Bill. Not so the average visitant, who would rather quaff his orientalism in tincture than in essence.

Yet, when our pleasurers aspire to craze their souls with vicarious terror, they insist upon "the real thing." How sweet that moment when a man — preferably a woman, ideally a young and comely woman — struts among lions, or drops from a balloon, or vaults through space in an inverted automobile. Barbarism? Yes, but whereas the Coliseum gloated upon the spectacle of death, these modern Romans glory in the escape from death. Light and cruel were the mob in Cæsar's day, serious and cruel are these — unconsciously serious, unconsciously cruel. They don't comprehend that their hunger for shudders forces the management to gratify it, or that it is they who have put another's life in jeopardy. Neither do they comprehend the far from trivial source of their enjoyment. Flaming sympathies, wild upsurgings of desire, and mad jubilance, — when the dread crisis has passed, — give the spectator a panoramic view of his own soul. Incapable, commonly, of introspection, he has experienced an interval of dazzling, astounding self-revelation. Out of his littleness, he rises to momentary greatness — feels himself terribly, almost epically, alive.

Still, there's no denying that beneath these nobler passions lurks something morbid — morbid or (more precisely) primitive. Blind instinct leads thousands of men to congregate before the prison when a criminal is to be executed; they see nothing, hear nothing, nor do they expect to. Ah! but when somebody gets under the fender of a trolley car, the same blind instinct brings the same seekers after shudders; yet, once there, they lift the car bodily, rescue the sufferer, and exhibit civilized mercy almost simultaneously with prehistoric savagery! Nor will you particularly revere the more delicate individuals who pass by, with averted faces, too tender-hearted to witness pain. However vile the horror-thirst, its ulterior purpose (if you sanction that degree of teleology) is beneficent. The more shame, then, that it should be played with, here at the amusement park, where men and women see life imperiled without lifting a finger to prevent it, or even desiring to! The more amazing that these are the very men and women who, so brief a while ago, were cheerfully paying money to visit, and thus to support, the infant incubators, whose sole object is the saving of endangered lives!

Self-contradiction — forgive it without disdain, in those undisciplined minds and hearts; it is a rather common failing with the best of us, and we have here to do with by no means the best or wisest. How easily they are deceived! They imagine they are witnessing a carnival of heroism — the performer goes so smilingly to his task; they overlook the necessity, circumstantial or temperamental, that has driven him to adopt such an

atrocious calling. Besides, they're bad judges of danger. They think the young lion-tamer in especial peril, whereas it is usually the seasoned one who comes to grief. And they delight in the brandishing of whips — "Dauntless fellow, he even dares strike them!" Well, I once rubbed elbows with Mr. James J. Corbett, but not for worlds would I have ventured to punch him.

With equal innocence, the crowds deduce valor in the bronco-busters at the Wild West Show and Indian Congress, whereas few of our fellow-countrymen enjoy a more secure existence. The danger is n't in the breaking of a wild horse after you know how, it is in trying to break one when you're green. To applaud the courage of acquired skill becomes a mere ex post facto procedure. For "the real thing" the audience should transport itself westward to Wolfville and backward to 1890.

Yonder, at "Fire and Flames," the same guileless lack of discernment. Half a million dollars invested in tinder-boxes necessitates expensive fire-fighting apparatus and a large squad of firemen, and the park makes the people pay for them. Seated in a huge grandstand, you look out upon a tenement street, which swarms with such improvident Thespians as have laid by no money for the summer. As guttersnipes, factory girls, policemen, pawnbrokers, Chinese laundrymen, newsboys, and roisterers, they enact a travesty upon the life of the quarter, and what with fights, ambulance calls, robberies, arrests, and the clangor of patrol wagons, they do it full justice. But see! a wisp of smoke curls upward from Cohen's pawnshop! Then flames, and more flames. The alarm rings out, shouts rend the air, and in a moment the Department, with two steamers, a hose cart, a chemical, and a hook-and-ladder truck, comes charging through the throng, and attacks the conflagration, which has spread to adjoining buildings, at whose windows some forty women stand screaming. Up go the ladders, out spread the life nets. Girls leap headlong and are caught in safety. Others the firemen carry shrieking down their ladders. And all this, remember, amid clouds of smoke and frequent explosions. But the spectators — missing the point, as usual — forget that those who climb and those who leap have had long training either as firemen or acrobats, and that the only people really in mortal danger are the unfortunate Thespians. How they dodge the rushing engines, that Providence which watches over inebriates, babes, and play-actors alone knows.

Suppose, now, that in room of watching others coquet with Death, you should toy with her yourself. With infinite ingenuity, the amusement park affords you opportunity. Tempt any one of a dozen thanatopses, and you will derive an emotional reaction that shames literature, the drama, and the dare-devil exhibition as well. Note the ascending scale. The ballad-singer tells you about the imperiled hero, the actor impersonates the imperiled hero, the hired dare-devil *is* the imperiled hero. This passage from romance to realism, from realism to reality, can go only a step further. Its final achievement makes *you* the imperiled hero. Hitherto, by the exercise of sympathy, through imagination, you "put yourself in the place of" that wretched wight; sweeter were it to change places with him outright. Thus, by substituting the subjective for the objective, the acme of thrill would result. And, bless you, it shall!

Moreover it does — from the moment you first front the terror-breeding mechanical Torquemada. The bright face of danger, challenging the eternal juvenile within you, seems — exactly as in years gone by — to be taunting, "Fraidy-cat! you dass n't!" Eagerly you retort, "Yes, I dass!" Ah! but *do* you "dass"? An army officer, they say, once suspected that his courage was dwindling, and set his mind at rest on that head by going up

in an airship. By an analogous recourse to empiricism, you buy your ticket and suffer yourself to be packed into the abhorred vehicle, which will soon go leaping, flying, or diving till you're sure of your grit. If you only knew it, though, the act of supreme audacity has already been performed. What follows is the mere secondary heroism which Jackies display in an naval engagement. It takes nerve to enlist in the navy; a fellow could back out, even after entering the recruiting office. It does n't take nerve to fight; a fellow can't possibly run away. And this, just now, is your status. However, you resolve to cut as brilliant a figure as may be before your own conscience, and you summon up that sham valor which consists in thinking it is n't afraid when it shakes in its boots. A rumble, a tug — you're off! A sharp pang of fear; then relief. "Not so bad after all!" you exclaim. A moment later you revel in a perfect delirium of speed, bumps, yanks, vaults, and sickening descents. You utter the cry of a tiny boy, "Scare me again! Scare me — scare me worse!" When finally you make your escape, — gasping, panting, and bewildered to find yourself still alive, — you flatter yourself that you could brave the very doors of Dis, you who only yesterday quivered like an aspen while discharging the cook!

Cook! Say not "Cook!" you have reverted to that cookless era when men hunted the mastodon. It is n't enough to describe the "chutes," for instance, as an apotheosis of the banister, or as the cellar door *in excelsis*. The passion that gets its satisfaction from these varied deathtraps takes you back to the troglodyte, perhaps even to the ape. Your simian ancestors, swinging from tree-top to tree-top, had much your sensation. They of the Neolithic Age sought it in the chase and in battle. A small boy gets it when a kind and thoughtful citizen turns him upside down. And you yourself, by a personal application of Darwinism, find it here and pronounce it glorious. Said an enthusiast to Mr. Charles Belmont Davis, "Easily the best sensation at the Island is the scenic railway with a wooden beam that looks as if it was going to hit you on the head. It's great!" Seneca was right: "the most happy ought to wish for death."

Nevertheless they don't. They want only a brush with it. For a brush with death makes life unutterably precious. We never love it so dearly or feel it so keenly as when it seems to be slipping from us. That is why people climb Matterhorns, drive motors at breakneck speed, and take pleasure rides in submarines. And even the most adventurous select a reliable guide, scrutinize every shaft and bolt of the chassis, and seek reasonable hope that the submarine will come up again. Besides, they welcome the hair's-breadth escape only when they have chosen it freely, — a circumstance which explains the anomaly noted by Mr. Mark Sullivan when he declared, "If a man suffered in a trolley car what ten thousand New Yorkers pay ten cents to have done to them at Coney Island, he would go to a hospital for a month, call himself a nervous wreck for the rest of his days, and sue the trolley company for $20,000 damages."

Apart from their sensationalism, these ready-made thanatopses charm also by their mystery. "I wonder how it feels?" muses the neophyte. Pray don't insist that imagination should suffice, for in the case of emotional reactions induced by mechanical deviltries or untried shake-ups of whatever sort, there's a world of unexpectedness. How does it feel to drive an automobile a hundred miles an hour? Mr. Barney Oldfield reports that "you are conscious only of a desire to go faster." How does it feel to be up in a balloon? Mr. Roy Knabenshue tells me the sensation is one of sweet repose. How does it feel to be shipwrecked? Mr. Winthrop Packard, thrice a castaway, says your first emotion savors wholly of disgust; you have confided yourself to a supposedly respectable, rightminded, busi-

nesslike ship, and now she plays you false.

What wonder, then, if *a priori* judgment flies wide of the mark regarding what a mortal goes through when he shoots the chutes. I had said it was like riding on the stone that somebody sends skipping across a mill-pond. I had not foreseen that the aquatic comedy would serve only as the epilogue to a gloria of speed, a downward rush that tossed all creation up to meet me; nor had I imagined that when the boat took the water I should suffer a sting of regret at the anti-climax. Or what more transparent in its intentions than the "sceenic" railway — "sceenic" because it now and then dives through tunnels enlivened with representations of Venice, the Klondike, and Araby the Blest? Nevertheless, it deceives you by presenting its terrific "thank-you-ma'ams," so to speak, beam on, whereas you don't ride a railway in side elevation, — you ride it lengthwise, and thus get its bumps and dips foreshortened. They rise like palisades, fall away like canyons. Moreover, lest familiarity breed contempt, the worst come last.

Surprised by chutes and funiculars, you are yet more surprised by "flying airships." Imagine a gigantic steel Maypole with steel rods dangling from its top instead of ribbons, and little roofed gondolas at their lower ends instead of dancers. The central mast rotates, the rods fly out by centrifugal force, and your tiny craft not only revolves, ever faster, ever taking a wider orbit, and ever soaring higher, but at the same time tips inward toward the centre, like a skater rounding a curve. This you call a rather wanton and extravagant complication of afflictions, concluding that any man with the hardihood and sanity to survive them should receive both the sabre of the general staff and the white ermine of the judiciary. When the barker assures you his victims "feel only a refreshing coolness," you remind him that Dr. Guillotine said the same of his. Then, at cost of drastic self-abnegation, you try it, when lo! you experience no more disquietude than a bird on the wing or the stars in their courses. The laws of physics uphold you, seem almost to caress you. You are silent, yes, and happy; while beneath you the world reels and swells and topples to and fro like mid-ocean billows, since every successive moment gives you a new scale of perspective. This, which you had in no wise foreseen, is what chiefly amuses you.

Behold now the bugaboo shows — Hell Gate and the Foolish House. Veiling or half-veiling their interior shudders and shocks, they spur the impulse for exploration, an impulse compounded of inquisitiveness, bravado, and the thirst for incident. As you watch the little shallops thread the whirlpool within the Hell Gate grotto, and see them sucked down at its vortex, you yearn to know what destiny awaits them. Also what torments rend their occupants. With certain highly Dantesque forebodings, you embark. Slowly, grimly, your circling boat drifts nearer that atrocious abyss. Sardonic jokes, from adventurers in craft ahead of you or behind, so dismay you that if it were possible you would purchase deliverance at cost of half your lands. At last, it is but a single coil of the spiral that separates you from the drop to Avernus! Zounds, what suspense! Then a rush, a sinking of the heart, a sound of grinding wood, and a plunge down a twisted cataract into chaos and resounding night. With your whole soul you combat fear, even transform it into joy. "Hail, horrors! Hail, infernal world!" And now you laugh. Light comes, and with it red devils amid flames, volcanoes spitting fire, gorgeous grottoes all dripping with stalactites, and — very soothing to the eschatological emotions — icebergs and polar bears! Gradually you retrace the spiral, traversing canals built just under those of the preliminary whirlpool, and finally come out upon a little quay, rich in varied grotesqueries.

If half-veiled scares attract so powerfully, were it not still shrewder to veil

them totally? Roar, "My attorney will call upon you!" and I squirm; mutter darkly, "I'll not say what I intend for thee," and I quake. Hence the charm of the Foolish House. It is vague and mysterious, — without, a blend of the awesome and the comic; within, well, let's see! Darkness, a winding passage — innocuous enough, but wait! Next moment a frolicsome tornado has all but knocked you senseless. The floor wallows and shakes. Horrifying bumps confront your feet. What with tempests and earthquakes and night and labyrinthine confusion and stumbling-blocks combined, you wish yourself dead. Then relief! A crystal maze, humorous but not alarming. A row of concave and convex mirrors, showing you yourself as Humpty Dumpty, or as that gracefully attenuated celebrity, Jack the Beanstalk. Five minutes of laughter. After that, you bravely run the gauntlet of supplementary distresses, and when you emerge it is with a shining countenance as of one newly initiated by the "joiners."

Once free of its terrors, you begin to revere the psychological acumen that arranged them. One might fancy that a bugaboo show ought to be made as harrowing as possible. Not so. The crowd wants only enough hazing to shock the nerves agreeably; give it more and it bolts. That is why the mirrors and the crystal maze were introduced — a palliative like that employed by a dramatist when he weaves funny incidents into a "me-child, me-child" melodrama.

Such, then, are the more conspicuous joys — of wonder, of vicarious terror, and the first-hand hair's-breadth 'scape — vouchsafed by the amusement park. Others, still unmentioned, abound, beyond the wildest surmises of the higher mathematics. Who shall number the beatific Moxie stands, the popcorn and peanut stalls, the rapturous candy-mills; who shall compute the tintype galleries, bamboo slides, penny vaudevilles, sand-bumps, graphophones, merry-go-rounds, strength-testing devices, nickel-in-the-slot machines, Japanese "gambling" games, rifle-ranges, and establishments where "you get your money back if I fail to guess your weight within three pounds"? But chiefly there remain the contrivances for the better promotion of romance — the ball-room, Love's Journey, and the gay camaraderie of the board walk.

Then young folks arrive in couples? Yes and no. Many come singly — each lad with an as yet unidentified pompadour in his heart, each lass cherishing a shy anticipation. But how, you ask, shall those youthful strangers be made acquainted? Leave that to them. In the ballroom any well-seeming youngster may invite any girl to dance — an arrangement long since sanctioned by that maelstrom of proletarian jollity, the "social," where tickets ("gents 35 cents, ladies 25") connote partners and more partners, till everbody knows everybody else. Moreover, if you study the People's Column in a penny newspaper, you will see how puzzling to the masses is our custom of letting one another alone until introduced. "Introductions," writes Johnnie Blue, "are a fad that is greatly overdone."

The little shop girl shares his convictions. Nor need we waste shudders on her behalf; keen and knowing, ever on the defensive, she discourages such advances as perplex her — whether in the ballroom, or, a shade less decorously, upon the board walk. Especially she distrusts cavaliers not of her own station. I have heard of a venturesome aristocrat who, seeing a handsome young woman, hastened to present himself; whereupon the fair one exclaimed, "Say, ain't you the gally article? Go *sell* your papers!"

And look not too harshly upon certain other somewhat disconcerting marvels of deportment. Arms, it is true, encircle waists, and half the allurement of the Foolish House inheres in its inky, winding passages. The proprietor of a Coney Island maze unblushingly announces.

"The men like it because it gives them a chance to hug the girls, the girls like it because it gives them a chance to get hugged." Viewed vertically, from the altitude of personal dignity, such license takes a coloring by no means pleasant. Viewed horizontally, it becomes a mere convention. To the popular mind the caress means no more than the mildly affectionate phrases with which we begin and end our letters.

But what went ye out for to see? Youthful gaucherie repressed in an amusement park? Say, rather, youthful gaucherie granted full freedom, and neither more nor less uncouth here than elsewhere. The park was not founded for the culture of decorum; it was founded for the culture of wild hilarity, in which mission it brilliantly and gloriously succeeds. It is the gayer too, by reason of its moral cleanness. Its laundered diversions attract a laundered constituency; and if it refuses to sell liquor (some parks do refuse), it expunges those hints of wrong-doing, which for all their bravado never fail to depress; and although its little shams and booby-traps need ethical tinkering here and there, they usually give the gullible their money's worth; a permanent amusement park can't afford out-and-out swindles. Still, I sometimes fear it's an economic nuisance. Adding up your expenditures, you perceive that an evening's frolic has cost as much as a ticket for "Lohengrin," or two for "Candida," or three for Herr Rübeneck's instructive lecture; it has cost the young gentleman in the erroneous neckwear a sum that would have liquidated a week's board; and yet both you and he have enjoyed that sense of monetary frivolity which is the heart and soul of a holiday. Down with the Dismal Science! Let us assert our superiority to cash — and swallow the consequence!

Nevertheless, I cannot escape the pathetic humor of this whole tumultuous situation. What more ludicrous and what more sad than the spectacle of vast hordes of people rushing to the ocean-side, to escape the city's din and crowds and nervous strain, and, once within sight and sound of the waves, courting worse din, denser crowds, and an infinitely more devastating nervous strain inside an inclosure whence the ocean cannot possibly be seen? Is it thus they seek rest, by a madly exaggerated homoeopathy? Is it thus they cure Babylon, not with more Babylon, but with Babel gone daft? We Anglo-Saxons have scandalized the seaside long ere this, building our miniature London at Brighton, our miniature Bowery at Coney Island; we have spoiled our holidays from of old, hiding behind newspapers on coastwise steamboats amid entrancing scenery, talking Wall Street on the Grand Canal, transplanting high fashion to the very forest; yet not till of late have we achieved so frantic a travesty upon recreation (which ought to re-create) as in the tom-tom foolery of an amusement park.

Mr. Guy Wetmore Carryl, contemplating its marvels, exclaimed, "Never tell me again that Americans are a nervous people!" They are, though, and yonder amazing institution proves it. Manhattanitis, with its numerous congeners, is n't merely a disease, it 's an obsession. It does n't ask relief, it only asks aggravation. The sole treatment that it welcomes is the counter-irritant — powerful, drastic, and like in kind to itself. Of all the shrewd observations noted down in the now very considerable literature of this subject, the shrewdest, I judge, is the one that calls the amusement park "an artificial distraction for an artificial life."

LOVE AND THE MACHINE

BY ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

In the combination passenger and freight car, our canoe was the only freight, and Fred and I were the only passengers. Our car was the only car on the train; our train was the only train on the railroad. It was the Northern Newfoundland Trunk Line; and inevitably Fred, with his tendency to be facetious, had termed it the Junk Line.

On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays the traffic was from Marshall to Wingates; on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from Wingates to Marshall. The distance was about sixty miles and the train traversed it in approximately five hours. Fred and I were going to Wingates. There we expected to set our canoe in the river indicated on our map, paddle up stream, carry across to another river, and come down fifty miles to St. John's.

The rolling stock of the Northern Newfoundland had no doubt been discarded by some American railway years ago; the locomotive had the funnel-shaped smokestack, small boiler, and large wood-burning capacity — for wood it burned — of an antiquated period. But the train crew were modern and original. Our acquaintance with them was developed in the three stops made for water — one of which was prolonged into a stop for luncheon; the engineer, the fireman, and the conductor sat with us under the pines and shared our feast.

"Is n't travel unusually light this trip?" I asked.

"Well, no," the conductor acknowledged. "You see, there's nobody at Wingates now; place is all closed up. When the fishing season's over, the folks all navigate down to Marshall."

"Then why do you run this train?"

"We run it only a month longer. There's a steamer over from Labrador every Tuesday, and then there's folks from the States like yourselves every now and then, going into the interior. The road don't lose much money by it, and it's a convenience to some people."

"'T will be the fine, money-makin' road some day," quoth the engineer, an enormous man, with a sandy beard and blue believing eyes. "Some day they'll be shippin' at Wingates this here asbestos. Oh, we'll be havin' the big place at Wingates some day."

"It will be doubling its population within a week — and tripling it, maybe, in a year," said the conductor.

"Eh?" The engineer looked puzzled.

"Ain't we delivering Tommy McCance his bride day after to-morrow?" said the conductor.

The fireman chuckled; but mirthful intelligence dawned more slowly upon the engineer's face.

"What's the joke?" asked Fred.

"Wingates has now a population of one," explained the conductor,—"Tommy McCance,—telegraph operator, railroad and steamship agent, and generally caretaker for the town. He never leaves. He has some notion of staying and building up the place. He's bound to make it a metropolis."

"So he's gettin' married to begin with," added the engineer.

"To a little French girl from Queebec," stated the fireman.

"She come to teach school at Marshall, and Tommy met her there last winter — the time his aunt died, and he went down and spent three days burying her. The little French girl was boardin' in the aunt's house."

"And she could n't speak much English then — for she was just green from

Quebec," said the fireman. "And Tommy, he could n't speak no French. I wonder how he managed it. *I* ain't ever managed yet — and me and my girl, we both speak the same language."

"I guess it's in the French blood to be readier about yieldin' in such matters," said the conductor.

"Tommy is savin' up to surprise her with his parleyvooing when she comes. Do you mind how he warned us to say nothing to her about the talkin' machine?"

"I'll bet," remarked the fireman, "that when we get in he'll be sittin' with that rubber hose-pipe to his ear."

"I'll bet," agreed the engineer. "It is sure the cute little trick, is that there talkin' machine."

"It's about time for us to be sa'ntering along," remarked the conductor.

Fred and I would have questioned him further in regard to this vaguely sketched romance; but he settled himself into two seats for a nap — a desire which we respected. So we sat in chairs before the open doorway of the baggage-end of the car and looked out upon the passing scenery. It was now a small growth of forest, spruce and fir, and now barren tableland, in either case monotonous. Once we caught sight of an inquisitive staring caribou, — which in its motionless moment, with its grotesquely stupid face and fantastic antlers, seemed more conceivable as a bizarre idol set up by dwellers of the wilderness than as the native living creature of the land.

Then suddenly we came into an area of desolation. Fire had ravaged it; there remained blackened skeletons of trees still standing on blackened earth, and nowhere a spray of green. Now and then a crow, startled by the train, winged its way tirelessly out over the charred branches; there was no other living thing.

"Nice country we've come to," said Fred. "I suppose our wood-burning locomotive did this."

"We must be near Wingates." I drew out my watch.

At that moment I was thrown forward with a lurch and sprawled on the floor. The train, which had seemed for an instant to stop short, proceeded by a series of bumping shocks. The conductor flew by us and leaped out through the open doorway. I caught sight of him landing on all fours; then, shouting to Fred, "Come on!" I followed.

By the time I had picked myself up, the train had stopped a few yards farther on, and the engineer was clambering down from his cab.

Fred and I ran forward, and, with the disconsolate crew, inspected the damage. The connecting rod of the locomotive had broken, and in the shock the forward truck of our car had been derailed.

Our concern was purely selfish.

"Are we far from Wingates?" I asked.

But in their sorrow they paid no attention to this trivial inquiry.

"That's the first what you might really call a breakdown I've had," said the engineer lugubriously.

"Can you mend her, Bill?" asked the conductor.

"Maybe I'll get an idea — maybe I will."

The fireman threw out a suggestion. "I bet Tommy McCance can fix her."

The engineer's face brightened.

"Why, maybe he could; I think likely. Why don't you and Jake go and fetch him? I'll stop and tinker."

"All right." The conductor looked at us. "If you folks want to come along, it ain't much of a walk."

So we all four stumped, single file, up the narrow-gauge track. It was a fine warm afternoon, but even the bright sun had no power to cheer that forlorn country. The soil was full of peat, which, in the fire that had swept the forest, had smouldered until all the vegetation had been killed. The breeze that was stirring bore the acrid smell of old wood ashes; and sooty particles floated in the air and smudged our faces. Occasionally through the charred trees we saw stagnant pools, from which clouds of mos-

quitoes and black flies came joyfully dancing to us. In the course of twenty minutes we emerged upon the town of Wingates — the terminus of the road.

It was worse than the desolation by which it was surrounded. Fifty or a hundred cabins made of rough slabs of pine, each with its little stovepipe protruding from its slanting roof, littered an area of open level plateau. Beyond we had sight of the wholesome sea, into which it would have seemed a gracious thing to sweep the town of Wingates. How the little tinder-boxes had escaped the fire I wondered, for it had eaten to the very edge of the village. All grass about the houses seemed to have been trampled out by the feet of the departed dwellers and their animals. Rotting caribou hides lay in the dust or were tacked upon the cabin walls. But in one cabin, through an open window fluttered a white dimity curtain; and on a small flagpole projecting from the house labeled "General Store," flapped the Union Jack.

"Let's crawl up on Tommy and see what he's about," said the fireman.

The conductor had a quality of boyishness, and assented. So we all advanced with a felonious caution, making no sound — which was easy in walking through such powdery dust. We crept up to the General Store and there, I confess, we crouched and listened. Within, a singular faint whine, hardly human, was continuous. The conductor and the fireman peered through the window, then politely made room for Fred and me.

With his back to us sat a young man, collarless, in his shirtsleeves, holding to his left ear a rubber tube and listening attentively. In his right hand he had a book on which his eyes were fixed. On the table before him was a small machine to which the rubber tube was attached and which was producing the continuous half-human whine. I picked out one sentence — "*La prononciation est très difficile* —" and then to my ears the thing became inarticulate. After a while it began to count, distinctly, emphatically, — "*Un, deux, trois, quatre,*—" up to *trente*. Then the student laid down the book, pressed a small lever, and the obedient teacher subsided.

I looked round, thinking the conductor would make some demonstration, but our unsuspecting subject spoke aloud and held us all silent. It sounded like this: "Asa Kevoo, Mamie? Asa Kevoo, Mamie, ma Sherry?" Then he began dreamily to chant,

"J'aime
Tu aimes
Il aime
Elle aime
Nous aimons
Vous aimez
Ils aiment
Elles aiment;

and all same," he added whimsically. "Women and men — both got to do it."

The conductor coughed, and I dodged.

The young man came out with a jump.

"Jake! Sammy! How'd you get here? Where's the train?"

"Back up the road a bit. Busted. Bill can't fix it."

"Busted!" The shocked expression on his face seemed to me humorously out of proportion to the accident. "We'll go down and see what can be done. I'm afraid you gentlemen are put to some inconvenience."

"We have a canoe aboard, and we don't much fancy lugging it and all our stuff to the river," Fred answered.

"We can transport that for you on our handcar." He pointed to the miniature object that stood on the rusty siding.

He was a good-looking, clean-cut chap; when a man who wears no collar makes that impression, it means something. Alert, sensitive, and resolute — I wondered that one whose face showed these qualities should be a dweller of the solitudes.

During the brief walk to the siding, I noticed for the first time his scarred and discolored hands.

"You've had a pretty bad fire here, have n't you?" I said.

"Yes, three weeks ago. It was quite bad."

"I don't understand why the town did n't go."

"Well, it had a pretty close call — and if the wind had n't changed and the rain had n't come at just the right time, there 'd have been no saving it."

I saw the fireman nudge the conductor.

McCance unlocked one of the huts, which seemed to be a tool and repair shop. He brought out various implements and loaded them on the car, and last of all he directed the conductor and the fireman to put aboard a jackscrew and rollers.

"We have so much to carry that I'll have to ask you gentlemen to help pump," said McCance. "I'm rather ashamed — but — my hands" —

So we four, the conductor and Fred on one handle, and the fireman and I on the other, sent the car trundling along, while McCance squatted on the jackscrew. When we arrived at the train, we found the engineer sitting beside his locomotive dejectedly. McCance made a brisk examination and ordered up the jackscrew. Under his superintendence, after an hour's labor, we restored the truck to the rails.

It was then nearly sunset; the light was striking horizontally through the trees. McCance stood for a few moments looking at the broken connecting-rod. "That's not so easy," he said at last. He crawled under the tender and removed the brake rods. Then he took off the two broken pieces of the connecting-rod. "If I can drill through and rivet these pieces together with the brake rods —" he muttered; and with his hand-drill he set to work. "The steel needs tempering; it will be a long job," he said at last with a sigh. "Nothing more we can do here to-night."

He turned to Fred and me. "We'll take your canoe on the hand-car now, and in the morning we'll put it in the river for you."

With the canoe on the car, there was room for only three of us. "I like running this machine," said Fred. "I'd rather run it than walk."

I agreed with him; we took the fireman aboard to help us and started off.

"What 's the matter with his hands?" Fred asked.

"Burned," said the fireman. "We left these woods green enough one morning three weeks ago; come back to 'em the next afternoon to find 'em like this, or still smoulderin', and dirty gray smoke comin' up in places from the earth. Tommy McCance was hunched over on his doorstep with his two arms across his knees, and his hands looking like big greasy swabs — all done up loose they were in rags, and soaked with oil. He 'd bandaged 'em with his teeth. I had to laugh when he told you the town would have gone except for the shift in the wind."

"He saved it, did he?"

"Well, he never said so. He carried water and wet down the houses and beat out the fire with wet caribou hides, — and got both his hands cooked. He looked on it as his duty to save everything — and he done so."

"Pretty hard just when he 's about to be married."

"Yes, but it's mighty lucky he *is* to be married. He needs another pair of hands to help him. Lord knows how he 's managed to take care of himself."

That evening at any rate he was relieved of certain duties. The conductor cooked the supper, and afterwards the train crew insisted on the privilege of washing the dishes. McCance invited Fred and me to accompany him to his shop. There he made a fire in the charcoal stove and began heating his drill.

"Awkward time for the train to break down," he observed. "I was expecting to be married day after to-morrow."

We expressed our interest and good wishes.

"But I don't know now if I can be. The minister comes to-morrow from Labrador; the steamer to St. John's drops him on the island out there, and

I'll bring him over in my row-boat. Then the next day he takes the steamer back to Labrador. He's an old friend of mine, and used to be in charge of this settlement; we both wanted to have him. Now the train, day after to-morrow, if it was n't late, would get Marie here three hours before the clergyman would have to leave. But most likely it won't be running. Even if I can fix it up so that it can crawl back to Marshall, they won't let it go out on the road again until it's been more permanently tinkered. So it looks to me as if I'd have the minister but not the bride."

"Is there no other way of getting her here?"

He shook his head. "It's pretty hard on Marie anyway. She 's French and has some taste about the — the form of things, you know. We'd planned to have it done out under the trees, in the forest; that would have been about right. But the forest has kind of gone back on us, as you saw. So then my idea was to go down on the beach and turn our backs on that desolation, and have it done looking out over the water. But maybe that was just a notion."

"Well, if one has it," I said, "it seems a pity that it should n't be gratified."

McCance drew out the drill, hammered sparks from it, and thrust it back into the fire.

"There's another thing that bothers me," he confided. "If I could patch the train up and it should get through and bring her here — yet not in time — not until after the minister 's sailed for Labrador — why, it would n't do. You see, she 's trusting me — coming on to marry me when I can't go to her. But I don't know why I should be putting my puzzles up to you gentlemen."

"Because we can help you solve them!" I cried. "Let us take the hand-car to-morrow morning, run it down to Marshall, and bring back the bride."

"Fine!" It was n't often that Fred was so enthusiastic over one of my suggestions. "We can do it — sixty miles each way, and if we make an early start, nearly thirty-six hours."

"Ah, thank you. But it's impossible."

"Of course," I said, "I realize that you don't know us — and that it's asking you — and her — to trust a couple of strangers. But if you'd be willing to do it —"

He laid a roughened, twisted hand on mine.

"How," I asked, "can you row a boat?"

"Oh, I make out to do it. — I'd trust you. But you don't know what it would be to run a handcar over this road in that time."

"I came up here for exercise," said Fred. "I could get as much running a handcar as paddling a canoe — and more novelty."

McCance laughed and shook his head. "You'd keel over before you'd gone half the distance."

"Now we'll do it just to show you."

"The hand-car is subject to my orders."

"Very well; why don't you take it yourself, then? We'll help you — and you have a whole train crew in there."

"We have the business of the road to attend to — fixing up the train and starting it back."

"The business of the road!" — Fred began in an exasperated voice. I struck in.

"You won't be using the hand-car — so let us take it and see what we can do. We're here for exercise; we expect to have blistered hands and lame backs anyway. So why not give us the hand-car?"

McCance did not answer. For some time he devoted himself to the tempering of his drill.

Finally, after he had hammered the steel and thrust it back into the fire, he rose.

"I'll show you where you can sleep," he said. "If you take the hand-car, you'll have to make an early start. So you'd better go to bed now."

We did n't question him; we thought

that it was probably a sacrifice of pride on his part to concede so much.

"This is my own house," he said as he opened the door of the cabin with the dimity curtains. "That other belongs to the road."

We knew, the moment we entered it, that we were in the bridal chamber; it was all so spotless. There was a large new white enamel bed, with fresh pillows and counterpane. McCance turned down the covers and said, "I hope you'll sleep well."

After he had gone we stole down to our canoe, brought back our blankets, and made with them our bed on the floor.

"The girl's name is Mamie; who is Asa?" said Fred when I was almost asleep.

"What are you talking about?"

"Don't you remember his mumbling to himself, with that machine — something about Asa and Mamie?"

"The girl's name is Marie, not Mamie. And he said nothing about Asa. He was practicing a phrase for her — '*Est-ce que vous m'aimez?*' Shall I translate?"

"No," Fred muttered sulkily.

At half past four o'clock the next morning McCance roused us.

"If you gentlemen are still in the mood to help me out—" he said. "But a night on the floor is not the best preparation."

"We came here to rough it," Fred answered, "not to have all the comforts of home. There's nothing like a night on the floor for putting a man into condition."

McCance grinned. "Anything for an argument when you want to dodge a fellow's thanks; ain't it so? This is what I've written to Marie: 'These two gentlemen that take my love to my love will bring my love to me.' I'm educating her all I can in the fine points of the language." He laughed and gave Fred the note.

"I had an idea," said Fred, "that you spent your time learning her language."

"Well, yes. I'd just as soon you would n't mention to her that I'm studying French; I'd like that to be a surprise."

"And we need no other introduction?" I asked.

"I'll telegraph her that you're coming. The minister will be here until four o'clock to-morrow. So if you reach Marshall this afternoon, you can get some sleep, and start back early in the morning."

By the time we had finished breakfast the engineer, the conductor, and the fireman had appeared. They took us on the handcar down to the stalled train; then all five of us trundled the car past this obstacle and set it again upon the track. That was such violent exertion that after it my knees shook and my hands trembled. I noticed that Fred was panting; but we climbed aboard and laid hold of the handles. "Good luck!" "Good-by!" cried the conductor and the engineer as the car rolled away; and the fireman sang, "Bring back, bring back, bring back my bonny to me."

"That was about the equal of ten miles to begin with," grunted Fred.

"This will rest you," I answered. The perspiration was already starting on my face.

At five o'clock that afternoon Fred and I walked up the main street of Marshall. Our hands were raw and swollen, our bodies ached, our weary legs supported us but languidly. We limped in at the gate of a cottage on the outskirts of the town. The door was opened before we knocked.

"Oh, you have arrive' — from Tommy, is it not?"

She had tripped down the steps, holding out a hand to each of us, with a sunny smile — a slender, pretty, dark-eyed girl.

"From Tommy," I said; "and you are Miss Marie Perret."

Fred drew our credentials from his pocket.

"Ah, so fatigue as you mus' be! In the house we will sit."

She led us into a little room furnished with the marble-topped table and black walnut chairs of avuncular gentility. I adjusted myself on the tightly rounded, slippery horsehair surface of a sofa; Fred slid about on the rocking-chair; and Marie read Tommy's note.

"You bring me his love — but for you it is all hard work. It is so very good — so kind." She broke off suddenly in her rapid speech. "Your hands — you will let me baze ze hands. In one moment — queeck."

She darted from the room. Fred looked at me and laughed. "I don't feel half as tired as I did," he said.

"She will be quite a help going back," I answered.

It was luxurious to let her wrap cool damp bandages about my hands and to glance from her deft and pretty fingers to her absorbed, unconscious face.

"Such dirty hands!" I said when she touched them.

"In ze good cause!" she answered.

"It's too bad you could n't have done this for Tommy." Then I was sorry I had said it; a shadow fell across her face; she paused in her bandaging and looked at me with grave, anxious eyes.

"His hands will not be well?"

"Oh yes." I wished I could have been sure of that! "But so much sooner if you'd bandaged them."

Then she laughed, thinking it an idle compliment. Roguishness and tenderness seemed to melt together in her eyes.

"And you mus' use your hands so soon again," she said commiseratingly. "But to return will not be so bad." She crossed over to Fred. "I am a strong lady. I will help."

"We can't allow that," said Fred. "Why, if you helped, your fingers would all swell up and Tommy could n't slip on the wedding ring."

She laughed merrily. "If he balance it on ze tip — it will be enough."

"We can't take any chances. Now, Miss Perret, when will you be ready to start?"

"When you say. But you mus' eat and sleep."

"We ought to leave soon after midnight. Suppose we say one o'clock. We'll go to the hotel and rest all we can — and come for you at that hour."

"I will be all in readiness." She accompanied us to the gate. "But sleep so long as you wish. For when I am aboard — I will make ze car arrive — no matter when we start."

Her merry laughter followed us down the narrow street.

At a quarter to one o'clock I was roused from my troubled slumbers. So lame was I in every joint that I drew on my shoes with difficulty; Fred moved about the room groaning. We limbered up somewhat in our walk to Marie's house; but I wondered how I could ever stand and pump for sixty miles.

A light in an upper window proclaimed that Marie was stirring. When we knocked, she appeared at the door, with a lantern in one hand and a small traveling bag in the other. I took the traveling bag, Fred took the lantern, Marie locked the door — and we started on our journey.

It was a dark night; our lantern was the one illumination in the town. By its light Marie disposed herself on the car, and Fred and I resumed our treadmill task. In the darkness, and with our shrinking hands, and protesting muscles, we did not fall readily into the rhythm of the movement; and every unexpected jerk, every unanticipated recoil gave poignancy to our suffering. I lost my temper and muttered fiercely at Fred under my breath; he shot back a retort — and then Marie began to sing:

> "Roulant, en roulant,
> Voyageur chantant" —

In her voice, so modestly raised, was a quality of such sweetness that ill temper could not hold; our ugliness was reproached and rebuked, consoled and forgiven. When she had finished, we

asked her to sing more, and so she did, lifting up her voice now freely and joyously; she gave us "*Bergère legère;*" the rattling of the car wheels and the clicking of the lever made a discordant accompaniment, but true and sweet her notes floated away, and as they died awoke through the woodland gentle echoes. I think she would have gone on singing indefinitely to keep the peace between us; but the night air was chill and damp, and at last we forbade her to put her voice to any further test.

"We'll call on you when the sun comes out," said Fred. "But I promise now to be good."

After a while she said,

"It is now my turn; I wish to pump."

"Oh no," I answered. "You're just a passenger."

"I wish to pump," she repeated. "I wish to be warm."

Of course if she was cold, she must be allowed to exercise, and I surrendered my place. By and by she insisted that Fred drop out and I go on again.

"It is what ze fishermen call — my trick at ze wheel," she explained.

"It was a trick all right, or you'd never have got there," said Fred. "I don't believe you were cold."

"I did not say I was cold. I say I wish to be warm."

Later we circumvented her. When we had to yield to her claim that it was her turn, we both discovered that we needed a rest; and the best way of obtaining that was to get off and push the car. Then she would walk with us; after a little while we would spring aboard, take our places at the handles, and declare we were rested. Even with this strategem and such others as we could devise, she bent her slender back far too many times and blistered her unaccustomed hands; I caught her twice blowing pathetically upon her palms.

The sun came up, gorgeous and golden, the birds began chattering in the trees, the day grew rapidly warm. At seven o'clock we stopped for breakfast; at nine we crossed the stream that meant we had traveled forty miles. By ten o'clock the heat was making us wretched; and Fred and I were again wearing on each other's nerves. When one of us bent down, the other inevitably straightened up; and consequently our occasional remarks often miscarried. The repeated failure to hear, the reiterated "What?" became irritating. Finally after I had said "What?" three times, Fred bawled at the top of his voice in one continuous sentence, —

"I said we ought to get to Wingates by three o'clock for heaven's sake say something else than what!"

"*Comprenez vous francais?*" interposed Marie.

"*Un petit,*" responded Fred with instant urbanity.

"*Un petit!*" I scoffed. "*Un peu,* you mean — or *pas du tout,* to be accurate. *Un petit!*"

I laughed sarcastically as I straightened up; Fred gave me a glowering glance as he bent down.

"I," said Marie in her even, gentle voice, "I do not care if one knows not French. I marry a man who knows not French. A man may be as good as anozzer — and yet know not French."

"Ya-a!" bleated Fred in the instant that our eyes were level.

"*Un petit!*" I retorted.

"I will now sing a little song," said Marie. "In English — *pour faire comprendre.* I learn it from my school children." And she sang: —

"'I woke before ze morning, I was happy all ze day,
I never said an ugly word, I smiled and stuck to play.'"

"Quit it," cried Fred, "quit it! I'll be good."

"I beg everybody's pardon," I said. And Marie cooed gently to herself with satisfaction, and, when we begged her, sang for us some more French songs.

At last we entered the burned-over region and began rejoicing. We did not at first notice that Marie sat silent. We

both stopped our labors, arrested by the tone in which she asked,—

"And is it all — so?"

"Yes," I said. "Did n't you understand?"

"I — I did not have ze picture."

Fred and I looked at her in distress. Poor little girl, of course she could never have had any realization of this, however honestly Tommy had written about the conditions. To see that brave and cheerful spirit so appalled was utterly disheartening. Tears started from her eyes.

"And Tommy has lived here all alone!"

She rose and pushed me aside gently, saying, "It is my trick at ze wheel. Maybe" — she smiled a little, — "you will help your friend on his side. For I am so strong now — so strong for two. I wish to have Tommy wait for me no longer."

We were bound to finish after that. But the stops for rest became more frequent, the sun climbed up overhead and dropped behind our shoulders, and in the blackened waste was no landmark to tell us how far we had to go. As we were laboriously pumping up a grade, we heard a thin whistle.

"That's the train!" cried Fred.

I dropped off the car and ran ahead. Round a curve poked the locomotive; I stood and waved my hands. The train whistle let go once more, the steam was shut off, and the train coasted slowly to a stop. But before it had stopped, the conductor, the fireman, Tommy McCance, and a stranger in a black coat were on the ground and running towards me.

They did n't bother much with me; they dashed past and on down the track, and the engineer and I followed. We saw Tommy and Marie fly into each other's arms — but when we came up Marie was talking with the clergyman.

The train crew tumbled our hand-car off the track.

"Pretty near dead?" asked Tommy.

"Depends on how near home we are," I answered.

"Less than an hour. But you'll ride as passengers the rest of the way."

"No indeed," declared Fred. "We want to have the credit of bringing in the bride."

"With just a little help from me," pleaded the clergyman.

He was a fine, strapping big man, and we yielded. I was afraid for a moment that Fred would be too proud.

The engineer ran his train past us; I noticed the connecting-rod of the locomotive — the two broken pieces beautifully riveted and bolted together.

"Ain't that a good job!" said the conductor. "Well, Tommy, I wish't I could stay and hear the wedding bells — but orders is orders and I'm takin' 'em from you."

"Yes, you'd better be pegging on into Marshall," said Tommy. "Marie and I will give you all a wedding supper, French cooking, on your next trip — eh, Marie?"

The crew pushed the hand-car back upon the rails; Marie, Tommy, the clergyman, Fred, and I climbed aboard, and with the clergyman at one handle, Fred and I together at the other, we bowled away, while the engineer, the fireman, and the conductor waved their caps and cheered.

The bride and groom sat on either side of the car and smiled at each other.

"Je parle français, Marie," said Tommy. "Voila! Je vous aime — oh, très bien. Est-ce que vous m'aimez, Marie, ma chérie?"

"Oh, je t'aime on ne peut davantage, mon petit drôle!" Marie answered with a gay laugh. "Mais ton accent — pardon, c'est à rire! N'importe; je vais te l'enseigner. Dites moi; comment les pauvres mains vont-elles?"

I was facing Tommy; I was sorry for him, such hopeless bewilderment was in his eyes.

"The machine never handed me out those words," he complained. "Give it to me in English, Marie."

But after that they did not talk much;

I suspected that they were both thinking of the ceremony that was before them.

We arrived at last. The clergyman had an hour before he must start for the island. Marie went into her little house to prepare; Fred and I made our toilets on the beach. In half an hour came the clergyman, the bride, and the groom. Marie's head was bare; she wore a white waist and a black skirt; nobody passing would have guessed from our little group that a wedding was in progress.

The bride and groom faced the sea; its quiet waves purred on the sand. It stretched away beyond the bleak island, shining, clean, and pure. It held the island close and firm; in its mood that day it seemed the perfect type of gentleness and strength, and I understood why Tommy had clung to the thought of a marriage by the sea.

The clergyman had spoken the last words; the husband kissed his wife.

Fred and I stepped forward.

"If it's the custom in these parts," began Fred.

Marie, with tears in her eyes and an emotional little laugh rippling on her lips, turned up her face.

"And now, Professor," — which was Fred's informal title for the parson, — "whenever it's time for you to go, we'll take you."

"No, no!" cried Tommy. "I'll see to that."

"I think not," said Fred. "You don't desert your bride at this time."

As a matter of fact, on the way to the island the clergyman did most of the work. We landed him just as the steamer hove in sight. And when we had seen him safely aboard, we turned and made our way back to the shore where two figures stood watching us — and where half an hour later we left them to themselves.

THE SPIRIT OF OLD WEST POINT

(1858–1862)

IV

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

XII

THE BACKGROUND OF WAR

WHENEVER I review my cadet life, my fellow cadets, West Point, its buildings, its surroundings, and its ceremonies all seem to be clothed in the sweet distance and softness of shadows in a pool, — as gravely beautiful and far away as the shadows of the trees and slowly drifting clouds I used to look at as a boy in a quiet spot where a brook (we called them "runs" in the West) halted and brimmed near some old beech trees on its glistening way through the sheep pasture. And yet, when the war is interposed for a background, and the fields that I have been on, and where some of them lost their lives, come back into view, with the quickness of a dream the battalion becomes distinct and real. The other day I saw the name of Pelham; and at once West Point flashed upon my sight, and I saw him as if he were alive, walking across the "area;" and then I saw myself riding across the field near Brandy Station, where he was mortally wounded on the 17th of March, 1863.

Of all the men at West Point in my

day, either as cadets or as officers, his name will possibly outlast all save Cushing's; and I have sometimes thought that at the last the dew will sparkle brighter on Pelham's memory. And that for two reasons. First, he was closely associated with Lee, whose towering fame, like a softly burning torch, will light the face of the Confederacy down the murky galleries of time, wooing atonement for the South at every step. And, second, poetry and sentiment, under some mysterious and inexorable impulse, seem loath to turn away from great displays of courage and sacrifice of life for a principle; most lovingly of all will they cherish the ashes of brilliant youth associated with failure. The romance of defeat has more vitality, I think, than the romance of victory,—like the morning glory, it blooms freshest over ruins.

But however this may be, his name, the "gallant Pelham," is now almost a household word throughout the South. He went directly from West Point into the service of the Confederacy, and soon was serving with Jeb Stuart. By his courage Stuart's artillery checked our attacking column at Fredericksburg right under the eye of Lee, who, it is said, exclaimed, "Is it not glorious to see such courage in one so young?"

Later, in his general orders of that disastrous defeat of our army, John Pelham's was the only name Lee mentioned below that of a major-general. He spoke of him as "the gallant Pelham;"—"and *that* from Lee," says one of his distinguished Southern friends, "was worth more than any rank in any army, more valuable than any title of nobility or badge of any order." He was known henceforward as "the gallant Pelham."

There was something about him that gave to Lee's extolling epithet that immediate response of aptness such as we feel when in poetry or elevated prose a word or phrase strikes the eye and ear as the complete expression. It was felt in our lines; for one of his West Point acquaintances,—I think it was Custer,—taking advantage of a flag of truce shortly after the battle, sent this message to Pelham, "I rejoice, dear Pelham, in your success."

He was gracefully tall, fair, a beautiful dancer; it may well be asserted that nature was in a fine mood when she moulded his clay. Her final touch was to give him a pronounced cowlick on his forehead, which added a mounting swirl to his blond hair. His eyes generally were cast thoughtfully downward, and a little wrinkle on his brow gave just the faintest suggestion of a frown on his otherwise unclouded face.

In the winter of 1863–64, while with the Army of the Potomac, more than once I traveled the road to Kelly's Ford, where he was killed, little dreaming of the height of his present fame. I have always thought of the circumstances connected with the coming home of his body to his widowed mother in Alabama, as having about them all the beauty and mystery of night. It was on a night when the moon was full; and her still, white light lit the way by the cotton fields he knew so well, and lay softly white on the roof and in the door-yard of home. His mother stood waiting for him on the doorstep, and, as they bore him up to her, she whispered through falling tears, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb that was slain." She is buried beside him in the little village graveyard at Jacksonville, Alabama. He was only twenty-five years old.

And while I have been writing about Pelham and the battle of Fredericksburg there has come into my mind another face, that of a member of Pelham's class whose fate was in marked contrast with his distinguished comrade's. His case in brief was this: His first action was with the regulars in one of the battles before Richmond in 1862, and, to the absolute surprise of all who knew him, he disappeared with the first volley. Had one passed down the battalion searching for the bravest cadet in it, his square, bulldog jaws and resolute face would have certainly caught the eye for the honor.

After the engagement he reappeared and acknowledged his failure to do his duty, alleging in explanation the low state of his system. But at the next fight off he went; and then his commanding officer had a private interview with him, telling him that such conduct could not be overlooked, that he must remember he was a graduate and a regular. The poor fellow cried, and begged for just one more chance to redeem himself. The chance was given, and it occurred at Fredericksburg.

Forward moved the regulars. The fire swept them; still they went on; but not ——. White as the moonlight that fell on Pelham's dooryard, he broke to the rear, and was dropped from the army. And I have never had anything but pity for him; for I am as well satisfied that fear is often congenital as I am that there is courage in the world. He should not be blamed. What must have been his feelings as he struggled with himself before the command moved forward! Pelham was in D Company and —— was in C, and to the latter I loaned my trunk when he went on his furlough in 1858. The details of his conduct were given to me by a fellow officer who was present on both occasions; and I have no doubt there are grizzled old regulars living who with charity remember the "Leftenant."

Had the corps been called upon in my day to name its best type of soldier and gentleman, the one who by manners, bearing, and dignity wielded unconsciously the widest and most elevating influence, it would have been Kingsbury of Pelham's class. He was from New York, stood near the head of his class, was high-bred and distinguished in appearance, and had that composed voice, natural dignity, and air of command, which cannot be mistaken. There was nothing studied and nothing artificial about him, none of those strides, attitudes, and fierce glances which are often the amusing concomitant of what is termed "military." He had the fortune of good birth and inherited wealth, both of which were reflected in his ease, address, and cultivation. He remained loyal, distinguished himself early as a battery commander, and was mortally wounded, a colonel of volunteers, at Antietam, at the early age of twenty-six. Like so many who fell, and who are long since forgotten, his name will be that of a stranger to the reader; but if out of the overarching West Point her spirit could speak for her ideals, I believe his name would be among the first to pass her lips.

His father was a graduate; his brother-in-law, also a graduate, was the Confederate General Buckner of Kentucky, who surrendered Fort Donelson to General Grant in 1862. Buckner, a stocky, broad-chested, and ruddy-faced man, I saw at West Point twenty years after Donelson; his hair was then snowy white. In the suit of a Kentucky planter he sat alone on one of the benches under the elms near the superintendents' quarters, taking a puff from time to time from a long, white-stemmed pipe. Was he living the days of his youth over again, and looking wistfully backward upon them as the cadets passed and repassed him?

In the battalion with me, there were many more than those I have mentioned, whose records and fate it would give me a sweet pleasure (though sometimes sadly tinged) to record. Ames, who stormed and carried Fort Fisher; Babcock of Grant's staff, one of the best friends I ever had; Beebe of my class, who won a medal of honor; Mordecai, who, although Southern in all his family connections, remained loyal, and who, with Michie, was brevetted for conspicuous daring while carrying on the siege of Fort Wagner; the handsome Guenther, whose battery will be remembered by hundreds of veterans of Sherman's army; and Blount, Willett, Faison, Ball, Wearing, and many more who went South; but I cannot do more than I have done. The dear fellows do not need my pen; history, it is true, is silent; but as long as West Point lives they will live with it; and when (to give her personality) she and

the spirit of our country — and may I add that of the dead Confederacy — meet on nights to come and talk over those days of trial, when epochs closed, and history was made, then they will all be mentioned.

While in 1858 and 1859 the heart of the country was stirring to its depths under the impulse of the inevitable conflict, at West Point there was absolute calm and peace. It is barely possible that the dire tragedy of oncoming events may have so weighed on the heart of the future that, at last, to some one of the officers or professors she unburdened herself, revealing to him, as an angel did to St. John on the Isle of Patmos, "things which must shortly come to pass." But the chances are that no such revelation was ever made, at least to any one in uniform. For the military spirit, owing to its mediæval habit of thought and aristocratic isolation, rarely has felt those deep movements which, in the hearts of the people, have preceded great events and kindled the imagination. And so, however overcast the future may have been elsewhere, at West Point it lay glowing to us all. Not a word was said about politics; days came and went; the river flowed on, and the flag which we now call "Old Glory," and which was so soon to feel the hot breath of civil war, with a spirit light as our own, rippled out its gleaming colors to every passing breeze.

To leave the above as the final image of West Point would be misleading. Away down beneath this political calm lay awake those unappeasable antagonisms which sooner or later always develop whenever members of a state make concessions of any kind to the social and political prestige of other members. Haughty disdain on the one hand, crouching hate on the other, invariably breed under such conditions.

The attitude of the New England colonies at the outset of their political intercourse with those of the South was one of stand aside, with bowed head, and hat in hand; while the patriot planters, with fine, dignified, unconscious good manners, acknowledged the honor as a matter of course. The sons of those planters carried into the life at West Point their fathers' notions of precedence, and, to its honor and glory, their fathers' tone of the soldier and the gentleman. But unfortunately, — yet very naturally, for once we grasp a sceptre we are apt to flourish it, — vainly asserted precedence every now and then marked the conduct of some of them. After slavery had become a national issue, they did not hesitate, when angered, to show their inherited contempt for the North; and I am glad to say that the North, and especially the West, would not and did not stand it. This spirit of domination on the part of the South lay at the bottom when Jessup of Maryland attacked Paine of Massachusetts with his sword; when Quattlebaum of South Carolina forced Strong of Massachusetts into a bitter fight, — the same Strong who fell so gallantly with Shaw at Fort Wagner; and later, when "Rip" McCreery pitched upon Harry Wilson, the captor of Jefferson Davis, more because he was a Northerner than from the nature of the affront.

But while these instances illustrate an elementary difference between sections, yet for the honor of the men themselves, and above all, for the welfare of the country, — for West Point friendships did more at the close of the war than any other agency to heal the scars, — the state a man came from, the political views he may or may not have held, or the name he bore, had little or nothing to do with determining his roommates, and the growth of the warm ties of friendship which blessed our youth.

When the question of politics was broached to me for the first time, — and I may say it was the only time, — it gave me quite a surprise. I was passing through the Sally Port just after our first encampment in 1858, and, falling in with Willis of Georgia, I was accosted with the question, "What state are you from, Mr. Schaff?"

I answered, "Ohio."

"What are you, a Democrat or a Republican?"

"A Democrat," I replied.

Then, with the cordial, fascinating Southern manner, he observed, "You are all right," and passed on.

It made an impression, for up to that time the question where a man came from, or what his politics were, had had no importance whatever with me.

"Ned" Willis was small, lithe, and noticeably voluble; he had yellowish hair, and a voice which, when raised, screamed like that of a hawk. The night when the late General Upton of New York and the late Major Wade Hampton Gibbes of South Carolina had their great political battle, I heard him scream well. In many ways he was the incarnation of the fierce, wild, and delirious spirit which got control of the South at the breaking out of the war. In many ways also he resembled his classmate, Cushing, especially in the color of his hair, the high, quick tones of his voice, and wide, open, laughing mouth. In due time the Upton and Gibbes fight will be described; but now I would rather think of Willis in the light of the letters he wrote to his mother from the field. Some of them appear in the *Southern Historical Papers*, and are very sweet and lovely. He was Colonel of the Twelfth Georgia, and was killed near Bethesda Church the 31st of May, while on our campaign from the Rapidan in 1864; and I suppose his ashes are resting with those of many others of whom Georgia is justly proud, and whom she bears tenderly upon her breast.

XIII

"JOHN BROWN'S BODY"

When the news of the John Brown raid reached West Point, and it was learned that the father of one of the cadets, James Barroll Washington, the great-grandson of the brother of Washington, was a prisoner in the fanatic's hands, the feeling was very great. The release of Colonel Washington, the trial and the execution of Brown, with its upheaving effect on the country, followed rapidly; and at each step in the tragedy West Point was deeply engrossed.

Oh! how little we cadets at West Point realized what the death of that tall, gaunt, gray-bearded and coldly gray-eyed man meant! that the trap of the gallows creaking beneath him was the first wail of a dying age; that civilization was facing about; and that the creative spirit had her brush in her hand once more, and was outlining a new field for the imagination, one darkly and mysteriously suggestive, as are all the works of God in the affairs of men.

I have called John Brown a fanatic. If we view him in the light of a slave auction where father and mother and children are all under the hammer, their pleading eyes on a brutalized audience, he appears with the halo of a martyr; if we estimate him by the feasibleness of the means he employed to carry out his scheme, he appears an unmitigated crank; if we dismiss both reason and sentiment and direct our view across the plain of history, he rises into the blazing company of those who have marked the epochs of the world.

But let this be as it may, I hear voices floating, as it were, down a valley of the past! Have they ascended to some open crest? Surely their notes are growing clearer. Sing on! I know you well, for I have heard you more than once. It is the old Army of the Potomac. It is the surging of that deep refrain which proclaims that John Brown's soul is still marching on, — as we marched under moonlight and starlight along the roads of Virginia.

When the full purpose of Brown's devilish plot was divulged, involving as it did on final analysis a general massacre, if need be for its complete fulfillment, many of the Southern cadets broke out into natural and violent passion, de-

nouncing in unmeasured terms the Abolitionists, and indirectly also every one in the North who shared their antipathy to slavery.

And now, indirectly as an outcome of the John Brown raid, the first collision at West Point of an unmistakable political nature took place between Northern and Southern cadets. It is true there had been instances where combats had been more or less tinged by sectional feeling, — to which reference has already been made, — but this one, between Wade Hampton Gibbes of South Carolina and Emery Upton of New York, was distinctly political in every feature. It was the most thrilling event in my life as a cadet; and, in my judgment, it was the most significant in that of West Point itself. For it was really national and prophetic, in this respect, that this battle between two of her spirited cadets, one from the South, the other from the North, duly represented the issue between the states, and duly the courage and bitterness with which it was fought out to the end.

I have been urged by one whose friendship I cherish, whose blood is all Southern, and whose record of loyalty and courage during the war has added lustre to his name, to pass this battle over lightly. But it foreshadowed too much; leave it out of West Point history, and one of her most presageful pages is gone. No, it threw into our life visions too ominous and foretelling to be suppressed; it was the first determined stand by any Northerner against the long, aggressive, and unchallenged dictatorship of the South. I had no bias through acquaintance, friendship, or sympathy with either of them. Upton I came to know well while serving with the Army of the Potomac, and loved him. Gibbes, four years my senior as a cadet, I never exchanged a word with socially; but he was a gentleman through and through, and worthy of his historic name and state. I am told that, after his gallant services to the Confederacy, he manfully endured the never fully appreciated disappointment of defeat, passing into an old age of engaging sweetness.

Now Upton, before coming to West Point, had been a student at Oberlin, an institution hated and despised by the South for its pronounced attitude on slavery and for admitting negroes as students. While he was being quizzed on his arrival as a new cadet, as to what he had studied, and where he had been to school, he openly and frankly declared that he had been at Oberlin and was an Abolitionist, — the first and, I believe, the only cadet who ever had the temerity to plant himself squarely in the ranks of that unpopular band of liberty-loving dreamers, who, bigoted as all reformers are in their views, were impatiently unwilling to listen for a moment to any further compromise with slavery. Upton's sincere declaration of his position — obnoxious in the last degree to the South — made him a marked man at once.

Under the natural exasperation over the Brown raid, men from the South, as already intimated, gave vent to their feelings; and, in the course of some talk with his fellows, Gibbes, in referring to Upton in connection with his student life at Oberlin, made remarks on his intimate association with negroes, of a character keenly offensive, and such as no self-respecting cadet could stand for a moment. There has never been a suspicion in my mind that the South Carolinian expected these unpremeditated remarks ever to be repeated; but they were, and Upton promptly called for an explanation. It was just after the battalion had broken ranks from the march from supper; and soon the word was passed through our companies beyond the Sally Port that Gibbes and Upton were to fight in a room on the first floor of the First Division.

The national significance of the affair was interpreted at once; there were more than personal matters involved; and a crowd soon gathered on the pavement, on the stoop, and packed into the hall. I squeezed my way into the First Division, with Willis, "Comanche" Robin-

son, and others from beyond the Sally Port, and with them gained a place on the stairway. The sentinel, an inexperienced "yearling," brushed aside and unheeded, was calling loudly for the corporal of the guard. But no one cared for him or his corporal of the guard, or any authority vested in them or in anybody else: the excitement was too great, as from time to time during the progress of the battle we could hear angry voices, the scuffling of feet, and those other dull sounds which fall so heavily on the ear and mean so much. Personally I do not know what took place in that room; but there are those living who do, and who, wisely enough, perhaps, are unwilling to disclose what they saw and what they heard. I do know, however, what was going on in the hall and on the stairway.

I have heretofore told how Willis and Robinson were screaming, and I remember distinctly the face of the latter as he howled about the use of bayonets; but how or when he was to use that savage implement I have no remembrance. I do remember this, however, that when the fight was over I saw Upton's resolute face bleeding.

And now came an incident that burned its way into my memory. John Rodgers, Upton's roommate and second, overheard, amid the mighty turmoil after the fight was over, some of my immediate friends shrieking their maledictions. He came to the head of the stairs, and, with eyes that no man ever looked into and discovered fear there, called out, "If there are any more of you down there who want anything, come right up." His eyes were glaring like a panther's.

It is needless to say that nobody wanted to face that man. I am satisfied that the South then and there beheld what iron and steel there was in the Northern blood when once it was up. I was born and bred in a family some of whose ties were Southern and all of whose political views were sympathetic; but I felt proud of Rodgers as he stood on the stairs defying that mob—for it was nothing less than a mob. When it was over we all went back to our rooms, little dreaming that this was but the prelude of that mightier collision between the states. It is fortunate that we cannot penetrate the future, for then there would be no Past, that vast ocean whose long, silent beach is the playground of Imagination.

Almost fifty years have passed since that December night. Gibbes and Upton are in their graves;—the south wind breathes softly over Auburn, where Upton's ashes lie;—the dawn breaks, the twilight comes softly on, the stars appear, and lo! the mocking-bird is still singing among the hollies that redden above Gibbes's grave. Not in anger, not in malice, and not with indifference to the feelings of the living, have I referred to this episode in the lives of these men, both so brave, both so high-minded, both sure to be honored and mentioned with affection, as I believe, when the spirits of West Point meet in her upper sky, and talk over the battalions of '58 and '59.

There was another incident connected with the John Brown raid which, besides being characteristic, has a bordering of humor. The late Major-General Pierce M. B. Young of Georgia, a conspicuous cavalry leader, a member of Congress after the war, and minister to Russia under Cleveland, observed one day during Brown's trial, in the hearing of a Massachusetts man, as they were marching off guard, "By God, I wish I had a sword as long as from here to Newburgh, and the Yankees were all in a row. I'd like to cut off the head of every damned one of them."

Newburgh, faintly visible up the river, lies about eleven miles from West Point, or something over fifty-eight thousand feet. If we allow two heads to the foot, Pierce would have beheaded over a hundred thousand Yankees at a slash, which might have made a material difference in New England's ability to fill her quota two years later. I am afraid, however, that, if Young had had his gory West-

Point-and-Newburgh blade, it would have been bothersome sometimes. It was too long; he never could have got away as he did when Custer and Merritt and Wilson got after him on several occasions. But he was a very good fighter and a very good-hearted fellow, and, as a member of Congress, never failed to do cheerfully all in his power for his old West Point friends.

The Massachusetts man, who was my first roommate, and for whose ears Young's extravagant wish was intended, preserved in 1859 that discreet silence which was characteristic of his Puritan blood. At Gettysburg, however, in 1862, he spoke. The position his guns occupied is still pointed out to the visitor of that field, and when the official guide reaches it he says, "Here are Calef's guns; they opened the battle."

There was another occasion that autumn when the smothering feelings of the Southerners broke into a little flame which, for the time being, was very amusing. It was at a meeting of the Dialectic Society. I wonder if that celebrated society is still in existence. It never held but two meetings while I was a cadet, and yet when I graduated it gave me a dignified and almost stately diploma, adorned with a copper plate engraving, and a broad red ribbon bearing a large seal. I never see it that it does not evoke a smile. Well, on the programme was a play (I think it was *Bob Acres*) given wholly by cadet talent. The narrow, bare, cold, and high-ceiled hall over the Sally Port was crowded; and during one of the scenes there was a fierce stage combat with swords between Kilpatrick of New Jersey, the great cavalry leader, and the handsome and popular "Jack" Garnett of Virginia. It was reported that the former during his furlough had made a Republican speech, and well he might, for he was a most blatant and interminable talker. Both were good swordsmen, and they clashed and lunged at each other in great style.

As the battle progressed the excitement grew, till Ned Willis and "Comanche" Robinson of Texas concluded it was the South against the North, and yelled from the pit, "Kill him, Jack, kill him!"

Counter voices screamed, "Go it, Kil!"

It was the funniest performance, I think, I ever witnessed. All four of these cadets were cast for parts in a greater play: Kilpatrick, well known as a brave and reckless fighter, became a major-general of cavalry; Willis has been mentioned; "Comanche" Robinson, so named for his resemblance to an Indian in more ways than one, attained rank in the Confederacy; and "Jack" Garnett commanded Garnett's battalion of Confederate artillery at Gettysburg. I met him after the war. He was still the same handsome and popular Virginian; but life for him was clouded, and in a few years he died.

The mention of Garnett recalls the one other meeting of that wonderful Dialectic Society. It was held in the library, the only time while I was there that the old authors on the shelves had a chance to hear the voices of youth. On this occasion Garnett read Horace Porter's famous lines on "Life at West Point." We thought it a mighty good production then, and as I read it over lately, it still sparkled. The other night, while the Loyal Legion was banqueting at Delmonico's, and Porter was delivering a memorial on Schofield, he referred to our cadet days, and to officers on duty at the time. As I listened to him the years fell away from him; I saw him again as cadet adjutant, and heard once more the thundering applause with which we welcomed his rhyming effort.

XIV

FURLOUGH IN 1860

In June, 1860, our class went on its furlough, which, by way of explanation, is a leave of absence during the encampment, granted to each class at the close of its second academic year. It is a great

event in a cadet's life, for it is the only time he can leave West Point during the four years' course, and he looks forward to it with longing. It steals in upon him as he rambles alone; it is floating in his mind as he goes to sleep; and I am acquainted with one, at least, who never failed to think of it in church. And how could he help it, with his forehead cushioned in gloves and handkerchief on the pew rail, and the clergyman solemnly droning the stately Litany, lulling the very air of the chapel into slumber?

And, by the way, Robert E. Lee, Jr., in his delightful recollections of his father, says, referring to their life at West Point while General Lee was superintendent of the Academy, "I never knew him late for Sunday service at the post chapel . . . and I remember he got always very drowsy during the sermon, and sometimes caught a little nap." However many little naps the Confederate chieftain (and for one I am willing to vote him the leading gentleman of his time) may have caught in that dear little chapel, there were some of them still left haunting the choir loft in my day.

After the *Te Deum*, the curtains were slyly drawn, and I saw more than one of my fellow choristers take advantage of the opportunity: Wesley Merritt, the cavalry leader, "Jack" Garnett, Harris, "Lengthy" Smith, and fiery red-haired Randol, whose clear soprano voice led us all. It was his battery at Frazier's Farm, on McClellan's retreat to the James, which fought the enemy at their very muzzles, stirring the blood of friend and foe to admiration. How firmly then his tenor voice must have rung out to his cannoneers, — with another tone than when he sang the *Venite*, and with another vibration than when I heard it singing, "When shall we meet again, meet ne'er to sever," on the last Sunday before graduation. On that occasion there was deep feeling and sweet pathos in his voice, and in every other voice, too; and well there might have been, for down below us in the body of the church were a good many splendid-hearted cadets who in a few years were killed.

But it is while the cadet is performing sentinel's duty in the dead hours of the night, while there is around him the mystery of darkness, that he dwells on his coming furlough most fondly. He clothes every hour of it with the light and beauty of dreams. In his fancy he hears the timber and the fields welcoming him home again; he feels the paws of the old dog he hunted with as he leaps up on his breast to kiss him; he sees the plain, country church spire reverently pointing starward; and soon, in his uniform, he is walking up its aisle, and his mother is at his side. Yes, yes, furlough days! you are lifting again through the mists, and with all the freshness and spicy odor of blooming sweetbriers. And yet no old graduate ever looks back to them that a smile does not gather. And why? Oh, because he sees not the visions of his boyhood's fancy, but a youth gloriously unconscious of his rank callowness.

On reaching home we found the political campaign of 1860, probably the most exciting and certainly the most fateful which our country has gone through, in full swing. The very air was charged. Lincoln had been nominated by the Republicans; Breckinridge by the Southern extremists. The Democratic party of the North had rallied behind Douglas, the Unionists of the South had put forward Bell of Tennessee. I was too young and altogether too immature to realize the situation; but it was easy to see that the haughtiness and disdain of the South had at last challenged the manhood of the West; and that the followers of Lincoln were ready to face the issue for good and all, and, if need be, to fight it out to the bitter end.

The following incident illustrates fairly well, I think, the depth to which the feelings of the North were moved. I was visiting an uncle, who, born and bred in Rockingham, Virginia, was a giant in stature, but mild in disposition, of upright walk, and blessed with a child's

faith in his Bible and religion. In his dignified manner and old Virginian respectfulness of tone he turned to me just before the dinner was served, and asked, "Morris, what does the South say about this presidential election?"

I had started to tell him what I thought they felt were their rights under the Constitution as to slavery,—and I believed then and I believe now they were right,—when my uncle Sam interrupted, exclaiming, "Morris, I tell you slavery has no rights either before God or man; it is a curse and a disgrace to this land, and the South shall not bully us under the threat of disunion into its defense any longer;" and he brought down his big hand firmly on the table where lay the old Bible which he read every morning and every night before kneeling in prayer.

I looked at him with amazement. His face was illuminated, and in the light of the fires of his conviction I got my first clear view of the shadow of war; and I had nothing further to say. Could we have laid our ears to the lids of the old Bible, which must have felt the jar of his hand, I am inclined to believe that we should have heard the voice of Joel rising far above those of Miriam and David, saying,—

"Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain; let all the inhabitants of the land tremble: for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand; a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains. . . . Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." . . .

It is true there were hundreds, yes, thousands, South and North, who were ready to make a compromise; who had no bitterness in their hearts; who loved the Union and could not bear to think of civil war. But the day for compromises had gone by. The crusade of the Abolitionists on the one hand, and the vanity, haughtiness, and disdain of South Carolina on the other, had got in their fatal work, driving both sections into positions from which neither prayer nor appeal could extricate either one of them. How haughtiness and disdain have characterized the bearing of the rich and powerful just before every great revolution! I fear they will characterize those to come. And the pity of it all is that so much blood will flow, so many young fellows, who have no ill-will and are innocent of a base ambition, will be called on to lay down their lives for the wrongs of others, to be the food of wars which should and might be avoided by a little forbearance of one toward another, by invoking the spirit of Christianity, and by a steady display of the qualities of the real gentleman.

We returned from our furlough on the 28th of August, 1860. In the next six months Lincoln was elected, the South seceded, and the war between the states began. These events are the broad foreground of a great picture, and one in which is reflected much of West Point's life. The longer we gaze at it the more we see in it, and the more conscious we become, I think, of a mysterious historic effulgence. Does our imagination spiritualize the events, and make us see Fate forcing her way as she leads the country to its destiny; is it Slavery dragging herself death-stricken at last out of the world; is it the glow from faces of high-minded youths in gray and blue; or is the radiance in the face of Peace? My heart beats before it.

There is a strange fascination to me in the memory of my life at West Point during those fateful six months.

I have referred to the circumstance that, through the suggestion of my Southern roommate, I had by the help of the *New York Herald* been assigned to D Company. It was the distinctively Southern company; in fact, over half, perhaps two thirds, of its members were from the South. In it at that time were Rosser, Young, Deering, Pelham, Patterson, Willett, Watts, Faison, John Lane, and

"Jim" Parker, all of whom reached high rank in the Confederacy. From the North were Babbitt, Dimmock, of Dimmock's battery, pure-hearted Sanderson, "Deacon" Elbert, and Custer. The latter, with Jim Parker, lived in a room diagonally below me; and with that well-mated pair, whom I shall mention later, I fooled away many an hour that should have been devoted to study.

West and myself occupied a room on the third floor of the 7th Division. It looked out on the gardens attached to the quarters of Professor Kendrick, and of Lieutenant Douglas, a smallish man with a voluminous red beard, who was an instructor of drawing, and who, besides an artistic sense, had a greater propensity for chewing tobacco (fine cut) than any one I ever saw. Behind the garden rose the hills, streaked with ribs of gray rocks, clothed with tapering cedars and struggling trees, whence, as spring drew along, came many a richly warbled note.

Of course, between me and my roommate there was no concealment. We talked over the state of the country and everything else, as boys and loving friends might. He told me about his home, the slaves, and the plantation; and I got an impression — and I believe it was a true one — that theirs was a humane, just, and happy family.

And in this connection let me remark on what the North has never fully understood in the Southerner's character, — I mean, his reluctance to differ from his fellow Southerners on all public questions, and his natural hesitation to lay his heart bare to any one, and above all to a Northerner. His traits are the result of several forces, — provincial isolation, long submission to a dominating public opinion, and the reserve of an inherited dignity. There is nothing he hates like smooth cunning. If you want to be sure of his inward convictions, he must be sure of your sincerity; you must know him well, and you must see him alone.

Well, we had barely settled down to our work again before the smothered excitement that had lain smoking ominously, blazed up all over the country, like fires in a clearing. What had happened to the patient and stolid North, that night after night the streets of her cities and towns should flicker with the torches of marching processions? There they go, marching up Broadway by historic and stately Trinity, thousands of them, and the sidewalks lined four or five deep. Along the grassy streets of little country villages here they come, under overbending elms; and now, in far away Iowa, their torches flare between fields of ripening corn. How significant that here and there are old, white-haired men in the procession! Has some martial spirit beaten the long roll? Or, what seems to me more probable, has not a spirit of deeper thought and closer ties with the heart talked low and confidentially to the bells in the steeples? For the moral sense of the North is certainly aroused! Look where you may, the hearts of the people are stirring.

This exhibition by the passive North, marching four abreast with flaming torches, now and then bursting into a deep, hoarse cheer for Lincoln, was hailed with sardonic delight by the original secessionists. It gave them the one chance they wanted, namely, to appeal to the sensitive pride of their naturally conservative yet impulsive people. They at once translated it into the terms of a challenge, something that no Southerner could overlook. The danger of oversensitiveness as to personal courage! what calamities it has wrought for nations, — and what saddened hours for individuals! The papers and the political orators took it up, and, before the conservative spirit could get into action, a fierce desire to engage in war with the North had bedded itself permanently in the hot blood of the Southern youth. Oh, gallant men who fell in Virginia, I have often thought that if your fathers could have met the North as equals, and, uninflamed by oratory, talked the question over calmly and without arrogance, the

extreme secessionists never could have swung your Southland into desolation.

It may sound strange to civilians, and especially to students of the history of that period, to be told that national affairs even at that time were not discussed at West Point. The discussion, by officers or cadets, of the politics dividing the nation into parties would have struck the average man as crude, and totally unbecoming young men or old men whose lives were consecrated to the service of the country, regardless of which party might be in control. I fully agree that there is nothing more amusing to the silent and observant bystander than a discussion over politics between two old fellows or two young ones. But during that critical period we offered no such diversion. The nearest we came to it was habitually, morning, noon, and night, to damn every politician in the country, save the one who had appointed us. Moreover, the tension was too great, and inasmuch as we professed to be gentlemen, we naturally refrained from touching on disagreeable subjects. Representing, however, as we did, every Congressional district, we were in miniature the country itself. The letters and local papers from home kept us acquainted with the state of public feeling, and, since the consciousness of a national crisis is always contagious, it was not long before it was felt at West Point.

As a result, a state of recklessness as to discipline, and a new indifference to class standing, were more or less noticeable in the conduct of the entire corps, save among that laudable few who worked day and night to get into the engineers; and — judging from one or two I knew — I doubt if anything short of a cataclysm that would have tossed half the sturgeon in the Hudson up into the "area" would have diverted them from calculus or engineering. The effect on the conduct and temper of some of the Southern cadets was marked by provoking arrogance; and strangely enough, savage encounters took place between Southerners themselves. For instance, my roommate engaged in one with a fellow Southerner, which I believe was wholly due to the prevailing impatience and irritability aroused by the political situation. I have no idea what it was about, or who was to blame; but I do know that I urged West to settle it. His Southern blood was up, however, and seeing that I could do nothing to stop it, I asked him to get somebody else to go with him, for I could not bear to see those two friends in a fight. With a heavy heart I stayed alone in our room; and when he came back, terribly punished, I went with the impulsive, warm-hearted fellow to the hospital. The day came when he and his antagonist were the best of friends, and fellow officers of the same Confederate battery.

XV

THE STRAW BALLOT

In October, 1860, some evil spirit stole his way into West Point and thence into the room of a couple of the bitterly partisan Southerners in my division. The next day — as a result of his visit — a box was set up at a suitable place, with a request that cadets should deposit therein their preferences for president of the United States.

Now, the father of big, swarthy John Lane, a member of my company and one who subsequently joined the South, was running for vice-president on the ticket with Breckinridge. Although John was very far from being a leader intellectually, nevertheless he was a well-meaning, whole-souled, and generally popular man. Whether his personality had anything to do with the result of the balloting, I do not know, — the fact of his father's candidacy is mentioned only to give the situation a little more reality.

A better scheme than this straw ballot to embroil the corps, and to precipitate the hostilities between individuals which soon involved the states, could not have

been devised. When I went to deposit my ballot I met Frank Hamilton of my class, who had just voted. "How have you voted, Frank?" I asked good-naturedly.

"Oh, for Honest Old Abe," he answered with his peculiar bubbling chuckle. "I suppose you are for Douglas?"

"Yes, for the 'Little Giant,' Frank."

Now Hamilton was from the Western Reserve of my state and a Republican, and I should have been surprised had he not voted in harmony with his courage and convictions. My roommate voted for Bell.

When the ballots were counted (I cannot recall the exact number of votes for each candidate) the South with surprise and indignation found that there were sixty-four votes for Lincoln. It was always a peculiarity, almost a childlike simplicity of the old South, to take it for granted that every one was going their way; it never understood the silence of the Puritan. At once, with almost astounding effrontery, the self-constituted supervisors of the election appointed tellers for each division to smoke out those whom some of them saw fit to designate luridly as "the Black Republican Abolitionists in the Corps."

And now was exhibited the most equivocal if not pusillanimous conduct that ever I saw at West Point. When the tally was over, only about thirty could be found who had voted for Lincoln, and, according to the tellers, every one of these was from west of the Hudson River, the bulk of them from north of the Ohio; while it was notorious that every member of Congress east of the Hudson, save, possibly, Arnold of Connecticut, was a Republican! What had become of Lincoln's backers from east of the Hudson? Well, well! I suppose the everlasting din the South raised over their voting for Lincoln was so disquieting to the intellectual repose of our New England friends that all took to reading Emerson — Emerson on "Idealism," wherein he says, "The least change in our point of view gives the whole world a pictorial air." So, when the dreaded tallymen came round, with their proverbial shrewdness they concluded that they would give the world — at least a part of it — a "pictorial air" by changing their point of view from Lincoln and Hamlin to Bell and Everett. Or had those descendants of the heroic Puritans who, unshaken, faced the question of the execution of a king, answered the tallymen with stern and resolute countenance, "What business is it of yours how I voted? You get out of this!" Whatever may have happened, according to the tellers there was not a single recorded vote from New England for Lincoln.

One of the tallymen was from Vermont, a Yankee of Yankees, who with humiliating subserviency, as it seems to me, accepted complacently the duty of smoking out his fellow Northerners for the scorn of certain partisan Southerners. While performing his despicable mission (that term sounds harshly, but nothing softer describes the service), he came to the room occupied by Tully McCrea of Ohio and G. L. Gillespie of Tennessee. With a loud and impertinent voice he wanted to know how they had voted. When McCrea announced his vote for Lincoln, the tallyman made a disparaging remark, whereupon McCrea told him in significant tones to get out of the room, and after one glance from Tully's chestnut eyes he promptly complied. How often I have seen those same warm chestnut eyes swimming as they responded to the tender and high emotions of his heart!

On account of his political views, a Kentuckian, who fell at Chickamauga, assailed McCrea violently. Two or three years later, McCrea was called on once more to show his courage. It was the afternoon of Pickett's charge, and all through those terrible hours he stood with his battery on the ridge at Gettysburg; over him were the scattering oaks of Ziegler's grove; and with his commanding officer, Little Dad Woodruff, who

there met his death, he faced the awful music. In one way I really think it took more courage to vote for Lincoln than to face Pickett; but however that may be, he met both ordeals well. At the battle of Olustee, Florida, he was shot through both legs. He is now retired, a brigadier-general, and when I last heard of him, he was living at Atlantic City. I imagine him watching the long waves endlessly breaking on the beach; and I hope that as again and again they swish up toward him and sadly lull away, nothing but pleasant memories come back of our boyhood days.

I do not wish to encumber, mar, or lower these articles with combats between boys; but there is one I never look at from the porch of my memory without real amusement. This lively encounter took place between Dunlap of Kentucky and Kilpatrick, in the hall of the 6th Division, just after undress parade on the stoop, and while the companies were forming to march to supper. Hearing the row, I got through the crowd and on to the stairway. A very fair view of what was going on in the hall below me now presented itself; and whatever may be the speed of the thoroughbreds of Kentucky, New Jersey certainly had the pole and the race at the outcome that night. A funnier row I never saw in my life. Well, no sooner was it over than those of us who had remained to see it through discovered that we were hungry; but meanwhile the battalion had marched to supper, and the regulations provided that any one entering the mess hall after the doors were closed should be reported. We all gathered in front of the door and decided to go in together, each one flattering himself that he might be the lucky one to escape the eye of the First Captain, now the widely and favorably known General James M. Wilson of Washington. I got immediately behind the tallest man in the corps, red-headed Cowan of North Carolina, thinking thereby to be masked, at least at the outset of the movement.

The door was opened suddenly. We started with a rush; but unfortunately for me, Cowan stumbled at the threshold and nearly fell headlong on the floor, leaving me in full view.

The next night at parade, when the adjutant read the reports for delinquencies, my name was duly mentioned. I think Wilson spotted every one of us. I had a good many reports, far too many to be consistent with the exercise of common-sense, but this one I have never regretted; for a little spring of humor has always bubbled from it.

On the 6th of November, 1860, the people reversed our little boyish ballot, solemnly, and overwhelmingly; but the undreamed-of fiat had gone forth. With the election of Lincoln the doors of the new era, which in the fullness of time the Ruler of the World had ordered, began slowly and inexorably to swing open. There is always an idea of morning about the coming on of a new era; but to those who are near the opening doors, "the wings of the morning" (which I have always thought to be the most beautiful piece of imagery in the world) are not visible. And for very good reasons: for have they ever yet opened but that the dreadly-bosomed clouds of war were moving fast, and the sky growing fearfully black?

No, to the living there is nothing of the morning when the doors of a new era begin to open, creaking wailingly the mortal agony of ill-featured wrongs as they turn on their old and sin-incrusted hinges. The mornings of new eras have dawned only in the eyes of prophets and martyrs, whose foretelling lips and far-seeing eyes are generally dust long before what they have said, and what they have seen, have become accomplished facts. But the interesting thing about it all is this, that as soon as the mask is lifted from any great historical event, its resurrection begins before our inward eye, clothing itself in symbols, and appealing to the imagination for utterance. And the character of

our speech is directly related to our understanding of the spiritual significance of the event itself.

So it will be with the history of our great Civil War; and so it will be with the West Point of my day. We were at the birth of the era, and the sky was black enough; but the history of those days, and above all of West Point itself, will have its resurrection morning. For Nature makes provision that at last every event which marks the upward progress of the world shall bloom in the heaven-dyed language of the poet.

(*To be continued.*)

ASLEEP IN UNION SQUARE

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

He dreamed he took the road again,
Up Bald Fowl Mountain's back,
Between the cobbles, Fox and Hen,
And through the Hollow black,
Where the loud floods of Roaring Ben
Came down the Peaktown track.

In dreams he walked the Peaktown street,
And heard the floods of Ben
The slow and shallow river meet
Below the saphouse glen,
Whence faint his mother's bugle sweet
Called home his father's men.

GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER

I

In the small hours of the morning of February 16, Giosuè Carducci died at his home in Bologna. It was a happy release from nearly twenty years of a gradual decline peculiarly distressing to so lionlike a soul. The same afternoon the Prime Minister announced in the Chamber that the government would propose the erection of a statue to the great poet in Rome, and the deputies resolved by acclamation that the burial should be in the Italian Westminster, Santa Croce, in Florence. The next day was Sunday, and there was probably no learned body in Italy that did not pay commemorative honors to the scholar poet. In the piazzas of many Italian cities he was acclaimed as the prophet of revolutionary Italy, for it was the anniversary of Giordano Bruno's martyrdom, and everywhere meetings had been called to denounce the Church. Such demonstrations, although he would have disapproved their socialistic and anarchistic expressions, befitted the lying in state of the great pagan Carducci. From the usually perfunctory columns of the press transpired a poignant regret. It was his pupils who wrote, and frequently a broken and agitated utterance attested a grief too profound for words. Since Garibaldi died there has not been a mourning so truly national.

All this was a remarkable tribute to the man and the patriot; it was a demonstration that would have caused no little astonishment, and possibly amusement, to the poet, could he have observed it from the Elysian Fields. For if he was venerated, he was certainly little read outside of ultraliterary circles. The average educated Italian could repeat you a few strophes of the "Hymn to Satan;" he could tell you the idyl of the friendship between the bard of republicanism and Queen Margherita; but there his knowledge stopped; and when Carducci died, there was merely the vague impression that an heroic soul had passed. This deep and universal conviction is in a fashion the measure of the personal force of the man apart from his specific achievement in literature. He had become the impersonation of the greater Italy that was. Men divined in him the generation of Mario, Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi; and with his death one may say the personal chapter of the Risorgimento closes, and the harvest is white for the historian. Throughout his long career his position as poet and publicist was one of such extreme isolation that the ordinary parallels and comparisons utterly fail the critic. He resembles nobody of his times, and to find his spiritual peers one must go back to the Italy of Machiavelli or Dante, or, farther yet, to the austerer poets of Rome.

On the 27th of July, 1835, Giosuè Carducci was born in the village of Val di Castello, near Pietrasanta, between the Carrara Mountains and the sea. He was prenatally a rebel, one may say, for his father, the public physician of the village, was an active republican. His mother, as the poet later records with gratitude, taught him to read from Alfieri and imposed no superstitions upon him. Driven from place to place because of the father's relations with the Carbonari, the family passed the first thirteen years of his life between Bolgheri and Castagneto, in the gloomy Maremma, "whence," Carducci writes, "I found my proud bearing and my scornful song." It was a melancholy boy-

hood, passed in loneliness and poverty. Till the age of fourteen he had no master but his father, from whom he learned Latin and the habit of books. When the revolutionary movement of 1848 failed, the father lost his modest post, and the family moved to Florence. Giosuè went to the School of the Scolopi, and at the age of eighteen completed the course in philosophy. Even before this time his poetical gift began to manifest itself, among the lost productions being characteristically a soliloquy of Brutus, and amusingly, in view of his later abhorrence of Romanticism, a romantic novel in verse entitled *Love and Death*. A timely success in a competition for a scholarship took him to the normal school at Pisa, where, proceeding Bachelor in 1855 and Master the year following, he became the erudite student of literary history, thus acquiring what was to be a constant resource in the numerous chagrins that befell him as poet and patriot. For a year he taught rhetoric, Latin, and Italian, in the College of San Miniato al Tedesco, Florence. Here were begun or confirmed those friendships with Nencione, Chiarini, Gargani, and others, that one divines in the charming essay, "San Miniato al Tedesco;" here were passed those bacchic nights that scandalized the quiet suburb; here were held the memorable debates with the magisterial Fanfani, before Franceschini's bookstall; here finally was publicly shed that first collection of "Rime," the bitter satire of which justly won him enemies, the promise of which might well have appealed to others than the comrades who advised the venture and shared the loss. As it was, the neo-romanticists accused him of godlessness and servile worship of form, and Fanfani, then both literary dictator and minister of education, kept him out of the chair he had fairly earned in the Gymnasium of Arezzo. At this time, too, came a crushing personal grief in the suicide of his elder brother Dante, commemorated in several of the early sonnets. The next year his father died, and Carducci, with the uncertain resources of the editorial work he did for the *Collezione Diamante*, a new enterprise of the generous publisher Barbèra, became the support of the family. Meanwhile he and the girl of his choice, Elvira Menicucci, had been waiting for many years. In 1859 they decided to wait no longer, and the tide began to turn in their favor.

The next year he obtained a professorship in a Pistoiese Lyceum, only to be appointed by Mamiami to the chair at Bologna which he adorned until his strength failed. In the routine of university instruction and research he buried a vast disillusionment. His adolescent muse had followed the fate of the war of liberation. In the Ode to Victor Emmanuel he had urged the king to cross the Po and become the "new Marius;" the ode to the victorious Cross of Savoy had been solemnly performed and sung in the streets. "I lacked little," he writes, "of becoming the poet laureate of the public opinion that later became unitarian. It gives me the gooseflesh to think of it."

He had imagined a democratic monarchy, and the actuality, with its sordid strife of factions, official recognition of hereditary nobility, and repudiation of Garibaldi, roused in him a *saeva indignatio* that was never wholly appeased. When he republished his *Juvenilia* in 1870, he refused to let these odes be reprinted. In the poem "Dopo Aspromonte" (contained in the *Levia Gravia*, Pistoia, 1868) he gave a eulogy of the great chieftain that was a fit precursor in verse of the magnificent funeral oration of 1882. These new poems he issued under the name of Enotrio Romano, which was already famous as that of the author of *The Hymn to Satan*, published in the fall of 1865, and widely reprinted two years later when the Ecumenical Council declared the infallibility of the pope. This pseudonym he used "in order," he said, "not to let my poetry diminish any reputation I might

gain in prose." In 1867, for signing an address to Mazzini for aiding Garibaldi's ill-fated expedition to Mentana, he was suspended from his professorship.

In general, however, he devoted himself to his studies. "To escape temptation," he says, "I took a cold bath of philology and wrapped myself in the funeral shroud of erudition." The evidences of these more sober pursuits soon appeared in the publication of his essays and addresses: *Primi Saggi* and *Scritti Letterarî* in 1874, *Bozzetti Critici* and *Discorsi Letterarî* in 1876. To these essays he added year by year, until the definitive edition issued by Zanichelli in the early nineties numbered no fewer than twelve volumes of prose, including important studies of Ariosto, Tasso, and Parini. Meantime he had not discontinued his early labors as editor of the Italian classics of Barbèra. Alfieri, Lorenzo de' Medici, Salvator Rosa, Tassoni, Monti, Poliziano, Rossetti, were some of the texts he revised with a scholar's conscience, supplying also in every case an introduction that was a criticism and an interpretation. For nearly forty years he worked at the monumental text and commentary of Petrarch, which, with the aid of Severino Ferrari, he published in 1900. To the narrower field of minute erudition belong his collection of *Poeti Erotici e Lirici dell secolo XVIII*, his *Canti Carnascialeschi Rime dei Secoli XII e XIV*, *Cantilene e Ballate*, *Poesie Latine dell' Ariosto*, and the crestomathy, *Antica Lirica Italiana*, which was published without the intended commentary shortly before his death.

In 1873 the *Nuove Poesie* were published at Imola. These poems presented in still stronger relief the paganism of the author, and marked a decided advance towards the close imitation of Latin metres that characterized his later style. Moreover there is no abatement of scorn for monarchical Italy, although no circumstances call for so specific an expression as is found in the iambics of a few years earlier. One may say in general that the literary preoccupation is greater. Reminiscence begins to appear in such charming poems as the *Idillio Maremmano*, and the way is being prepared for the more elegiac mood of the famous *Odi Barbare*. These were published in 1877 by Zanichelli, who two years earlier had taken over the Imola collection under the title of *Rime Nuove*. To the *Odi Barbare* Carducci added books from edition to edition (1883, 1889), and very little of his later verse was reserved for the miscellaneous category of *Rime e Ritmi*. The value of this attempt to revive the Horatian muse we will consider later. It is enough to say for the moment that the *Odi Barbare*, so called because in their author's opinion they would have seemed barbarous alike to the real culture of Greece and Rome and to the effeminate culture of modern Italy, made their writer famous. They were the subject of imitation and polemics. Being quite untranslatable, they became naturally the prey of German, French, English, Spanish, and even Bohemian translators. Finally they brought their author a notoriety that he never learned to support with equanimity.

It was the enthusiasm of the young Queen Margherita for the *Ode to the Victory of Brescia* that brought about one of the most ideal friendships that has existed between a poet and a queen. Carducci's two odes to her were taken foolishly as a recantation of his republican faith, as if to prove himself republican he should have shown himself churlish. As a matter of fact, in his later years he came to regard the monarchy as a sort of necessary evil, but he persistently refused the knighthood which so good a Republican as Zanardelli urged him to accept. In 1890, having held high municipal and provincial office, he accepted a senatorship of the realm, his duties taking him frequently to Rome, where he somewhat relinquished his aversion to general society. This senatorship with other signs of growing conserv-

atism brought upon him the displeasure of the Socialist and Radical students, a mob of whom in March, 1891, hooted him, invaded his lecture-room, and, but for the truly Homeric defense put up by a devoted handful of his disciples, would have done him bodily violence. This disgraceful incident, falling in a time of nervous decline, made a complete change in the open and fairly paternal relations he had borne to his classes. The lectures became a drudgery, the innocent advances of his pupils met with savage rebuffs, — in short, infirmity and disappointment somewhat soured the frank and friendly nature of the man.

Meanwhile the veneration for his genius, if anything, increased. By the splendid celebration of the thirty-fifth anniversary of his professorate in 1896, the university at large atoned for the offense of a few of its members; and five years later, against his humorous protest that there was neither scriptural nor canonical warrant for so prompt a repetition, he was "rejubileed." The year following, Queen Margherita, learning his apprehensiveness lest the great collection of books he had painfully acquired should be dispersed at his death, bought the library subject to his life tenure, — an act possibly of unique graciousness in the records of royal patronage of letters. Last year the Nobel Prize was conferred upon him, for his advocacy of universal peace and his mastery in the poet's art. It secured the future of his widow and family, otherwise but scantily provided for out of the slender gains of poesy and erudition.

In 1871, after the death of his mother and his only son, he suffered such pain in his head that he believed his end was near. The first real warning came in 1889, though for some years yet, through the care of his wife and friends and the long summer in the Dolomites, he held the threatened paralysis at bay. Through the fifteen years of his declining powers the old Carducci still showed himself to his few and fortunate intimates. There were still the readings in his study, — he was an admirable reciter, — the stated afternoon visit and discussion at Zanichelli's bookshop, the convivial evenings in the cafés, until his too well loved wine was forbidden him. The decay was painful, for his sturdy physique resisted the paralysis of his legs, the gradual hushing of his magnificent voice, the decline of all save his mental powers, until the influenza finally gave merciful relief.

Carducci was, as he proudly maintained, a plebeian. He hated the shams and pretensions of cultured Italy. His sympathy was with the literary aristocrats of the past and with the inarticulate people of the present day. He was suspicious of a merit that offered itself in courtly forms, he despised the compromises that have sustained such institutions as the immemorial Church and the kingdom of yesterday's growth, — perhaps contemned them too much. He represented an integrity and sheer force very rare in Italian letters to-day; and his position is possibly, as we shall see, rather prophetic than one based on enduring literary values. In fine he was a great idealist of the type of Mazzini, too ardent to be the consummate scholar, too doctrinaire to be the perfect poet. But the value of his personal example is inestimable. So long as he is remembered, the opportunism and dilettanteism that have belittled the political and intellectual life of Italy since the Liberation will stand rebuked. His works will long remain a scourge to time-servers, an inspiration to such as hold by republicanism and the great precedents of pagan Rome.

His poems abound in intimations of mortality, and a score of epitaphs could be culled by the casual reader of his verse. I do not know which, if any, the Bolognese mean to inscribe on the tomb that is being filled to-day, but I feel they could not go amiss in selecting those stanzas from "After Aspromonte" in which the poet anticipates the thrill when

the coming of liberty and justice shall stir his silent ashes.

O dee, ma, quando còmpiansi
L' età vaticinate,
Di vostra gloria un alito
Su l' avel mio mandate.

Io 'l sentiro: superstite
A i fati è amor: e vive
Esulteran le ceneri
Del vostro vate, o dive.

II

CARDUCCI THE POET

When the prose of a poet far exceeds his verse in quantity, one is usually safe in assigning to the verse an inferior position. This would be true of a Southey or a Scott; in the case of a Coleridge, a Matthew Arnold, or a Carducci, however, the quantitative estimate would be misleading. Indeed, nothing so completely vindicates Carducci's essentially poetic quality as a critical sifting of his prose essays and addresses. It will be found that these give promise of permanence precisely in the measure that their style approaches the poetic. His essays in criticism are by no means negligible: they afford a fine example of exact scholarship combined with insight, and conveyed in a style at once sober and vigorous; his autobiographical sketches display a charming and spontaneous humor, his polemics are inspired by a fine combative relish; but I fancy no one will regard this writing seriously as his gauge of immortality. It shines merely by reason of the fallen estate of criticism in Italy. His scholarship, while profound and comprehensive, had the limitations of his classical and national predilections. With the Middle Ages his sympathy was necessarily imperfect, and, whether as critic or scholar, he stood curiously apart from the internationalism represented, say, by his great colleague Gaston Paris. His disputatious and occasional prose suffers from the vehemence of his temperament. He gave too much heed to the dogs that snapped at his heels, and he frequently launched his thunderbolts for slight cause, apparently for the pleasure of listening to his own reverberations. There is, however, a residuum of his prose that should last as long as the Italian language, namely, the essays and addresses that are instinct with his peculiar form of democratic patriotism. Their lofty diction, as has been said, associates them with his noblest verse. One cannot imagine the time when the funeral oration to Garibaldi will seem obsolete; and beside its beatific vision of the myth that future Italy will consecrate to its liberator, I would set the more pathetic apology for Garibaldi's ill-omened French expedition, with its splendid assertion of the value of French republicanism to the world, and its truly prophetic declaration of a coming unity of all the Latin races. There are comparable passages in the volume on the *Development of National Literature*, in which he imagines a fairly epic struggle between the popular and the ecclesiastical movements, with chivalry as a sort of arbiter casting its glove finally to the plebeian side, — there are many such paragraphs in his prose works which the anthologist of the future will keep afloat, but his lasting fame will surely rest, as does his renown to-day, upon his poetry.

In more than forty years of constant production Carducci wrote a little more verse than Keats did in ten. There are only two narrative poems, barring translations; there is no drama; amatory verse, except for vague evocations of the dead light o' loves of Horace and Catullus, is almost as rare, though his half paternal affection for the young poetess, Annie Vivanti, inspired some charming stanzas; the love of nature also is expressed only in the reserved and incidental fashion of his classical models. In fine, his verse is largely occasional and patriotic, and might be classified roughly as satirical, eulogistic, and purely lyrical. This concentration of interest upon his own moods and upon the fate of his country gives to

a consecutive reading of his poems in the convenient one-volume edition a certain monotony. It may be said that the odes were never intended to be read that way, that Carducci no more wrote for his friend Zanichelli than Pindar for Herr Teubner; but it must be admitted that this narrowing of the theme and reservation of the afflatus for public uses does tend to deprive his verse of the simpler and more spontaneous merits. The element of whim, or if you will of accident, that is so felicitous in many poets, is almost wholly absent in Carducci. When one must be emphatic he is in some peril of becoming stilted, and this pitfall yawned ever near Carducci's path.

Let me hasten to say that I am not guilty of the absurdity of upbraiding a great poet for not being what he never tried to be, but am merely aiming to establish the order of his positive merits, so that, avoiding vague or false admirations, we may pay homage to his genius and enjoy it in its integrity. And Carducci's genius cannot be understood by any one who fails to perceive its self-conscious nature. He set before himself a definite programme of revolt against the moonshiny glamour of the romanticists, and he planned nothing less than the rehabilitation of the emasculate Italian muse through the revival of the metres and the virile diction of Augustan Rome. In short, from the point of view of literary history, his analogues are Goethe, — in the Helena particularly, — Platen, André Chénier, Matthew Arnold, in the elegiacs, and, alas! Mr. Abraham Cowley of the *Pindaricks*. Now of this sort of deliberate revival of the classical modes in general it must be admitted that, while it affords an exotic delight to the cultured reader, it can hardly be acquitted of essential artificiality. The average reader properly regards it as caviare, and partakes of it sparingly, and in these fundamental dietetic matters the average reader is very likely to be right. But without referring Carducci's poetry to a tribunal that as a democrat he was rather bound to accept, we should at least note the sacrifices of temperament, the stern self-discipline involved in his choice of the Latin ascent of Parnassus.

By nature Carducci was cut out to be a prolific and vociferous poet, very much on Byron's pattern. He had the same hatred of tyranny and superstition, the same scorn of the accepted social hypocrisies, the same ferocious joy in a volcanic emotionalism; in short he possessed in an eminent degree what the smug orthodoxy of both nations agreed to call the Satanic temperament. Byron and he were also at one in a cavalier scorn of their own verse, in comparison with life itself. In his first volume Carducci wrote:

> Two wills, rather two rages, within my heart
> Are seated, Felix, and with me they dispute
> And take away the empire of myself:
> Desire, the child of Beauty, and the far loftier
> Love for noble things.

It is a sentiment that he repeated many times, and it shows that he never attained the aloofness, one may say the complete literary absorption, that befitted his peculiar rôle as a classical revivalist. Indeed, we have seen that in his militant paganism and scorn of his world he had all the materials of Byronism. That he should nevertheless have rejected the fluent, exuberant utterance that his temperament presupposed, in favor of the austerer Muse of Latium, is in some fashion a paradox, implying, too, a certain degree of maladjustment. It is significant that his single really popular poem, one in which he avows that he sacrificed something of artistic scruple to immediate effect, is the eminently Byronic *Hymn to Satan*.

Since Aucassin expressed his willingness to go to hell, where all the brave knights and fair ladies were, I doubt if pietism has had so shrewd a rap. Satan is acclaimed as the genius of free thought, the inspirer of all human joys; as the eternal principle of revolt against ignorance and asceticism. It is a martial strain. No wonder the anti-clericals loved to circulate it on broadsheets when an

ecumenical council was in session; nor is it surprising that the author's three-year-old son used to declaim it with unction, winding up the performance by stamping his little feet and crying "Viva Satana!" Yet it was a just instinct that made the poet deplore the popularity of his infernal vein, and maintain that, whatever the merits of the poem as propaganda, as poetry it misrepresented him.

What Carducci's sense of his own mission was is fortunately fully on record. In his first volume he boasts that he has kept faith with Virgil and Dante; in one of the later prefaces he reviews his career as follows: "In the *Juvenilia* I am the squire of the classics: in the *Levia Gravia* I keep my vigil at arms; in the *Iambs and Epodes* . . . I pursue my knightly adventure at all hazards." We have to do, then, with a gradual and conscious approach to a revived classicism, which we find completed in the *Odi Barbare* of 1877, published in his forty-second year. Carducci was moved to this perilous course by no contempt of the traditional Italian metres as such, but by the conviction that a generation of what he called "hairdressers' poetry" had hopelessly staled these intrinsically splendid forms. Mawkish Romanticists, pietists, and journalists had so thoroughly possessed themselves of the old tradition, that the only promise, whether in life or letters, lay in an appeal to the enlightened naturalism of Rome. If Carducci finally turned to unrhymed alcaics and sapphics, it was not without first having established his mastery of the current forms. Here the impossibility of representing his quality in any translation drives me to simple mention of the "Sonnet to Sleep" in the *Juvenilia*,

> " Profonda, solitaria, immensa notte ; "

of the great stanzas of the odes "To Victor Emanuel," "After Aspromonte," and "Avanti;" of the admirable sonnet "The Ox," in the *Rime Nuove*. On the other hand these earlier collections are interspersed with much satire of a petulant and ephemeral character, and the diction has not yet reached the density and forcefulness that he made his highest ideals. One could obliterate most of the verse before the *Odi Barbare*, at the sacrifice of much splendid rhetoric, of an engrossing personal record, of a vivid commentary on Italy in the crucial days of fulfillment and disillusionment; the fame of the poet would still remain virtually intact. These odes of his maturity are the real problem for the critic.

Before probing the heart of so large a matter, it would be interesting to discuss *a priori* the chances of success in an attempt to renovate the Roman metres for Italian use, as compared with similar experiments in English and German. Reducing such a digression to a single observation, it may be said that Italian has the signal advantage of preserving the Latin vocabulary practically complete, and of retaining much of the Latin sonority. To an educated Italian all the classical nuances of his words are measurably alive. A stanza like the first of the ode "Before the Baths of Caracalla" has a pregnancy in such words as *fosche, tristo, umido*, that no northern tongue may rival. When Carducci prologuizes,

> Corron tra 'l Celio fósche e l' Aventino
> le nubi: il vento dal pian tristo move
> umido: in fondo stanno i monti albani
> bianchi di neve,

the effect is reinforced by a multitude of reminiscences chiefly Horatian. We seem to breathe the veritable atmosphere of classic Rome. No German or English imitation could possibly make so authentic an appeal. But it may be questioned whether beyond this matter of vocabulary Italian has any especial prerogative as a neo-Latin tongue. The possibility of such compactness as existed when the language was in the inflected stage has, with the substitution of phrases for single words, forever departed. Carducci did all that energy and genius could effect to compose as densely as his models, but few of his strophes are really compact as a stave of Horace is, or a line of Juvenal.

He saves words, to be sure, but he lavishes stanzas, and I believe that for an equal intellectual content he habitually uses three lines where Horace used one. This is due in part, as we have seen, to the development of the language itself, — indeed it might be argued, as Mommsen once did to Carducci, that inflected German permits a more perfect reproduction of the classical modes than any Romanic language, — but it is due in a larger degree to the inherent difficulties of the enterprise, and perhaps to the uncontrollable impetuosity of the poet.

For it will appear plainly from the whole tenor of his life that Carducci could never have cultivated the easy worldliness of Horace. His vehemence is too much at war with the restrictions of his form; there is a sense of overflow as there is in Lucretius and in Juvenal. The satirist and pamphleteer were constantly laying traps for the lyric poet. One may not be at once Count Platen and Tom Paine. A capital example of the mixture of pure lyrism with almost didactic meditation, and just a tinge of polemic, may be found in the ode "In a Gothic Church." The church seems to the poet the upbreathing of the lonely Middle Ages towards God, but the poet seeks not God here but his Lydia. How differently Dante saw Beatrice in a Gothic church, only to glimpse her through hell and to exalt her among the angels near God. Away with this Jewish cult of awful deity and death. For Lydia a place near Apollo, strewing anemones, and singing a hymn of Bacchylides. Is not the paganism of the poem, thus roughly epitomized, asserted with a shade too much of bravado, the "Jewish cult" apprehended with defective sympathy? One will find usually in the paganism of Carducci this lack of serenity. It expresses not so much a faith in the older gods as a desire to scourge our own degenerate times. The inspiration is seldom simple and disinterested.

With all these reservations Carducci has perhaps better than any modern poet attained the breadth and dignity of classic verse. From frigidity, the besetting sin of pseudo-classicism generally, he was wholly free. The plastic quality of his models he hardly caught; indeed, the inversions and brusquenesses necessitated by the metre are often a disturbing element. One feels, particularly in so ingenious a poem as "At the Station in Autumn," a lack of idiom. The matter is modern but the manner craves a Latin dress. Yet he had his moments of prophetic vision, or of pure lyrism, in which he wrote poetry that I cannot believe the world will ever let die. To select the permanent residuum from among so considerable a body of poetry is a task which one to whom Italian is an acquired tongue may well decline. Yet I feel sure that the extraordinary historical vision from the Fountains of Clitumnus has in it the stuff that makes for durability, while the quality of such a lyric as "Near a Certosa" must shine, if dimly, even through the veil of a literal prose translation.

From the green sadly persistent among the yellow and red leaves
Of the acacia, one, though no wind blows, tears itself away:
And it seems that with only a shudder
A soul is passing.

The mist seems a silver veil upon the bubbling brook.
Into the mist over the brook the leaf falls and is lost —
What sigh is it that comes faintly
From the cypresses of the graveyard?

Suddenly the sun flashes out upon the wet morning,
Sailing the azure air between the white clouds.
The stern grove rejoices,
Though presaging winter already.

For me too, before winter grip my soul,
Thy smile, O sacred light, O divine poesy!
Thy song, O Father Homer,
Before the shadow enfold me!

It may well be that only a little of what he would have deemed his minor verse will be drawn into the current of European culture. One cannot imagine his patriotic poems and the best of his satires being neglected in Italy, until she shall

become unmindful of her own glories. It is inevitable, a foreigner will feel (and right and natural too), that his ardent and compelling personality should in these days of mourning obscure anything like a just estimate of his works. His eulogists write that he is the greatest Italian poet since Leopardi, not perceiving how little that may mean, and how cruel the implied comparison might be. I would not urge it here, but I doubt if the immortal part of him will measure up with that of his less robust predecessor. One may, however, conceive his gaining a kind of personal immortality apart from his writings, after the fashion of Dr. Johnson; so potent was the man, so manifold his impress upon his contemporaries. There is place for a disciple who will command the talents of a Boswell, but it is to be feared that his adorable naïveté is hardly possible in Italy to-day.

When all is said, Carducci's position was a very solitary one. He was at odds with his world and wrote largely to deaf ears. The average Italian breathed with difficulty in the altitudes of the renovated ode. The query of a lady of Conegliano about the "Ode to the Queen" expresses honestly what was oftener left unsaid. She wrote simply on a postcard, "The undersigned having read your 'Ode to the Queen,' and not having understood it, would like a translation in prose. With thanks in advance, etc." Carducci tells this story himself, with the comment that perhaps she was right. In all seriousness his appeal is chiefly to the elect, and there is a certain irony in the high ambition that set a publicist *in petto* upon so recondite a path. A parable may help to appreciate the poet's very noble isolation:

Among the spurs of the Apennines that rest on the Arno valley, there are generally two very different ways of approaching an elevated castle or shrine. There is the high road swinging up in easy curves, granting views over the ashen olive orchards to the green plain and the distant blue hills. One sees only festal Tuscany, ignoring the mountain out of which this beauty has been carved. And there is also the direct path, — rugged, tangled with underbrush, and shaded by pines or live oaks, — a short cut only to the hunter or woodman whose lungs and legs are stout. From the crumbling ledges of such an ascent one discerns what we commonly call the beauties of these river valleys only brokenly or not at all, but gets in compensation a solemn feeling of being near the very bones of the earth. If we imagine the course of Italian literature after this similitude, we shall find in the high road those who have frankly accepted and utilized to the full the natural *morbidezza* of the language. Petrarch and Boccaccio will be in the van, and after them Lorenzo the Magnificent, Poliziano, and an innumerable multitude, down to the *improvvisatori* of yesterday. And on the rugged path, truly *via aspra e forte*, you will find the few who have rebelled against the fluency of the Italian tongue, and, with their eyes set on the heights where Rome once was, have sought to renew the stern and laconic manner of the Latin muse. Few have trodden that path, but among them are Dante, Machiavelli, Alfieri. To have been of that company is a distinction that can never be taken away from Giosuè Carducci, whatever fate the future may have in store for his works.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

BY BLISS PERRY

On the day when he last entered the *Atlantic* office, in January, Mr. Aldrich seemed, for the first time, to have grown old. One of his friends spoke of it, as he went out. Up to that morning, the weight of seventy years had scarcely seemed to touch the erect, jaunty figure. The lines that time had written around his clear blue eyes and firm mouth conveyed no hint of senility. His hair was scarcely gray. His voice, slightly husky in its graver, sweeter tones, retained a delicious youthful crispness as it curled and broke, wave-like, into flashing raillery. He had just completed his poem for the Longfellow centenary, his first verse after some years of silence; and when it was praised to his face — for who could help praising it! — he blushed with pleasure like a boy. Yet he had passed three-score and ten, and the shadow, invisible as yet and quite unheralded, was drawing very near.

For many years he had been wont to visit more or less regularly the editorial room which still claimed his name and fame as one of its treasured possessions. Perched upon the edge of a chair, as if about to take flight, he would often linger by the hour, to the delight of his listeners. His caustic wit played around every topic of conversation. He did not disdain the veriest "shop-talk" concerning printers' errors and the literary fashions of the hour. "Look at those boys!" he exclaimed once, as he picked up an illustrated periodical containing the portraits of a couple of that month's beardless novelists. "When I began to write, we waited twenty years before we had our pictures printed; but nowadays these young fellows have themselves photographed before they even sit down to write their book." Himself a fastidious composer and reviser, Mr. Aldrich was severely critical of current magazine literature. "That was a well-written essay," he once said of an *Atlantic* contribution which he liked, "but you will find a superfluous 'of' upon the second page." It was very rarely that he praised a contemporary poem. Mr. S. V. Cole's "In Via Merulana" and some of the exquisite lyrics of Father Tabb are the only verses of recent years which I now recall as having won his unqualified approbation. More than once I have heard him declare that he would have rejected Mr. Kipling's "Recessional" if it had been offered to the *Atlantic*, — so extreme was his dislike for one or two harsh lines in that justly celebrated poem. The one American poem which he would have most liked to write, was, he said, Emerson's "Bacchus," — where, amid inimitable felicities, there are surely harsh lines enough.

One of the most pleasant traits of Mr. Aldrich's comments upon men of letters was his unfailing respect and admiration for the well-known group of New England writers whose personal friendship he had enjoyed. His gift for witty derogation found employment elsewhere; towards Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell his attitude was finely reverent, as befitted a younger associate. He was fond of retelling that anecdote of his own boyish daring which appears in his *Ponkapog Papers*, to the effect that when first entering James T. Fields's office in the Old Corner Bookstore, his eyes fell upon that kindly editor and publisher's memorandum book, open on the table. Mr. Fields was absent for the moment, and the youthful poet could not help noticing the impressive list of *agenda:* "Don't forget to mail R. W. E. his con-

tract," — "Don't forget O. W. H.'s proofs," etc. Whereupon the "young Milton," who certainly deserved to succeed in his profession, wrote upon the memorandum book, "Don't forget to accept T. B. A.'s poem," and disappeared. The poem was accepted, paid for, and, truest kindness of all, — as Mr. Aldrich asserted, — was never printed. But the resourceful youth never lost his deferential attitude toward the bearers of those famous initialed names that had once preceded his own.

Of his early literary friendships with the New York set of writers in his *Home Journal* and *Mirror* days he often talked entertainingly, and in a freer vein. He knew Whitman, for example, and liked him personally, although he would never admit that Whitman was a poet except in here and there a single phrase. Many a time has the present writer endeavored to convert Mr. Aldrich from this state of heathen blindness as to Whitman's genius, but the debates used to end illogically with Mr. Aldrich's delightful story of a certain nine dollars which Whitman once borrowed from him — magnificently, but alas, irrevocably — in Pfaff's genial restaurant on Broadway. Never did Aldrich appear more truly the poet than in these light reminiscent touches upon the varied adventures of his youth. He had gone out against the Philistines armed with no weapon except a finely-pointed pen. He had written no line dishonorably, or unworthily of his craftsman's conscience. He had compelled recognition, and taken his seat unchallenged among the choicest company of American men of letters. It amused him to look back upon his early career as a struggling journalist, to

> Chirp over days in a garret,
> Chuckle o'er increase of salary,
> Taste the good fruits of our leisure,
> Talk about pencil and lyre, —
> And the National Portrait Gallery.

He neither forgot nor forgave some of his old antagonists in that journalistic world; but one liked him all the better for the sensitiveness of nature which left him still resentful of some ancient slight, or still happily mindful of a compliment earned when he was twenty. Few of the "irritable tribe" of poets, could, however, keep themselves more perfectly in hand. The cool audacity of his "Don't forget to accept T. B. A.'s poem" ripened into an easy mastery of many of the arts of life. His gay confidence, when seated among his friends or guests, reminded one of some veteran commander of an ocean liner, enjoying, at the head of the "captain's table," the deserved deference of the company.

Yet he seemed the poet, likewise, in his air of detachment from the immediate concerns of the people who surrounded him. The legacy of a friend early secured him from any material anxieties. Thrown by force of circumstances, in his later life, into the agreeable society of the idle rich, he got and gave such pleasures as are only there obtainable; but he never abdicated his essential citizenship among the dreamers and artists. That he would have produced more printer's "copy" under the spur of harsh necessity is easily demonstrable, but it does not follow that this conceivably ampler production would have exhibited any finer quality than is now found in the prose and verse of his collected works. He once wrote some suggestive verses on "The Flight of the Goddess," — the fickle muse who loves poets in their garret days and deserts them in prosperity. But these verses do not demand an autobiographical interpretation. Mr. Aldrich's own muse was of a long constancy. At nineteen he proved his kinship with the rarest spirits of his time, and for the next half-century there was no year when his friends and readers would not have spoken of him primarily as a maker of poetry. He always kept some avenue of escape from the prosaic. In his boyhood at Portsmouth the sea was ever at the end of the street: —

> I leave behind me the elm-shadowed square
> And carven portals of the silent street,
> And wander on with listless, vagrant feet,
> Through seaward-leading alleys, till the air

Smells of the sea, and straightway then the care
Slips from my heart, and life once more is sweet.
At the lane's ending lie the white-winged fleet.
O restless Fancy, whither wouldst thou fare?
Here are brave pinions that shall take thee far —
Gaunt hulks of Norway; ships of red Ceylon;
Slim-masted lovers of the blue Azores!
'T is but an instant hence to Zanzibar,
Or to the regions of the Midnight Sun;
Ionian isles are thine, and all the fairy shores!

Besides this sea-longing, so inbred in the natives of New England seaport towns, there was some delicate strand of foreignness among the ancestral fibres of Aldrich's nature, his heritage from that

creature soft and fine,
From Spain, some say, some say from France,

whom he has described in the lines entitled "Heredity." He touches this thought again in his sonnet "Reminiscence:" —

Though I am native to this frozen zone
That half the twelvemonth torpid lies, or dead;
Though the cold azure arching overhead
And the Atlantic's never-ending moan
Are mine by heritage, I must have known
Life otherwhere in epochs long since fled;
For in my veins some Orient blood is red,
And through my thought are lotus blossoms strown.

It was fitting that ten years of his impressionable youth should have been passed in the New Orleans of the forties, where the rich coloring of the past still lingered, and where, though Cotton was striving to be king, Romance was queen. When the boy was brought back to Portsmouth to prepare for college, he had become, as *The Story of a Bad Boy* humorously portrays, the veriest Southern fire-eater. His counting-room experiences in New York — which followed the abandonment of his college career upon his father's death in 1852 — also brought him into touch with ways of life quite alien to those of his New Hampshire birthplace. Before he was twenty he had graduated from the counting-room into the Broadway school of journalists and poets, and had issued his first volume of verse, *The Bells*, "by T. B. A." with a dedicatory poem to Longfellow. This was in 1855, the year of Whittier's "Barefoot Boy" and Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." Aldrich's first volume is now a rarity, and all of its nearly fifty pieces — with their echoes of Chatterton, Tom Moore, Poe and Longfellow, — have disappeared from the definitive edition of his *Poems*.

Two years later, in November, 1857, appeared the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. I have before me a yellowing note written by Aldrich, in the following May, to F. H. Underwood, who was then acting as Lowell's assistant upon the magazine. He had evidently returned one of Aldrich's poems with some suggestions as to changes in wording.

HOME JOURNAL OFFICE,
May 25, 1858.

DEAR SIR: — I have been trying for the last hour to alter the *Blue Bell* verses. "Mute worshipers of Christ" is simply bad; but "dawning" and "morning" form a perfect rhyme when we remember the "*fancies*" and "*pansies*" of the old poets. It has taken you some time to find out that such rhymes are inadmissible; but you seem to have good authority in the following *pasquinade*, which I clip from the *Boston Post* of May 24: —

"*Poet.* I 'm sure I have an ear!
Editor. No doubt! — I 've known a poet with a pair,
And very long ones — who was not aware
That 'morn' and 'dawn' have not the proper chime,
By a long shot, to make a decent rhyme."

As I cannot make the changes you require, I shall, of course, retain my verses. Yours, etc.

T. B. ALDRICH.

MR. F. H. UNDERWOOD.

Having thus vindicated his dignity, the youthful bard, who was himself assistant editor of the *Home Journal*, apparently continued to reflect upon the *Atlantic's* suggestion. But he did not yield at once. In the Carleton edition of his *Poems*, 1863, "The Blue Bells of New England" contains the erring stanza: —

All night your eyes are closed in sleep.
But open at the dawning;
Such simple faith as yours can see
God's coming in the morning.

In the Ticknor and Fields' Blue and Gold edition of 1865, however, the second line of the stanza becomes

Kept fresh for day's *adorning*,

no doubt to Mr. Underwood's satisfaction. Aldrich's first poetical contribution to the *Atlantic* was "Pythagoras," in June, 1860; his first story, which excited Hawthorne's curiosity as to the author, and prompted some beautiful words of praise from the romancer, was "Père Antoine's Date Palm: A Legend of New Orleans," in June, 1862.

The letter to Underwood reveals one trait which Aldrich possessed in common with Tennyson, his chief master and guide in the art of poetry. Both men were quick to profit by adverse criticism. Some American scholar will ultimately, no doubt, edit Aldrich's youthful poems, as Mr. Churton Collins has edited the earliest work of Tennyson, with the aim of showing, by means of the successive verbal alterations, the tireless patience and acquired cunning of the born craftsman in verse. The files of the *Atlantic* will yield him two striking illustrations, drawn from Aldrich's maturer work. In December, 1874, Edgar Fawcett, in reviewing his poems, quoted approvingly "The Lunch," — a dozen lines of *genre* painting in the Keats-Tennyson manner, closing as follows: —

Two China cups with golden tulips sunny,
And rich inside with chocolate like honey;
And she and I the banquet-scene completing
With dreamy words, — and very pleasant eating!

The critic remarked that the last four words marred the spirit of ethereal daintiness till then so deliciously apparent. Whereupon Mr. Aldrich, with the happiest aptitude for taking second thought, substituted the present version of the last line: —

With dreamy words, *and fingers shyly meeting.*

Again, in January, 1877, Mr. Howells, whose unsigned *Atlantic* criticisms of Aldrich's successive volumes are models of friendly tact and delicate instruction, quoted the quatrain "Masks:" —

Black Tragedy lets slip her grim disguise
And shows you laughing lips and roguish eyes;
But when, unmasked, gay Comedy appears,
'T is ten to one you find the girl in tears.

Mr. Howells suggested that the strong effect in the last line was weakened by what seemed to him a mistaken colloquiality; and in the *Complete Poems* the line now reads, —

How wan her cheeks are, and what heavy tears.

We must not linger over such details. They will serve for concrete illustration of the qualities which made Aldrich respected and admired by his fellow-writers. By 1865, the year of his marriage and removal to Boston as the editor of *Every Saturday* for Ticknor and Fields, he was already widely known as the author of refined and tender verse, as a capable and shrewd editorial worker, and as a clever man of the world. His new employers printed his *Poems* in one of their celebrated Blue and Gold editions. For the latitude of Boston this was comparable to an election to the French Academy. Aldrich was not yet thirty. Rarely has there been a more fortunate Return of the Native. And nevertheless, although he was to be identified with Boston henceforward until the end of his life, he was never to lose his engaging air of detachment from New England's cherished enterprises. He cared no more for the practical later phases of Transcendentalism than for the earlier speculative ones. The various "reforms," philanthropies, "causes," of his excellent neighbors did not interest him deeply. The intellectual

and social evolution of New England in the last quarter of the nineteenth century is not to be traced in his poetry or his prose. His favorite reading was French novels. The sombre inland New England of our own school of short-story writers, — the gaunt pastures, the lonely white farm-houses, the fierce emotional energy, the tragedies of baffled will and thwarted natural instincts, — all this was foreign to the happy sensuousness of his nature.

The fifteen years following 1865 were Aldrich's most productive period. For ten years he edited *Every Saturday*. He wrote for *Our Young Folks* the most popular of all his books, that *Story of a Bad Boy* in which Portsmouth is pictured under the name of Rivermouth, and Tom Bailey is but the thinnest of disguises for the youthful Aldrich. Some of the *Atlantic's* present readers remember waiting eagerly for the next installment of *The Bad Boy;* if they will read it over again, after an interval of nearly forty years, they will find that Binny Wallace's drifting out to sea has lost nothing of its pathos, and that the fight between Tom Bailey and Conway is just as glorious a combat as of old. Aldrich's technique as a writer of the short story has not been excelled by that of any American, even by Poe, although he ventured upon no daring atmospheric effects and did not go far afield for his characters. He loved to mystify the inexperienced reader, and he arranged some neatly surprising dénoûments. "Marjorie Daw," his best known short story, is a classic example of this swift and astonishing "curtain." "There is n't any Marjorie Daw!" Neither is there any Miss Mehetable's Son; Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriski is a youth whose beard is getting too much for him; the fierce "Goliath" turns out to be a little panting tremulous wad of a lap-dog; "Our new neighbors at Ponkapog" are only a pair of orioles; and the charming Mrs. Rose Mason of "Two Bites at a Cherry" proves, to the consternation of both hero and reader, to have married again! Aldrich was too clever a workman to rely exclusively upon his favorite method. "A Sea Turn," one of his latest stories, is a flawless handling of the comedy of situation; he wrote humorous and pathetic character sketches in the style of Irving and Hawthorne; and in "Quite So" and "The White Feather" he touches with admirable restraint upon poignant tragedies of the Civil War.

Prudence Palfrey, The Queen of Sheba, and *A Stillwater Tragedy* — all of which first appeared as *Atlantic* serials — exhibit Aldrich's deft mastery of prose and his skill in composing a species of tale half way between romance and actuality. "Semi-idyllic" was Mr. Howells's word for *Prudence Palfrey* in 1874; "in fact," he added, "the New England *novel* does not exist." *A Modern Instance* and *The Rise of Silas Lapham* had not then been written. Whatever one may think of the intellectual or imaginative limitations of the type of fiction which Aldrich here attempted, the details of these longer stories are wrought with the artistry of a poet. Ride out of Rivermouth on a June morning with Edward Lynde: "Now and then, as he passed a farm house, a young girl hanging out clothes in the front yard — for it was on a Monday — would pause with a *shapeless snowdrift* in her hand to gaze curiously at the apparition of a gallant young horseman." This is no longer Rockingham County, New Hampshire; we are in Arcadia. Some connoisseur of women ought to collect the adorable vignettes that are scattered everywhere through Aldrich's prose: Marjorie Daw in the hammock, swaying "like a pond-lily in the golden afternoon;" Martha Hilton, "with a lip like a cherry and a cheek like a tea-rose;" Margaret Slocum's eyes, "fringed with such heavy lashes that the girl seemed always to be in half-mourning;" Mrs. Rose Mason, with her "long tan-colored gloves — Rue de la Paix" — in the chill and gloom of the Naples Cathedral; Anglice, "a blonde girl, with great eyes and a voice like the soft notes of a vesper

hymn;" or young Mrs. Newbury, "looking distractingly cool and edible — something like celery — in her widow's weeds." All of Aldrich — save what is disclosed upon the highest levels of his poetry — is in that witty, charming, delicately sensuous description of young Mrs. Newbury. No other prose written in his generation has quite the same combination of qualities; but if Daudet had been born in Portsmouth and compelled to write serials for a decorous Boston magazine, Aldrich might have found a rival in his own field.

It was to this matured and versatile talent that the conduct of the *Atlantic Monthly* was entrusted, upon Mr. Howells's resignation in 1881. For nine years Mr. Aldrich sat in his tiny editorial room overlooking the Granary Burying Ground, reading manuscripts, scanning proof-sheets, — though he delegated more of this drudgery than his contributors supposed, — and making witty remarks to his assistant. He had the comforts — both before and since his time considered too Capuan for an *Atlantic* editor in office hours — of a pipe and a red Irish setter. Once the setter ate up a sonnet. "How should *he* know it was doggerel?" exclaimed Mr. Aldrich compassionately. He had leisure for frequent travel abroad, and for the cementing of many delightful friendships, among which his intimacy with Edwin Booth was notable. Peculiarly happy in his home life, he cultivated a gracious hospitality. His editorial reign, as one looks back upon it, was not so much Capuan as Saturnian. The Literature of Exposure had not yet been born, and the manners of the market-place were not thought good form in magazine offices. Mr. Aldrich printed poems by Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Dante Rossetti, Stedman, and Sill, with an occasional lyric of his own. Henry James, Thomas Hardy, Miss Murfree, Arthur S. Hardy, Miss Jewett, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Marion Crawford, and Mrs. Oliphant were among the writers of fiction. John Burroughs and Bradford Torrey wrote outdoor papers. Parkman and Fiske contributed historical articles. Now and then appeared articles by H. D. Lloyd, Edward Atkinson, Richard T. Ely, Laurence Laughlin, and Walter H. Page, in token that the "age of economists," which Burke dreaded, was close at hand. But the distinctive note of the *Atlantic* in the eighties was its literary criticism, contributed by a group of reviewers who often preferred to write anonymously. Their criticisms maintained a more severe standard than that of any critical periodical in the country except the *Nation*, and they exhibited a combination of learning with urbanity, which, with the present development of specialization among scholars, seems to be growing more and more rare.

It would be idle to search the eighteen volumes of the *Atlantic* edited by Mr. Aldrich for any very plain indication of his personality, except his fondness for clear, competent, and workmanlike writing. Contributions poured into his little office, and he made such selections as he saw fit. It was before the day of Wild West feats of editorial chase, capture, and exhibition. The *Atlantic* was like a stanch ship sailing a well-charted course, and Aldrich, who was fond enough of salt water and knew how to steer, took his trick at the wheel with pleasure. Some of the unkindly necessities incident to his vocation naturally irritated him. He disliked to give pain. "Here goes for making twenty more enemies," he was wont to say as he sat down in the morning at his desk. When recently urged by the present writer to prepare some account of his editorship for the anniversary number of the *Atlantic*, next November, he said that if he told anything he would like to tell the story of the warlike contributor who once threatened him with personal violence, but who, upon being challenged by the editor to appear at Park Street to make good his threat, failed to come to time. As Mr. Aldrich described this imminent encounter of a score of years ago, his blue eyes

flashed fire, and one could see little Tom Bailey, with both eyes blinded by big Conway, standing up to him, and thrashing him too, on the playground at Rivermouth. Here is the contributor's letter, preserved by Mr. Aldrich and printed at his desire.

T. B. Aldrich,
Editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*,
No. 4 Park Street,
Boston.

Sir: — On the 24th day of February and again on the 7th inst. I gave you opportunity to apologize for the willfully offensive manner in which you treated me in relation to my manuscript entitled *Shakespeare's Viola.*

You retained that manuscript *nearly seven weeks.* Then you returned it and expressed your *regret that you could not accept* it.

That is to say, you intended to deceive me by the inference that the *manuscript was declined on its merits.*

The truth was and is you did not read it *nor even open the package.* Therefore you could not judge its merits nor say, with truth, that you regretted to decline it.

You decline to apologize.

My robust nature abhors your disgusting duplicity. You are a vulgar, unblushing Rascal and an impudent audacious *Liar.*

Which I am prepared to maintain any *where*, any *time.* You ought to be publicly horsewhipped. Nothing would gratify me more than to give you a sounder thrashing than any *you have yet received.*

Moreover I am determined that the Literary Public shall know what a putrid *scoundrel* and *Liar* you *are.*

Boston, March 30, 1887.

Then follows, in Aldrich's beautiful open handwriting, the penciled comment: "The gentleman with the 'robust nature' was politely invited to call at No. 4 Park St. on any day that week between 9 A. M. and 3 P. M.; but the 'robust nature' failed to materialize."

One smiles at such things, of course; but now that Mr. Aldrich is gone from the places that once knew him, it is these trivialities, rather than his accomplishment and his fame, that come first to the mind. Perhaps it is the very security of his fame which lends to these anecdotal memories of his editorship a sort of ironic relief. "The power of writing one fine line," said Edward FitzGerald, "transcends all the Able-Editor ability in the ably-edited universe." Aldrich wrote not merely one fine line, but hundreds of them, and it is inconceivable that they will all pass out of human memory. Time, which is sure to winnow so sternly the work of the more famous New England poets, will find that Aldrich has done most of the winnowing himself. The text of his *Complete Poems* represents his own final choice of what was most excellent. In his lighter vein he was acknowledged to be unrivaled upon this side of the water. But even the fairylike daintiness of "Latakia," "Corydon," "At a Reading," "Pampina," "Palabras Cariñosas," and "A Petition," or the pure lyricism of "A Nocturne," "Pillared Arch," "I'll not Confer with Sorrow," and "Imogen," and still more the popular "Baby Bell," — written, like Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel," at nineteen, — fail to represent the full power of his ripened mind and art. There is a deeper note in his lines in memory of Bayard Taylor and upon Booth's portrait, in "Sea-Longings," in "The Funeral of a Minor Poet" and in the startling verses, "Identity." The darker questionings that occasionally shadowed the sunny Greek sky of Aldrich's fancy are reflected in "An Untimely Thought," "Apparitions," and "Prescience." No American poet save Longfellow has written such perfect sonnets as "I Vex me Not," "Sleep," "Fredericksburg," "Enamored Architect of Airy Rhyme," "Andromeda," and others not inferior to these. In general indifferent toward

public affairs, the memories of the Civil War inspired two of his elegiac pieces, "Spring in New England" and the "Ode on the Shaw Memorial." He was stirred to the composition of a fine sonnet upon reading William Watson's splendid poetical invective against the Armenian outrages. "Unguarded Gates" was the result of many weeks of excitement, quite unusual with him, over the national dangers involved in unrestricted immigration. But these were almost his only excursions into the field of communal verse, whether political or social. The one great personal sorrow of his life, the death of his son Charles in 1904, came after his work as a poet was finished.

Aldrich wrote Tennysonian blank verse with consummate skill, as may be seen in "Wyndham Towers," "White Edith," and other narrative pieces. His Oriental poetry is picturesque, but, like Mrs. Rose Mason's gloves, suggests the Rue de la Paix, — or at least Horace Vernet and Fromentin. His wit, his cleverness of phrase, his keen sense of the comic, and his lifelong interest in the stage and stage-folk, might have made him, one would think, an unexcelled writer of comedies. Yet his chief ventures in dramatic composition — aside from some early unpreserved fragments — are tragedies. *Mercedes*, as played by Julia Arthur, was a notable performance, although narrow in its range of dramatic forces. *Judith of Bethulia*, a dramatized version of his early narrative poem *Judith and Holofernes*, was an experiment which brought new zest, followed by disappointment, into his closing years. The play was skillfully put together, and its third act was powerful, but it was acted, on the first night at least, with a crude commonness that failed alike to do justice to Aldrich's rich lines and to compel the admiration of the indifferent playgoer. The failure of the play was a pity, yet one may question whether a success would have made any difference in the total impression left by Aldrich upon his generation.

In reviewing his latest volumes of prose,[1] the *Atlantic* applied to Mr. Aldrich a sentence from his own charming essay upon Herrick: "A fine thing incomparably said instantly becomes familiar, and has henceforth a sort of dateless excellence." The secret of that dateless excellence was possessed by Aldrich himself. To judge merely by their mood, many of his poems might have been written in the garden of Herrick's Devon parsonage, or a whole century later, upon the sloping lawn of Horace Walpole's villa of Strawberry Hill. Aldrich would have been a delightful companion for George Selwyn and Harry Montague, and he could also have joyously discussed the art of polishing verse and prose with Théophile Gautier and Prosper Mérimée. His spirit escapes the rigid limits set by the biographical dictionary. In his choice of metrical forms and his vocabulary he is obviously indebted to Tennyson's volume of 1842, yet it is usually impossible to determine by internal evidence — as one often can in Tennyson's case — in what decade of the nineteenth century his various poems were written. The general trend of the philosophical, religious, or political speculation of Aldrich's day is not discoverable in his work. He had no such ethical and doctrinaire preoccupations as colored the verse of Whittier and Arnold, and troubled, though it sometimes strangely exalted, the later lyrics of Tennyson. Aldrich's poetry, like that of Keats and Rossetti, is free from the alloy of essentially unpoetical elements; it bears no traces of *Tendenz;* its excellence is dateless.

In this tranquil aloofness from the passions and convictions of the hour, and in the beautiful perfection of its workmanship, lie its promise of long life. There will always be some readers who are no more likely to forget Aldrich's poetry than Mozart's music or the crocus breaking through the mould in March. The very lightest of his pieces, marked "Fragile" as they are, are dear to the

[1] In November, 1903.

spirit of beauty, and will possess something of the perpetually renewed immortality of the cobwebs sparkling on the lawn and the fairy frostwork on the pane. And yet, if one were to choose where no choice is needful, one might hazard the guess that the hearts of future readers are more likely, as the years go by, to be turned toward the few poems in which Aldrich has deepened the wistful beauty of his lines by thoughts of the mysteries which encompass us. Whether he pondered often upon such themes one cannot tell, but one likes to think of him, at the last, as sustained by the noble mood in which he composed his final sonnet: —

I vex me not with brooding on the years
That were ere I drew breath: why should I then
Distrust the darkness that may fall again
When life is done? Perchance in other spheres —
Dead planets — I once tasted mortal tears,
And walked as now amid a throng of men,
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken,
Questioning death, and solacing my fears.
Ofttimes indeed strange sense have I of this,
Vague memories that hold me with a spell,
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,
Breathing some incommunicable bliss!
In years foregone, O Soul, was all not well?
Still lovelier life awaits thee. Fear not thou!

THE SHADOW ON THE FLOWER

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

"I regard death as nothing but the passing of the shadow on the flower." — T. B. Aldrich

When those who have loved Power depart
From out a world of toil and stress,
Somewhere, is easing of the heart,
Somewhere, a load grows less.

When those who have loved Beauty die,
Who with her praise the world did bless,
Around the earth there runs a sigh
Of tender loneliness.

Thou, latest-silenced of her choir!
Hark to that long, long sigh, to-day:
The sunlight is a faded fire,
Since thou art gone away!

Since thou art gone — where none may find —
Where Beauty knows no wavering hour,
Where is no blighting from the wind,
No Shadow on the Flower.

Thy mystic, floating, farewell word —
Oh, was it breathed in antiphon
To vatic strains thy spirit heard
From all thy brothers gone!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ELIZABETHAN REVIVALS

It was in a state of suspended judgment that the writer attended, about three years ago, a revival of the old play of *Everyman*. During the representation, he, like the rest of the audience, followed the action with breathless sympathy and a growing conviction that modern stage devices were superfluous, or worse. And, straightway, after his manner, he became an outspoken advocate of a return to the good old times when miracle-plays, pageants, morality plays, and even the drama, needed no expensive accessories, but depended for their success wholly upon the human genius that vivified them to the human hearts that sympathetically responded to their touch.

It was not long before he talked himself into the belief that he considered the Ben Greet Players apostles of a great reform, and it was under this conviction that he attended, not long ago, the play of *Macbeth* as given by them. With delight he hailed the blast of the herald's trumpet that, after the Elizabethan fashion, announced the opening of the tragedy. He approved the common sense which attired the witches in odds and ends of cast-off clothing such as might have been worn by necromantic old creatures of the Jacobean days. He accepted willingly the absence of any effort at correct costuming in the case of the old-time Scotch lords, and gave himself up to the current of the drama. And, truly, the writer felt, with self-approval, much as Emerson declares *he* felt when, going to see *Hamlet* performed, all he saw and all he remembered was Hamlet's question to the ghost:

> "What may this mean,
> That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
> Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon?"

The supremacy of text to stagecraft was complete.

And so, despite the clumsy wainscoting that backed the little stage of the hall, and in spite of the performance being intrinsically an attempt to demonstrate this fact or that about stagecraft, the immortal fire of Shakespeare fused all into the molten passion of the tragedy. There were incongruities, absurdities, things at another time and in another mood irresistibly laughable; but in the deep damnation of Duncan's taking off these crudities were as nothing.

Only when some brief interval released him from the dramatist's spell did the beholder realize that all this power lay in the writer's words, — that an intelligent reading, followed with the same close attention, with the same abstraction from other things, would have affected the hearer quite as much. This became evident when the stress of the drama was intermitted. When the knocking at the gate let in the outer world, and the overstrained attention was relaxed during the porter's soliloquy, one felt annoyance enough because of the absence of some very simple stage devices. One was conscious, for instance, that a lowering of the footlights would have made one feel the "dead vast and middle of the night," and — by contrast with the coming of the day — the depth of moral darkness upon which the sun was rising.

It is not intended to write theories, but only the impression of an observer; and even those feelings must not be given in detail, when all that makes any claim to importance is the general effect of these Elizabethan revivals upon a member of the audience. To put it shortly and personally, I must admit that this one performance, for the present, at least, goes far to convince me that these so-called revivals of antique methods can serve little purpose. They may demonstrate that the devices of the stage carpenter

and the scene-painter are in no way indispensable; they may prove that a great play remains great if only the words are intelligibly presented.

But all this we knew before. Even in the old Red-Schoolhouse days, there were tears and thrills at the command of every boyish orator who had the tongue of a Chrysostom. And even that untaught art brought into the four walls of the little schoolroom Spartacus and the horde of desperate men who gazed to him for deliverance; or (without the assistance of a mechanical tank holding thousands of gallons) the schoolboy made his little schoolmates see upon the burning deck the heroic figure of Casabianca. No need, then, of the Ben Greet Players to prove the magic of imagination.

One may still see good in their efforts; one may recognize that their crusade is justified, even if it be no more than a foray against the infidels who have substituted the Works of imitation for the Faith of make-believe. It is well that this little band, gathered together under the banner of simplicity, should prophesy against the Babylon of modern stage-setting and managerial extravagances. But does their claim need a historical basis? If they seek only a revival of Elizabethan conditions, the companies should be classified rather with museums and historical societies than with theatrical performances. Elizabethan anachronisms, we believe, were the result of ignorance rather than of design; we suspect that Macbeth would have worn the true costume of his time and country had this been known to Richard Burbage; while Birnam Wood would have marched toward Dunsinane through the agency of a kinetoscope, had the Globe Theatre been able to advertise so wonderful an attraction.

If this be so, we need not hesitate to make use of every device that will aid the æsthetic effect of any drama. But this is a far different matter from saying that actor and dramatist must therefore give place to stage carpenter, machinist, and electric light man. It is a weighty task to set forth the canons of theatrical art; and we would assume no more than the right of a solicitous friend to beg that managers will remember that the desire of all spectators is to be moved by the human emotions, to which all stage properties can be no more than adjuncts. Just in proportion as the play dominates, should the accessories be subdued.

If, then, we shall find ourselves seated before the proscenium that frames a modern spectacle, we promise to complain of no amusing device or astonishing mechanism, provided only that when the great dramas are to be shown they shall not be smothered beneath a myriad of petty gimcracks, by which no spectator should be distracted when watching the interplay of elemental passions.

THE ELEVATION OF THE STAGE

I SOMETIMES fancy that the advocates of the so-called elevation of the stage forget that the only real gain lies in the elevation of human nature. If man is better than the arts which serve him, these arts can no doubt be raised to his level; but if he and his instruments are on a par, to lift the instrument will produce nothing better than a transfer or exchange of functions. If dominos were made as intellectual as chess, men's brains would not be quickened by the alteration; the result would be that some of our present chess-players would take to dominos, and that the votaries of the lighter game would seek consolation in ninepins or marbles. It is probable that in both cases the worse instrument would supplant the better. If a man changes his billiard-room into a library, lovers of the species may think they have cause for joy in the conversion of so much space from a frivolous to an intellectual function; but it is well to inquire at the outset whether the innovator has doubled, or simply moved his former library, and whether his act implies a renunciation, or merely a transference, of the amusement.

The same principle applies to certain renovations of the stage. It is quite possible that intellectual and realistic dramas dealing with troublesome contemporary problems may be put upon the stage, and that persons may be found who will be glad to listen to them. The man who has given ten hours a week to pabulum of this kind in the closet may be induced to give three hours a week to the presentation of like matter behind the footlights; but if his appetite remains constant, he will hold to his ten hours, and withdraw from the library what he gives to the theatre. The playgoer who wants stimulation will betake himself to the unimproved stage, and if the theatre as a whole should be ameliorated, would indemnify himself at the vaudeville or the circus. That the demand for the graver matter is ahead of the visible supply can hardly be maintained by the champions of the endowed theatre. The world is not eager to get what it is not willing to pay for.

There is a natural division of labor, a scale or hierarchy of functions, among the arts that minister to human pleasure; and this applies not only to their artistic and moral excellence, but to what we may call their massiveness, their intellectual, responsible, and philanthropic character. Each art has its place in the scale; and when the place is found, to lift or to lower it is equally unadvisable. If we put the freight of a schooner into a canoe we endanger both the vessel and the cargo.

The theatre has striven in the past to strengthen the appeal to the imagination while it lowered the tax on the understanding, to present truth in a heightened and embellished form, and to dispel for the time being the perturbations and responsibilities of real life. Its fitness for this purpose is unquestionable; it is doubtful if it be fit for anything more robust. Large mixed assemblages of men are conducive to the production of feeling in almost the same degree in which they are unfavorable to the strenuous exercise of thought and conscience. The influence of brilliancy in the lights, the decoration, and the scenery, of luxury in the clothing of the audience, of gayety in the occasion, of participation in a world of bright illusions, disposes the mind to the relaxation of tension, the avoidance of exertion and responsibility, the indulgence of a gentle and innocent epicureanism. This is not a strenuous or heroic mood; but it is a mood sure to recur, sure to want food, and possessed, in the stage, of the precise nutriment which gratifies and quiets it. Reflection and philanthropy on the other hand find an almost perfect vehicle in literature. The quiet of the study, the absence of distractions, the moral insularity, the power to choose one's book and to guide, to retard, to accelerate, or to retrace one's course, are favorable to the clear insight, the sober thought, and the impartial attitude, which help us to find truth and settle problems. The moral is obvious: let each art keep within the sphere of its competence.

There are two ways in which we may seek to improve an art: by a more exact adaptation to present ends, or by the substitution of other ends. The modern stage may be vastly ameliorated without change of its general purpose by the elimination of all the evils, vulgarities, and frivolities that are not essential to the execution of that purpose. The present function of the stage is to portray energetic and primary emotions in such a way as to stir men's hearts with pleasurable sympathy. There is no reason why these strong and simple emotions should not, in the better characters at least, be assigned to essentially delicate persons; there is no reason why sympathy should not be directed to the right act and the good man. Strength and simplicity in the portrayal of the passions are indispensable; but they will act with as much force in the flower-like Perdita as in the bold Ann Whitefield, in the spotless Imogen as in the tarnished Diane de Lys. The fulfillment of the traditional, and to my mind the legitimate, purpose of the stage is plainly compatible with all degrees of delicacy and all degrees of

moral elevation. The possibility and the demand for amendment in these points are large enough to satisfy the most aggressive meliorists.

This is the old problem, the problem of our ancestors. The reformers of our own day aim at a different object. They wish to provide a new form of taste with a new species of enjoyment. They would tax the brain more heavily by a more recondite motive and a more elusive art, and would burden the heart by recalling to its moments of ease "the weariness, the fever, and the fret" of the world's contemporary struggle. They would diminish the attraction of the stage by a more unflinching realism, and would reduce its stimulus by the portrayal of less vital and less intelligible emotions. They wish us to pay a higher price for a sterner and more austere enjoyment. I do not doubt that the enjoyment is real, and that it is worth its price. I do not believe, however, that a "simple, sensuous and passionate" art like that of the stage is its appropriate vehicle.

The moral obliquity, the vulgarity, and the silliness of the stage are separable accidents: there is nothing in its nature to prevent their abolition; but what may be called its hedonism — its small demands and ample stimuli — is inherent and not to be permanently and universally done away with. The relation of the stage to literature is not perhaps that of a lower art to a higher, but it is that of a lighter art to a graver; and this relation is necessary and enduring.

DELIGHTS OF THE PERIODICAL INDEX

Charles Lamb classified time-tables and dictionaries as "books which are not books." Without doubt he would have included the *Index to Periodical Literature*, if such a monument of industry and patience had existed in his day. Whether it may be termed a book or not, a most charming volume of approximately five hundred pages appears each January, containing a list of the magazine articles of the preceding year. What a feast for the imagination! What a world of suggestion is to be found in these titles, each of which has been as carefully and succinctly worded as a telegram! Every one remembers, in the old rhetoric, the "suggested topics for composition;" and who is there who has not planned famous essays, which he never found the time to write, upon "An exciting moment," or, "How the farm looked when I went back"? Here, however, we have real compositions which have actually been written, and published, and paid for, and which we may consult if we are so inclined.

Turn the pages of the index of 1906 for a moment, and see if your interest and curiosity are not aroused by such titles as, People who have eaten books; Why do the hands of a jeweler's dummy watch point to 18 minutes past 8 o'clock? Can we keep sober? Cat fear; Feigning death; Chairs designed for the prevention of seasickness; Sermons in stomach stones; Significance of throwing the shoe; Conscience at the custom house; Spanked through Europe; Disadvantages of durability; Baedeker in the making; Machine that smokes cigars; Disagreeable books; Children and their pets in the San Francisco fire; Passing of the attic; Do women enjoy each other? Burbanking the flea. And so on throughout the list, many a title suggesting a train of thought, or affording an entertainment that, very possibly, would not be found in the article itself.

Again, one finds an occasional article which might prove interesting or profitable to his friends, as, The vice of generalizing; New method of treating red noses; Obstinacy in conversation; Woman inquiring about trains; Honesty in the ministry; Diet delusions; The beneficial effects of coffee as a drink.

Writers do not write, nor readers read, what does not interest them. It is therefore with increased faith in human nature that one observes the evident striving

for better things. By far the longest lists are those labeled: Bible, Christian, Church, Colleges, Education, Missions, Religion, Temperance. There are also hundreds of discussions of definite problems of improvement of present conditions; for example: Child labor, Corporations, Insurance investigation, Meat inspection, Municipal ownership, Patent medicines.

As a yearly record of the rise and fall of fads, which we Americans follow with such enthusiasm, the index is interesting. In the present number, for instance, we find whole columns of titles treating of the automobile, by the side of ten lonely articles on the once popular game of golf.

Also the year's progress in the solution of those seemingly impossible problems with which a few untiring souls are ever persistently struggling, is to be found under headings like, Aerial navigation; Cotton-picking machine; Cow-milking machine; Tuberculosis.

As a résumé of the events of the year, which succeed one another with such rapidity that they are in danger of being crowded from the memory, one reads with profit headings like the following: Susan B. Anthony; Christian IX, King of Denmark; Marshall Field; William Rainey Harper; Henrik Ibsen; Joseph Wheeler; Centenary of William Lloyd Garrison; Bicentenary celebration of Benjamin Franklin; 70th Birthday of Mark Twain; Fallières, President of France; Haakon VII, King of Norway; Panama Canal; Building the new Campanile; Eruption of Vesuvius; Valparaiso ruined by an earthquake; Destruction of San Francisco; Great Simplon tunnel; Tunneling the East River; The new Salton Sea; Towing the Dewey dock 14,000 miles; Esperanto; Fonetik refawrm.

Finally, there is real consolation for the literary novice in the observation that the best known and most prolific writers scarcely average one article a month in the best magazines.

A BALLAD OF REFRAIN

We often wonder what could have been the meaning of the scriptural phrase credited to King Solomon, — "Of the making of many books there is no end." It does not seem likely that in the wise man's time there was a so vast number of books. The recently discovered Nippur Library — where every page of a volume is a good-sized brick — suggests that it was perhaps the mass rather than the number of books which was so gravely impressive. A moderately wealthy Spartan might have been embarrassed by the heavy load of iron he carried about with him.

In our own time this complaint has more significance. The modern deluge of printed matter sometimes impels even the appreciative reader to slip the leash and escape from the traditional bondage to books. Such an impulse of heresy, and of gratitude to those who repress their utterance, is embodied in the following

BALLAD OF REFRAIN

(WITH APOLOGIES TO AUSTIN DOBSON)

When moribund novelists still rehearse
  Their themes extinct and their passions dead;
When our shelves are weighted by recent verse,
  And our tables groan with their books unread;
  When a mob is waiting to snatch the thread,
As it spins away from the whirring brain,
  Before the ink from the pen is shed —
Then hey! for the hero who can refrain!

When lettered knowledge becomes a curse —
  That may swiftly fall on the curser's head;
When the rising floods of the scribes immerse,
  And our tables groan with their books unread;
  When the delicate soul is bruised and bled
For the greed of glory, the glut of gain;

When the eyes of the readers are dull as lead,
Then hey! to the hero who can refrain!

When writers fatten a hungry purse
With words that were happier left unsaid,
When trying their best they try us worse,
And our tables groan with their books unread;
When the guests go out from the feast unfed —
Or overfed to repletion's pain —
When reader and writer refuse to wed,
Then hey! to the hero who can refrain!

ENVOY

When we yearn for the elemental bread,
And our tables groan with their books unread,
When the crescent mind begins to wane,
Then hey! for the hero who can refrain!

THE CALL OF THE SHIRT

On a certain much-traveled street in the "Back Bay" region of Boston, over the door of a basement notion store, appears this sign: "Laundry and Library." I have noted it often as I passed it, thinking how typical it was of the city about it — how readily translatable into the motto of the Back Bay dwellers: "Cleanliness and Culture." And yet as I have passed it by, or as I have descended the half-dozen steps to the basement door and thrust my weekly bundle through the slide, my mind has reverted with sudden longing to another æsthetic laundryman in another land; and this sign of reading-room and wash-tub has seemed a mocking echo of the galling chains of civilization which I wear. I see instead of brick-front dwellings, and asphalt pavements, and rattling trolley cars, and stone-curbed grass plots, a gently-flowing brook, a boundless grassy carpet, a man, reclining in happy idleness, and over his head, flapping patiently in the breeze, a slowly drying shirt that knows too well its mission to part too readily with its moisture. Somewhere to-day — I know it by the feeling of the day — my old friend Jack the Hobo is thus lying by the stream and waiting — waiting for his shirt to dry. And were I half the man I should be, I know I would throw off the restraining chains, and flee from this mocking sign of "Laundry and Library," and go out there too, and wash my own linen garments.

It was on the bank of Salt Creek that I met my friend Jack the Hobo; not the mythical Salt River to whose sources we consign our last-year politicians, but a real stream which flows from countless springs in fertile Illinois fields and woods, by easy curves and reaches, through forests of elm and butternut, by grassy slopes and meadows that in springtime are heavenly blue with masses of long-stemmed violets, — which flows reluctantly past all this, as what appreciative river would not, singing a happy, crooning sort of a song to itself whenever a twig or a stone gives it opportunity to catch hold and linger, — flows under an iron bridge, and past an old lime kiln that resembles nothing else so much as the ruin of a mediæval castle, and knows that it does, and leans over the placid water to admire in its own reflection the clinging woodbine, and the age-stained rocks, — flows past this and much more, and at last, after doubling on its tracks half a dozen times, hesitating, dodging, for all the world like a maiden longing, yet fearing, to enter her lover's arms, flies at last to the bosom of the Des Plaines, and thenceforth, as a true helpmeet, sinks its identity in that of the larger stream. That is the Salt Creek by which I wandered on the happy Sunday on which I met my friend the Hobo, and dined with him *al fresco* on the best the land could furnish. Dined with him? Yes, and learned of

him; for of all unschooled philosophers, of all illogical logicians, of all unlettered poets and ungrammatical essayists, commend me to this Hobo Jack who, on that Sunday, taught me the true love of out-of-doors as we lay on that same grassy bank at the foot of the ivy-clad lime kiln, waiting — waiting for his shirt to dry.

But that you may appreciate the meeting of the Hobo and of myself, the Wanderer, I must first take you a bit into my confidence and confess frankly that up to that moment my wandering had had a certain commercial tendency. I came out into these woods with a buoyant heart and glad; but the buoyancy was at so much per column. Just one week from the day on which I wandered there, the good people of the neighboring city would read in their Sunday papers how joyous surrounding nature looked when seen through my eyes, and of the particulars of travel necessary to bring them to the place whence I saw it.

I came down from the iron bridge and strolled along the path on the edge of the bank. It was in the springtime and the creek was full. Covering the woodland floor as far as eye could see was an ankle-deep carpet that not all Brussels nor the Orient could have produced, — a dainty sweet-scented Illinois carpet, of spring beauties and of pink phlox. There was a spring in the midst of it, and a tiny run thence to the creek, and, close by, a giant elm, yielding to some tempest, had fallen so as to form a bridge across the water. The path wound about the upturned roots, and as I followed it the scent of wild flowers in my nostrils gave way suddenly to the pungent odor of burning wood, with a strange, indefinable concomitant which thrilled my gastric nerve and made me aware that I was hungry. An instant later, as I came out from the shadow of the elm-roots, I almost stumbled into a campfire, and brought up face to face with its astonished proprietor.

It was the fire that caught me first, a real cooking fire of few sticks and many coals, and concentrated heat. Over it, from a crosspiece which rested in two crotches, hung an iron kettle, — a broken iron kettle, a tramp among kettles, — and in this, bobbing merrily about in the boiling water, a soup bone. It was a real camp fire and a real camp kettle, and I could not have gone a step away from them to save my neck — which happily was not at that moment in imminent danger.

As for the proprietor of all this woodland happiness, Jack the Hobo, who had sprung to his feet and has been patiently standing all this time, waiting while I finish my rhapsody on his cooking paraphernalia, he was just Jack, a big, burly, homely man, clad in old trousers and jacket, and with his coat-collar buttoned closely about his throat.

"Hello," said I, by way of salutation.

"Hello, matey," said he, with the added word conveying a spirit of hospitality which I, unschooled in woodland ways, had been altogether unable to put into speech. We stood for a moment eying each other, measuring each other by our own standards, and then with a wave of my hand at the kettle I said, "Soup smells good."

It was all I could think of in which we might be supposed to have a common interest.

"What's the time?" said he.

"Just noon," said I.

"Stay and eat?" he asked, and I gladly assented. I had a boxful of luncheon myself which I divided with him; but it was a poor exchange for the soup he offered me (in the carefully rinsed remnant of an oyster tin), or the savory coffee he poured, clear as from the most expensive French-drip pot, over the ragged edge of a can which still wore on one side the scorched effigy of a scarlet tomato.

We ate in silence, eying each other now and then, till our appetites began to lessen; then his gaze wandered to my folded pocket camera.

"For pictures?" he asked.

"Yes," said I. "There are some fine ones to be had hereabouts."

"So I see by the paper," said he. And then he laughed, a jolly hobo laugh. "Say," he added, "what do you think I seen in the papers? Gee!" Again he laughed. "Say, matey, they was a piece in the papers last week that called the creek this here thing runs into, the 'be-youtiful Des Plaines.' The 'be-you-tiful Des Plaines!" Again he burst out merrily. "The 'be-youtiful Des Plaines! Say, what d' ye think of that? Would n't it jar you some?"

It did jar me, indeed; especially as he drew from his pocket a moment later a fragment of Sunday paper containing the article to which he referred — a half page of pictures from my camera, a half page of text, and the signature in large and small "caps," "Wanderer." It was a hard blow my hobo friend had delivered. I was roused to a form of self-defense.

"It seems to strike you pretty well," said I.

"Me? Oh, gee!" Another paroxysm followed this. My hobo friend was very mirthful. "Why, say!" he broke out suddenly, "I wisht you 'd seen the rivers I seen. I wisht you had. I wisht you 'd seen 'em. I been where you can just lay down on your back and look up at the sky and see mountains all around — yes, and real woods, too. I seen places where you would n't never want to do nothin' all day but just lay there, smellin' them flowers, and listenin' to them birds — and just layin' there. Why, I seen places like that where they 's trout, and bass, — yes, and wild turkeys, too. And then this feller calls it the 'be-youtiful Des Plaines.'"

"What are you doing out here, then, if this is so poor and other places so fine?" I demanded.

My nerve of self-esteem had been jarred again.

For a moment my host was almost embarrassed. He laughed consciously, like a small boy caught enjoying himself at a girl's party. "Me?" he asked. "Me? Why — I 'm workin' now. I can't go out where them things is. I just come out here — Oh, thunder! I tell you what I come out here for. I come out to wash my shirt."

He pointed to the limb of a neighboring tree, where, sure enough, the garment hung limply in the breeze. I eyed it in silence. I had not yet learned the real philosophy. To me it was only a shirt, recently laundered. I did not see in it then, as I did later, no shirt at all, but a flag, the banner of liberty, of equality, and true happiness. I waited for Hobo Jack to enlighten me.

"You see, I 'm really workin'," he began. "I do chores about these here rhubarbian settlements. I start out on Monday, takin' a job to cut grass. Maybe I work all day Monday, maybe not. Some weeks I stick it out till Tuesday, or even to Thursday or Friday, but I get to feelin' uneasy. First off I pretend I do' know what 's the matter with me. I shake it off. I say I got to work. But bimeby I can't stand it no longer. 'Hell!' I say to myself. 'I just got to wash my shirt, that 's what 's the matter with me.'

"So I come out here like this, to some place where they 's a brook or a creek or a river, or somethin' wet, and some woods and grass and birds, and they ain't no folks; and I pull that shirt off and slosh it around in the water awhile, and then I hang it up on the branch of a tree.

"Then I build me a campfire and cook something to eat, and lay down on my back and just enjoy, — just plain enjoy, — that 's all. Sometimes it seems to me as if people in these here settlements did n't really know how to do that — to just enjoy. Well I set right here enjoyin' till I think that shirt of mine is dry. Maybe it takes a day, maybe two days — more likely it 's close to a week before I feel real sure that shirt is dry enough so it 's safe to put it on again. Then I put it on

and go back to town and take a job, till I think it needs washin' again."

The sun is warm to-day. The wind is very gentle. The orchards are all a-bloom — the cherries falling fast, the pears in their prime, the apples just peeping from pink-tipped buds. There is a big Baltimore oriole in the elm over my window, hopping from branch to branch, pecking at something, I know not what, but stopping between bites for irregular phrases of his loud-whistled melody. Somehow it lures my mind back to that moment when at the explanation of Hobo Jack the true meaning of an ancient craving flashed upon me.

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THE PERSONAL FACTOR IN THE LABOR PROBLEM

BY HAYES ROBBINS

DURING 1906 the city of Boston was three times threatened with strikes of a nature which, in the judgment of prominent business men, would have brought about situations as serious as that which paralyzed local trade and industry four years before. Two of these grew out of longshoremen's grievances; the other involved the general truck teamsters. In one case the issue was the apportionment of a wage increase; in another it was the discharge of a few men under irritating circumstances; in the third it was a general schedule of wages, hours, and working regulations for the ensuing year. The peculiarity of strikes in either of these groups is their extreme liability to spread, through sympathetic action, until the whole body of longshoremen, teamsters, and freight-handlers is affected.

All three of these menacing disputes were adjusted after much negotiation and with very little publicity. The settlements, with all they implied, must be credited to these factors: (*a*) the willingness of the officers of the several employing interests to meet and discuss matters with committees speaking for the other side; (*b*) the confidence of the labor bodies in the leaders who represented them in conference; and (*c*) the hard sense and reasonable spirit of these leaders — three men especially — in exhausting every means of coming to an agreement on a basis that would be just to the employers and that would be accepted in turn by the rank and file of the workingmen.

Personal factors, every one of them. The matters at issue, while by no means simple, proved less important in the end than the methods of handling them. Sense, fairness, and broad judgment counted for more than the "economic necessity" which theoretically controls such matters.

Here is suggested — not fully answered, but suggested — a very searching question, with a vital bearing upon the tendencies of modern industrial life. Is it true that the personal or human element in the relations between employers and wage-earners has virtually disappeared with the rise of corporations?

Belief that such is the case has become an axiom of the street, backed by certain ever-present and very obvious facts, and as plausible as it is essentially superficial. The old relation of master and man, the artisan working at the bench with his journeyman, is largely of the past, to be sure. Therefore it is somewhat cynically taken for granted that good-will, conscience, the wish to do justice or to show mercy, have no more power to affect the new economic relations in any important degree than the Golden Rule is supposed to have in politics. Labor is bought and sold as a commodity, bargained for by rigid organizations of workmen on the one hand, in which the individual figures not at all, and on the other by impersonal, machinelike aggregations of capital, having no bodies to kick or souls to damn.

Assumptions like these have often served as a respectable justification for treating the labor problem on a purely

commercial basis, and ignoring the human considerations involved. They have made it possible for employing officials to declare, as many of them do upon occasion, "Why, my dear sir, don't you know that I personally have no control over such a phase of the matter as that? It is the policy of the company. If there are hardships in the way things work it is the fault of the system; we cannot help it; we are only the flies on the balance wheel. Personally I should very much like to do so-and-so; but *I* do not make economic laws."

Whether well-founded or not, it is worth noting that hardly any attitude could be imagined better calculated to dry-rot the fibre of personal, moral responsibility in industrial relations. If that is true of the employer, its effect upon the workingman is quite as unfortunate. If the personal element has gone out of modern industry, if there is no hope for the man who toils except by pitting his impersonal economic power against the equally impersonal rock of capital, the logical attitude of labor to employing interests must be fundamentally hostile. If an inexorable abstraction, labeled "our industrial *system*," is responsible for whatever happens in the economic world, the somewhat natural question for the workingmen becomes: "Why not seize the system itself, and run it for our own benefit?" In other words, this loss of confidence in the saving grace of the personal equation undoubtedly underlies a very considerable part of current socialist and quasi-socialist sentiment.

There is no denying that much has happened in the last generation to support the idea that the personal element no longer counts. Many things have indeed passed beyond any individual's power of control. Most of us go out together on the ebb-tide of hard times, and most of us come back on the prosperity flood, and little have we to say about it. We are all so interdependent, fortunately, that no man can live and act in utter disregard of his fellow men.

But has this abolished the personal equation? Or, have we still left a very considerable range of economic activities which personal factors can and do affect, sometimes most powerfully? And does not this same half-neglected personal factor actually remain, in its possibilities, and more and more in its practical operation, the most tremendously potent of all available influences for reducing industrial friction, and so ordering our relation to such of the currents of modern economic life as cannot be wholly controlled that they may yield at least social harmony, rather than overwhelm us in a flood of needless conflict, bitterness, material waste, and barren experiments of radicalism?

Take the case of this supposed assassin of the personal relation — the corporation. What is a corporation? Factories? Real estate? Franchises? Immense productive power?

These things are no more the corporation than a man who owns a horse is the horse. A corporation is a group of human beings, organized to carry on some business enterprise. Its policies are made and carried out by *men*, and a man cannot divest himself of himself. If he tries to become an economic abstraction, he succeeds in becoming another and usually much poorer type of man, but still a man for a' that. In spite of himself, he is still subject to the same primary human instincts, whatever the particular form they may take, that belong to the very constitution of the human race. Assuming an official position does not repeal any law of human nature, however it may change the point of emphasis; it does not nullify any moral law applying to the general conduct of the man's life.

If a corporation adopts a wise, honest, and humane policy, it is because *men* have decided upon and enforced that policy; no economic abstraction did it. If another corporation, finding that it cannot, under stress of competition, do even so well as the average in its relations with labor and remain in business, takes

the employees freely into its confidence, shows them the facts, manifests a disposition to do the best it can, and invites their coöperation in making better conditions possible, this is again the act of *men*. Or, if this same corporation, in hard straits, takes the opposite course, ignores the workers as men, posts notices that the conditions will be thus and so,—"Take it or quit," — the personal element has not been evaded. All this was decided upon and enforced by men, in the one case as in the other, no matter how either of the two policies works out. In both these last two cases the same conditions were faced; but men, and not the conditions, were responsible for the way *one and the same situation* was met and handled.

We are often reminded that the relations between employer and employee to-day are not directly between the head of the corporation and every individual workman; and that in the main is true. But this seems to be regarded as fatal to the whole idea of personal relations; and that, emphatically, is not true. A personal relation of some sort necessarily exists between every workman and *some* official next above him, at whatever point in the service; it may be the dirt shoveler and the gang boss; it may be the shoe worker and the shop foreman; it may be the local manager and the general manager. Personal contact has not been abolished, it cannot be; but the point of contact has been changed. Where it was formerly directly between master and man, now it is usually between the workman and his foreman. This means that the foreman question is to-day one of the most vital points in our whole scheme of industrial relation.

But the foreman, too often, has been drilled in the idea that all that is expected of him is to extract from his machinery and operatives the maximum output at minimum cost; that is the test of his efficiency. The system of cross-checking, setting off one workroom or division of the business against another, has intensified this pursuit of one special kind of results. Not many officers of large corporations, it is safe to say, often think of the superintendent or foreman as the man who has taken the place of the old-system employer in his direct contact with the wage-earner. Still fewer realize the significance of the fact. If it could be understood, and become the regular corporation practice, that it is as much a part of what is expected of the foreman that he get along on a just and friendly basis with the men under him, and that a good record in this respect will count to the credit of his department as well as his tally sheet of immediate profits, we might see a very impressive difference in the general state of feeling between the employing and the labor groups in this country.

This is by no means simply a question of sentiment. Permanently good relations with the labor force are in the long run more economical — better policy from a strictly business standpoint — than an extraordinary spurt of profits in some department for a few successive periods, followed by a growing indifference and studied "soldiering" on the part of the men, or perhaps a disastrous strike, wiping out all that has been gained, or more. The foreman is the key to this situation, but the employer selects the foreman and shapes the general policy.

In other words, the duty of the executive head to-day, where he cannot meet the whole force individually and continuously, must be to impress his own wise and broadminded policy — assuming it to be such — upon those in positions of delegated authority, who have now come to occupy the immediate relation to the mass of the workers.

The president of a large concern manufacturing a certain kind of metal fixtures told me, at the close of a recent conference with a labor committee, that in one of his western factories he had employed at one time a foreman whose invariable greeting to the men, as he went about overseeing the work, was a string of abusive profanity. Whenever he came in sight, the

operatives worked at top speed; as soon as he was gone they systematically and cheerfully loafed. Later, a new foreman was put in,— a quiet, practical man, of decision and firmness, but by nature a leader rather than driver of men. Since his advent a product has been coming from that factory ranging from a quarter to even a half larger than it was possible to squeeze out under his blatherskite predecessor. The gain represented the economic value of a different personality. Specific instances of similar experience might be multiplied.

The notion is quite too prevalent that the workingman is primarily an "economic problem;" that he ought to realize this and conduct himself with mechanical regularity and impersonal uniformity as a fractional unit of labor power. We shall never make any headway under that doctrine. The workingman is first of all a human being. The purchase of his labor is only in a limited sense to be compared to the purchase of a commodity, and cannot be treated in the same way. As Dr. Abbott has suggested, in the sale of sugar or flour the personal relation of mutual confidence need enter only once, at the time of the exchange; but where you are buying labor the laborer goes with the labor, and the personal relation of confidence and responsibility must be there all the time, from day to day and week to week, or somebody is cheated. Therefore, whatever method of getting along together is adopted, it must count with personal qualities as an essential part of the relation.

When it first became a part of my duty to come in constant and direct contact with employers and trade-union men, it was with little comprehension of the intensely human elements that persist, however the industrial environment changes. For example, it was a cause of much surprise to hear a very active business agent, — "walking delegate" if you like, — in telling the story of a labor trouble he had been handling and upon which a good deal depended, remark that he could n't follow it up, on a certain day, because it was his last chance to buy Christmas presents for the babies. Previously looked upon as a sort of impersonal economic automaton, he suddenly became understandable in the light of what he really is, — simply an honest, somewhat narrow, tender-hearted, pugnacious, jolly good fellow.

I have seen a prominent officer of one of the most ironclad labor organizations in the country walk the floor, during one of many conversations, and outline with an eloquence of the heart, depth of conviction, and earnestness approaching tears, his alarm over — what? The irresistible domination of soulless capital? Not at all. The deadly menace of the socialist propaganda to the cause of *religion*, as he saw it operating in his own craft.

The undercurrent of instincts and aspirations of which these are but chance illustrations, needing not to be multiplied because so common, runs deep and strong through the lives of us all, whatever our status in the industrial scale; and it suggests this further fact: The things that divide us are seen, but are temporal; the things that unite us may often be unseen, but are eternal.

One interesting illustration with which I happen to be somewhat familiar, of the personal factor in practical operation, is the labor policy of the Boston and Maine Railroad. It presents no sensational or artificial features, and rarely comes into public notice, — a fact which of itself is more convincing to the seeker after employment methods of solid and universal value than the spectacular advertising sometimes given to a certain type of paternalistic "social betterment" experiments, successful perhaps under peculiar conditions, but of limited significance with reference to the industrial problem as a whole.

The secret of the long-standing good relations with labor on the railroad referred to is the influence, conscious or unconscious, of personality, beginning at

the top, and working itself out in policies which distinctly reckon with the personal factor all along the line. Lucius Tuttle is of the type of industrial manager, happily becoming more numerous, whose characteristic attitude is that of frank and cordial recognition of the contribution made by the employees to the prosperity of the enterprise. Asking and expecting the confidence of the rank and file, the established policy is to show confidence in return, whether in the routine of management or in the discussion of working conditions with committees representing the men. Results justify the belief that, whether employers or wage-earners, men wish to be trusted, and in the great majority of cases will respond loyally under a relationship based on that principle.

The responsibility of superintendents and foremen for good relations with the employees is emphasized and reinforced by a well-understood right of appeal, under reasonable specified conditions. Injured employees, on numerous occasions, have been granted ample leaves of absence, with pay, and given suitable employment when able to work again, instead of being ignored until legal steps were taken, compelling some kind of settlement.

The feeling is very general among the twenty-five thousand employees that every man has a "friend at the top." And the moral effect of this feeling is not confined to the railroad world. It is a common remark among leading labor men in many other trades, "If all employers were like that, there would be mighty little trouble."

This opinion on their part does not spring from any notion that the corporation in question invariably grants whatever demands are made. Not at all. It is the result of well-verified conviction, based on year-in and year-out experience, that the disposition is to treat all fairly, to do the best that business conditions will reasonably permit, to give free and unprejudiced hearing to requests and grievances, and to discuss these matters, whether presented directly by the men concerned or by their chosen representatives, in a businesslike way, respecting the rights and feelings of the other party.

This is not an isolated illustration; but it is a very good practical example of the pervasive power of the personal factor, as a radiating force, vitalizing and humanizing the employment relations with a great army of workingmen, *under the very conditions*, be it noted, which we are asked to believe render the possibility of anything of the kind mythical and visionary.

It should be remembered that the personal factor can be made as powerful for harm as for good. Cases have come to my knowledge where labor leaders who have fought down strike resolutions in their unions, in favor of first seeking conferences with the employer, have gone into such conferences when arranged, and returned the strongest advocates of the strike they originally opposed; this because of the humiliation they had been compelled to undergo in the manner of their reception by the employer concerned. The factors of pride or self-respect, in the one case, of boorish intolerance in the other, — purely personal elements, — played a larger part in the result than the industrial issues involved.

On the other hand, similar testimony could be borne with respect to certain employers, — and I have no reason to suppose them isolated examples, — men of the broadest sympathies, distinctly just-minded and humane, who have grown into a well-nigh settled distrust and dislike of trade unions, not by reason of preconceived prejudice or theoretical objection to organization of workingmen, or to the principles of economic and social improvement for which the labor movement stands, but chiefly through the cumulative effect of a succession of exasperating experiences with arbitrary policies, sometimes brutal methods, and offensively domineering individuals appearing in behalf of labor in various controversies coming up for adjustment.

Could there be any greater indication of the importance of looking out for the right kind of personal qualities, whether in the selection of leaders by the unions, or in the choice of industrial managers on the part of capital? Could the need be clearer of considering in either case the ability to meet and deal tactfully, intelligently, and reasonably with men, *as men*, and not as abstract representatives of blind forces?

That the tendency in this respect is improving there can be no doubt, and one of the signs of it, on the labor side, is the growing determination of union officials to compel obedience to their contracts with employers. This was confirmed by the printing pressmen when the strike of the typographical union began, in January, 1906; and John Mitchell's refusal to let the soft-coal miners join the great strike of 1902, because their agreements with the operators had not expired, is not yet ancient history. The action of the locomotive engineers and street railway employees, in repudiating their local unions in New York for violation of contracts, in the subway strike of 1905, was followed only last summer by that of the trainmen's organization in ordering its striking "local" of switchmen in New Haven to return to work, on penalty of having their places filled by the Brotherhood itself. In the shoe trade, if a local union breaks its contract, it is the policy of the national body to fill the places of the strikers.

But here, again, is the point. Contracts amount to nothing without *men*, of the necessary courage and honor to enforce them. Whatever of business stability and prosperity may be at stake in the case hangs upon the extent to which these personal qualities stand behind the bond.

There is an unfortunate policy into which some employers have been led, at times, partly as an unconscious result of the notion that personal relations are a thing of the past, partly for more purely practical reasons. A grievance arises in a factory where it would not be feasible for the entire force to appear at headquarters in person, and therefore one of the number, or perhaps a committee, waits on the foreman or proprietor. A little later these committeemen find themselves discharged; their services have suddenly become unsatisfactory. In other cases, perhaps, when the employee or his representative seeks an interview, he is either refused outright or told that the matter is in the hands of Mr. So-and-So, who has full charge of his department, and cannot be interfered with lest good discipline be undermined. Mr. So-and-So, in turn, announces that he is carrying out the general policy of the company and has no power to make special exceptions.

These practices are not so common to-day as a few years ago, but they have helped breed among many workingmen the notion that a corporation is a kind of economic shell-game, the trick being to find the man higher up or farther down, — now you see him and now you don't! Such methods, however, are not an essential part of the corporate form of organization in any sense; they indicate either lack of good executive management, in fixing real responsibility, or, in some cases perhaps, an express intention of using the machinery of the corporation to shift that responsibility.

But this possibility of discharge, as a result of presenting a complaint, is one of the chief reasons why labor unions have made so much of the right to send in their business agents, — somebody not in the employer's power, — to make appeal in their behalf. It is their device for opening up a new channel of personal contact when the old is virtually closed.

As a matter of fact, most of the severest labor difficulties throughout the country to-day are settled, when settled at all, through the efforts of men on the labor side who are not employees of the firms or companies affected. The district or national leaders of the labor bodies involved are usually men of larger calibre and experience than those directly

concerned in the contest, and have too much at stake to assume unnecessary risks. They are often the best able to handle a troublesome situation intelligently and reasonably, yet their efforts would be useless if all employers took the position of refusing to meet or discuss the matters at issue with any except strictly their own employees.

For example, the threatened teamsters' strike in Boston in 1906, which had passed entirely beyond the control of the teamsters' own representatives, was finally prevented by the efforts of a cigar maker and a horseshoer. The longshoremen's strike, later in the year, was settled by a freight handler, a horseshoer, and a furniture mover, one longshoreman serving with them, but taking little or no active part. Had the employers refused to see these men, who happened to be entrusted with authority to negotiate for the workingmen concerned, possessed their confidence, and were especially well qualified by temperament and experience for the difficult and delicate task in hand, situations would have developed, without the least doubt, full of the most serious consequences to the commercial interests of the city.

In fact, if an attitude of non-communication with any except employees were logically carried out and adhered to by employers as a whole, it would nullify and render useless any and all efforts, public or private, of conciliation boards, citizens' committees, business acquaintances or associates, or of any outside interests whatever, to assist in preventing or settling industrial contests, no matter how seriously the public convenience or welfare might be affected, and no matter how much to the advantage of the employer himself such efforts might prove to be.

Unless the privilege of stating complaints and discussing the possibilities of improvement is accorded to workingmen, directly or by representatives of their own choosing, no recourse is left them for making an impression upon employing interests but the strike, boycott, or similar arbitrary measures. *This right of conference is the safety valve whereby the labor steam inside the capitalist boiler finds its necessary vent without blowing up the boiler.*

Very likely this may suggest the criticism: "But here is no final solution; you may have all the personal conferences and discussion you please, but how are you going to abolish the points at issue themselves?"

I would disclaim any intention of leading up to a "grand panacea." The universal cure-all idea has been very much overworked. It may be that to abolish all possible grounds of disagreement between people would mean the end of all progress. Up to a certain point, differences are our salvation from deadly monotony and stagnation. They have been known to occur even in the sacred precincts of the family, in the church, in social life, and in our civic relations; yet all these institutions most unreasonably survive and jog along. There will always be crabs in the sea; but the sea rolls on. The business world is not in a hopelessly doomed class by itself, by reason of being subject to jars, and having its own peculiar conflicts of interests and desires. It is but one part of the common experience of life. Because progress still involves too much friction, and perfection is remote, it is no sign that everything is going to smash. As Graham Taylor pithily states it, if the industrial classes cannot get along together, neither can they get along apart. The high church of Economic Law allows no such divorce.

Strikes and lockouts will hardly disappear this year or this generation. As methods of doing business change, as the general wealth production of the community varies from decade to decade, there must come times of readjustment of the portions of that product which go to the various factors that create it. As men's ideas of living change, the terms and conditions upon which they will work for wages or employ others for

wages must inevitably change also. These things are all a part of the advance of civilization, and the differences they imply are such as change and betterment always compel, in whatever department of life. But if we can more and more bring the personal equation to bear, — the influences of good will, fairmindedness, and willingness to discuss frankly the facts and reasons for positions taken, on either side, — we shall have gone very far to reduce, perhaps almost remove, the really serious friction of this process.

That it is vitally important to bring just these influences to bear, let no serious thinker on present-day social economic conditions doubt. There is, in fact, a larger aspect of this whole matter than simply the settling of labor troubles peaceably. Many observers have been much disturbed in recent years by the frequent signs of a spirit of bitterness, distrust, and resentment among workingmen. It is regarded as the foremuttering of stormy weather in our industrial and political affairs, and, whether the alarm has adequate cause in all respects or not, it would be folly to ignore the grave possibilities. Most often these tendencies are charged to underlying envy among the millions of the poor, intense resentment over the idiotic waste of wealth by some of the idle rich, and the too frequent exhibitions of greed and dishonor in high places.

All these things have their influence, and it is likely to be an increasing influence so long as these evils persist; but there is something else. A tremendous part is played by certain factors, much less spectacular, but also much closer to the daily lives of the great wage-earning group. It may be surprising at first, but not so after working close to the facts for a time, how much the question of what consideration workingmen receive *as men*, under the general policy of those employing them, has to do with their general state of mind, the opinions they hold, their general outlook upon life. For it is this that fills up the major part of a workingman's life. It is a narrow life at best; and the immediate conditions and environments of toil, and general relations with his own employer, convey to the average wage-earner's mind a concrete impression of the justice or injustice of the industrial order under which he lives. The nature of these relations, as a rule, counts more with him than the question whether his employer is a wealthy officer of a corporation, a small shopkeeper, or a petty contractor with a dozen hands.

A more intelligent and far-sighted appreciation of these facts, *in practice*, is perhaps the most effective safeguard against a series of radical socialistic experiments, which, if they do come, will spring quite as much from a rankling personal sense of injustice and desire for retaliation as from any reasoned-out conviction of the economic merits of the various nostrums proposed. Workingmen are not greatly impressed by lectures, tracts, editorials, and elaborate statistics showing the folly of this or that radical scheme. If they favor the radical scheme, it is very often as a club to compel attention to their demand for things nearer home, that they really want and intimately know about. They are interested in a general way, some *pro* and some *con*, in the discussion of radical propositions, as citizens; but they are directly and intensely interested in the labor and wages phase of their situation, in a specific way, as employees.

Let it be practically demonstrated that the door to reasonable progress, and just, businesslike personal relations between employers and employees, or those representing them at the various points of contact, is not closed under our modern system, and one of the most embittering motives of agitation for social and industrial disruption is very greatly lessened. In other words, our need is not so much to discover brand-new patented "systems," or guaranteed panaceas, as it is to *rediscover each other.*

THE COLONEL IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

How the Colonel got the appointment to the Chair of Military Science in the Theological Seminary would be too long a story to tell. Indeed, it was a little peculiar that there was any Chair of Military Science in the Theological Seminary. It constituted, as the young man who wrote it up for the newspapers remarked, "one of the most unique features of the institution."

There was no mystery about the chair, however. A wealthy gentleman had left funds for its endowment, and the Trustees had not been inclined to look a gift horse in the mouth. They accepted with the idea that they might, perhaps, secure a clergyman who had been a chaplain in the militia, and who, after a few lectures on the manual of arms, might quietly change the subject to something more definitely related to the work of the ministry. It was only by accident that they got a retired army officer.

I confess that I was prejudiced against the new chair, for I am naturally opposed to fads of every description; I am also opposed to war, except as a last resort. I disliked to see the wave of militarism sweeping over the Theological Seminary. It seemed that young men should here be trained in the arts of peace. I feared that there might be a recrudescence of controversy or militant sectarianism. Instead of disinterested search for truth, there might be only a planning for visible success. I even feared the methods of the Salvation Army. The thought of a squad of students marching to the sound of drum and fife to a lecture on apologetics offended my sense of the fitness of things.

But when I met the Colonel my fears vanished. He had the fine simplicity of mind that is characteristic of the best men of his profession. He had the mildness of countenance which comes when "grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front." Moreover, he was evidently a spiritually-minded and free-minded man. If he would sacrifice everything for success, he had an exceedingly high ideal of those things wherein true success consists. He was a believer in arbitration so far as the controversies between nations are concerned. The cruelty and waste of the physical strife had been impressed upon him, and the thought that the time was fast approaching when a more excellent way of settling differences would come. For a time he felt that his occupation was gone. But he was at heart a soldier. The ideal aspect of his profession had fascinated him. Morally he delighted in the soldierly virtues of courage, loyalty, patience, and obedience to rightful authority, — the virtues that belong to the ordered life of armies. Intellectually the problems which fascinated him were those of generalship. Here the mind was dealing not merely with the uniform movements of nature, but with the incalculable powers of another and active mind. Here quickness of perception, steadiness of will, and comprehensiveness of judgment were tested at every step. Military genius seemed to him the most wonderful exhibition of pure intellect.

He wondered sometimes what would become of the militant qualities he so loved and admired, —

> When the war drum throbbed no longer
> And the battle-flags were furled.

It was then that the idea of the world as a spiritual battlefield came to him. Here was a conflict of forces, a good fight to be fought. He looked about for some organization fitted to make a strong stand against the evils of the world. He realized

the significance of the term The Church Militant. That was enough for the Colonel. All the ardor of youth was rekindled. He saw at once the irrepressible conflict between those who were banded together in behalf of a spiritual ideal, and the forces of sensuality and selfishness. "Here is something," he said, "that can't be arbitrated. It must be fought out. The Church Militant has, I believe, the right of it, but the question is, is it strong enough to win out? Has it mobilized all its forces, and is it prepared to assume the strategical offensive?"

When he was called to the Chair of Military Science in the Theological Seminary, the Colonel accepted with alacrity. It was just what he was looking for. He took it for granted that in a training school of officers in the church militant, the chief concern would be the solution of the problems connected with attack and defense. These gallant men were to overcome the world; they must learn the scientific way of doing it.

I have often regretted my own complete ignorance of military science, for in my capacity of visitor at the Theological Seminary I attended many of his lectures. Some of his technical terms I only imperfectly understood, and many of his allusions were to affairs with which I was unfamiliar. Sometimes, too, his earlier enthusiasms got the better of his later purposes, and he would spend a morning over the campaigns of Marlborough, illustrating every move with topographical charts, but leaving no time to point out the bearing of all this upon the work of the ministry. But I believe there always was an association of ideas in the Colonel's mind.

Perhaps from my imperfect notes I may give some idea of his main contentions. Here is a portion of his introductory lecture.

"Young gentlemen, you may have been troubled, as I have been, by questions as to the limitations proper to the study of military science in this institution. It appears on the face of it to include everything necessary to the successful conduct of your profession. But a glance at the curriculum shows that many other branches are taught here. In fact, your profession may be approached from several directions. The most familiar approach is through the ancient and honorable science of husbandry. A knowledge of agriculture and of the care of flocks has always been insisted upon.

"Bishop Hugh Latimer, in his admirable sermon on 'The Plough' insisted on careful training in this matter.

"'The preacher and the ploughman may be likened together first of their labour of all seasons of the year, for there is no time of the year in which the ploughman has not some special work to do; as in my county of Leicestershire the ploughman has a time to set forth and essay the plough, and at other times for other necessary work. The ploughman first setteth forth his plough, and then tilleth his land and breaketh it in furrows, and sometimes ridgeth it up again, at another time harroweth it and clotteth it and dungeth it, and hedgeth it and diggeth it and weedeth it. So the preacher hath a busy work with the people, now casting them down with the law, now ridging them up with the gospel, now weeding them by telling them their faults, now clotting them by breaking their stony hearts.'

"Latimer made a plea for the labor that produced the necessaries of the spiritual life, rather than the fancy horticulture that went in for luxuries. 'The preaching of the word of God unto the people is called meat. The Scripture calleth it meat, not strawberries.'

"My colleague who instructs you in Pastoral Care has doubtless made you familiar with the history and methods of the cultural work of your profession.

"But I sometimes fear that the agricultural aspects of your work, important as they undoubtedly are, may have been emphasized at the expense of that which is equally vital. A too pacific and yielding

temper of mind is the result of a training that ignores the elements of conflict.

"The lack of attention to military science manifests itself in a number of ways. For example, I have often noticed the way in which the members of your profession interpret the call of duty to what they speak of as 'a larger field of usefulness.' I have no reason to doubt their disinterestedness, but I have been often amazed at what they called a larger field. Frequently they will evacuate a strategic point, leaving an important part of the field open to the enemy, and retire to a position of no importance for offensive operations. I could not understand the movement till it was explained to me that they are accustomed to use the word field in an agricultural rather than in a military sense. They are not thinking of it as a field of battle, where a lonely hilltop may be the key to the situation; they are thinking of a field fenced in and under pastoral care.

"Not long ago I was invited, of a Monday morning, to a ministers' meeting which discussed the present condition of religion. Knowing that the situation is critical, I went with keen expectancy. The company was divided, not in regard to the expediency of any particular movements, but only by temperamental differences. Some felt that everything would come out right if let alone; these were called optimists. Others, who were somewhat reproachfully called pessimists, agreed very contentedly that everything is going to the dogs. Neither side suggested that they could do much about it one way or the other.

"'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I understood that this was to be a council of war. Instead of a plan of campaign you seem to have brought out a clinical thermometer in order to take each other's temperature. On the eve of an engagement the question is not how you feel, but what you intend to do. Nobody is interested in your symptoms. The only temper which befits men who are called to leadership is that which Wordsworth describes in his character of the Happy Warrior: —

> Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
> That every man in arms should wish to be?
> — It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
> Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
> Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Who, with a natural instinct to discern
> What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
> Abides by this resolve and stops not there,
> But makes his moral being his prime care;
> Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
> And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
> Turns his necessity to glorious gain.

You will observe that the Happy Warrior has a twofold task. He must have a knowledge of stern necessity, and a knowledge how to turn his stern "necessity to glorious gain."'

"In preparing myself for the duties of this professorship, I have been impressed by the fact that the art of spiritual warfare has not kept pace with that which is on the material plane. Antiquated methods and theories, in regard both to equipment and tactics, are still tolerated. In many instances there seems to be little advance over the primitive notion of war as a series of disconnected single combats. The Happy Warrior, accoutred in ancient fashion, will sally forth challenging a foe that is perfectly disciplined and armed with weapons of precision.

"I have noticed this lack of contemporaneousness in most attempts at treating this subject. In the seventeenth century John Bunyan published a military manual entitled *The Holy War*. It was an account of the operations around the fortified town of Man-soul. Many individual acts of valor are narrated, but it is remarkable that throughout the campaign the forces of Immanuel were armed with the traditional weapons, — swords, spears, darts, slings, etc., — while only the Diabolian army seems to have understood the use of gunpowder.

"Here, for example, is an account of one of the many attacks upon Man-soul. The investing army had concentrated

its forces upon Ear-gate, which was in accordance with the usual tactics of the Puritans, they having been inclined to undervalue the strategic importance of Eye-gate and Feel-gate. 'Now they in the town had planted in the tower over Ear-gate two great guns, the one called High-mind and the other Heady; unto these guns they trusted much.'

"What follows is of great interest to the student of our art. 'Now the King's captains brought with them several slings and two or three battering rams, and with them they sought to break Ear-gate open. With much valour they let fly as fast as they could at Ear-gate, for they saw that unless they could break open Ear-gate they would in vain batter the wall. . . . But Man-soul held out lustily through the valour of Old Incredulity the Mayor and Mr. Forgetgood the Recorder, and the charge and expense of the war on the King's side seemed to be quite lost. And when the captains saw how it was, they made a fair retreat and entrenched themselves in their winterquarters.'

"Bunyan, who was more interested in the moral than in the scientific aspect of the war, seems to have seen no connection between the antiquated weapons of the assailants and their ill success. No careful student, however, will be surprised at the failure of an attack upon artillery in an entrenched position, by a detachment provided only with slings and battering rams.

"You, young gentlemen, will be called upon to make many attacks upon Ear-gate. It will not be enough that you are individually more valiant than Old Incredulity or Mr. Forgetgood. You must bring against them such superior force as will compel capitulation.

"A sound military education involves much discipline. At your chapel services this morning you sang 'Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war,' though in a way that suggested that more attention should be paid to company drill. Marching as to war is quite a different matter from strolling down the street. A perception of this obvious difference might have saved you from several mistakes which I noted.

"'Like a mighty army moves the Church of God.' This involves that branch of our science called Logistics, which includes all the details of the movements and supply of armies, and the choice of roads. It involves the ordering of the different divisions, that they may move so as not to interfere with one another, but may give mutual support in case of attack.

"I fear that the training in Logistics has been neglected in the Theological Seminary, as I meet with graduates who scarcely know what to make of the mighty army when they see it in motion. All their arrangements are made on the assumption that the church is meant to be stationary, and that its officers should lead a sedentary life. Their chief concern is in the construction of permanent barracks.

"Logistical considerations are ignored, not only by those who are averse to movements of any kind, but also by those restless spirits who are all the time advocating sudden and unrelated movements which are incapable of execution by any large force, encumbered, as it necessarily must be, by its heavy trains. They give no heed to Napoleon's maxim that 'the secret of war lies in its communications.' They seem to imagine that armies can be moved hither and thither on the impulse of the moment. This is far from being the case. Moving a considerable number of human beings from one place to another is always a transaction of considerable difficulty. The more experience a person has had, the more he realizes the embarrassments inseparable from moving day.

"To take an example from civilian life: a gentleman in moderate circumstances wishes to move his family, for the summer, to the country. In making his plans he has to consider, besides himself, his wife, six children, and two maids, — ten persons in all, — no very considerable

force. But the problem of actually moving them to a specified position on a certain date involves strategic combinations which almost reduce him to despair. He cannot move freely to any breezy hilltop which strikes his vagrant fancy. His choice is severely limited by considerations which he had at first view overlooked. There is the matter of transportation; he cannot move too far from the railroad. He must look carefully at the water supply before he occupies an otherwise advantageous position. In case of a sudden call, he must secure a line of retreat to the city, and make sure of constant communication with the butcher, the grocer, and the post-office. Even for the sake of bracing air and an excellent view, he dare not move too far from a yeastcake. He may have started out with the most adventurous plan of campaign, but after consultation with the domestic Board of Strategy he determines to confine the summer movements well within the range of the commonplace. Even then, when the eventful day arrives his mind is ill at ease. Shall his little army move as one body? He shrinks from the weight of responsibility that is involved. He determines to divide into two detachments advancing by parallel roads, then gradually converging and forming a junction at four o'clock in the afternoon. It is one of the simplest strategic manœuvres, and yet he knows from past experience how many chances there are against its complete success.

"Now, if the problems of Logistics are so difficult in the case of an honest householder who has not a single known enemy to molest him or make him afraid, what must they be for him who has to make all the arrangements of moving day for a hundred thousand men, in the face of an energetic enemy. It must be remembered that the enemy can be treated as a negligible quantity only by the strategists of the easy chair.

"The critics of the church are accustomed to berate it for not doing at once all the admirable things which they see ought to be done. Their cry is like that which assailed the successive commanders of the Army of the Potomac during the Civil War: 'On to Richmond!' Even the most unsuccessful of the generals recognized the beauty of the advice, as a counsel of perfection. They were all anxious enough to be in Richmond; what troubled them was how to get there. A very disquieting thought always in the background of a general's consciousness is that, if he makes a mistake, he may not have any army to move.

"It will be your duty to be continually urging your fellow men to new exertions, but you will spoil your temper to no good purpose unless you know how much can reasonably be expected of them. You must carefully consider the obstacles to be overcome, and the provisions to be carried, and what is to be taken as a fair day's march. You must be aware that a great army taking permanent possession of the territory which it has conquered, and establishing itself in such a way that it cannot be dislodged, moves at a different speed from a detachment of cavalry on a raid. Occasionally you may have the exciting experience of being on a raiding party, but as you rise into more responsible positions you must be prepared to deal with the more serious problems which confront an army of occupation.

"The most perplexing situations arise in the course of any widely extended advance movement. An army advancing into the enemy's country is continually losing strength at the front. There are always numerous stragglers, and large numbers of troops have to be left behind to guard the ever lengthening lines of communication. An army in an orderly retreat gathers in its stragglers and its rear guard, so that it is numerically augmented as it falls back. 'Attacking armies,' it has been said, 'melt away like the snow.' Napoleon in 1812 crossed the Russian frontier with 442,000 men, and reached Moscow with only 95,000. In 1810 the French crossed the Pyrenees with 400,000, and after a successful ad-

vance reached the lines of Torres Vedras with only 45,000. Even the Germans in 1870, out of an army of 372,000 which crossed the frontier, after a six weeks' campaign brought only 171,000 men to Paris.

"You will note many illustrations of this law of the diminishing power of the strategic offensive in the conduct of the church militant. The most progressive bodies tend to waste away as they advance, while reactionary movements bring a rapid augmentation in numbers. For this reason many members of your profession seek a larger fellowship by retreating in good order to the position they had left yesterday. They are much pleased to find so many friends tenting on the old camp ground. Their delight in these reunions speaks well for their amiability, but it sometimes interferes with their military efficiency. The lesson which the soldierly mind draws from the rapid diminution of the advance guard is that especial pains must be taken to keep it continually reinforced.

"A distinguished teacher of the art of war remarks, 'We are right in describing the ever-diminishing power of the strategical offensive as an unavoidable drawback, which has to be taken into account and which invariably becomes more pronounced the longer the line becomes over which the attack advances. The existence of this drawback requires that measures should be adopted in the way of organization and strategy continually to reinforce the fighting head of the army with reserves. The main roads in the rear of an advancing army should never be allowed to become empty.'

"I commend this advice to any of you young gentlemen who may have the honor to undertake any forward movement. The most gallant advance will be futile if you have neglected to provide a reserve force which may be brought forward according to the need."

I have heard several members of the Faculty criticise the Colonel for the way in which he would trespass on the fields of his colleagues. I believe that this was altogether unintentional. Like Sir Philip Sidney, when he heard of a good war he went to it. He was quite unaware that in doing so he disarranged the curriculum. One day I entered his classroom as he was beginning a lecture on the military principles of Homiletics. I was a little disturbed at this, as we had already a professor of Homiletics who was highly esteemed. However, the Colonel approached the subject from a different point of view.

"The first essential of Homiletics," he said, "is that you should shoot straight. You have doubtless already received instruction on this point, and I shall, therefore, confine myself to questions of tactics.

"I went to church yesterday and witnessed a series of operations that filled me with dismay. The minister began by seizing a text as a base of operations. I observed that the base was not secure, but this made less difference, as he was evidently prepared to change his base if the exigencies of the engagement demanded it. His first mistake was one of over-caution. In order to defend himself from an attack from the Higher Critics, he had strengthened his front by barbed wire entanglements in the way of exegesis. This was an error of judgment, as the Higher Critics were not on the field, at least in sufficient force to take the offensive. The entanglements intended to keep a hypothetical foe from getting at him prevented him from getting at once at the real enemy. He thus lost the psychological moment for attack.

"While he was endeavoring to extricate himself from his own defenses I trembled for the issue of the affair. Having finally emerged into the open, he was apparently prepared for vigorous operations. I watched intently for the development of his plan. I was bewildered by the rapidity of his evolutions. With a sudden access of courage he would make a wild charge against an ancient line of

breastworks which had long been evacuated. Then he would sweep across the whole field of thought, under cover of his artillery, which was evidently not furnished with accurate range-finders. The next minute he would be engaged in a frontal attack on the entrenched position of Modern Science. Just as his forces approached the critical point, he halted and retreated to his textual base. Reforming his shattered forces, he would sally forth in a new direction.

"At first I attributed to him a masterly strategy in so long concealing his true objective. He was, I thought, only reconnoitring in force, before calling up his reserves and delivering a decisive blow at an unexpected point.

"At last the suspicion came that he had no objective, and that he did n't even know that he should have one. He had never pondered the text about the futility of fighting as 'one that beateth the air.'

"As we came away a parishioner remarked, 'That was a fine effort, this morning.'

"'An effort at what?' I inquired.

"How many such unfortunate enterprises might be avoided if there were a clear understanding of a few guiding principles which have been deduced from experience on many a well-fought field. Among them are such maxims as these: —

"Always attack where the moral effect will be greatest.

"Strike the enemy's flank in preference to his front; threaten his line of retreat.

"Do not offer battle except on your own ground and at your own time.

"Never attack unless you are in superior force.

"Never knock your head against a strong position."

The Colonel quoted with approval Lord Wolsey's remarks on the best way of teaching military history.

"By far the most useful way of teaching military history is to find out from your books as far as possible what the situation was at a given time, then shut the books, take the maps, and decide for yourself what you would have done, had you been in the place of one of the commanding generals. Then write your orders. You are thus dealing with a problem that actually occurred; and remember that war presents a constant series of such problems to every officer who may hold an independent command."

The Colonel was accustomed to follow this plan. He particularly admired Chrysostom, whom he called the Napoleon of divines. He had the class make a special study of Chrysostom's sermons "Concerning the Statues." He first made them familiar with the details of the situation in Antioch. There had been a riot in which the statues of the Emperor had been dragged about the city. The Emperor, enraged, threatened vengeance; a panic followed, then an embassy to ask pardon, and long days of terrified waiting. Each day the people flocked to the church for some word of help.

"Put yourself in the place of Chrysostom and plan your sermons according to the changing situation. Meet each crisis as best you can. After you have done this, we may see how Chrysostom did it."

Occasionally he would present a sermon for criticism. Thus, he asked the opinion of the class on a sermon by the fine old Puritan divine, John Howe, on "A Particular Faith in Prayer." Before he had reached Howe's fifteenthly, the unanimous opinion was that it had one fault, it was too long.

"That is a point worthy of consideration," said the Colonel. "The undue extension of the lines is, under most circumstances, a cause of weakness. But you must remember that Howe was not conducting a vesper service; he was preaching before Oliver Cromwell. His object was not to please Cromwell, but to convince him. This took time, for Oliver was prepared to resist stoutly every advance.

We are told that during the discourse Cromwell was observed to 'pay marked attention, but, as was his custom when displeased, knit his brows and manifested other symptoms of uneasiness.'

"It is easy for you, young gentlemen, to criticise the deliberation of Howe's movements, but the question is how you would improve upon it. Let me give you this exercise. You have Oliver Cromwell before you 'paying marked attention.' Your problem is to convince him quite against his will that he has been mistaken. You must make a careful preliminary study of Cromwell, and learn all that you can of the disposition of his moral and spiritual forces. Then make your plans accordingly.

"After you have made two or three unsuccessful attempts to carry Oliver's position by storm, I imagine you may think more favorably of Howe's method. It was that of a regular siege. You will observe that he first makes a wide enveloping movement which ends in a complete investment. Then his forces advance cautiously in two main lines, keeping under cover as much as possible. It is now a case for sapping and mining. To cover the approach fifteen parallels are constructed, — and in my opinion they were not too many."

On one of my last visits to the Colonel's classroom he was discussing the present crisis in the Christian Church. He elucidated his ideas by means of the maps of Grant's battles in the Wilderness.

"The greatness of Grant consisted in his ability to do two things at the same time. He must make a strong fight at the front against Lee's army, and at the same time must change his base from the precarious railroad to the more effective waterways.

"The public were more particularly interested in what was happening at the front, and were delighted at Grant's declaration that he would 'fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.' But the student of military affairs is most interested in what took place at the rear.

"The Christian Church is at this moment engaged in this most perilous, but often necessary manœuvre, — a change of base in the face of the enemy, and as a part of a grand forward movement.

"There is a call for courage at the front, but the question is in regard to the communications. The line of communication, with the base in Infallible Authority, has been cut; the necessity is to establish free and adequate communication with the ample supplies which are believed to exist in the Religious Nature of Man, and in the Spiritual Realities of the Universe.

"If this can be done in time, the advance against the strongholds of Sin can go on: if not, there is sure to be disaster. It is to arrest this disaster that you are to put forth all your efforts.

"In the presence of the dangers that confront you, I must remind you of the difference which exists between war and all imitations of it. I have dwelt much on strategy and tactics, a knowledge of which I look upon as indispensable, but let me remind you that battles are not won in the armchair. The great thing is to have collected sufficient force and to put it forth to the uttermost.

"In order to arouse the true professional spirit which is necessary for victory, I would recommend a recent book by a British naval officer, entitled *Heresies of Sea Power*. You will observe that the same principles apply to the other branch of the service that we recognize in conflicts on land.

"The gallant writer analyzes the great sea fights of history; in the attempt to find some law governing success he finds there is no trick by which a half-hearted power can overcome one that is alert and persevering and daring.

"The only formula that he arrives at — that he sets forth as a conclusion of the whole matter — is fitness to win.

"Who are those who are fit to win? not those merely who have the command of good material, but those who, having

it, are impelled by an overwhelming desire to use it to the uttermost in carrying on the project in which they are engaged. 'The full possession of that desire,' he says, 'has implied caution where caution was required, rashness where rashness was the better way — but always because of the fullness of the desire.'

"The great cause of failure, he insists, has been feebleness of purpose. 'Whatever its inferiority in heavy guns cost the Spanish Armada, its inability to use effectively such guns as it had, and to secure sufficient amunition for them, cost it a great deal more.'

"You, young gentlemen, in preparing for active service should seek the best equipment possible, but remember that 'fitness to win' is indicated not by mere superiority in heavy guns, but by the ability to use effectively such guns as you have."

THE HELPMATE[1]

BY MAY SINCLAIR

XXII

MAJENDIE owned to a pang of shame as he turned from Maggie's door. In justice to Gorst it could not be said that he had betrayed the passionate, perverted creature. And yet there was a sense in which Maggie's betrayal cried to heaven, like the destruction of an innocent. Majendie's finer instinct had surrendered to the charm of her appealing and astounding purity, by which he meant her cleanness from the mercenary taint. He had seen himself contending, grossly, with a fierce little vulgar schemer, who (he had been convinced) would hang on to poor Gorst's honor by fingers of a murderous tenacity. His own experience helped him to the vision. And Maggie had come to him, helpless as an injured child, and feverish from her hurt. He had asked her what she had wanted with Gorst, and it seemed that what Maggie wanted was "to help him."

He said to himself that he would n't be in Gorst's place for a good deal, to have that on his conscience.

As it happened, the prodigal's conscience was by no means easy. He called in Prior Street that evening to learn the result of his friend's intervention. He submitted humbly to Majendie's judgment of his conduct. He agreed that he had been a brute to Maggie, that he might certainly do worse than marry her, and that his best reason for not marrying her was his knowledge that Maggie was ten times too good for him. He was only disposed to be critical of his friend's diplomacy when he learned that Majendie had not succeeded in persuading Maggie to marry Mr. Mumford. But, in the end, he allowed himself to be convinced of the futility, not to say the indecency, of pressing Mr. Mumford upon the girl at the moment of her fine renunciation. He admitted that he had known all along that Maggie had her own high innocence. And when he realized the extent to which Majendie had "got him out of it," his conscience was shaken by a salutary shock of shame.

But it was to Edith that he presented the perfection of his penitence. From his stillness and abasement she gathered that, this time, her prodigal had fallen far. That night, before his departure, he confirmed her sad suspicion.

"It's awfully good of you," he said stiffly, "to let me come again."

"Good of me? Charlie!" Her eyes and

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voice reproached him for this strained formality.

"Yes. Mrs. Majendie's perfectly right. I've justified her bad opinion of me."

"I don't know that you've justified it. I don't know what you've done. No more does she, my dear. And you did n't think, did you, that Walter and I were going to give you up?"

"I'd have forgiven you if you had."

"I could n't have forgiven myself, or Walter."

"Oh, Walter — If it had n't been for him I should have gone to pieces this time. He's pulled me out of the tightest place I ever was in."

"I'm sure he was very glad to do it."

"I wish to goodness I could do the same for him."

"Why do you say that, Charlie?"

The prodigal became visibly embarrassed. He seemed to be considering the propriety of a perfect frankness.

"I say, you don't mind my asking, do you? Has anything gone wrong with him and Mrs. Majendie?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, you see, I've got a sort of notion that she does n't understand him. She's never realized in the least the stuff he's made of. He's the finest man I know on God's earth, and somehow, it strikes me that she does n't see it."

"Not always, I'm afraid."

"Well — see here — you'll tell her, won't you, what he's done for me? That ought to open her eyes a bit. You can give me away as much as ever you like, if you want to rub it in. Only tell her that I've chucked it — chucked it for good. He's made me loathe myself. Tell her I'm not as bad as she thinks I am, but that I probably would be if it had n't been for him. And for you, Edie, only I'm going to leave you out of it."

"You certainly may."

"It's because she knows all that already; and the point is to get her to appreciate him."

Edith smiled. "I see. And I'm to make what I like of you, if I can only get her to appreciate him?"

"Yes. Tell her that, as far as I'm concerned, I respect her attitude profoundly."

"Very well. I'll tell her just what you've told me."

She spoke of it the next day, when Anne came to read to her in the afternoon. Anne was as punctual as ever in her devotion, but the passion of it had been transferred to Peggy. The child was with them, playing feebly at her mother's knee, and Anne's mood was propitious. She listened intently. It was the first time that she had brought any sympathy into a discussion of the prodigal.

"Did he tell you," said she, "what Walter did for him?"

"No."

"Nor what had happened?"

"No. I did n't like to ask him. Whatever it was, it has gone very deep with him. Something has made a tremendous difference."

"Has it made him change his ways?"

"I believe it has. You see, Nancy, that's what Walter was trying for. He always had that sort of hold on him. That was why he was so anxious not to have him turned away."

Anne's face was about to harden, when Peggy gave the sad little cry that brought her mother's arms about her. Peggy had been trying vainly to climb into Anne's lap. She was now lifted up and held there while her feet trampled the broad maternal knees, and her hands played with Anne's face; stroking and caressing; smoothing her tragic brow to tenderness; tracing with soft, attentive fingers the line of her small, close mouth, until it smiled.

Anne seized the little hands and kissed them. "My lamb," she said, "what are you doing to your poor mother's face?" She did not see, as Edith saw, that Peggy, a consummate little sculptor, was moulding her mother's face into the face of love.

"I should never have dreamed," said

Anne, "of turning him away, if I had thought he was really going to reform. Besides, I was afraid he would be bad for Walter."

"It didn't strike you that Walter might be good for him?"

"It struck me that I had to be strong for Walter."

"Ah, Walter can be strong for all of us."

She paused on that, to let it sink in. Anne's face was thoughtful.

"Anne, if you believed that all I've said to you was true, would you still object to having Charlie here?"

"Certainly not. I would be the first to welcome him."

"Then, will you write to him of your own accord, and tell him that, if what I've told you is true, you'll be glad to see him? He knows why you could n't receive him before, dear, and he respects you for it."

Anne thought better of Mr. Gorst for that respect. It was the proper attitude; the attitude she had once vainly expected Majendie to take.

"After all, what have I to do with it? He comes to see you."

"Yes, dear; but I shan't always be here for him to see. And if I thought that you would help Walter to look after him — Will you?"

"I will do what I can. My little one!"

Anne bowed her head over the soft forehead of her little one. She had a glad and solemn vision of herself as the protector of the penitent. It was in keeping with all the sanctities and pieties she cherished. She had not forgotten that Canon Wharton (a saint if ever there was one) had enjoined on her the utmost charity to Mr. Gorst, should he turn from his iniquity.

She was better able to admit the likelihood of that repentance because Mr. Gorst had never stood in any close relation to her. His iniquity had not profoundly affected her. But she found it impossible to realize that Majendie's influence could count for anything in his redemption. Where her husband was concerned Anne's mind was made up, and it refused to acknowledge so fine a merit in so gross a man. She was by this time comfortably fixed in her attitude, and any shock to it caused her positive uneasiness. Her attitude was sacred; it had become one of the pillars of her spiritual life. She was constrained to look for justification lest she should put herself wrong with God.

She considered that she had found it in Majendie's habits, his silences, his moods, the facility of his decline upon the Hannays and the Ransomes. He was determined to deteriorate, to sink to their level.

To-night, when he remarked tentatively that he thought he would dine at the Hannays, she made an effort to stop him.

"Must you go?" said she. "You are always dining with them."

"Why? — Do you mind?" said he.

"Well — when it's night after night — "

"Is it that you mind my dining with the Hannays, or my leaving you?"

"I mind both."

"Oh — if I'd thought you wanted me to stay — "

She made no answer, but rose and led the way to the dining-room.

He followed. Her arm had touched him as she passed him in the doorway, and his heart beat thickly, as he realized the strength of her dominion over him. She had only to say "Stay," and he stayed; or "Come," and she could always draw him to her. He had never turned away. His very mind was faithful to her. It had not even conceived, and it would have had difficulty in grasping, the idea of happiness without her.

To-night he was profoundly moved by this intimation of his wife's desire to have him with her. His surprise and satisfaction made him curiously shy. He sat through two courses without speaking, without lifting his eyes from his plate; brooding over their separation. He was wondering whether, after all, it had been so inevitable; whether he had misunder-

stood her; whether, if he had had the sense to understand, he might not have kept her. It was possible she had been wounded by his absences. He had never explained them. He could not tell her that she had made him afraid to be alone with her.

The situation, which he had accepted so obediently, had been more than a mere mortal man could endure. Especially in the terrible five minutes after dinner, before they settled for the evening, when each sat waiting to see if the other had anything to say. Sometimes Majendie would take up his book and Anne her work. She would sew, and sew, patient, persistent, in her tragic silence. And when he could bear it no longer, he would put down his book and go quietly away, to relieve the intolerable constraint that held her. Sometimes it was Anne who read, while he smoked and brooded. Then, in the warm, consenting stillness of the summer evenings (they were now in June), her presence seemed to fill the room; he was possessed by the sense of it; by the sound of her breathing; by the stirring of her body in the chair, or of her fingers on the pages of her book; and he would get up suddenly and leave her, dragging his passion from the sight of her.

As he considered these things, many perplexities, many tendernesses, stirred in him and kept him still.

Anne watched him from the other end of the table, and her thoughts debased him. He seemed to her disagreeably incommunicative, and she had found an ignoble explanation of his mood. There had been too much salt in the soup, and now there was something wrong with the salmon. He had not responded to her apology for these accidents, and she supposed that they had been enough to spoil his evening with her.

She had come to consider him a creature grossly wedded to material things.

"It's a pity you stayed," said she. "Mrs. Hannay would have given you a better dinner."

He had nothing to say to so preposterous a charge. His eyes were fixed more than ever on his plate. She saw his face flush as he bowed his head in eating; she allowed her fancy to rest in its morbid abhorrence of the act, and in its suspicion of his grossness. She went on, lashed by her fancy. "I cannot understand your liking to go there so much, when you might go to the Eliotts or the Gardners. They're always asking you, and you have n't been near them for a year."

"Well, you see, the Hannays let me do what I like. They don't bother me."

"Do the Eliotts bother you?"

"They bore me. Horribly."

"And the Gardners?"

"Sometimes — a little."

"And Canon Wharton? No. I need n't ask."

He laughed. "You need n't. *He* bores me to extinction."

"I'm sorry it is my friends who are so unfortunate."

"It's your husband who's unfortunate. He is not an intellectual person. Nor a spiritual one, either, I'm afraid."

He looked up. Anne had finished her morsel, and her fingers played irritably with the handbell at her side. Poor Majendie's abstraction had combined with his appetite to make him deplorably slow over his dinner. She still sat watching him, pure from appetite, in resignation that veiled her contempt of the male hunger so incomprehensibly prolonged. He had come to dread more than anything those attentive, sacrificial eyes.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "to keep you waiting."

She rang the bell. "Will you have the lamp lit in the drawing-room or the study?"

He looked at her. There was no lamp for him in her eyes.

"Whichever you like. I think I shall go over to the Hannays', after all."

He went; and by the lamp in the drawing-room, Anne sat and brooded in her turn.

She said to herself: "It's no use my

trying to keep him from them. It only irritates him. He lets me see plainly that he prefers their society to mine. I don't wonder. They can flatter him and kowtow to him, and I cannot. He can be a little god to them; and he must know what he is to me. We have n't a thought in common, — not a feeling, — and he cannot bear to feel himself inferior. As for me — if I've married beneath me, I must pay the penalty."

But there was no penalty for her in these reflections. They satisfied her. They were part of the curious mental process by which she justified herself.

XXIII

Up to that moment when he had looked, across the dinner-table, at Anne, Majendie had felt secure in the bonds of his marriage. Anne's repugnance had broken the natural tie; but up to that moment he had never doubted that the immaterial link still held. If at times her presence was a bodily torment, at other times he felt it as a spiritual protection. His immense charity made allowance for all the extraordinary attitudes of Anne. In his imagination they reduced themselves to one, the attitude of inscrutable physical repugnance. He had accepted (as he had told himself so often) the situation he had created. It appeared to him, of all situations, the crudest and most simple. It had its merciful limits. The discomfort of it, once vague, had grown, to his thwarted senses, almost brutally defined. He could at least say, "It was here the trouble began, and here, therefore, it shall end."

He thought he had sounded the depths of her repugnance, and could measure by it his own misery. He said, "At any rate I know where I am;" and he believed that if he stayed where he was, if he respected his wife's prejudices, her prejudices would be bound to respect him. He could not make her love him, but at least he considered that he had justified his claim to her respect.

And now she had opened his eyes, and he had looked at her, and seen things that had not (till that moment) come into his vision of their separation. He saw subtler hostilities, incurable, indestructible repugnances, attitudes at which his charity stood aghast. The situation (so far from being crude and simple) involved endless refinements and complexities of torture. He despaired now of ever reaching her.

Majendie had caught his first clear sight of the spiritual ramparts.

"I'm not good enough for her," he said. She had kept him with her that evening, not because she wanted him to stay, but because she wanted him to understand.

He had shown her that he understood by going to the friends for whom he was good enough, who were good enough for him.

He went more than ever now, sometimes to the Ransomes, oftener to Gorst, oftenest of all to Lawson Hannay. He liked more than ever to sit with Mrs. Hannay; to lean up against the everlasting soft cushion she presented to his soreness. More than ever he liked to talk to her of simple things; of their acquaintance; of Edith, who had been a little better, certainly no worse, this summer; of Peggy, of Peggy's future and her education. He would sit for hours on Mrs. Hannay's sofa, his body leaning back, his head bowed forward, his chin sunk on his breast, listening attentively, yet with a dazed and rather stupid expression, to Mrs. Hannay's conversation. His own was sometimes monotonous and a little dull. He was growing even physically heavy. But Mrs. Hannay did not seem to mind.

There was a certain justice in Anne's justification. He did n't consciously prefer the Hannays' society to hers; but he actually found it more agreeable, and for the reasons she suspected. They did worship him; and their worship did make him feel superior, perhaps when he was least so. They did flatter him; for, as

Mrs. Hannay said, "he needed a little patting on the back, now and then, poor fellow." And perhaps he was really sinking a little to her level; he had so lost his sense of her vulgarity.

He used to wonder how it was that she had kept Lawson straight. Perfectly straight, Lawson had been, ever since his marriage. Possibly, probably, if he had married a wife too inflexibly refined, he would have deviated somewhat from that perfect straightness. His tastes had always been a little vulgar. But there was no reason why he should go abroad to gratify them when he possessed the paragon of amiable vulgarity at home. The Gardners, whose union was almost miraculously complete, were not in their way more admirably mated. And Lawson's reform must have been a stiff job for any woman to tackle at the start.

A woman of marvelous ingenuity and tact. For she had kept Lawson straight without his knowing it. She had played off one of Lawson's little weaknesses against the other; had set, for instance, his fantastic love of eating against his sordid little tendency to drink. Lawson was now a model of sobriety.

And as she kept Lawson straight without his knowing it, she helped Majendie, too, without his knowing it, to hold his miserable head up. She ignored, resolutely, his attitude of dejection. She reminded him that if he could make nothing else out of his life, he could make money. She convinced him that life, the life of a prosperous ship-owner in Scale, was worth living, so long as he had Edith and Anne and Peggy to make money for, especially Peggy.

And Majendie became more and more absorbed in his business, and more and more he found his pleasure in it; in making money, that is to say, for the persons whom he loved.

He had come even to find pleasure in making it for a person whom he did not love, and hardly knew. He provided himself with one punctual and agreeable sensation every week, when he sent off the cheque for the small sum that was poor Maggie's allowance. Once a week (he had settled it), not once a month. For Maggie might (for anything he knew) be thriftless. She might feast for three days, and then starve; and so find her sad way to the street.

But Maggie was not thriftless. First, at irregular intervals, weeks it might be, or months, she had sent him various diminutive sums towards the payment of her debt. Maggie was strictly honorable. She had got a little work, she said, and hoped soon to have it regularly. And soon she began to return to him, weekly, the half of her allowance. These sums he put by for her, adding the interest. Some day there would be a modest hoard for Maggie. He pleased himself, now and then, by wondering what the girl would do with it. Buy a wedding gown perhaps, when she married Mr. Mumford. Time, he felt, was Mr. Mumford's best ally. In time, when she had forgotten Gorst, Maggie would marry him.

Maggie's small business entailed a correspondence out of all proportion to it. He had not yet gone to see her. Some day, he supposed, he would have to go, to see whether the girl, as he phrased it vaguely, was "really all right." With little creatures like Maggie you never could be sure. There would always be the possibility of Gorst's successor, and he had no desire to make Maggie's maintenance easier for him. He had made her independent of all iniquitous sources of revenue.

At last, suddenly, the postal orders and the letters ceased; for three weeks, four, five weeks. Then Majendie began to feel uneasy. He would have to look her up.

Then one morning, early in September, a letter was brought to him at the office (Maggie's letters were always addressed to the office, never to his house). There was no postal order with it. For three weeks Maggie had been ill, then she had been very poorly, very weak, too weak to sit long at work. And so she had lost what work she had; but she hoped to get

more when she was strong again. When she was strong the repayments would begin again, said Maggie. She hoped Mr. Majendie would forgive her for not having sent any for so long. She was very sorry. But, if it was n't too much to ask, she would be very glad if Mr. Majendie would come some day and see her.

He sent her an extra remittance by the bearer, and went to see her the next day. His conscience reproached him for not having gone before.

Mrs. Morse, the landlady, received him with many appearances of relief. In her mind he was evidently responsible for Maggie. He was the guardian, the benefactor, the sender of rent.

"She 's been very ill, sir," said Mrs. Morse; "but she would n't 'ave you written to till she was better."

"Why not?"

"I 'm sure I can't say, sir, wot 'er feeling was."

It struck him as strange and pathetic that Maggie could have a feeling. He was soon to know that she had little else.

He found her sitting by a fire, wrapped in a shawl. It slipped from her as she rose, as she leaped, rather, from her seat, like one unnerved by a sudden shock. He stooped and picked up the shawl before he spoke, that he might give the poor thing time to recover herself.

"Did I startle you?" he said.

Maggie was still breathing hard. "I did n't think you 'd come."

"Why not?"

"I don't know," she said weakly, and sat down again. Maggie was very weak. She was not like the Maggie he remembered, the creature of brilliant flesh and blood. Maggie's flesh was worn and limp; it had a greenish tint; her blood no longer flamed in the cream rose of her face. She had parted with the sources of her radiant youth.

She seemed to him to be suffering from severe anæmia. A horrible thought came to him. Had the little thing been starving herself to save enough to repay him?

"What have you been doing to yourself, Maggie?" he said brusquely.

Maggie looked frightened. "Nothing," she said.

"Working your fingers to the bone?"

She shook her head. "I was no good at dressmaking. They would n't have me."

"Well—" he said kindly.

"There are a great many things I can do. I can make wreaths and crosses and bookays. I made them at Evans's. I could go back there. Mr. Evans would have me. But Mrs. Evans would n't." She paused, surveying her immense resources. "Or I could do the flowers for peoples' parties. I used to. Do you think — perhaps — they 'd have me?"

Maggie's pitiful doubt was always whether "they" would "have" her.

"Yes," he said, smiling at her pathos, "perhaps they would."

"Or I could do embroidery. I learned, years ago, at Madame Ponting's. I could go back. Only Madame would n't have me." (Maggie was palpably foolish; but her folly was adorable.)

"Why would n't she have you?"

Maggie reddened, and he forebore to press the unkind inquiry. He gathered that Maggie's ways had been not unknown to Madame Ponting, "years ago."

"Would you like to see some of my embroidery?"

He assented gravely. He did not want to turn Maggie from the path of industry which was to her the path of virtue.

She went to a cupboard, and returned with her arms full of little rolls and parcels wrapped in paper. She unfolded and spread on the table various squares, and strips, and little pieces, silk and woolen stuffs, and canvas, exquisitely embroidered. There were flowers in most of the patterns, — flowers, as it appeared, of Maggie's fancy.

"I say, did you do all that yourself, Maggie?"

"Yes, that 's what I *can* do. I make the patterns out of me head, and they 're mostly flowers, because I love 'em. It 's

pretty, is n't it?" said Maggie, stroking tenderly a pattern of pansies, blue pansies, such as she had never sold in Evans's shop.

"Very pretty, — very beautiful."

"I've sold lots, — to a lady, before I was ill. See here."

Maggie unfolded something that was pinned in silver paper with a peculiar care. It was a small garment, in some faint-colored silk, embroidered with blue pansies (always blue pansies).

"That's a frock," said she, "for a little girl. You've got a little girl, — a little fair girl."

He reddened. How the devil, he wondered, does she know that I have a little fair girl? "I don't think it would fit her," he said.

Maggie reddened now.

"Oh — I don't want you to buy it. I don't want you to buy anything. Only to tell people."

So much he promised her. He tried to think of all the people he could tell. Mrs. Hannay, Mrs. Ransome, Mrs. Gardner — no, Mrs. Gardner was Anne's friend. If Anne had been different he could have told Anne. He could have told her everything. As it was — No.

He rose to go, but, instead of going, he stayed and bought several pieces of embroidery for Mrs. Hannay, and the frock, not for Peggy, but for Mrs. Ransome's little girl. They haggled a good deal over the price, owing to Maggie's obstinate attempts to ruin her own market. (She must always have been bent on ruining herself, poor child.) Then he tried to go again, and Mrs. Morse came in with the tea-tray, and Maggie insisted on making him a cup of tea, and of course he had to stay and drink it.

Maggie revived over her tea-tray. Her face flushed and rounded again to an orb of jubilant content. And he asked her if she were happy? If she liked her work?

She hesitated. "It's this way," she said. "Sometimes I can't think of anything else. I can sit and sit at it for weeks on end. I don't want anything else. Then, all of a sudden, something comes over me, and I can't put in another stitch. Sometimes — when it comes — I'm that tired, it's as if I 'ad weights on me arms, and could n't 'old them up to sew. And sometimes, again, I'm that restless, it's as if you'd lit a fire under me feet. I'm frightened," said Maggie, "when I feel it coming. But I'm only tired now."

She broke off; but by the expression of her face, he saw that her thoughts ran underground. He wondered where they would come out again.

"I have n't seen anybody this time," said Maggie, "for six months."

"Not even Mr. Mumford?"

"Oh, no, not him. I don't want to see him." And her thoughts ran back to where they started from.

"It has n't come lately," said Maggie, "it has n't come for quite a long time."

"What has n't come?"

"What I've been telling you, — what I'm afraid of."

"It won't come, Maggie," he said quickly. (He might have been her father or the doctor.)

"If it does, it'll be worse now."

"Why should it be?"

"Because I can't get away from it. I've nowhere to go to. Other girls have got their friends. I've got nobody. Why, Mr. Majendie — think — there is n't a place in this whole town where I can go to for a cup of tea."

"You 'll make friends."

She shook her head, guarding her little air of tragic wisdom.

Mrs. Morse popped her head in at the door, and out again.

"Is that woman kind to you?"

"Yes, very kind."

"She looks after you well?"

"Looks after me? I don't want looking after."

"Takes care of you, I mean. Gives you plenty of nice nourishing things to eat?"

"Yes. Plenty of nice things. And she comes and sits with me sometimes."

"You like her?"

"I love her."

"That's all right. You see, you *have* got a friend, after all."

"Yes," said Maggie mournfully; and he saw that her thoughts were with Gorst. "But it is n't the same thing, is it?"

Majendie could not honestly say it was; so he smiled, instead.

"It's a shame," said she, "to go on like this when you've been so good to me."

"If I was n't, you could n't do it, could you? But what you want me to understand is that, however good I've been, I have n't made things more amusing for you?"

"No, no," said Maggie vehemently, "I did n't mean that. Indeed I did n't. I only wanted you to know—"

"How good *you*'ve been? Is that it? Well, because you're good, there's no reason why you should be dull. Is there?"

"I don't know," said Maggie simply.

"See here, supposing that, instead of sending me all you earn, you keep some of it to play with? Get Mrs. What's-her-name to go with you to places."

"I don't want to go to places," she said. "I want to send it all to you."

He lapsed again into his formula. "There really is no reason why you should."

"I want to. That's a reason, is n't it?" said she. She said it shyly, tentatively, solemnly almost, as if it were some point in an infant's metaphysics. There was no assurance in her tone, nothing to remind him that Maggie had been the spoiled child of pleasure whose wants were always reasons; nothing to suggest the perverted consciousness of power.

"Well" — he straightened himself stiffly for departure.

"Are you going?" she said.

"I must."

"Will you — come again?"

"Yes, I'll come, if you want me."

He saw again how piteous, how ill she looked. A pang of compassion went through him. And after the pang there came a warm, delicious tremor. It recalled the feeling he used to have when he did things for Edith, a sensation singularly sweet and singularly pure.

It was consolation in his misery to realize that any one could want him, even poor, perverted Maggie.

Maggie said nothing. But the flame rose in her face.

Downstairs Majendie found Mrs. Morse waiting for him at the door. "What's been the matter with her?" he asked.

"I don't rightly know, sir. But between you and me, I think she's fretted herself ill."

"Well, you've got to see that she does n't fret, that's all."

He gave into her palm an earnest of the reward of vigilance.

That night he sent off the embroidered pieces to Mrs. Hannay, and the embroidered frock to Mrs. Ransome; with a note to each lady recommending Maggie, and Maggie's beautiful and innocent art.

XXIV

As Majendie declined more and more on his inferior friendships, Anne became more and more dependent on the Eliotts and the Gardners. Her evenings would have been intolerable without them. Edith no longer needed her. Edith, they still said, was growing better, or certainly no worse; and Mr. Gorst spent *his* evenings in Prior Street with Edie. The prodigal had made his peace with Anne, and came and went unquestioned. He was bent on making up for his long loss of Edie, and for the still longer loss of her that had to be. They felt that his brilliant presence kept the invading darkness from her door.

Autumn passed, and winter and spring, and in summer Edith was still with them.

Anne was no longer a stranger in her husband's house since her child had been born in it; but in the long light evenings, after Peggy had been put to bed at six o'clock, Peggy's mother was

once more alien and alone. It was then that she would get up and leave her husband (why not, since he left her?) and slip from Prior Street to Thurston Square; then that she moved once more superbly in her superior circle. She was proud of her circle. It was so well-defined; and if the round was small, that only meant that there was no room in it for borderlands and other obscure and undesirable places. The commercial world, so terrifying in its approaches, remained, and always would remain, outside it. Sitting in Mrs. Eliott's drawing-room she forgot that the soul of Scale on Humber was given over to tallow, and to timber, and Dutch cheeses. She could almost have forgotten that her husband was only a ship-owner, and a ship-owner who had gone into a horrible partnership with Lawson Hannay, but for her constant habit of depreciation. It appeased her to belittle him by comparisons. He had no spiritual fineness and fire like Canon Wharton, no intellectual interests like Mr. Eliott and Dr. Gardner. She had long ago noticed his inability to converse with any brilliance; she was now aware of the heaviness, the physical slowness, that was growing on him. He was losing the personal distinction that had charmed her once, and made her proud to be seen with him at gatherings of the fastidious in Thurston Square.

Her fancy, still belittling him, ranked him now with the dull business men of Scale. In a few years, she said, he will be like Lawson Hannay.

A change was coming over her. She was no longer apathetic. Now that she saw less of her husband she thought more frequently of him, if only to his disparagement. At times the process was unconscious; at times, when she caught her thoughts dealing thus uncharitably with him, she was touched by a pang of contrition and of shame. At times she was pulled up in her thinking with a sudden shock. She said to herself that he used to be so different, and her heart would turn gently to the man he used to be. Then, as in the sad days of her bridal home-coming, the dear immortal memory of him rose up before her, and pleaded mercy for the insufferably mortal man. She saw him, with the body and the soul that had been once familiar to her, slender, alert, and strong, a creature of appealing goodness and tenderness and charm. And she was troubled with a great longing for the presence of the thing she had so loved. She yearned even for signs of the old brilliant, startling personality, in the face of the growing dullness that she saw. She found herself recalling with a smile sayings of his that had once vexed and now amused her. For Anne was softer.

At times she was aware of a new source of uneasiness. She was accustomed to judge all things in relation to the spiritual life. She had no other measure of their excellence. She had found profit for her soul in its divorce from her husband. She had persuaded herself that since she could not raise him, she herself would have sunk if she had clung to him or let him cling. She had felt that their tragic rupture strengthened the tie between her soul and God. But, more than once lately, she had experienced difficulty in reaching her refuge, her place of peace. Something threatened her former inviolable security. The ramparts of the spiritual life were shaken. Her prayers, that were once an ascension of flamed and winged powers carrying her to heaven, had become mere clamorous petitions, drawing down the things of heaven to earth. Night and morning the same passionate prayer for herself and her child, the same prayer for her husband, painful and perfunctory, but not always now the same sense of absolution, of supreme and intimate communion. It was as if a veil, opaque but intangible, were drawn between her spirit and the Unseen. She thought it had come of living in perpetual contact with Walter's deterioration.

Yet Anne was softer.

Her love for Peggy had become more and more an engrossing passion, as Ma-

jendie left her more and more to the dominion of her motherhood. He had seen enough of the effect of rivalry. It was Anne's pleasure to take Peggy from her nurse and wash her and dress her, to tend her fine limbs and comb her pale soft hair. It was as if her care for the little tender body had taught her patience and gentleness towards flesh and blood; as if, through the love it invoked, some veil was torn for her, and she saw, wrought in the body of her child, the wonder of the spirit's fellowship with earth.

She dreaded the passing of the seasons, as they would take with them each some heartrending charm of Peggy's infancy. Now it would be the ceasing of her pretty helpless cry, as Peggy acquired mastery over things; now the repudiation of her delicious play, as Peggy's intellect perceived its puerility; and now the leaving off forever of the speech that was Peggy's own, as Peggy adopted the superstition of the English language. A few years and Peggy would have cast off pinafores, a very few more and Peggy would be at a boarding-school; and before she left it she would have her hair up. There was a pang for Peggy's mother in looking backward, and in looking forward pang upon intolerable pang.

But Peggy was in no hurry to grow up. Her delicacy prolonged her babyhood and its sweet impunity. The sad state of Peggy's little body accounted for all the little sins that weighed on Peggy's mother's soul. You could n't punish Peggy. An untender look made her tremble; at a harsh word she cried till she was sick. When Peggy committed sin she ran and told her mother, as if it were some wonderful and interesting experience. Anne was afraid that she would never teach the child the difference between right and wrong.

In this, by some strange irony, Majendie, for all his self-effacement, proved more effectual than Anne.

They were all three in the drawing-room one Sunday afternoon at teatime. It was Peggy's hour. And in that hour she had found her moment, when her parents' backs were turned to the tea-table. The moment over, she came to Majendie, shivering with delight.

"Oh, daddy, daddy," she cried, "I did 'teal some sugar. I did 'teal it my own self, and eated it all up."

Peggy had been forbidden to touch the sugar basin since one very miserable day.

"Oh Peggy, Peggy," said her mother, "that was very naughty."

"No, mummy, it was n't. It was n't naughty 't all."

She pondered, gravely working out her case. "I'd be sorry if it was naughty."

Majendie laughed.

"If you laugh every time she 's naughty how am I to make her learn?"

Majendie held out his hand. "Come here, Peggy."

Peggy came and cuddled against him, smiling sidelong mischief at her mother. "Look here, Peggy, if you eat too much sugar, you 'll be ill; and if you 're ill, mummy 'll be unhappy. See?"

"I'm sorry, daddy."

Peggy 's mouth shook; she turned, and hid her face against his breast.

"There, there," he said, petting her. "Look at mummy; she 's happy now."

Peggy's face peeped out, but it was not at her mother that she looked.

"Are *you* happy, daddy?"

He stooped, and kissed her, and left the room.

And then Peggy said, "I'm sorry, mummy. Why did daddy go away?"

"I don't know, darling."

"Do you think he will come back again?"

"Darling, I don't know."

"You 'd like him to come back, would n't you, mummy?"

"Of course, Peggy."

"Then I'll go and tell him."

She trotted downstairs to the study, and came back shaking her head sadly.

"Daddy is n't coming. Naughty daddy."

"Why do you say that, Peggy?"

"Because he won't come when you want him to."

"Perhaps he's busy."

"Yes," said Peggy thoughtfully. "I fink he's busy." She sat very quiet on a footstool, thinking. "I fink," she said presently, "I'd better go and tell daddy he is n't naughty, else he'll be dreff'ly unhappy."

And she trotted downstairs and up again.

"Daddy sends his love, mummy, and he *is* busy. Sall I take your love to him?"

That was how it went on, now Peggy was older. That was how she made her mother's heart ache.

Anne was in terror for the time when Peggy would begin to see. For that, and for her own inability to teach her the stupendous difference between right and wrong.

But one day Peggy ran to her mother, crying as if her heart would break.

"Oh muvver, muvver, kiss me," she sobbed. "I did kick daddy! Kiss me."

She flung her arms round Anne's knees, as if clinging for protection against the pursuing vision of her sin.

"Hush, hush, darling," said Anne. "Perhaps daddy did n't mind."

But Peggy howled in agony. "Y-y-yes, he did. I hurted him, I hurted him. He minded ever so."

"My little one," said Anne, "my little one!" and clung to her and comforted her.

She saw that Peggy's little mind recognized no sin except the sin against love; that Peggy's little heart could not conceive that love should refuse to forgive her and kiss her.

And Anne did not refuse.

Thus her terror grew. If it was to come to Peggy that way, her knowledge of the difference, what was Peggy to think when she grew older? When she began to see?

That was how Anne grew soft.

Her very body was changing into the beauty of her motherhood. The sweetness of her face, arrested in its hour of blossom, had unfolded and flowered again. Her mouth had lost its sad droop, and for Peggy there came many times laughter, and many times that lifting of the upper lip, the gleam of the white teeth, and the play of the little amber mole that Majendie loved and Anne was ashamed of.

She had become for her child that which she had been for her husband in her strange, immortal moments of surrender, a woman warmed and transfigured by a secret fire. Her new beauty remained, like a brooding charm, when the child was not with her.

And as the seasons, passing, made her more and more a woman dear and desirable, Majendie's passion for her became almost insane through its frustration.

Anne was aware of the insanity without realizing its cause. He avoided her touch, and she wondered why. Her voice, heard in another room, drew his heart after her in longing. At the worst moments, to get away from her, he went out of the house. And she wondered where. Hours of stupefying depression were followed by fits of irritability that frightened her. And then she wished that he would not go to the Hannays, and eat things that disagreed with him.

Little Peggy helped to make his misery more unendurable. She was always running to and fro between her father and her mother, with questions concerning kisses and other endearments, till he, too, wondered what she would make of it when she began to see. Everything conspired against him. Peggy's formidable innocence was reinforced by the still more formidable innocence of her mother. Anne positively flaunted before him the spectacle of her maternal passion. She showered her tendernesses on the child, without measuring their effect on him, for whom she had none. She did not allow herself to wonder how *he* felt, when he sat there hungry, looking on, while the little creature, greedy for caresses, was given her fill of love.

And when he was tortured by headache, she brought him an effervescing drink, and considered that she had done her duty.

A worse headache than usual had smitten him one late Sunday afternoon in August. A Sunday afternoon that made (but for Majendie and his headache) a little sacred idyl, so golden was it, so holy and so happy, with Peggy trotting between her father's and mother's knees, and the prodigal, burning with penitence, upstairs in Edie's room, singing *Lead, kindly Light*, in a heavenly tenor.

Peggy tugged at Majendie's coat.

"Sing, daddy, sing! Mummy, make daddy sing."

"I can't make him sing, darling," said Anne, who was making soft eyes at Peggy, and curling her mouth into the shape it took when it sent kisses to her across the room.

Instead of singing, Majendie, with his eyes on Anne, flung his arms round Peggy and lifted her up and covered her little face with kisses. The child lay across his knees with her head thrown back and her legs struggling, and laughed for terror and delight.

Anne spoke with some austerity. "Put her down, Walter; I don't care for all this hugging and kissing. It excites the child."

Peggy was put down. But when bedtime came she achieved an inimitable revenge. Anne had to pick her up from the floor to carry her to bed. At first Peggy refused to be carried; then she surrendered on conditions that brought the blood to her mother's face.

From her mother's arms Peggy's head hung down as she struggled to say goodnight a second time to daddy. He rose, and for a single moment he and Anne stood linked together by the body of their child.

And Peggy reiterated, "I'll be a good girl, mummy, if you'll kiss daddy."

Anne raised her face to his and closed her eyes, and Majendie felt her soft lips touch his forehead without parting.

That night, when he refused his supper, she looked up anxiously.

"Are you not well, Walter?"

"I've got a splitting headache."

"You'd better take some anti-pyrine."

"I'm damned if I'll take any anti-pyrine."

"Well, don't, dear; but you need n't be so violent."

"I beg your pardon."

He cooled his hands against a jug of iced water, and pressed them to his forehead.

She left her place and came and sat beside him. "Come," she said in the sweet voice that pierced him, "come and lie down in the study." She laid her hand on his shoulder, and he rose and followed her.

She made him lie down on the sofa in the study, and put cushions under his head, and brought him the anti-pyrine. She sat beside him and dabbed eau-de-cologne all over his forehead, and blew on it with her soft breath. She paused, and sat very still, watching him, for a moment that seemed eternity. She did n't like the flush on his cheek nor the queer burning brilliance in his eyes. She was afraid he was in for a bad illness, and fear made her kind.

"Tell me how you feel, dear," she said gently. She was determined to be very gentle with him.

"Can't you see how I feel?" he answered.

She laid her firm, cool hand upon his forehead; and he gave a cry, the low cry she had once heard and dreamed of afterwards. He flung up his arm, and caught at her hand, and dragged it down, and held it close against his mouth, and kissed it.

She drew in her breath. Her hand stiffened against his in her effort to withdraw it; and, when he had let it go, she turned from him and left him without a word.

He threw himself face downwards on the cushions, wounded and ashamed.

XXV

It was Friday evening, the Friday that followed that Sunday when Majendie's hope had risen at the touch of his wife's hand, and died again under her repulse.

Friday was the day which Maggie Forrest marked in her calendar sometimes with a query and sometimes with a cross. The query stood for "Will he come?" The cross meant "He came." To-night there was no cross, though Maggie had brushed her hair till it shone again, and put on her best dress, and laid out her little table for tea, and sat there waiting, like the ladies in those houses where he went; like Mrs. Hannay or Mrs. Ransome who bought her embroidery; or like that grand lady with the title, who had come with Mrs. Ransome, — the lady who had bought more embroidery than anybody, the scent on whose clothes was enough, Maggie said, to take your breath away.

Maggie loved her tea-table. She embroidered beautiful linen cloths for it. Every Friday it was decked as an altar dedicated to the service of a god, — in case he came.

He had n't come. It was past eight, yet Maggie left the altar standing with the cloth on it, and waited. It would be terrible if the god should come and find no altar. Once, even at this late hour, he had come.

The house was very quiet. Mrs. Morse was out marketing, and Maggie was alone. Friday was market night in Scale. She wondered if he would remember that and come. Her heart beat violently with the thought that he might be beginning to come late. The others had come late when they began to love her.

She had forgotten them, or only cared to remember such of their ways as threw light on Mr. Majendie's. For he was, as yet, obscure to her.

It seemed to her that a new thing had come to her, a thing marvelously and divinely new, this, that she should be waiting, counting hours, and marking days on calendars, measuring her own pulses with a hand, now on her heart, now on her throbbing forehead, and wondering what could be the matter with her. Maggie was six-and-twenty; but ever since she was nine she had been waiting and wondering. For there always had been somebody whom Maggie loved insanely. First, it was the little boy who lived in the house opposite, at home. He had abandoned Maggie's society, and broken her heart, on the day when he "went into trousers." Then it was the big boy in her father's shop who gave her chocolates one day and snubbed her cruelly the next. Then it was the young man who came to tune the piano in the back parlor. Then the arithmetic master in the little boarding school they sent her to. And then (for Maggie's infatuations rose rapidly in the social scale) it was one of the young gentlemen who "studied" at the Vicarage. *He* was engaged to Maggie for a whole term; and he went away and jilted her, so that Maggie's heart was broken a second time. At last, on an evil day for Maggie, it was one of the gentlemen (not so young) staying up at "the big house." He watched for Maggie in dark lanes, and followed her through the fields at evening, till one evening he made her turn and follow her heart and him. And so Maggie went on her predestined way.

For after him there was the gentleman who came to Madame Ponting's, and after him, Mr. Gorst, who came to Evans's, and after Mr. Gorst — last year Maggie could not have believed there could ever be another after him. For each of these persons she would willingly have died. To each of them her soul leaped up and bowed itself, swept forward like a flame bowed and driven by the wind.

As long as each loved her, the flame burned steadily and still. Maggie's soul was appeased for a season. As each left her, the flame died out in tears, and her pulses beat feebly, and her life languished. Maggie went from flame to flame; for the hours when there was nobody to love sim-

ply dropped into the darkness and were forgotten. She left off living when she had to leave off loving. To be sure there was always Mr. Mumford. He was a tobacconist and he lived over the shop in a house fronting the pier, a unique and dominant situation. And he was prepared to overlook the past and make Maggie his wife and mistress of the house fronting the pier. Unfortunately, Maggie did not love him. You could n't love Mr. Mumford. You could only be sorry for him.

But though Maggie went from flame to flame, there were long periods of placidity when she loved nothing but her work, and was as good as gold. Maggie's father would n't believe it. He had never forgiven her, not even when the doctor told him that there was no sense in which the poor girl could be held responsible; they should have looked after her better, that was all. Maggie's father, the grocer, did not deal in smooth extenuating phrases. He called such madness sin. So did Maggie in her hours of peace and sanity. She was terrified when she felt it coming on, and hid her face from her doom. But when it came she went to meet it, uplifted, tremulous, devoted, carrying her poor scorched heart in her hands for sacrifice.

Each time that she loved, it was as if her former sins had been blotted out; for there came a merciful forgetfulness that renewed, almost, her innocence. Her heart had its own perverted constancy. No lover was like her last lover, and for him she rejected and repudiated the past.

And each time that she loved she was torn asunder. She gave herself in pieces; her heart first, then her soul, then, if it must needs be, her body. The finest first, then all that was left of her. That was her unique merit, what marked her from the rest.

Majendie, she divined by instinct, had recognized her quality. He was the only one who had. And he had asked nothing of her. She would have lived miserably for Charlie Gorst. She would have died with joy for Mr. Majendie. And Maggie feared death worse than life, however miserable.

But there was something in her love for Majendie that revealed it as a thing apart. It had not made her idle. Her passion for Mr. Majendie blossomed and flowered, and ran over in beautiful embroidery. That industry ministered to it. Her heart was set on having those little sums to send him every week; for that was the only way she could hope to approach him of her own movement. She loved the curt little notes in which Majendie acknowledged the receipt of each postal order. She tied them together with white ribbon, and treasured them in a little box under lock and key. All the time, she knew he had a wife and child, but her fancy refused to recognize Mrs. Majendie's existence. It allowed him to have a child, but not a wife. She knew that he spent his Saturdays and Sundays with them at his home. He never came, or could come, on a Saturday or Sunday, and Maggie refused to consider the significance of this. She simply lived from Friday to Friday. No other day in the week existed for Maggie. All other days heralded it, or followed in its train. The blessed memory of it rested upon Saturday and Sunday. Wednesday and Thursday glowed and vibrated with its coming; Mondays and Tuesdays were forlorn and gray. Terrible were the days which followed a Friday when he had not come.

He had not come last Friday, nor the Friday before that. She had always a comfortable little theory to cheat herself with, to account for his not coming. He had been ill last Friday; that, of course, was why he had not come. Maggie knew. She did not like to think that he was ill; but she did like to think that only illness could prevent his coming. And she had always believed what she liked.

The presumption in Maggie's mind amounted to a certainty that he would come to-night.

And at nine o'clock he came.

Her eyes shone as she greeted him. There was nothing about her to remind him of the dejected, anæmic girl who had sat shivering over the fire last September. Maggie had got all her lights and colors back again. She was lifted from her abasement, glorified. And yet, for all her glory, Maggie, on her good behavior, became once more the prim young lady of the lower middle class. She sat, as she had been used to sit on long, dull Sunday afternoons in the parlor above the village shop, — bolt upright on her chair, with her meek hands folded in her lap. But her eyes were fixed on Majendie, their ardent candor contrasting oddly with the stiff modesty of her deportment.

"Have you been ill?" she asked.

"Why should I have been ill?"

"Because you did n't come."

"You must n't suppose I'm ill every time I don't come. I might be a chronic invalid at that rate."

He had n't realized how often he came. *He* did n't mark the days with crosses in a calendar.

"But you *were* ill, this time, I know."

"How do you know?"

The processes of Maggie's mind amused him. It was such a funny, fugitive, burrowing, darting thing, Maggie's mind, transparent and yet secret in its ways.

"I know, because I saw"—she hesitated.

"Saw what?"

"The light in your window."

"My window?"

"Yes. The one that looks out on the garden at the back. It was twelve o'clock on Sunday night, and on Monday night the light was gone, and I knew that you were better."

"As it happens, you saw the light in my sister's room. She's always ill."

"Oh," said Maggie; and her face fell with the fall of her great argument.

"Sometimes," he said, "the light burns all night long."

"Yes," said Maggie, musing; "sometimes it burns all night long. But in the room above that room, there's a little soft light that burns all night, too. That's your room."

"No. That's my wife's room."

Maggie became thoughtful. "I used to think that was where your little girl sleeps, because of the night-light. Then your room's next it." Maggie desired to know all about the blessed house that contained him.

"That's the spare room," he said, laughing.

"Goodness! what a lot of rooms. Then your's is the one next the nursery, looking on the street. Fancy! That little room."

Again she became thoughtful. So did he.

"I say, Maggie, how did you know those lights burned all night?"

"Because I saw them."

"You can't see them."

"Yes, you can; from the little alley that goes along at the back."

He had n't thought of the alley. Nobody ever passed that way after dark; it ended in a blind wall.

"What were you doing there at twelve o'clock at night?"

He looked for signs of shame and confusion on Maggie's face. But Maggie's face was one flame of joy. Her eyes were candid.

"Walking up and down," she said. "I was watching."

"Watching?"

"Your window."

"You must n't, Maggie. You must n't watch people's windows. They don't like it. It does n't do."

The flame was troubled; but not the lucid candor of her eyes. "I had to. I thought you were ill. I came to make sure. I was all alone. I did n't let anybody see me. And when I saw the light I was frightened. And I came again the next night to see. I did n't think you'd mind. It's not as if I'd come to the front door, or written letters, was it?"

"No. But you must never do that again, mind. How did you know the house?"

Maggie hung her head. "I saw your little girl go in there."

"Were you 'watching'?"

"N-no. It was an accident."

"How did you know it was my little girl?"

"I saw you walking with her, one Saturday, in the Park. It was an accident — really. I was taking my work to that lady why buys from me — Mrs. 'Anny."

"I see."

"You're not angry with me, Mr. Magèndy?"

"Of course not. What made you think I was?"

"Your face. You would be angry if I followed you. But I would n't do such a thing. I've never followed any one — never. And I would n't do it now, not if I was paid," she protested.

"It's all right, Maggie, it's all right."

Maggie clasped her knees and sat thinking. She seemed to know by intuition when it was advantageous to be silent, and when to speak. But Majendie was thinking, too. He was wondering whether he was not being a little too kind to Maggie; whether a little unkindness would not be a salutary change for both of them. Why could n't the girl marry Mr. Mumford? He did n't want to profit by the transaction. He would gladly have paid Mr. Mumford to marry her, and take her away.

He put his hand over his eyes as a veil for his thoughts; and, when he took it away again, Maggie had risen and was going on soundless feet towards the door.

"Don't go," she said, "I'll be back in a minute."

He flung himself back in the chair and waited. The minutes dragged. He had wanted Maggie away; and now she had gone he wanted her back again.

Maggie did not stay away long enough to give him time to discover how much he wanted her. She came back, carrying a tray with cups and a steaming coffee pot, and set it on the table.

A fragrance of strong coffee filled the room. The service of the god had begun.

She stood close against his side, yet humbly, as she handed him his cup. "It's nice and strong," she said. "Drink it. It'll do your head good."

And she sat down opposite him, and watched him drink it.

Maggie's watching face was luminous and tender. In her eyes there was the look that love gives for his signal, — love that, in that moment, was pure and sweet as a mother's. She was glad to think that the coffee was strong, and would do his head good. She had no other thought in her mind, at that moment.

After the coffee she brought matches and cigarettes, which she offered shyly. Nature had given her an immortal shyness, born of her extreme humility.

"They're all right," she said. "Charlie smoked them."

(Charlie was at times a useful memory.)

She struck a match and prepared to light the cigarette. This she did gravely and efficiently, with no sign of feminine consciousness or coquetry. It was part of the solemn evening service of the god. And, as he smoked, the devotee retreated to her chair and watched him.

"Maggie," he said," supposing Mr. Mumford was to come in?"

"He won't. Sunday's *his* day; or would be, if I let him 'ave a day."

"Why don't you?"

She shook her head. "I've seen nobody."

There was silence for five minutes.

"Mr. Magèndy — "

"Màjendie, Maggie, Màjendie."

"Mr. Mashendy, — I'm beginning to be afraid."

"What are you afraid of?"

"What I've always told you about. That awful feeling. It's coming on again, I think."

"It won't come, Maggie, it won't come. Don't think about it, and it won't come."

He did n't understand very clearly what Maggie was talking about; but he remembered that, last September, after

her illness, she had been afraid of something. And he remembered that he had comforted her with some such words as these.

"Yes," said she, "but I feel it coming."

"Maggie, you ought n't to live alone like this. See here, you ought to marry. You ought to marry Mr. Mumford. Why don't you?"

"I don't want to marry anybody. And I don't love him."

"Well, don't think about that other thing. Don't think about it. You 'll be all right."

"I won't think," said Maggie; and thought profoundly.

"Mr. Majendie," she said suddenly.

"Madam."

"You must n't be afraid. I shall never do anything I know you would n't like me to."

"All right. Only don't think too much about that, either."

"I can't help thinking. You've been so good to me."

"I should try and forget that, too, a little more, if I were you. I'm only paying some of Mr. Gorst's debts for him."

The name called up no color to her cheek. Maggie had forgotten Gorst, and all *he* had done for her.

"And you're paying me back."

She shook her head. "I can't ever pay you back."

Poor little girl! Was that what her mind was always running on?

There was silence again between them. And then Majendie looked at Maggie.

She was sitting very still, as if she were waiting for something, and yet content. Her eyes were swimming as if with tears; but there were no tears in them. Her face was reddening as if with shame, but there was no shame in it. She seemed to be listening, dazed and enchanted, to her own secret, the running whisper of her blood. Her lips were parted, and, as he looked at her, they closed and opened again in sympathy with the delicate tremors that moved her throat under her rounded chin. In her brooding look there was neither reminiscence nor foreboding; it was the look of a creature surrendered wholly to her hour.

As he looked at her his nerves sent an arrow of warning, a hot tremor darting from heart to brain.

"I must go now, Maggie," he said.

When he stood up, his knees shook under him.

"Not yet," said Maggie. "I'm all alone in the house, and I'm afraid."

"There's nothing to be afraid of," he said roughly. "I've got to go."

He strode towards the door while Maggie stared after him in terror. She understood nothing but that he was going to leave her. What had she done to drive him away?

"You're ill," she cried, as she followed him, panting in her fright.

He pushed her back gently from the threshold.

"Don't be a little fool, Maggie. I'm not ill."

Out in the street, five yards from Maggie's door, he battled with a vision of her that almost drove him back again. "It was I who was a fool," he thought. "I shall go back. Why not? She is predestined. Why not I as well as anybody else?"

All the way to his own door an insistent, abominable voice kept calling to him, "Why not? Why not?"

He went with noiseless footsteps up his own stairs, past the dark doors below, past Edith's open door where the lamp still burned brightly beyond the threshold. At Anne's door he paused.

It stood ajar in a dim light. He pushed it softly open and went in.

Anne and her child lay asleep under the silver crucifix.

Peggy had been taken into Anne's bed, and had curled herself close up against her mother's side. Her arm lay on Anne's breast; her hand clutched the border of Anne's nightgown. The long thick braid of Anne's hair was flung back on the pillow, framing the child's golden head in gold.

His eyes filled with tears as he looked at them. For a moment his heart stood still. Why not he as well as anybody else? His heart told him why.

As he turned he sighed. A sigh of longing and tenderness, and of thankfulness for a great deliverance. Above all, of thankfulness.

XXVI

The light burned in Edith's room till morning; for her spine kept sleep from her through many nights. They no longer said, "She is better, or certainly no worse." They said, "She is worse, or certainly no better." The progress of her death could be reckoned by weeks and measured by inches. Soon they would be giving her morphia, to make her sleep. Meanwhile she was terribly awake.

She heard her brother's soft footsteps as he passed her door. She heard him pause on the upper landing and creep into the room overhead. She heard him go out again and shut himself up in the little room beyond.

There came upon her an awful intuition of the truth.

The next day she sent for him.

"What is it, Edie?" he said.

She looked at him with loving eyes, and asked him, as Maggie had asked, "Are you ill?"

He started. The question brought back to him vividly the scene of the night before; brought back to him Maggie with her love and fear.

"What is it? Tell me," she insisted.

He owned to headaches. She knew he often had them.

"It's not a bit of use," she said, "trying to deceive *me*. It's not headaches. It's Anne."

"Poor Anne. I think she's all right. After all, she's got the child, you know."

"Yes. *She*'s got Peggy. If I could see you all right, too, I should die happy."

"Don't worry about me. I'm not worth it."

She gazed at him searchingly, confirmed in her intuition. That was the sort of thing poor Charlie used to say.

"It's my fault," she said. "It always has been."

"Angel, if you could lay everybody's sins on your own shoulders, you would."

"I mean it. You were right and I was wrong. Ah, how one pays! Only *you*'ve had to pay for my untruthfulness. I can see it now. If I'd done as you asked me, in the beginning, and told her the truth —"

"She would n't have married me. No, Edie. You're assuming that I've lived to regret that I married her. I never have regretted it for one single moment. Not for myself, that is. For her, yes. Granted that I'm as unhappy as you please, I'd rather be unhappy with her than happy without her. See?"

"Walter, — if you keep true to her, I believe you'll have your happiness yet. I don't know how it's coming. It may come very late. But it's bound to come. She's good —"

He assented with a groan. "Oh, much *too* good."

"And the goodness in her must recognize the goodness in you; when she understands. I believe she's beginning to understand. She does n't know how much she understands."

"Understands what?"

"Your goodness. She loved you for it. She'll love you for it again."

"My dear Edie, you're the only person who believes in my goodness, — you and Peggy."

"I and Peggy. And Charlie and the Hannays. And Nanna, and the Gardners — and God."

"I wish God would give Anne a hint that he thinks well of me."

"Dear — if you keep true to her — he will."

If he kept true to her? It was the second time she had said it. It was almost as if she had divined what had so nearly happened.

"I think," she said, "I'd like to talk to Anne, now, while I can talk. You

see, once they go giving me morphia" — she closed her eyes. "Just let me lie still for half an hour, and then bring Anne to me."

She lay still. He watched her for an hour. And he knew that in that hour she had prayed.

He found Anne sitting on the nursery floor, playing with Peggy. "Edie wants you," he said, loosening Peggy's little hands as they clung about his legs.

"Mother must go, darling," said she.

But all Peggy said was, "Daddy'll stay."

He did not stay long. He had to restrain himself, to go carefully with Peggy, lest he should help her to make her mother's heart ache.

Anne found Nanna busied about the bed. Nanna was saying, "Is that any easier, Miss Edie?"

"It's heavenly, Nanna," said Edie, stifling a moan. "Oh dear, I hope in the next world I shan't feel as if my spine were still with me, like people when their legs are cut off."

"Miss Edie, what an idea!"

"Well, Nanna, you can't tell whether it may n't be so. Anne, dear, you've got such a nice, pretty body, why have you such a withering contempt for it? It behaves so well to you, too. That's more than I can say of mine; and yet, I believe I shall quite miss it when it's gone. At any rate I shall be glad that I was decent to the poor thing while it was with me. Run away now, please, Nanna, and shut the door."

Nanna thought she knew why Miss Edie wanted the door shut. She too had her intuitive forebodings. She was aware, the whole household was aware, that the mistress cared more for her child than for the husband who had given it her. Their master's life was not a happy one. They wondered many times how he was going to stand it

"Anne," said Edith, "I'm uneasy about Walter."

"You need not be," said Anne.

"Why? Are n't you?"

"I know he has n't been well lately—"

"How can you expect him to be well when he's so unhappy?"

Anne was silent.

"How long is it going to last, dear? And where is it going to end?"

"Edith, you need n't be afraid. I shall never leave him."

That was not what Edith was afraid of, but she did not say so.

"How can I," Anne went on, "when I believe the Church's doctrine of marriage?"

"Do you? Do you believe that love is a provision for the soul's redemption of the body? or for the body's redemption of the soul?"

"I believe that, having married Walter, whatever he is or does, I cannot leave him without great sin."

"Then you'll be shocked when I tell you that if your husband were a bad man, I should be the first to implore you to leave him, though he is my brother. Where there can be no love on either side there's no marriage, and no sacrament. That's *my* profane belief."

"And when there's love on one side only?"

"The sacrament is there, offered by the loving person, and refused by the unloving. And that refusal, my dear child, may, if you like, be a great sin,—supposing, of course, that the love is pure and devoted. I hardly know which is the worst sin, then, to refuse to give, or to refuse to take it; or to take it, and then throw it away. What would you think if Peggy hardened her little heart against you?"

"My Peggy!"

"Yes, your Peggy. It's the same thing. You'll see it some day. But I want you to see it now, before it's too late."

"Edie, if you'd only tell me where I've failed! If you're thinking of our—our separation—"

"I was not. But, since you *have* mentioned it, I can't help reminding you that you fell in love with Walter because you thought he was a saint. And so I don't

see what's to prevent you now. He's qualifying. He may n't be perfect; but, in some ways, a saint could n't very well do more. Has it never occurred to you that you are indulging the virtue that comes easiest to you, and exacting from him the virtue that comes hardest? And he has stood the test."

"It was his own doing, — his own wish."

"Is it? I doubt it, — when he's more in love with you than he was before he married you."

"That's all over."

"For you. Not for him. He's a man, as you may say, of obstinate affections."

"Ah, Edie, — you don't know."

"I know," said Edith, "you're perfectly sweet, the way you take my scoldings. It's cowardly of me, when I'm lying here safe, and you can't scold back again. But I would n't do it if I did n't love you."

"I know — I know you love me."

"But I could n't love you so much, if I did n't love Walter more."

"You well may, Edie. He's been a good brother to you."

"Some day you'll own he's been as good a husband as he's been a brother. Better; for it's a more difficult post, my dear. I don't really think my body, spine and all, can have tried him more than your spirit."

"What have I done? Tell me, — tell me."

"Done? O Nancy, I hate to have to say it to you. What have n't you done? There's no way in which you have n't hurt and humiliated him. I'm not thinking of your separation, — I'm thinking of the way you've treated him, and his affection for you and Peggy. You won't let him love you. You won't even let him love his little girl."

"Does he say that?"

"Would he say it? People in my peculiar position don't require to have things said to them; they *say them*. You see, if I did n't say them now I should have to get up out of my grave and do it, and that would be ten times more disagreeable for you. It might even be very uncomfortable for me."

"Edie, I wish I knew when you were serious."

"Well, if I'm not serious now, when *shall* I be?"

Anne smiled. "You're very like Walter."

"Yes. He's every bit as serious as I am. And he's getting more and more serious every day."

"O Edie, you don't understand. I — I've suffered so terribly."

"I do understand. I've gone through it — every pang of it — and it's all come back to me again through your suffering, — and I know it's been worse for you. I've told him so. It's because I don't want you to suffer more that I'm saying these awful things to you."

"Oh! *Am* I to suffer more?"

"I believe that's the only way your happiness can come to you, — through great suffering. I'm only afraid that the suffering may come through Peggy, if you don't take care."

"Peggy — "

It was her own terror put into words.

"Yes. That child has a terrible capacity for loving. And for her that means suffering. She loves you. She loves her father. Do you suppose she won't suffer when she sees? Her little heart will be torn in two between you."

"O Edith, — I cannot bear it."

She hid her face from the anguish.

"You need n't. That's it. It rests with you."

"With me? If you would only tell me how."

"I can't tell you anything. It'll come. Probably in the way you least expect it. But — it'll come."

"Edie, I feel as if you held us all together. And when you've gone — "

"You mean when it's gone. When it's 'gone,'" said Edie, smiling, "I shall hold you together all the more. You need n't sigh like that."

"Did I sigh?"

As Anne stooped over the bed she sighed again, thinking how Edith's loving arms used to leap up and hold her, and how they could never hold anything any more.

Of all the things that Edith said to her that afternoon, two remained fixed in Anne's memory: how Peggy would suffer through overmuch loving,—she remembered that saying, because it had confirmed her terror; and how love was a provision for the soul's redemption of the body, or for the body's redemption of the soul. This she remembered, because she did not understand it.

That was in August. Before the month was out they were beginning to give her morphia.

In September Gorst came to see her for the last time.

In October she died in her brother's arms.

In the days that followed, it was as if her spirit, refusing to depart from them, had rested on the sister she had loved. Spirit to spirit, she stooped, kindling in Anne her own dedicated flame. In the white death chamber, and through the quiet house, the presence of Anne, moving with hushed footfall, was like the presence of a blessed spirit. Her face was as a face long hidden upon the heart of peace. Her very grief aspired; it had wings, lifting her towards her sister in her heavenly place.

For Anne, in the days that followed, was possessed by a great and burning charity. Mrs. Hannay called and was taken into the white room to see Edith. And Anne's heart went out to Mrs. Hannay, when she spoke of the beauty and goodness of Edith; and to Lawson Hannay, when he pressed her hand without speaking; and to Gorst, when she saw him stealing on tiptoe from Edie's room, his face swollen and inflamed with grief. Her heart went out to all of them, because they had loved Edie.

And to her husband her heart went out with a tenderness born of an immense pity and compassion. For the first three days, Majendie gave no sign that he was shaken by his sister's death. But on the evening of the day they buried her Anne found him in the study, sitting in his low chair by the fire, his head sunk, his body bowed forward over his knees, convulsed with a nervous shivering. He started and stared at her approach, and straightened himself suddenly. She held out her hand. He looked at it dumbly, as if unwilling or afraid to take it.

"My dear," she said softly.

Then she knelt beside him, and drew his head down upon her breast, and let it rest there.

XXVII

It was a Thursday night in October, three weeks after Edith's death. Anne was in her room, undressing. She moved noiselessly, with many tender precautions, for fear of waking Peggy, and for fear of destroying the peace that possessed her own soul like heavenly sleep. It was the mystic mood that went before prayer.

In those three weeks Anne felt that she had been brought very near to God. She had not known such stillness and content since the days at Scarby that had made her life terrible. It was as if Edith's spirit in bliss had power given it to help her sister, to draw Anne with it into the divine presence.

And the dead woman bound the living to each other also, as she had said. How she bound them Anne had not realized until to-day. It was Mrs. Eliott's day, her Thursday. Anne had spent half an hour in Thurston Square, and had come away with a cold, unsatisfactory feeling towards Fanny. Fanny, for the first time, had jarred on her. She had so plainly hesitated between condolence and congratulation. She seemed to be secretly rejoicing in Edith Majendie's death. Her manner intimated clearly that a burden had been removed from her friend's life, and that the time had now come for Anne to blossom out and enjoy herself. Anne had been glad to get away from

Fanny, to come back to the house in Prior Street and to find Walter waiting for her. Fanny, in spite of her intellectual rarity, lacked the sense that, after all, *he* had, the sense of Edith's spiritual perfection. Strangely, inconsistently, incomprehensibly, he had it. He and his wife had that in common, if they had nothing else. They were bound to each other by Edith's dear and sacred memory, an immaterial, immortal tie. They would always share their knowledge of her. Other people might take for granted that her terrible illness had loosened, little by little, the bond that held them to her. They knew that it was not so. They never found themselves declining on the mourner's pitiful commonplaces: "Poor Edie;" "She is released;" "It's a mercy she was taken." It was their tribute to Edith's triumphant personality that they mourned for her as for one cut off in the fullness of a strong, beneficent life.

For those three weeks Anne remained to her husband all that she had been on the night of Edith's death.

And, as she felt that nobody but her husband understood what she had lost in Edith, she realized for the first time his kindred to his sister. She forced herself to dwell on his many admirable qualities. He was unselfish, chivalrous, the soul of honor. On his chivalry, which touched her more nearly than his other virtues, she was disposed to put a very high interpretation. She felt that, in his way, he acknowledged her spiritual perfection, also, and reverenced it. If their relations only continued as they were, she believed that she would yet be happy with him. To think of him as she had once been obliged to think was to profane the sorrow that sanctified him now. She was persuaded that the shock of Edith's death had changed him, that he was ennobled by his grief. She could not yet see that the change was in herself. She said to herself that her prayers for him were answered.

For it was no longer an effort, painful and perfunctory, to pray for her husband. Since Edith's death she had prayed for him, as she had prayed in the time of reconciliation that followed her first discovery of his sin. She was horrified when she realized how in six years her passion of redemption had grown cold. It was there that she had failed him, in letting go the immaterial hold by which she might have drawn him with her into the secret shelter of the Unseen. She perceived that in those years her spiritual life had suffered by the invasion of her earthly trouble. She had approached the silent shelter with cries of supplication for herself and for her child, the sweet mortal thing she had loved above all mortal things. Every year had made it harder for her to reach the sources of her help, hardest of all to achieve the initiatory state, the nakedness, the prostration, the stillness of the dedicated soul. Too many miseries cried and strove in her. She could no longer shut to her door, and bar the passage to the procession of her thoughts, no longer cleanse and empty her spirit's house for the divine thing she desired to dwell with her.

And now she was restored to her peace; lifted up and swept, effortless, into the place of heavenly help. Anne's soul had no longer to reach out her hand and feel her way to God, for it was God who sought for her and found her. She heard behind her, as it were, the footsteps of the divine pursuing power. Once more, as in the mystic days before her marriage, she had only to close her eyes, and the communion was complete. At night, when her prayer was ended, she lay motionless in the darkness, till she seemed to pass into the ultimate bliss, beyond the reach of prayer. There were moments when she felt herself to be close upon the very vision of God, the beatitude of the pure.

At these moments Anne found herself contemplating her own inviolate sanctity.

There was in Anne an immense sincerity, underlying a perfect tangle of minute deceptions and hypocrisies. She

was not deceived as to the supreme event. She was truly experiencing the great spiritual passion which, alone of passions, is destined to an immortal satisfaction. She had all but touched the end of the saint's progress. But she was ignorant, both of the paths that brought her there, and the paths that had led, and might again lead, her feet astray.

Each night, when she closed her bedroom door, she felt that she was entering into a sanctuary. She was profoundly, tenderly grateful to her husband for the renunciation that made that refuge possible to her. She accepted her blessed isolation as his gift.

This Thursday had been a day of little lacerating distractions. She had gone through it thirsting for the rest and surrender, the healing silence of the night.

She undressed slowly, being by nature thorough and deliberate in all her movements.

She was standing before her looking-glass, about to unpin her hair, when she heard a low knock at her door. Majendie had been detained, and was late in coming to take his last look of Peggy before going to bed.

Anne opened the door softly, and signed to him to make no noise. He stole on tiptoe to the child's cot, and stood there for a moment. Then he came and sat down in the chair by the dressing-table, where Anne was standing with her arms raised, unpinning her hair. Majendie had always admired that attitude in Anne. It was simple, calm, classic, and superbly feminine. Her long white wrapper clothed her more perfectly than any dress.

He sat looking at the quick white fingers untwisting the braid of hair. It hung divided into three strands, still rippling with the braiding, still dull with its folded warmth. She combed the three into one sleek sheet that covered her like a veil, drawn close over head and shoulders. Her face showed smooth and saintlike between the cloistral bands. Majendie thought he had never seen anything more beautiful than that face and hair, with their harmonies of dull gold and sombre white.

"I like you," he said; "but is n't the style just a trifle severe?"

Anne said nothing. She was trying to forget his presence while she yet permitted it.

"Do you mind my looking at you like this?"

"No."

(They spoke in low voices, for fear of waking the sleeping child.)

She took up her brush, and with a turn of her head swept her hair forward over one shoulder. It hung in one mass to her waist. Then she began to brush it.

The first strokes of the brush stirred the dull gold that slept in its ashen furrows. A shining undulation passed through it, and broke, at the ends, as it were into a curling golden foam. Then Anne stood up and tossed it backwards. Her brush went deep and straight, like a ploughshare, turning up the rich, smooth swell of the under-gold; it went light on the top, till numberless little threads of hair rippled, and rose, and knit themselves, and lay on her head like a fine gold net; then, with a few swift swimming movements, upwards and outwards, it scattered the whole mass into drifting strands and flying wings and soft falling feathers, and, under them, little tender curls of flaxen down. With another stroke of the brush and a shake of her head, Anne's hair rose in one whorl and fell again, and broke into a shower of woven spray; pure gold in every thread.

Majendie held out a shy hand and caught the receding curl of it. Its faint fragrance reached him, winging a shaft of memory. His nerves shook him, and he looked away.

Anne had been cool and businesslike in every motion, unconscious of her effect, unconscious almost of him. Now she gathered her hair into one mass, and began plaiting it rapidly, desiring thus to hasten his departure. She flung back

the stiff braid, and laid her finger on the extinguisher of the shaded lamp, as a hint for him to go.

"Anne," he whispered, "Anne — "

The whisper struck fear into her.

She faced him calmly, coldly; not unkindly. Unkindness would have given him more hope than that pitiless imperturbability.

"Have you anything to say to me?" she said.

"No."

"Well then, will you be good enough to go?"

"Do you really mean it?"

"I always mean what I say. I have n't said my prayers yet."

"And when you have said them?"

She had turned out the lamp so that she might not see his unhappy face. She did not see it; she only saw her spiritual vision destroyed and scattered, and the havoc of dreams, resurgent, profaning heavenly sleep.

"Please," she whispered, "please, if you love me, leave me to myself."

He left her; and her heart turned after him as he went, and blessed him.

"He is good, after all," her heart said.

But Majendie's heart had hardened. He said to himself, "She is too much for me." As he lay awake thinking of her, he remembered Maggie. He remembered that Maggie loved him, and that he had gone away from her and left her, because he loved Anne. And now, because he loved Anne, he would go to Maggie. He remembered that it was on Fridays that he used to go and see her.

Very well, to-morrow night would be Friday night.

To-morrow night he would go and see her.

And yet, when to-morrow night came, he did not go. He never went until December, when Maggie's postal orders left off coming. Then he knew that Maggie was ill again. She had been fretting. He knew it; although, this time, she had not written to tell him so.

He went, and found Maggie perfectly well. The postal orders had not come, because the last lady, the lady with the title, had not paid her. Maggie was good as gold again, placid and at peace.

"Why," he asked himself bitterly, "why did I not leave her to her peace?"

And a still more bitter voice answered, "Why not you, as well as anybody else?"

(*To be continued.*)

IL SANTO

BY HENRY NEWBOLT

Alas! Alas! What impious hands are these?
They have cut down my dark mysterious trees,
Defied the brooding spell
That sealed my sacred well,
Broken my fathers' fixed and ancient bars,
And on the mouldering shade
Wherein my dead were laid
Let in the cold clear aspect of the stars.

Slumber hath held the grove for years untold:
Is there no reverence for a power so old?
Is there no seemly awe
For bronze-engraven law,
For dust beatified and saintly name?
When they shall see the shrine
Princes have held divine,
Will they not bow before the eternal flame?

Vain! Vain! the wind of heaven for ages long
Hath whispered manhood, "Let thine arm be strong!
Hew down and fling away
The growth that veils decay.
Shatter the shrine that chokes the living spring.
Scorn hatred, scorn regret,
Dig deep and deeper yet.
Leave not the quest for word of saint or king.

"Dig deeper yet! though the world brand thee now,
The faithful labor of an impious brow
May for thy race redeem
The source of that lost stream
Once given the thirst of all the earth to slake.
Nay, thou too ere the end
Thy weary knee mayst bend
And in thy trembling hands that water take."

GEORGE MEREDITH

BY HENRY COPLEY GREENE

I

DESPITE the sorrow of fervid disciples, it is a small matter for wonder that Mr. George Meredith, a Celt, a radical, an assailant of tradition in thought, literature, and life, saw the staid backs of his English public for a score of years or so. It is a small matter for wonder, too, that he received, pell-mell over shoulders and head, many a cudgeling by scandalized critics. On the other hand it seems strange, at first blush, that he was not promptly acclaimed on these shores of the Atlantic, where the Celtic race is strong, and where many a doctrine thought subversive in England has been placidly put into practice. Yet when one remembers the mental sloth of our readers of fiction, and the tumultuous agility of Mr. Meredith's brain, one's surprise at his late welcome merges into wonder that a third American edition of his works[1] was possible during his nine and seventieth year.

The fact is that Mr. Meredith's lyric and dramatic genius has caught the hearts of many of us whose heads still combat him. Nor is this an unhealthy symptom. Indeed, we should be almost morbidly pedantic if our wits obediently threaded the labyrinthine entrance to *One of our Conquerors*, though our hearts beat unstirred and unhalted by the romance of Richard Feverel's songlike meeting with Lucy, the brookside picker of dewberries, or the tragedy of his parting from that same Lucy, his wife, the mother of his child, that *jeune femme forte et belle* destined to death by his folly. But our heart's joy or pain, and the flash and thrill of our imagination, are alike insufficient. If we are even clearly to reject, if we are not blindly to pass by perhaps the chief gift which, through half a century, Mr. Meredith has wrought for us of the English tongue, we must set our wits in search of the creative spirit which, battling, laughing, passion-torn in scene after scene of his novels, paces the intervening paths of his prose, and stands so vividly revealed in his poems that one may face it eye to eye, and find, not the "cynic" or "performer of antics" imagined by purblind critics, but a high and sane though whimsical friend.

[1] *The Pocket Edition of the Works of George Meredith.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906. The same publishers have also issued during the year Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan's sagacious volume, *The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith*, and *The Meredith Pocket Book*, edited by G. M. T.

II

Unyieldingly as Mr. Meredith guards his legitimate privacy, enough facts are public concerning his life and temperament to test and illuminate both his gospel and his works.

His life, the expression of a conquering temperament, began in a characteristic though unconscious defiance. Although of Welsh and Irish blood, he had the temerity to be born in the English county of Hampshire; this too in a year so long past that even innate distinction such as his had to outface social prejudice, unless ushered into the world by an almost pompous pedigree. Lacking this, the boy Meredith might well have grown up a lonely spirit. A ward in chancery, under a guardian with whom he had no warmth of companionship, he was sent to a school in Germany where his sympathies thrust out the roots which were afterward to strike deep into the human and intellectual soil, not only of

Germany, but of all the Continent. At this school, too, he laid the foundations of a notable classic erudition, and caught a love of music which still outlasts his early technical proficiency. In his native land again, he came to know, with all the zest of his fifteen years, the rich countryside of England, and England's farmer folk, like Farmer Blaize, her Lucys perhaps, and very certainly her every beast and bird. In London, a law student of twenty, he heard the rumblings of that revolution of 1848 in which Richard Wagner lent a hand, and from which the contagion of freedom added fuel to the fires kindled by Mazzini in Austria's Italy. And in London he first saw the crimes and shame of city life, from which he turned to fix his gaze on ideals of chivalric rebellion.

Emerging simultaneously from London and the law, he found himself, at twenty-one, ridden with debts not of his own making, but breathing confidently the air of power and poetry, alert with keen companionships, inspired by romance. With Thomas Love Peacock, the satirical novelist who remembered Shelley and could still hear in his ears the cries of the French Revolution, the full-blooded, agile-minded, vastly dreaming young Meredith looked back into the days when Napoleon and the English poets broke in pieces the traditions of the whole rigid eighteenth century; and with the radiantly witty young Mrs. Nicholls, Peacock's widowed daughter, he knew briefly such companionships of mind and heart as only genius may conquer. Yet the joy of it turned to heaviest suffering. As Mr. Meredith wrote in the sixteenth poem of *Modern Love:* —

In our old shipwreck'd days there was an hour
When in the firelight steadily aglow,
Join'd slackly, we beheld the chasm grow
Among the clicking coals. Our library bower
That eve was left to us: and hush'd we sat
As lovers to whom Time is whispering.
From sudden-open'd doors we heard them sing:
The nodding elders mix'd good wine with chat.
Well knew we that Life's greatest treasure lay
With us, and of it was our talk. "Ah, yes!
Love dies!" I said: I never thought it less.
She yearn'd to me that sentence to unsay.
Then when the fire domed blackening, I found
Her cheek was salt against my kiss, and swift
Up the sharp scale of sobs her breast did lift: —
Now am I haunted by that taste! that sound!

Surely a tragic poem this; and to prove its inspiration a thing not of dreams, it is enough to say that in 1862, the year of its publication, Mr. Meredith went to live with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, William Rossetti, and Swinburne, on that Cheyne Walk made famous by Carlyle.

Meantime his temperament had not only been heated in the forge fires of passion, but hardened by the hammer-strokes of his own will. Self-tempered to meet tragedy, he met, at the same time, and conquered, his mundane hardships, winning free of debt by a pen-slavery to journalism only less galling than Evan Harrington's slavery to Tailordom. By leader-writing for various newspapers; by acting as literary adviser to Messrs. Chapman and Hall; by conducting the *Fortnightly Review* during the absence of the editor, John Morley, in America; by translating a life of Cavour from the French of Charles de Mazade; by these and other drudgeries, he gained enough stability of independence to save his imagination from compromise with the tastes of a hidebound public. By these drudgeries, too, he founded his gospel of frugal self-support on the boulders and ledges of fact.

Stony and arid as life often was, Mr. Meredith proved himself anything but a gloomy conqueror. Though he knew almost privation, though he faced the failure of passion and afterward suffered the worst agonies of severance by death, he made himself, through the years, a life of congenial labor, of companionship, beauty, and wide interests. After his stay — and it was brief — at Cheyne Walk, after the death of his first wife, and his reabandonment of a city alien to his sylvan spirit, he settled again among the downs and woods of Surrey. Married

again, and sharing the life of his two sons and a young daughter, he went down each week to the London of his tasks, the London, too, of his companionship with such friends as Swinburne, James Thomson, Justin MacCarthy, John Morley, and Lady Duff Gordon. At home in the hillside study where Roy Richmond, Nevil Beauchamp, Renée, Chloe, Clara Middleton, and Diana flashed into his brain, this younger contemporary of Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot read with fire and judgment the works of poets and novelists, big and little, English, American, German, Italian, French. Here he wove into the very texture of his thinking a thread or two spun by German metaphysicians, and one vivid cord of Darwin's. And here for the most part, though partly on the Continent, he watched, day by day, year by year, that brave spectacle of human growth, the England of feudal squires transformed by railway and factory into a land of democracy, America war-cleansed, Italy freed, Germany united, France abased and renascent, and his ancestral Ireland slowly filing through the fetters of English arrogance and blundering.

III

Thus all too roughly one may block out the events and surroundings of Mr. Meredith's life. But what of the man himself? What of the mental and emotional soil from which have sprung the spreading branches, the leaves and the flowers of his poetry and prose? For an answer we might turn to these growths themselves, might listen intently for the very flowing of their sap. But unless some taste of the dragon's blood of suffering has cleared our brains, the sound of this flowing sap may seem no song at all. And as even suffering is not always efficacious, we may best turn, perhaps, from the prose and poems to the man, — the man, too, as he has appeared, not to Saxons of murky vision, but to a Jew whose Gallic genius made his mind like a piercing eye.

To this Jew, the Marcel Schwob of Stevenson's letters, Mr. Meredith came out, one day, from the study where he had been lost in work. He was broad-shouldered, strongly built, gray, his face "clear, fine, and dominating, his eyes deep blue." And of these eyes Schwob writes, "during the first moments of his talk with me, they were literally *drunk with thought*."

"Leading me toward his cell," Schwob goes on, "Mr. Meredith remarked, 'They say that the brain grows weary. Believe never a word of it! You cannot tire the brain; it is the stomach that we overwork;' and he added, smiling, 'mine has been bad from birth.'"

In Mr. Meredith's "cell" Schwob notes that the writing-table stood under a window opening into a dark pine copse. "The brain must have twilight for its thoughts to gush and flow," explained Mr. Meredith. And watching a bird, as it flew hither and thither tirelessly across the sky, "Do you see that bird?" said he. "It interests me immeasurably: it flits all day, with never a rest, never a stop. We call it the swift; and every time I see it, I think of its endless motion, just like the flitting of the brain."

And this "flitting of the brain" has become indispensable to Mr. Meredith, as Schwob discovered when, by chance, he spoke of the old tower at Utrecht whose great bell rings only when the king has died.

"Even then I should wish it silent," Mr. Meredith exclaimed. "I loathe the bells, with their insistent rhythm! At Bruges, I remember, they kept me from thinking in the night. Oh, I loathe them!"

Now this restless, this haunting intellectuality so permeates Mr. Meredith that we may almost say it has dyed the lenses of his eyes. Like a man whose smoked glasses color the whole world, Mr. Meredith sees nothing unstained with the hue of thought. In varying degrees, moreover, this has been true of him from youth. Even in the "extinct"

first poems a faint trace of it appears, and in his first prose work, that gorgeous and fantastic arabesque, *The Shaving of Shagpat*, it crops out in a continual series of ethical epigrams. Yet quite as characteristic as his tireless intellectuality is a second trait, that vividness of imagination, amounting almost to hallucination, *à propos* of which Mr. Meredith said to Schwob, "When Harry Richmond's father first visited me, — when I first heard the pompous phraseology of that son of a royal duke and a seventeen-year-old actress, — I perfectly roared with laughter." Nor was it a thin and abstract idea that made him thus "perfectly roar:" it was Roy Richmond practically in the flesh, Roy Richmond visible and audible, in a word, a living vision, "at whose dictation," to quote Marcel Schwob again, Mr. Meredith wrote so much of the dialogue of *The Adventures of Harry Richmond.*

A common trait, one might call this vividness of imagination, a trait, one might add, discoverable in every novelist of more than mechanical powers. Or, with Marcel Schwob, one might regard it as a result of supernormal mental activity. In Mr. Meredith, however, it lies deeper than that keenness of realization which made Thackeray, for instance, sob at the thought of Colonel Newcome dying. And in Mr. Meredith it is anything but a result of mental overstrain. On the contrary, the ceaseless "flitting" of Mr. Meredith's brain has strengthened it to master his senses, — those senses whose wakeful impressions are the very stuff and substance of his imagination.

Without many a characteristic other than restless intellectuality and vividness of imagination Mr. Meredith, of course, could not be human. Without spontaneity, almost lawlessness, he would be at least half automaton. Without insight into character bordering on the miraculous, he would be, not one of the Welsh, — if we may trust his account of them, — but a Saxon or a Teuton. Without love of nature, truth and laughter, without hatred of equivocation, sentimentalism, and lies, he might perhaps be his own cousin, never himself. With the "godlike sort of chaffing," and the "rolling organ tones of laughter," described by his friends, this sylvan athlete, however, is very much himself, — himself, too, in a trace of the feminine, not the effeminate, which makes his temperament almost too complex for analysis save in the light of those phrases of his, "I loathe the bells," and "I perfectly roared with laughter." These, with his corresponding experience of the "flitting" brain and the vision of Roy Richmond, reveal the two main streams of tendency which after all have contributed most to the walled torrent of his temperament.

Take first the tendency which gives him the material of his visions, the tendency which he has implied in a thousand references to sensation and to the senses. Something of its dominance and of its nature may be seen in both the style and the substance of all his early prose, for example, in this vision of a water spirit seen by the youth Farina: —

"No fairer figure of woman had Farina seen. Her visage had the lustrous white of moonlight, and all her shape undulated in a dress of flashing silver white, wonderful to see. The Lady of the Water smiled on him, and ran over with ripples and dimples of liquid beauty. . . . She curved her fingers, and beckoned him on. . . . The youth was a shadow in her silver track. Her own shadow was but the fainter effluence of her form, and moved pale as she passed like a harmless wave over the closed crocuses; but the crocuses shivered and swelled their throats of streaked purple and argent as at delicious rare sips of a precious wine. Breath of violet and ladysmock and valley-lily, mingled and fluttered, at whiles faint, and again fresh about her." And Farina "could see the heart in her translucent, hanging like a cold and dingy ruby."

In this passage every phrase is tuned to the pleasure of the listening ear, filling

it with the lilt of rhythm, with liquid alliteration, and with assonance. Nor is this all. "Breath of violet and lady-smock and valley-lily, at whiles faint and again fresh—" with these echoing vowels, and these *v*'s and artfully flowing *l*'s and *f*'s, the "fluttering" perfumes of the flowers mingle in the imagination. When the crocuses alliteratively "shiver and swell their throats as at delicious rare sips of wine," the shivers and the wine stir the senses of touch and taste. The rippling and the undulation of the Water Lady wake the eye to joy in motion. The crocuses delight it with their purple and argent. Then a vision; and the gaze is fixed on the water spirit's heart hanging, in her body, "like a cold and dingy ruby."

Now while the dominance of the senses in this passage suggests that the young Mr. Meredith who wrote it was in what he terms a "sensational" state, the final vision reveals something of its nature. And this the more significantly since it stands by no means alone. In *The Shaving of Shagpat*, for instance, a lily rooted in a palpitating human heart is but one of a series of visions so multitudinous and so strange that one critic, at least, has thought them akin to insanity. In fact, they are outgrowths of a Celtic imagination destined to dream great dreams, dreams of ocean, alp, and sunrise, of superhumanly typical men, and of women as glorious as they are magically real. Yet, vivid as they are to the eye, these first fruits of an imagination active at last in creations of the highest sanity, show the senses rebelling against the mind in a certain carelessness both of adverse fact and of natural law; and this carelessness, often harmless or even admirable in itself, is sharply characteristic of what Mr. Meredith terms the "sensational" state.

As depicted, then, by Mr. Meredith, the sensational state is that in which the demands and impressions of the youthful or undisciplined senses are but loosely interlinked with the outer world, and are interfused scarcely at all with the higher interests of the mind and will. It is the state in which Mr. Meredith himself writes that "intricate visions of tripping by means of gold wires danced before" the eyes of — a novelist? — no! of a blankly unimaginative countryman dwelling on the temptation to steal! And to cite a contrasting instance, it is the state in which Renée, in *Beauchamp's Career*, with anything but true consent to her lover's overbearing entreaty, still equivocally gives him her hand; for, as Mr. Meredith perfectly puts it, "in the heat of her conflict of feelings the deliciousness of yielding to him curled round and enclosed her as in a cool humming seashell."

In variety, indeed, and in extremes of falsity and folly, the "sensational," or, to put it less technically, the impressionistic state eludes all estimate. Yet its tendency may be summarized. Not only is it fantastic and misleading, not only does it substitute strangeness for beauty, impression for fact, and whim for the passionate will; it tends to make the brain, that rightful master of the senses, subject through impulse to the tyranny of a formlessness primitively theirs, — a formlessness, too, which, if unresisted, would disintegrate the mind, replacing ideas by a train of images, structure by mere flow, and the faceted crystals of thought by a mist of colored consciousness.

To connect with Mr. Meredith the idea of mind thus relapsing into sensation would, of course, be preposterous. Reverse the idea, however, and its application, even to this intellectual Titan, becomes sober enough. In the upbuilding of intellect a sensational stage is normal; and of Mr. Meredith's surmounting it we have the evidence concrete in his works. In them is incarnate that "flitting," or rather that soaring, of the eagle brain which sees less to enjoy than to swoop upon and conquer. From the first Mr. Meredith's novels and romances flash with insight into wile after wile, deceit after deceit of the senses; from

the first they are vital with a power opposed in its essence to the sensational or impressionistic state. The constant epigrams which encrust the *Shaving of Shagpat* were polished not by the senses, but by the brain; and the brain it is — and not the senses — which founded among the visions of this Arabian fantasy a realm of austere courage, Aklis, that strange and dusky land where haste and lingering are alike forbidden, and where "fear is ruin and hesitation a destroyer." Again, while *Harry Richmond*, that splendid river of youth, flows with a waywardness akin to the sensational state, the gleaming comedy of *Evan Harrington* is a mental *tour de force*, a structure whose balanced thrusts and intricate design are comparable, in their complex symmetry, to the vaults and flying-buttresses, the glass and the shafts and pillars of a Gothic hall. Nor are plot-structure and epigram in Mr. Meredith's works their only revelations of brain. Continual miracles of brief description, phrases of a dozen words that create for the imagination a landscape, a mood, or a character, reveal its compressing, its almost astringent power; trackings of thought and feeling to their most labyrinthine lairs reveal its subtle power of explaining and unfolding; finally, a stoic's code of ethics and a religion as individual as it is unorthodox reveal the brain's constructive power active in building the temple of man's relation to his fellow man, to nature, and to God.

IV

Rebel and reformer though Mr. Meredith is, he thrusts few facts into misfit theories. His thought has authority not through dogma, but through experience. The experience, moreover, which at first is almost the substance of his thought is obviously love of nature. Poets are betrayed by their imagery; and Mr. Meredith, especially in his earliest novels, is revealed by his every simile as a clear-eyed lover of sky and stream, forest and beast and bird. Haunted by memories definite as a naturalist's and colored as a painter's, he writes of men and women and of their converse inevitably in terms like these: —

"'Think, sir, — think!' cried Andrew, cocking his head like an indignant bird;" and, "Both the brothers sniffed like dogs that have put their noses to a hot coal;" or again, "Her face was like the after sunset across a rose-garden, with the wings of an eagle outspread on the light;" or this: "She waited as some grey lake lies, full and smooth, awaiting the star below the twilight." And as if the implication of such similes could by some chance be escaped, Mr. Meredith emphasizes his intimacy with nature by the contrast of his rare illustrations from the works of man. Unlike Mr. James, for instance, who almost fondles the metaphoric porticoes and mansions which make a city of his works, Mr. Meredith ignores domestic architecture in the similes of his first four and thirty years of writing; then, conceiving a man whose rigidity shall be the Irish Diana's torment, he compares Mr. Warwick's face to the façade of a city house. But with his most tender and free imaginings he mingles spontaneous visions of nature; and nature, in storm and darkness, nature at dawn and in sunlight, is one with his strongest insight into the depths of the human heart.

"'A father?'" It is the guilt-stained Richard Feverel, first hearing, in Germany, that Lucy, his wife, has borne him a son.

"'A father?' Richard fixed his eyes as if he were trying to make out the lineaments of his child.

"Telling Austin he would be back in a few minutes, he sallied into the air, and walked on and on. 'A father!' he kept repeating to himself; 'a child!' and though he knew it not, he was striking the keynotes of Nature. But he did know of a singular harmony that suddenly burst over his whole being."

In anguish, again, he walked, hour

after long night-hour, through a storm-drenched forest. "Suddenly he stopped short, lifting a curious nostril. He fancied he smelt meadow-sweet. . . . He went on slowly, thinking indistinctly. After two or three steps he stooped and stretched out his hand to feel for the flower, having, he knew not why, a strong wish to verify its growth there. Groping about, his hand encountered something warm that started at his touch, and he, with the instinct we have, seized it, and lifted it to look at it. The creature was very small, evidently quite young. Richard's eyes, now accustomed to the darkness, were able to discern it for what it was, a tiny leveret. . . . He put the little thing on one hand in his breast, and stepped out rapidly as before.

"The rain was now steady; from every tree a fountain poured. So cool and easy had his mind become that he was speculating on what kind of shelter the birds could find, and how the butterflies and moths saved their coloured wings from washing. Folded close they might hang under a leaf, he thought. Lovingly he looked into the dripping darkness of the coverts on each side, as one of their children. Then he was musing on a strange sensation he experienced. It ran up one arm with an indescribable thrill, but communicated nothing to his heart. It was purely physical, ceased for a time, and recommenced, till he had it all through his blood, wonderfully thrilling. He grew aware that the little thing he carried in his breast was licking his hand there. The small rough tongue going over and over the palm of his hand produced this strange sensation he felt. . . . What did it say to him? Human tongue could not have said so much just then.

"A pale grey light on the skirts of the flying tempest displayed the dawn. Richard was walking hurriedly. The green drenched weeds lay all about in his path, bent thick, and the forest drooped glimmeringly. Impelled as a man who feels a revelation mounting obscurely to his brain, Richard was passing one of those little forest-chapels, hung with votive wreaths, where the peasant halts to kneel and pray. Cold, still, in the twilight it stood, rain-drops pattering round it. He looked within, and saw the Virgin holding her Child. He moved by. But not many steps had he gone ere his strength went out of him, and he shuddered. What was it? He asked not. He was in other hands. Vivid as lightning the Spirit of Life illumined him. He felt in his heart the cry of his child, his darling's touch. With shut eyes he saw them both. They drew him from the depths; they led him a blind and tottering man. And as they led him he had a sense of purification so sweet he shuddered again and again.

"When he looked out from his trance on the breathing world, the small birds hopped and chirped; warm fresh sunlight was over all the hills. He was on the edge of the forest, entering a plain clothed with ripe corn under a spacious morning sky."

Now the loving knowledge of nature with which Mr. Meredith thus transfuses the deepest of human emotions enters also into his religious thought; and this by the aid of Darwin. For widely as poet and man of science are sundered, Mr. Meredith has eaten of the fruit of the tree which Darwin planted; and though it has given him no direct knowledge of good and evil, it has clarified and confirmed his insight into the kinship between Nature and Man. So it happens that he faces Nature not as a foundling meets his unknown mother, yearning toward her with a wistful yet ignorant instinct, but as a son knowing that he was born out of her womb, blood of her blood, flesh of her flesh.

However obscure the transition from inert to self-moving, from dead to living matter, no Darwinian doubts the sonship of this last; and Mr. Meredith, with a candor deluding to materialists, accepts the Darwinian dictum. From carbon to protoplasm, from protoplasm to ape and to man, the genealogical tree rises tall

and strangely branching; yet for Mr. Meredith, as for Darwin, man, with his thoughts and achievements, his language, his society, his religion, is just as truly as the rose an outgrowth of the earth. Thus Earth, for Mr. Meredith, is not only his mother, but the All Mother whose spirit lives within us, animating our very rebellions against her. As he puts it, in his poem on *Earth and Man*,—

> If he aloft for aid
> Imploring storms, her essence is the spur.
> His cry to heaven is a cry to her
> He would evade.

From the point of view of materialism, this conception of earth as our Mother would of course be the flimsiest metaphor. To Mr. Meredith, however, the words Mother Earth stand for a real relationship. Poet, to some degree Hellenic poet that he is, flower and stream and tree are peopled with presences, airy to be sure, yet vital enough to imply the presence of life even in the rocks over and between which the stream flows and breaks, even in the sod from which spring the trees and perfumed flowers. Thus life, for Mr. Meredith, comes to permeate every cranny of earth; and as he learns Earth's ways and her will, he finds in her man's "one visible friend."

Mother Earth is, for him, our friend, our initiator into life, our one authentic priestess pointing to God. All this she is, but in no visionary and no pampering sense. For the earth is no soft dream; and the individuality of our "one visible friend" lies largely in this, that she is sharply seen. Nourishing, bounteous, joy-giving though she is, Mr. Meredith blinks neither the grossness nor the cruelty of Earth; and if in these he finds needful goads to action, it is in Earth's stern and still, cold beauties that he finds her hymns to the Master. For Mother Earth in frost and stillness is not alone. Of an autumn night she is visibly one among a host of stars, all moving in concord. And when known thus, in celestial company, the Mother of Man is more than mother; she is our priestess of Beneficence.

With all his debt to Darwin, it is only partially, however, through reason that Mr. Meredith learns the Beneficence of the Master. Seeing "the rose in mould unfold" and the soul "through blood and tears," he dreams, to be sure, of a flower of good blossoming out of each and every evil. Remembering that discord may be discord when standing alone, yet harmonious as part of a musical whole, he gropes toward mystic regions where all our rebellions shall be reconciled, "all our unsolved solved." But his dream, as he himself says, is "the thought in the ghost," the aim "*beyond reason*" of "mind seeking Mind." Confronted, like Browning, by the unsolved paradox of love and inexorable law standing side by side in the actual world, he is driven — thinker though he is — to faith in love. Unlike Browning, however, this Hellenic modern looks not first to Heaven, but to Earth. For love, being "bred of Earth," "our blood-warm mother," must dwell in her who gave it; and not only in her, the bearer of harvests, the companion of stars, but in those "lustrous people of the night" who "sow the sky with their fiery sails." Alight with this thought, Mr. Meredith's spirit leaps to meet, in the loving universe, "the binder of his sheaves, the sane, the right," whose banner of goodness, Earth proclaims, is

> Soon to be seen of a host . . .
> And life in them doubled on Life,
> As flame upon flame, to behold,
> High over Time-tumbled sea,
> The bliss of his headship of strife,
> Him through handmaiden me.[1]

But to survive in strength, Mr. Meredith's belief had to pass through that agony dealt by Death, in which, as he says, "arrows we breathe, not air." To his impressions, his racked sensations, Earth seemed but

> A Mother of aches and jests:
> Soulless, heading a hunt
> Aimless except for the meal.

[1] This quotation, like the quotations in the succeeding paragraph, is from the poem, "A Faith on Trial."

And false to his deeper insight as this conception was, he found it true that

> For the flesh in revolt at her laws,
> Neither song nor smile in ruth,
> Nor promise of things to reveal,
> Has she, nor a word she saith. . . .
> For the road to her soul is the Real:
> The root of the growth of man.

But when at last he submitted himself, submitted himself wholly to this "relentless quencher of lies," his faith rose again. As he himself puts it, —

> I bowed as a leaf in the rain;
> As a tree when the leaf is shed
> To winds in the seasons that wane:
> And when from my soul I said,
> May the worm be trampled: smite,
> Sacred reality! . . .

then, out of the night, death gleamed before him in a lightning flash of joy, the stern joy of God seen at the heart of things. For God, as Mr. Meredith saw, is not extra-mundane, but immanent; and through his immanence all reality, even that of death, is sacred. For though the dawn seen through death has, for Mr. Meredith, no light of personal immortality, it is golden with the fire of the Eternal's life.

"May the worm be trampled." Revolted by the "ravenous" egotists who demand life in and for their own persons forever, he asks of death only death, and he asks it from his soul. For, in contrast with those peevish or flippant minds who fancy that Truth, or some part of it, may be malignant, he believes that all truth is of God. In contrast, too, with the quietists, whose worship of reality is a laying down of arms, he keeps his full zest for living. To him nothing is finished, nothing immutable. Even the past, the glad and lamentable past, must be recreated by the intellect; and the future is a marble mass from which his strokes, like ours, must hew the emerging countenance of Truth.

V

In the Temple to Reality built by Mr. Meredith, his cult is the service of truth. Only the unreal is to him a profanation; but that is a blasphemy. So it comes that his very positive doctrine of living has the negative side implied in his analysis of the sensational state, a negative side bitingly emphasized in his ironies on sentimentalism. For sentimentalism, to Mr. Meredith, is a fresh symptom of that state in which the demands and impressions of the youthful or undisciplined senses are but loosely interlinked with the outer world. Because such is the plight of his senses, the sentimentalist, as Mr. Meredith shows, covers the face of reality with a mask of dreams; and when Truth shatters it, rebels in vain against that divine iconoclast. In *Sandra Belloni*, for instance, a sentimental baronet knows of the woman he loves only his own waxen ideal; and she, accepting the mask, wearing it, and acting the appropriate part, drives him at last into the morbidness of suicide. Again, in the same novel, though Sandra's love gives the young and sentimental Wilfred Pole "a certain awed sense of being in the presence of an absolute fact," a trace of tobacco smoke in her hair is enough to make him exclaim, "in a dim reminiscence of poetical readings, 'Ambrosial locks, indeed!'" A whiff of sensation in the nostrils has driven him into a haze of succoring poetry; and, faithless to fact as the baronet, he is damned, not, to be sure, so tragically, but with a grotesqueness quite as complete.

Now the folly of these instances is an intaglio of Mr. Meredith's devotion to Truth: its depths are his heights, its hollows his roundness. Neither led by the whim of his nostrils nor enslaved by blind ideals, he aims at loyalty to facts in their wholeness, their vitality, their interrelation. While admitting, for example, the civilizing possibilities of "nice shades and fine feelings," he cherishes these sentimentalist totems chiefly as objects of wholesome laughter. Their remoteness from the facts of passion is to him thoroughly comic; for we sons and daughters of earth, if alive and true to our na-

ture, are creatures less of supersensitive ideals and sensations than of the fiery blood. Yet this, as he sees, is only half of the truth. If we are to fulfill our complex nature, the eagle brain soaring up out of instinct and sensation must subdue our blood to its uses. Nor may its talons then relax. In our whole lives no significant thing may escape them. If the hero of *Modern Love*, for instance, relinquish his comprehending memory of even a sinful past, he does so at tragic cost; for "so," he says, "so lessen I the stature of my soul." But if, with unshrinking eye, he visit his own shame, he may stand for the future erect and free. His whole nature, "at interflow with past and present," gains a new harmony, "that oneness of feeling" which, as Mr. Meredith says in a flash of spiritual insight, is actually "the truthful impulse."

But though the round and self-comprehended or "orbic" nature is possessed of the truthful impulse, that full loyalty to fact of which Mr. Meredith is a prophet can be attained only through active experience. Even a fiery faith in the sacredness of reality is unavailing if it light up only a world of masks and dreams; and veiled in dreams, falsified by masks, this world of men and women must largely remain if we fall short of passionate and strenuous living. "From sloth and sluggishness, from mere suppression, from pampering and ease, strong Spirit of Life, deliver us!" When such an invocation is part of the Church of England's Litany, we may imagine Mr Meredith almost orthodox. Meantime he stands apart, sounding a warning and a summons. Since the blood of our passionate instincts forces the brain toward experience of fact, he warns a timorous world, —

> . . . not one instinct to efface
> Ere reason ripen for the vacant place.

And since Ease so often sleeps within castle walls of riches, this author of *Evan Harrington* and of *The Empty Purse* blows, at the gates, a trumpet call of summons. His warning against mere suppression is balanced, however, by a scornful handling, in *Richard Feverel*, of that wild-oats theory so comfortable to our grandfathers; and his trumpet-call at the gates of ease rises clear and high above the snarl and snap of under dogs. For his summons and his warning are alike in their motive, the furtherance for every man of contact with Circumstance, the teacher of that alchemy by which our brains transmute sensation and impression into knowledge of fact.

Yet Mr. Meredith himself almost outvies Circumstance as an initiator into truth. Despite such criminal libels as Diana's alleged betrayal of her friend's state secret and Evan Harrington's alleged assumption of his sister's — that delectable Countess de Saldar's — guilt, Mr. Meredith depicts the positive and often intricate facts of life with an insight and vividness which stimulate the mind to seize on fresh truth for itself; and since many a man's faith in the sacredness of reality is too lax to make him look facts in the face, Mr. Meredith, the prophet, dramatizes blindness and falsity in action. Radical that he is, he delights in creating such a type of distorted vision as that Captain Baskalett, in *Beauchamp's Career*, who crams both his own and his uncle's conception of the growing Nevil Beauchamp into the mould of a few fixed and deforming epithets. Again in this, perhaps the most individual of his novels, Mr. Meredith illustrates the corroding wastefulness of deceit in the story of Sir Romfrey's benevolent hoodwinking of Rosamund, a woman whom the first tug of desperate truth lifts out of weakness into vital decision. And not content with illustration, he turns to positive maxims. Since vagueness is the occasion of much half truth, he bids us condense our vaporous aims and desires into the ice of a clear phrase. And as if thus to crystallize his own far from vaporous motives, he utters through the mouth of a hero, that "orbic" Welshman, Merthyr Powys, a saying quoted by Sandra Belloni: "I am not to follow

any impulse that is not the impulse of *all* my nature — myself altogether," a saying which, as one considers it, is seen to destroy much seeming integrity, but to protect and preserve truth in action.

As for Mr. Meredith's own battle, following the impulse of all his nature he has put himself altogether into the work of clarifying the false relations between man and woman. Anything but the dilettante that he has been called, he closed his first prose work with a veiled self-dedication to the feminine problem; and in no one of his subsequent novels has he failed to attack it. The masculine problem, on the other hand, he saw clearly as such only at the time when personal tragedy forced him to face it. Then, however, he grappled with it as no dilettante could. With telling if disproportionate vigor he dragged the Turk and the hawk in man out of the darkness of convention: in the persons of Sir Lukin, Lord Ormont, Lord Fleetwood, and a score of others, he incarnated the tyranny of the predatory male, — this too with ever fresh impulses of creation, though *The Egoist*, which Marcel Schwob has called *un livre unique au monde*, might alone have been expected to drain his mind dry of all ideas on the frailty of man.

For into *The Egoist* Mr. Meredith concentrated the whole masculine problem, writing of that quintessential type, Sir Willoughby, with the visionary quality of his youthful work transposed and strangely heightened to the key of intellect. Of a mortal, indeed, Mr. Meredith's thoughts concerning Sir Willoughby would be wildly impossible. Of this immortal, however, they are so much more than possible that he can say with literal truth that, reading deeply in Lætitia's eyes, Sir Willoughby "found the man he sought there, squeezed him passionately, and let her go." No wonder that the touchstone of love applied to this "letter I" in flesh and blood found him requiring to be dealt with by Clara, his betrothed, not as a man but an "original savage." "To keep him in awe and hold him enchained . . . she must be cloistral." But, as Mr. Meredith goes on, "the capaciously strong in soul among women will ultimately detect an infinite grossness in the demand for purity infinite, spotless bloom. Earlier or later they will see they have been victims of the singular Egoist, have worn a mask of ignorance to be named innocent." For "the devouring male Egoist prefers them as inanimate, overwrought, pure-metal precious vessels . . . for him to walk away with hugging . . . and forget that he stole them." Such early Victorian maidens, however, as the Egoist loves, retiring "in vapours, downcast, as by convention," Mr. Meredith wills to make what in health girls are. And his means to this end is the truth. Where angels fear to whisper, he speaks out. *Enfant terrible*, one is tempted to say, *géant terrible*, one must say, he based his second story, *Farina*, on the contrast between a shamefaced old maid and a maiden with blood in her veins; in *Evan Harrington* he set over against a girl morbidly in love the truth and high spirit of Rose Jocelyn; and through novel after novel he led such as Rose, till, in Clara Middleton's divinely candid love for Vernon Whitford, and in Diana Warwick's mating with Redworth, he gave to men and women his ideals.

Need one add that his faith in the sacredness of reality keeps these ideals undimmed, or that his solution of the problem of man and of woman still lies in clear knowledge of each by the other, in companionship, and in the mutual respect of spiritual equals?

VI

While no analysis can corrode Mr. Meredith's works, one is glad, after any attempt at defining his aims and temperament, to turn at last to the splendor of his creative achievement. That splendor has been called diamond-like. It is more like the splendor of an opal aflame

in the matrix. The rough darkness of this, however, needs not half the attention given it by many a critic. Why so firmly face the obvious? If candor compels a glance at Mr. Meredith's imperfections, a defect more essential may easily be found.

Despite the skill in plot-construction which Mr. Meredith so early acquired, the originally unconstructive, the flitting impulse of his brain has left his work somewhat defective for the spirit. Though sharing the vitality of tree and stream, alps and the tidal ocean, the dissonances of mood and drama in his songs and his novels cannot melt into the clearest of high harmonies; for his religion, heroic in faith and in unfaith though it is, fails in completeness of thought. Nor is this surprising. The days of Fra Angelico, Thomas Aquinas, and Dante are dead: no longer can imagined hierarchies of soul, whether naïve, poetic, or rigidly logical, solve for us the bitter tragedies of fact. By Darwin the old order has fallen; and Mr. Meredith, with that winged mind of his flitting through a century of religious chaos, has seen only in flashes, sung only in dim interludes, our modern religious rebirth. Less blind and dumb than his fellows, Mr. Meredith, however, has seen and sung at least something of that religion of matter and spirit commingled, of earth permeated with divinity, which tends to supplant, with its closer harmonies, that chant of warring spirit and matter which still echoes down to us from the Middle Ages. Insufficient, restless, fragmentary though his religious thought may be, Mr. Meredith alone among English novelists has known "the divinity of what the world deems gross material substance," and has vitalized with poetic fire the Darwinian insight into growth.

Only the intellectual prig will deny that this achievement atones for a religious incompleteness which, after all, is more the last century's than Mr. Meredith's own; and even the intellectual prig must admit that the religious lack can but seldom be remembered in the presence of Mr. Meredith's pictures of human life. Here again, however, Mr. Meredith is temperamentally so hampered that he watches individuals with a long, clear gaze, but sees the horizon only in flashes. With that winged mind flitting tirelessly hither and yon, yet scarcely soaring into the heights of time, he has therefore missed that vision of England growing out of a belated feudalism into democracy, which he, more than Thackeray, George Eliot, or even Dickens, might have fixed for our imaginations.

Yet so vivid are Mr. Meredith's separate suggestions that, like the spots of color in an impressionist painting, they tend to fuse in a single effect; and so significant of a nation's change are *The Tale of Chloe*, *Rhoda Fleming*, *Beauchamp's Career*, and *One of Our Conquerors*, that whoever dreams of that eighteenth century cameo, that black rural tragedy, that modern saga of radicalism, and that study of business optimism aimed for bedlam, will see their colors interfuse in a single historic picture throbbing with light.

Now just as Mr. Meredith, with that winged mind of his, flits hither and yon through history, he flies from point to point in space, flies from England to Germany, to the Alps, France, Italy; and in each country he watches less that picturesqueness dear to æsthetes than racial traits incarnate in women and men. He sees and depicts, for example in *Vittoria*, no Browningesque Italy of art and passion, but Mazzini's Italy, the Italy of proud and high devotion to its ideals. In *Harry Richmond* he sketches, not the trippers' Germany of legends and Rhenish wine, but the Germany whose cult of fact and thought has gained for the Empire that economic power which it now so formidably wields. And in *Beauchamp's Career*, as in the splendid ode to defeated France, he paints no region of conventional intrigues, but a France of wit and passion, of fire and intelligence, reaching out of their warfare toward

high harmony. Mr. Meredith, moreover, paints Germany, Italy, and France in no abstract terms. With a sympathy for Continental traits born of his own love of fact and thought, his own idealism, his own passion and intelligence, he understands the Continentals; and seeing into their hearts and brains he creates foreign characters — Ottilia, Sandra, Renée, and many more — whose vividness makes their nations, by reflected light, more living in his stories than in those of any other great Island novelist.

Broadly as Mr. Meredith scans the Continent, he takes of the British Isles a somewhat narrow view. Ignoring the Scotch, and praising the Welsh more appealingly than he draws them, he creates but few Irishmen. Ireland's whole spirit of bravery and sensitiveness he breathes, however, into his Diana of the Crossways, a being even more glowingly changeful than his first Irishwoman, Mrs. Gump, was mechanically a type. And as for the English, he creates them in such vital and plenteous variety that, if the people are the nation, Mr. Meredith's English are all England in little.

They are England, however, seen somewhat aslant; for Mr. Meredith, although a democrat by sincerest conviction, is by temperament an aristocrat. When he tries to make us comprehend a cockney, he succeeds only in showing us a cockney's brain. In reading *One of our Conquerors*, accordingly, we see so little of Skepsey's soul that we are inclined to indict Mr. Meredith for human *lèse majesté*. And in his treatment of rustics, though he plays few tricks of psychological legerdemain, we find him anything but an English Tolstoi. Behind Master Gammon's head he suggests no halo of the divine; with a friendly aristocrat's brush he paints Master Gammon's face, as it is, quite lizard-like. And his other rustics, excepting Dahlia and Rhoda Fleming, her country lover, and Farmer Fleming, he presents to us much as an animal-lover exhibits his polo pony, race horse, and Airedale terrier.

Yet where Mr. Meredith feels himself comparatively among equals in brain or station, he shares with us his close relationship to astoundingly vital and varied characters. He lets us see in his own visions those creations of his almost hallucinatory imagination, the "Great Mel," Roy Richmond, Sir Willoughby. Through his own analyses he makes us know a Cecilia Hacklett in her subtlest moments, a Victor Radnor at his strongest. Through an interest in the human growth indicated by Harry Richmond's changing conception of his own father, or by Nevil Beauchamp's inability, after years of political effort, to seize the passionate instant longed for in his youth, he shows us the living essence of these endearingly faulty heroes. And in the give and take of everyday life, by such notation of characteristic action as in Adrian Harley's stretching out a hand for "any book" on the table beside him, or by such soul-betraying words as Clara's whisper, "There is one . . . compared with him I feel my insignificance," — by such simple miracles Mr. Meredith makes us intimate, not merely with Clara Middleton and with Adrian Harley, but with a score of young gentlemen "of the very large class who are simply the engines of their appetites, and to the philosophic eye still run wild in the woods." Intimate, too, he makes us with his dominating old men, Squire Beltham, that "twelfth-century baron" Sir Romfrey, Lord Ormond, and at last with his older women, the manly, not mannish, Lady Caroline, and that Lady Camper who is so incomparably possessed of Meredithian insight and Meredithian wit.

VII

In thus making vivid to us the men and women of his imagination, Mr. Meredith has given us more than pictures of Continental and of English life: he has shared with us, one must in decency remember, a spirit disciplined to face the sacredness of reality. His methods we may dispute;

his excess of analysis we may find an insult to the reader's insight and a veil over his characters' will; his sense of proportion, his arrangement of material, we may sometimes find lacking in that litheness of form which he himself admires in French thought; his style, at its best imaginative, rhythmic, and terse in its torrential flow, we may consign, at its worst, to that "spirit of sunny malice" which, when men wax overblown, pretentious, or pedantic, "will look humanely malign and cast an oblique light on them followed by volleys of silvery laughter." Yet despite the Comic Spirit's mockery, Mr. Meredith's thought is so hot with life, his prose so poignant with poetry, that even for his faults men may thank him in the coming days, when not only *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, *Beauchamp's Career*, *Diana of the Crossways*, and *The Egoist*, but the man's own spirit of laughter and stoicism, of fire and brave intelligence, shall be loved by every adventurer in the magic land of English letters.

THE SPIRIT OF OLD WEST POINT

(1858–1862)

V

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

XVI

THE BEGINNINGS OF STRIFE

THE first step that was taken by any one of the states of the South down the stairway of their tragic fate, was taken by South Carolina; and she took it so promptly that it gave the appearance of having been premeditated, and the opportunity welcomed. For the ballots of the North were barely counted before she proceeded speedily to carry out the threats which she had repeatedly made for over thirty years. With what looks now like the veriest delirium, she vauntingly withdrew from the Union; and then, as if the smell of blood were already in her nostrils, she began frenziedly to organize military forces. It need not be said that each mad step she took was noted by the country with almost bated breath. But at no other place, save Annapolis, was her course followed with more absorbing and painful interest than at West Point; and especially by the cadets from the South. For her tempestuous movements were full of forebodings to them; this I know, for my Georgia roommate could think or talk of but little else.

Discussion over the issues of the past now died down. Nor was there any question of the responsibility for the peril to which the country was drifting. The noise of South Carolina had hushed those questions for us all. But for my roommate and his fellow Southerners it had raised another,—one much more serious for him and for them. It meant at last a dismal alternative — either to stand by the government, or to obey the commands of states in revolution. Shall they yield to the natural pleas of home and blood, or shall they meet the eye of that thoughtful face called Duty?

I cannot think of those days or of my friends of the South, haunted as they were by a spectre which no casuistry could bar out, most of them later to climb the

hill of old age and poverty with the Past lying below them in the shadow of Defeat, — I cannot think of all that without seeing West Point suddenly take on the mysterious background and fated silence of the scenes of the Greek tragedies. But thank God! over the voices of the Furies I hear Athene pleading for Orestes.

And now, through the creative atmosphere of the analogy, the upper, overarching West Point breaks more visibly; and I behold, as it were, its fountain of Truth, its hearth of Courage, its altar of Duty, and its temple of Honor, and those spiritual messengers that evermore try to lead every cadet in the way of the service of man and the state.

South Carolina did not secede formally till the 20th of December, 1860; but on the 19th of November, owing doubtless to information from home, one of her sons handed in his resignation, — Henry S. Farley, of my class. He was the first member of the corps to withdraw. He had very red hair, never forgot that he was a South Carolinian, and in his first encampment with us had beguiled its misery by reading Plutarch's *Lives*. Four days after his departure James Hamilton of his state resigned — we always called him "Little Jim" in contradistinction to Frank Hamilton of Ohio of our class. He was small, had open blue eyes, very black hair, and was liked by every one.

There was rather an interesting incident connected with a call I made on his wife in Culpeper, Virginia, during the war. In the fall after Gettysburg, while the Confederate army was lying between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, Meade suddenly put the Army of the Potomac in motion and crossed the Rappahannock; whereupon Lee hurriedly withdrew behind the Rapidan. But the advance of our cavalry was so prompt that Mrs. Hamilton and the wives of several of the Southern officers were unable to get away with their army. A few days after our arrival in Culpeper, Frank Hamilton rode over to my quarters and in the course of his visit told me that Mrs. "Jim" was in town, and proposed that we should call on her.

She was staying at the house of one of the leading citizens, and our approach up the walk to it I think must have been noted, for the manner of the colored servant who answered our knock indicated that he had been directed sourly to "go and see what those two young Yankees want." We told him we understood that Mrs. James Hamilton was staying there, that we were her husband's West Point classmates and would like to pay our respects to her. With some natural embarrassment for us all, Mrs. Hamilton entered the room; but she was young and we were young, and the natural feelings of youth soon overcame all embarrassment on her part or on ours.

In the course of the call, without any ulterior thought, one of us asked where and with whom her husband was serving. In reply she said inadvertently that he had gone off with Longstreet, and then, with a flush, added, "Oh, I don't know where he is now." The interesting fact of all this is that she had unwittingly disclosed what up to that time was wholly unknown to us, that Longstreet's corps had gone to help Bragg at Chickamauga, — a movement of mighty significance in its results, and one which, had it been resorted to oftener, might have made a difference in the fortunes of the Confederacy.

When I got back to Meade's headquarters I told the provost marshal-general, General Sharpe, what I had heard. He listened with the greatest interest and said, "Well, that confirms it then," referring to a report that had reached him through the secret service.

I have often wondered, as memory has recalled this incident, and her young, sweet, smiling face has come into view again, where the channel of life ran for her and "Little Jim;" I hope there was many a band of sunshine across it; above all as it wound through the cypresses of their dearly loved and ill-starred Confederacy.

If these pages should be read by any old Confederates of Lee's army, I think I can hear more than one of them muttering to himself, "Well, those Yankees got out of Culpeper that fall a great deal faster than they went in."

And that is true; we certainly got out of there one night right smartly when we heard Lee was heading to get between us and Washington.

I have passed through Culpeper, Manassas, and Brandy Station but once since the war. On that occasion, among the cloud of memories that came back as my eye through the car window fell on the fields I knew so well, was the call I made on the young wife of my West Point friend.

Before the end of the year all the cadets from South Carolina, three from Mississippi, and two from Alabama had resigned; although Mississippi and Alabama did not follow South Carolina until early in January of 1861. Among the three from Mississippi was Joseph Koger Dixon of my class (the *o* in his name he pronounced as in "over"). In one of the incidents connected with his resignation I have always seen a little trickle of humor as well as a real bit of history.

To appreciate the former it will be necessary to imagine — but kindly I hope — a youth with stubbly light hair and high cheek bones, and without an affectation in the world. Such was Joseph Koger Dixon, who rarely turned from the blackboard to recite without having in the mean time unconsciously but thoroughly chalked his naturally serious face. And now, with only kindly feeling and respect for his memory, I must confess that his wrinkled brow, Mississippi pronunciation, habitual troubles with mathematics, chalk illumination, and chiseling look at the instructor when hopelessly mixed in a demonstration, always amused me. It is for the same reason, I suppose, that one boy has never yet seen another break through the ice, stumble headlong over a stick, or say, "yes, ma'am" to his male teacher, without grinning and oftentimes howling with delight. However all that may be, when, on his return from the telegraph office, Christmas Eve, Koger announced to us with his habitual seriousness that he had sent in his resignation in the following terms, —

"West Point, New York, December 24, 1860. To the Governor of Mississippi: The war is begun. I leave tomorrow. Joseph Koger Dixon,"

there was a broad smile on the face of every one of us.

As a matter of fact, as we all know, the war did not begin till the following April; but in Joseph Koger's mind, apparently it was under way that Christmas Eve of 1860, — under way while "halls were dressed in holly green," bells in steeples were ringing and fires on hearths were blazing over the birth of the Prince of Peace — "And they shall call his name Emmanuel."

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

As I recall the wan faces I saw in many a field hospital, the lone chimneys and Virginia homes burning, the awful, heart-sinking spectacle of our prisoners as they landed from Belle Isle and Andersonville, the packed Confederate graveyard at Rock Island, over whose lonely, billowy mounds my eye traveled pensively more than once; when I recall the savage butcheries of the war — what a contrast with the Christmas Eve of 1860, the last time for four years when the song of peace on earth and good-will toward men was sung!

I cannot but think that through the yearning mysterious power of old-time and long-time affection, the tones of the old North bell in Boston, of Trinity of New York, of St. Michael's of Charleston, of St. James of Richmond, were carried southward and northward, meeting over Mount Vernon that Christmas night, and that tears were in them as

they blended and died away over the fields of Virginia.

Besides Dixon from Mississippi, there was John W. Lea who resigned on December 11. He belonged to Custer's and Mordecai's and Farley's class, the one just ahead of our own, and was known throughout the corps as "Gimlet" Lea. At the battle of Williamsburgh on May, 1862, he was severely wounded and was taken prisoner. Custer, who had distinguished himself in the engagement, did all he could for his unfortunate classmate before he moved on with the army. When McClellan was withdrawing three months later from the Peninsula, after his disastrous campaign, Custer, who was then on his staff, asked permission to go out and see his old West Point friend. He found Lea at the house of his fiancée, who had met her future husband for the first time as he lay in the hospital. Now their wedding was set to take place the coming week, but Lea was so anxious that Custer should be present and be his best man that it was decided to have the wedding the following evening. This was such an interesting event in itself and throws besides so much light on the nature of West Point friendship, that I will let the light-hearted and gallant Custer give his account of it as it appears in a letter to his sister:—

"I was at the residence of the bride long before the appointed hour. Both" — referring to the bride and her cousin Maggie, the bridesmaid — "were dressed in white with a simple wreath of flowers upon their heads. I never saw two prettier girls. Lea was dressed in a bright, new rebel uniform trimmed with gold lace; I wore my full uniform of blue. The minister arrived, and at nine we took our places upon the floor. L. made the responses in a clear and distinct tone. The bride made no response whatever except to the first question; she was evidently confused, though she afterwards said (laughing) that she neglected to respond purposely so as to be free from any obligations."

After the ceremony and greetings, he goes on, "Every one seemed happy except the young lady who had been my partner on the floor. She kissed the bride and sat down crying. Lea, observing this, said, 'Why, Cousin Maggie, what are you crying for? There is nothing to cry about. — Oh, I know. You are crying because you are not married; well, here is the minister and here is Captain Custer, who I know would be glad to carry off such a pretty bride from the Confederacy.'

"She managed to reply, 'Captain Lea, you are just as mean as you can be.'"

On the way out to supper Custer observed banteringly to the bridesmaid that he could not see how so strong a secessionist as she could take the arm of a Union officer. She replied, "You ought to be in our army."

"I remained with Lea, or rather, at his father-in-law's house, for two weeks, and never had so pleasant a visit among strangers. Cousin Maggie would regale me by singing and playing on the piano, 'My Maryland,' 'Dixie,' 'For Southern Rights, Hurrah,' etc. We were all fond of cards and would play for the Southern Confederacy. When doing so Lea and I were the only players, while the ladies were spectators. He won, every time, when playing for the Confederacy, he representing the South, I the North. Lea has since been exchanged and is now fighting for what he supposes are his rights."

Custer is buried at West Point; I think the ashes of Lea should be brought back and laid at his side. And when the casket landed at the wharf from the New York boat, some one should lay a Confederate flag over it and two white wreaths, one for the bride and one for the bridesmaid. And then to the music of the band that he had marched after so often — I'm sure his soldier clay will keep step — he should be borne to the beautiful, restful West Point cemetery. I can see the stars and stripes instinctively dipping as the coffin passes the

flagstaff, for the love of two cadets whose West Point friendship the bitterness of war could not destroy is too precious a thing to be forgotten.

Among those who resigned in December, 1860, was Cadet Charles P. Ball of Alabama, a member of Custer's, Cushing's, and O'Rorke's class. For a while he was an aid on General Hardee's staff, and finally, after distinguished service at Vicksburg and elsewhere, was made colonel of the 12th Alabama Cavalry. Ball was one of those rare young men who carry with them the fascinating mystery of promise; a power which lies in silence, a steady, friendly eye, and that majesty which lights the face where there is absolute self-control; in other words, where nature has written leadership. He was popular, stood high in his studies, and was first sergeant of Co. A, — the preliminary step to the first captaincy, which is the most enviable position in the corps for a soldier. When he set off for home — after bidding the battalion goodby with manifest feeling — a number of his classmates bore him on their shoulders to the wharf.

Late one night, while on my way from Montgomery to Atlanta just after the war, the ramshackle train stopped at one of the lonely stations then in the sparsely settled, wooded country. Ball, still in Confederate gray, entered at the forward end of the dimly-lighted car in which I was practically alone. As soon as he recognized me, he quickened his step down the aisle and met me with such unaffected cordiality that in a moment the car seemed to glow with new lamps. I had not known him at all well at West Point. Moreover, the war had been so long and fiercely fought, the disappointment and desolation of the South so full and heavy, the future, once so bright, now offering nothing but a struggle with poverty, that had he merely bowed and passed on, I should not have felt hurt; for I realized how much there had been to embitter and put out the fires of friendship.

Well, as I said before, there was new light in the car as he sat down and entered into conversation as though we had not been fighting, but had had some pleasant and old experience together. He inquired in the kindliest way, not only for those who had borne him on their shoulders, the present Brigadier-General J. P. Farley and others, but for all his classmates and friends. Once, after quite a pause, his eye meanwhile gazing out of the window through which the primeval woods were gloomily and transiently visible, he said, "Well, Schaff, how happy those days were at old West Point!"

Had he, during those silent moments, been listening once more to Bentz's bugle?

Morning was breaking when I parted with him at some little station near Loachapoka.

I wonder whether, in case the South had conquered the North, in case I had had to make my way home in rags, say from Gettysburg, only to find as I came in sight of the old farm that not a rail was to be seen dividing the leaning fields; that there was nothing left of the old homestead but a pair of lone chimneys, the old hearth yawning black and vacant whose fires had played so often on happy faces; to find that not a sheep nibbled up the slope towards the old oak stub where the little pigeon hawk had built, and that even the old dog who used to dig so faithfully for me at the muskrat holes, was gone, — I wonder, if such a sight had greeted me as greeted so many Southerners, whether I would have met Ball as Ball met me! Would I have shown so much of the magnanimity of the soldier and gentleman? I doubt it.

XVII

BREAKING OFF

It is not my desire or ambition to enter the field of the history of the war between the states. For many years, bands

of laborers, all faithful and some brilliant, have toiled in it early and late. But that we may see West Point as it was, it must be viewed against the background of contemporary events.

As has been already noted, South Carolina seceded on the 20th of December. On the 26th, after night had fallen, Major Robert Anderson, a graduate and Kentuckian, disturbed by the threatening attitude of local military companies, carried his command from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, Charleston Harbor. The next day, with colors in hand, he gathered his little garrison about the flagstaff. Then, uncovering and kneeling, he called on the chaplain to lead in prayer. It is said that the chaplain thanked God for their safe arrival in Sumter, and closed with an appeal of deep earnestness that peace and good-will might prevail throughout the land. When the prayer was over, the major rose from his knees and ran the colors up; and his old regulars cheered as the flag unfurled at the top of the mast. What exultation there must have been that day among the flags as one after another from fort and garrison, war vessel and West Point, hailed Sumter.

The North, which had stood with knitted brow while South Carolina challenged the sovereignty of the country and saw Buchanan meeting her vain-glorious pretensions with sighs, now broke out into a loud, steel-clanging cheer as they saw the Kentuckian's loyalty and pluck.

But the roar of that Northern cheer had hardly died away when the Gulf States fell in behind Carolina. Mississippi seceded on the 9th of January, 1861, Florida on the 10th, Alabama on the 11th, Georgia on the 19th, Louisiana on the 26th, and Texas on February 1. Then there was a pause; no state broke from the ranks of the Union for over two months.

Meanwhile all eyes were turned on the Old Dominion, and very naturally. For Virginia had been looked up to with love and veneration by all her sister colonies; and she was especially dear also to a great portion of the early settlers of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois who had passed their childhood within her borders. They were proud of her history. Moreover, all the territory of their homes, all the land north of the Ohio, now the heart of the country, she had ceded with her customary amplitude to the government. She had been the guide, defender, counselor, and friend of all.

I don't believe the world will ever know the suffering and the anguish of the high-minded old Commonwealth. She had rocked the Union in its cradle; she had contributed Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, the Lees and Masons, to steer it through the dangers of war, and John Marshall to lead it on, on, up through weakness, inexperience, and trial, to a proud height. In her sorrow she called for a Peace Conference, in the hope that war might be averted. It met in Washington on February 4. On the same day, in Montgomery, Alabama, delegates from the seceded states met to form a Confederacy. The Peace Conference adjourned the 27th without accomplishing anything; the convention at Montgomery launched the Confederacy.

It is perfectly obvious now that the Peace Conference was doomed to failure. Let no time be wasted in seeking for the reasons. They lie deep in the nature of man, in the difference between aristocracy and the masses, in the arrogance of the former and the latent hate and jealousy of the latter, in the irreconcilable animosity between Freedom and Slavery, and above all, in that inexorable march which the world calls Civilization. But we, who were in the midst of the events themselves, could not see things as we see them now. We resorted to the usual means: petitions bearing the names of thousands were sent to Washington, imploring Congress to save the country from war, — one of them had the names of fourteen thousand women on it. To give us back our old time love for each other, prayers went up morning, noon,

and night, from around firesides North and South; and on many a tongue was the language of David: "Give us help from trouble; for vain is the help of man."

But the cloud of war was over us and it was too late to avert our trials.

On the 4th of March, 1861, Lincoln, born in a cabin, untutored by school or college, a listener to voices now from the shore of thought, now from the heights of our better natures, classmate of Patience and Humor's boon companion, was inaugurated President. No message was ever looked forward to as was his, nor with such anxiety. It rose calmly and firmly to the level of the situation, and I doubt if a Southerner can now read it and find a substantial reason for interpreting it as threatening a single right of a state in the Union. It closed with the well-known and oft-quoted appeal which, notwithstanding its familiarity, I will repeat once more, because it holds that immortal quality which lifts the heart and spreads the wings of the imagination:—

"Physically speaking, we cannot separate. . . . In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourself the aggressors. . . . We are not enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Notwithstanding this pacific message, look where you would, the sky was growing darker. Virginia was straining at her mooring, for the waves of rebellion were rising. All now depended on her; but her anchors still held, their flukes deep in the heart of the Union.

Massachusetts, however, with that foresight for which she has ever been famous, was getting her troops ready for war; and day by day, to North and South, the conflict became more and more visible and inevitable.

What was going on meanwhile in the upper, overarching West Point I do not know; but I have no doubt there was seriousness in the open face of Honor when she met Duty and Courage at the latter's hearth. Down in the little battalion of cadets we were only vaguely conscious of the nation's crisis; though to be sure, to those of us who had Southern roommates, every little while it drew near enough to be dimly apparent. So far as we could read the countenances of the officers over us, all was going well. Daily routine went on its way with drums, roll-calls, and recitations; the examination that is always held at the beginning of the year was as relentlessly rigorous as ever. During the release from quarters, when the recitations of the day ended, some would take a stroll around Flirtation Walk — beautiful and solemnly elevating, as through trees and from open spaces the eye fell on the river in the fading light of day, the snow-covered, skyward-leaning landscape and the worshiping hills — all waiting in religious peace, for the coming of the night — how I should love to ramble along it once more! — a few would go over to the aspiring silence of the library; a small number, poor victims of athletics, would wrestle with parallel bars, etc., in the gymnasium; but the larger number would congregate in the fencing-hall and dance to music by members of the band. How often I sat with Comly — for dancing was not one of our accomplishments — and watched the mazing couples, Rosser and Pelham, "Cam" Emory and Ames, Chambliss and Hoxton, Kent and Beaumont, Haines and Cushing, Deering and Gillespie, Dupont and Farquhar, and many, many others! Yes, that was the way we were passing the time in that January of 1861, on the verge of the Civil War.

Among the names I have just mentioned is that of Beaumont, whose ever

sunny disposition brought cheer into West Point life. The last time I saw him was in Virginia during one of the campaigns; he was riding by with a column of cavalry. I am sure, to all who served with him, the mention of his name will recall his happy, kindly, dark eyes, and many a gleaming camp-fire. I hope that the reference to this pastime will bring back figures of dear friends to all the living, as it has brought them back to me. And I am sure also that as in their minds they go from the dancing hall to the quarters on those midwinter nights, they will see the light in the guard-room across the area, and officers of the day, with red sashes, plumed hats, and cheeks tinted with the dawn of youth, will step out of the dusky post.

What a flock of memories perch on that Commandant's office! How often every graduate (save the very good ones) has had to ascend the stairs, not always in a hopeful or prayerful mood, rap on the door, and meet the stony gaze of the colonel before whom lay the report for violations of discipline! Glorious old Records of '58 to '62, bearing our names in various reports at all too frequent intervals! I trust you are having a good time in your dreams among the archives. And notwithstanding that we mutually detested each other, yet I believe that when the jar of the seacoast battery recalls the battalion of those four years, you would like to see "excused" written after every one of our delinquencies.

There was one delinquency, recalled at this moment, one which never appeared on the Records, but which brings back that old "area" so associated with the fussiness of military life that I own to a feeling of satisfaction in recording its mortification, — for it was strewn with chicken feathers.

The feathers belonged to a buff rooster, the property of Lieutenant Douglas, whose quarters and garden lay below my window in the 7th, and below Custer's, who lived in the tower room of the 8th Division. We enjoyed seeing chanticleer as he led his little flock proudly around the garden after the vegetables were harvested, and hearing him crow defiantly from the top of the fence to all the roosters down the line of the professors' quarters. And many and many a time at night, too, he brought to our minds the roosting flocks in the willows and locusts at home. But he crowed too often. Custer slipped down one night, took him from his perch, and later he was in a kettle boiling over the gas burner, his feathers on an outspread newspaper. When the feast was over, the one delegated to dispose of the feathers was not careful as he carried them off, and the result was that the next morning there was a string of yellow buff feathers from the 8th Division clear across the "area."

This delinquency, not recorded in the Military Academy's records (but I guarantee that this reference to it will recall the area strewn with the feathers), helped to break the routine, offering a pleasant relief and contrast at a time when clouds hung dark and passions were stirring deep. West Point has had many a character to deal with; but it may be a question whether it ever had a cadet so exuberantly boyish, one who cared so little for its serious attempts to elevate and burnish, or one on whom its tactical officers had their eyes so constantly and unsympathetically searching as Custer. And yet how we all loved him; and to what a height he rose!

The fate of Lieutenant Douglas's rooster in that January of 1861 is not, I acknowledge, of great historic importance in the life of West Point, nor is the claim made that it has anything to do with the Civil War.

But who that has ever followed a wood road along the windings of a brook, up the steep side, say, of one of the Berkshire hills, has not stopped to look down with kindly interest where a partridge has wallowed or parted with a feather in the dust; has not loitered to catch a glimpse through the low second-growth beeches of a hermit thrush or some shy,

elusive chewink, while time has gone by unheeded?

On the 23d of January, 1861, Beauregard of Louisiana, then a major of engineers, later so prominent as a general in the Confederacy, a small, dapper man with noticeably olive complexion and French features, relieved Major Delafield as superintendent of the Academy. On the 28th, five days later, and before the post was formally turned over to him, Beauregard was relieved by order of the Secretary of War, and Delafield resumed command.

There were many surmises concerning the reasons for this summary action on the part of the Secretary. But the one founded on the doubt of his loyalty seems to me the most probable; for the stream of resignations pouring in to the War Department would naturally raise the question of the loyalty of every Southern army officer.

In view of what took place during his short occupancy as the head of West Point, his removal was amply justified, although in all probability the Secretary was without specific knowledge of the incident I am going to relate. A cadet from Louisiana, which, as already stated, had seceded, went to the hotel where Beauregard was then staying and consulted him as to whether he should resign or not. When the cadet returned to the barracks his roommate asked, "What did he tell you to do?"

"He said, 'Watch me; and when I jump, you jump. What's the use of jumping too soon?'"

The cadet's roommate, a Southerner whose career has been one of honor and great service to his country, observed, "What a thing for the Superintendent to say!" And so say I.

Upon receipt of the order relieving him, Beauregard departed. And, as he passed the light battery, the library, and the chapel with all of its heroic associations, on his way to the wharf, is it unkind to wonder whether he heard any Hail and Farewell! from his old Alma Mater? On the 8th of February he "jumped." In less than thirty-five days after leaving West Point he was in command at Charleston; and, by his order, on the 12th of April, the shot was fired which opened the war.

His career in the army of the South brings into view that relentless band, the cold-eyed children of Nemesis who execute their mother's decrees; and one of those decrees was uttered, I think, when he put his foot on West Point with his heart made up to desert the country — "Beauregard, you shall win no permanent glory." He fought three battles of grave importance: at Bull Run he failed to reap the fruits of victory; at Shiloh, Fate intervened against him; and the dissipation of one of his division commanders cost him complete victory at Drury's Bluff. Contention characterized the end of his days. And now while the stars of his fellow-generals are burning so brightly in the Confederate galaxy, his, which has always been alone, is dimming.

The day after his departure — or, should I say, desertion — there was another departure from West Point. The path in this case led where stars do not dim and where the last days of old age are not wearied by contention. At reveille on the 31st, Griffin's trumpet sounded the advance of the West Point battery, and the heroic old battery, every gun a personal friend, set off for the field of glory. How my heart lifts as I recall the scene as we gathered in front of the barracks! Over the library the fading moon lay pale in the outstretched arms of the elms; and the open, immortal eyes of the east were full of dawn, as the dear old guns rolled by. Three cheers broke for the West Point battery. And out of its granite heart the stern, battlemented barracks threw them off well — over the plain and up into the folds of the crimsoning flag — over the plain and off into the hills. Proud morning, proud and glorious ending! We followed them with warm eyes till they turned toward the

west gate, Griffin riding with a firm and loyal heart at the head.

Good-by, old battery! We know that Revolutionary Fort Putnam watched you from her height with pride, and that every laurel blooming around her ruins flushed and waved its boughs as you wound out and on.

"Good-by till we meet again!" shouted back the guns. It was not until the Wilderness that we did meet. Oh, I do not know why it is; but my heart beats so loudly, and there is a mist gathering over the paper — perhaps it hears the guns again.

During the month of January there were only two resignations: Wofford of South Carolina and Felix H. Robertson, swarthy "Comanche," of Texas. But February had barely begun before a number resigned. Among them was Williams of Tennessee, known as "Susan," and John O'Brien, a son, I believe, of the graduate, Captain O'Brien, distinguished in the Mexican War and referred to in one of the stanzas of "Benny Havens." I believe this is the first time I have mentioned this old West Point song and it brings back many memories. While in neither its poetry nor its music was it much of a song, yet time had consecrated it, and we sang it with fervor, now in our quarters, and now in the twilight of camp.

One night in 1863, when we were moving to Mine Run on what is known as the Mine Run Campaign, the head of the column of light batteries — with whose commander, the well-known and truly gallant William Montrose Graham, I was serving as a temporary aide — halted on the verge of the steep banks of the Rapidan, owing to some trouble at the pontoon bridge below us. The river, mentioned so often in the histories of the war, had cut at this point a narrow and deep valley, and on that late autumn night, level from bank to bank through the timbered hills, lay a dense gray mist suffused with the light of a moon waning to its last quarter. Well, some one struck up the old song, and it was taken up from battery to battery, and it sounded sweetly as the notes rose and fell and died away through the still woods.

The willows, the oaks, and the elms were in their fresh early green when for the first and the only time I saw Benny Havens. He was bent and his hair was snowy white; he was in shirt sleeves and wore a scarlet vest. The Hudson, his boyhood companion, ran close by his humble door and, with a music of its own and a song older than "Benny Havens," was flowing on to the sea. He died in 1877, May 29, aged 89 years. I trust that Benny Havens and every cadet who ever "ran" it to his cheering are sleeping well. For the sake of days gone by I hope the editor of the *Atlantic* will admit the last three stanzas of the old song.

From the courts of death and danger, from Tampa's deadly shore,
There comes a wail of manly grief, "O'Brien is no more;"
In the land of sun and flowers his head lies pillowed low,
No more he 'll sing "Petite Coquette," or Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! Oh! Benny Havens oh!
So we 'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, oh!

To our comrades who have fallen, one cup before we go,
They poured their life-blood freely out *pro bono publico;*
No marble points the stranger to where they rest below,
They lie neglected far away from Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

When you and I, and Benny, and all the others, too,
Are called before the "final board" our course of life to view,
May we never "fess"[1] on any point, but straight be told to go
And join the Army of the Blest at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

[1] "Fess," a contraction of confess, — that the cadet at recitation knows nothing about the subject; in other words, complete failure.

Few more graceful or more popular or more polished men than O'Brien have worn the cadet uniform.

Besides the foregoing, who resigned in early February, was "Ned" Willis, already mentioned, and Barrow of my class, both from Georgia. I have often wondered what became of the latter. He was a roommate, I believe, at one time of that other classmate, James Deering of Virginia, who was mortally wounded at High Bridge a few days before Lee's surrender. Meanwhile resignations of officers, old and tried, were still pouring in, at Washington, from the army and navy. It must have looked dark for our country; and it is not strange that the President's heart grew heavy. The following order attests the state of his mind and his effort to arouse the loyalty of the people by appealing to their veneration for Washington:—

Headquarters, Military Academy,
West Point, New York,
February 21st, 1861.

Orders No 2.

In compliance with the proclamation of the President of the United States, the Officers and Professors on duty at this Post, will assemble at 11:30 A. M. on the 22nd instant in the Chapel, to commemorate the *birth of Washington*, and to listen to the friendly counsels, and almost prophetic warnings, contained in his "*Farewell address to his Countrymen.*"

All Academic duty will be suspended at 11 A. M., and at 11:30 the Companies of Cadets with side arms only, accompanied by the Band, will be marched to the Chapel for the purposes before mentioned.

By order of Colonel Bowman:
EDWD. C. BOYNTON,
Captain & Adjutant.

When the hour came the column was formed by platoons. The late Fitzhugh Lee, in command of Co. A, the late Major-General Alexander McD. McCook of B, Robert Williams of C, and the late Major-General Hazen of our company, D; the commandant, the iron-hearted John F. Reynolds, killed at Gettysburg, in command of the battalion. With the band playing we marched to the little chapel, where all the professors, their families, and the officers on duty in full uniform, had gathered. Our side arms consisted of a belt and bayonet. A feature of the army officer's uniform at that time was the dignified and imposing epaulettes. Perhaps it is due entirely to early association, perhaps to a boy's admiration or to the impression left on a youthful mind by the pictures of the death of Nelson and Wolfe and many other heroes, at all events the brilliant epaulettes suggest much more stateliness than the insignificant knots and badges of to-day. But after all it really makes no difference to the graduates whether there are knots or epaulettes on their shoulders; the country may feel sure that by their courage they will honor whichever badge the government decrees they shall wear.

On arrival at the chapel the colors were advanced to the altar, and the band filed up to its usual place in the choir loft. I have taxed my memory over and over again — and made inquiries from many of my friends of that day — to recall, if possible, who read the address, and to revive the impressions left by it; but in vain. For some reason only faint tinges here and there in the canvas of our memories are left of that reverent ceremony.

But the other night, while I sat late and alone before a wood fire (the ancestors of the oak burning softly on the hearth heard the guns of the Revolution from Dorchester Heights), I read the Farewell Address of Washington for the first time since I heard it on the 22d of February, 1861, in the little chapel. And I must say that as I came to some of its passages, passages like this: "It is of infinite moment that you shall properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness — that you should cherish a cordial, ha-

bitual and immovable attachment to it; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts," — I wondered what was their effect as they fell on the ears of Fitzhugh Lee, Field, and all the other Virginians and Southerners then debating whether or not they would throw in their fortunes with the Confederacy.

While I pondered the situation, with its intense historic and personal interest, the Confederacy mounted the stage at Montgomery; the life of the country once more hung in the balance; and the very air of the room was filled with the foreboding of that day. Before my pondering vision dark phantasmal scenes one after another grew and spread; and when on the point of dissolving into ultimate gloom the interior of the little chapel suddenly appeared, filled with a heavenly light. There we were again, cadets blooming in youth, officers, and sage professors. The reader is progressing with the Farewell Address, and now comes one of the appealing passages, and I lift my eye to the walls where hang the tablets bearing the names of the Revolutionary generals; and behold! faces begin to appear in the shields. The first is that of the youthful Hamilton, a member of Washington's military family; and now one after another they all become alive, Greene and Lincoln and the Lees and Morgan. Oh, they hear their great leader's voice once more, and they know from its tones that there is peril for the country they love! The grave cannot hold them back, they burst through the marble of the tablets and rally loyally to his standard. And now what is breathing through the colors that were won at Saratoga and on the plains of Mexico? for their folds begin to creep. They too have heard the trumpet and are freshening, ready to swirl on the field again, — even the brass guns near them in the wall have roused from their years of dreaming slumber and are turning on their trunnions.

But look at the superbly figurative painting over the chancel. What significant movement is that of the Roman soldier? Southerners, see how he grasps the sword for the defense of the state, and look at that resolute face. (I saw Grant's face at Spottsylvania when three lines of battle were moving up under Upton, and it wore that same look.) And lo! the tears are streaming down the cheek of Peace as the olive branch trembles in her hand. And what is stirring the stars in the sky over her? Do they hear and see a procession? Yes, from the deep spaces back of the sphere of the world comes the song of "Peace on earth, good will toward men;" and now appears a glorified procession of winged creatures bearing the beautiful countenances of angels. The stars make way. Three abreast they waft downward to the left, and three abreast to the right to make the circuit of the sanctuary. At the door they meet and move up over the battalion. What breadth of "gladsome wing," what raptured brows, what imperishable coloring; what girdles, what wavering robes of light, what unconscious grace of movement! Finally, what vivified images of the heart's longing for eternal beauty! Behold, the genius of the Republic has joined them, and she has wreaths in her hand, and as they pass Reynolds, one falls on him. And now they hover over the boys in gray while wreaths swirl lovingly down on Kirby, O'Rorke, Cushing, Sanderson, Woodruff, and many others. Oh! little chapel, they may level you to the earth, they may supplant you with a structure of imposing solemnity, but you have been the tabernacle of West Point where the glory that shines about her has had its splendor!

After the ceremony there was a holiday for the rest of the 22d. It was the custom on that day, and it may be so still, for the full band to take the place of the

drum corps at tattoo. When the hour came, it formed as usual near the morning gun and set out across the plain toward barracks, playing Washington's March. The band was large and its prevailing instruments were brass, pouring forth their tones, now with high defiant clearness, now with resounding depth, and now with lamenting pathos.

It was a soft, heavily clouded night, and when the band was drawing near, its notes becoming clearer and clearer as it advanced across the plain, a number — in fact almost every one — in D Company gathered at the open windows fronting the area. Just before the band passed under the elms which front the barracks it struck up the "Star-Spangled Banner," and came swinging proudly through the Sally Port. I never have heard such a burst of music as at that moment, when it cleared the granite arch. Had Duty, Honor, and Courage, had old West Point herself and every Revolutionary ruin called to the spirits, "Go, join the band and breathe our love for the land into every note! Go, for the sake of Peace! Go, for the sake of the impulsive, generous-hearted South itself! Go, for the hopes of the world!"

I was at a window on the third floor of the 8th Division, with Custer, Elbert, and possibly Sanderson. In the room across the hall were a number of Southerners, and immediately below them on the second floor were Rosser, Young, and possibly Faison and Thorton. Across from them was Dresser of Massachusetts and others. Every room fronting the area was aglow, every window up and filled with men. With the appearance of the band at the Sally Port a thundering cheer broke, and, upon my soul! I believe it was begun at our window by Custer, for it took a man of his courage and heedlessness openly to violate the regulations.

But the cheer had barely struck the air before the Southerners followed it with a cheer for "Dixie." Our 7th and 8th Divisions formed an ell, so that from them the rear of the four-storied barracks, the Sally Port and its battlemented towers, were in full view, and a cheer from our quarter for "Dixie" raked the entire line. Beyond the Sally Port, in A and B Companies, were the majority of the Northerners; and they flung back a ringing cheer for the stars and stripes; and so cheer followed cheer. Ah, it was a great night! Rosser at one window, Custer at another. A few years later they faced each other again and again in cavalry battles; and when poor Custer lay at last on the Big Horn, Rosser, then in the employ of the Northern Pacific Railroad, was among the first to volunteer to go to his rescue.

I have written the close of this chapter on the afternoon of the 22d of February, 1907, forty-six years after the day whose events I have tried to record. I am conscious of deep feeling; and perhaps I ought more than once in this chapter to have drawn both curb and snaffle, as one scene after another has broken on my mind; but I hope the day with all of its patriotic associations, and all the sacred memories that have gathered about it, will mellow the critical spirit of my readers.

(To be continued.)

THE RUNAWAYS

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

I

CARLOTTA looked out of the window with a little sigh. The blue Alps were speeding backward into faint distance, and even the lower slopes with their mingled chestnut and olive trees were vanishing. Life among the hills had been so good that, though set Venice-ward, her face wore a look of regret. Nothing had been said, yet she knew perfectly well what Aunt Isabel's sudden longing for Saint Mark's and a glimpse of the Lido shore meant.

"But helpless Pieces of the Game She plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days,"

murmured Carlotta, glancing toward Aunt Isabel, who was resting with closed eyes against her silken traveling pillow in the corner. Well, the game had been strictly according to the rules, and there was only one move left. After all, Mr. Thornton would do, must do, for this life was wearing on her and any change would be relief. His coats, his ties, and his manners were irreproachable; he was so gravely respectful to her, to Aunt Isabel, — to his dinner, if it was well cooked and served! Carlotta dimpled mischievously as she thought of him; then the piquant brown face with its level brows and rebellious mouth grew grave against the windowpane. It was one of the faces of the wistful rich, unsatisfied from very fulfillment of desire, hungry for hunger.

It flashed with sudden interest as she glanced away from the window; she had not noticed before the two little ladies opposite. They were German evidently, tiny and old and wrinkled. Their quaint bonnets dated from the reign of the emperor's grandfather; they wore lace mitts over their shriveled little hands; the black silk gowns had imperceptible darns here and there, fine and beautiful as only such fingers can make. Both were proudly erect, and their eyes were as the eyes of sixteen years.

Carlotta tried not to listen, but it was not her fault that she had been well trained in German. She could not help understanding that they were Catholics from Munich on a pilgrimage to Rome, and she divined that the little knitted purses which they anxiously fingered now and then held the savings of a lifetime in German homes where the pfennigs had been counted twice.

"Dost think the guard will ask us to pay the extra fare?" asked the smaller of the two.

"Nay," said the other. "I have heard before of those put into the seats of the first class when those of the third were all taken."

The girl glanced anxiously at Aunt Isabel, but that lady was reading Baedeker with her most expensive expression. She was not used to traveling with darns, however skillfully made. Presently the lesser of the pilgrims said,—

"Lotta, dost remember how when we were maidens we longed to go to Italy?"

The withered lips of the other opened:

"Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühn?"—

and she repeated it all, down to

"Dahin, dahin, möcht ich mit dir, O mein' Geliebte, ziehn!"

"Thou wert to marry a poet and I an artist, and we were to go on a long honeymoon," murmured the listener. The taller of the two gazed out of the window as she spoke.

"Instead, thou didst become Frau Doctor and I Frau Professor. I little

dreamed in those days of my ten! Learning has gone out of fashion, and if I have been always at home it is not the fault of *mein Mann*, who has often gone hungry for me! Funerals cost heavily, and I have buried four."

"Ten are harder to keep than seven," admitted the Frau Doctor. "I could have come sooner but for my Rudolph, who would marry at twenty. He had debts that must be paid, though the saints know that I despise gambling."

"Ah, but I am glad that thou hast waited!" cried the Frau Professor. "Our dream has come true: we go to Italy together! If I were but sure that Löttchen would not forget the mending of her father's socks!"

Carlotta looked steadily out of the window, glad that Aunt Isabel did not know German. The girl's face, worldly-wise and yet unworldly, was tense with sympathy.

"Venice I have longed for all my life," confessed the Frau Doctor softly; "to see her if but once, with her green canals and her marble palaces."

The Frau Professor was thoughtful.

"It is for the Pope's blessing that we have come," she said slowly, "and that is good to have, for the sins of a lifetime, — good when one has ten or even seven to answer for."

"But Venice is very wonderful."

"There is not money enough for both," said the Frau Professor sternly.

As they talked, all their girlhood came back to them, German girlhood with its visions and romance. The soft, brown old eyes shone like stars, and the hunger and thirst for beauty leaped into life again, keen, after the starved years of toil and childbearing and poverty. Suddenly the Frau Doctor leaned forward, answering the irresistible call of the olive and the vine through the windows.

"Löttchen," she whispered, "what if we went to Venice instead?"

"I was thinking of that," confessed the other, "but I dared not speak. If I could have but one week of beauty before I grow too old to see!"

There was silence, while Carlotta held her breath. The little old ladies looked at each other with that in their eyes which had never been there before, rebellion touched with daring.

"Verona!" shouted the guard. "Change for Vicenza, Padua, Venice! Where do the ladies go?" he asked, with his head at the window.

"Venice," said Carlotta, rising and touching Aunt Isabel on the shoulder.

"Venice," whispered the Frau Professor fearfully.

To outwit one massive chaperon and the two fugitives was a task for an upright American girl who had never before been a conspirator, and Carlotta smiled with delight at her success when the train started for Venice and the four who had traveled from the North together found themselves in the same position as before. The guard was an honest one and faithfully reported the gold piece which had paid the difference between two third-class and two first-class tickets. Carlotta blushed guiltily when the two little ladies, all unaware of her action, smiled timidly as they saw her, and sank, trembling at their own audacity, upon the soft cushions. Venice!

As the train sped on through the soft land of fig-trees and of trailing vines, the girl saw that her protégées had emptied the contents of their little netted purses into their laps and were counting their few pieces of gold.

"Eighty marks," murmured the Frau Professor.

"Ninety," reported the Frau Doctor. "It has always been said that it is cheap in Italy. Can we live, do you think, on three francs a day?"

Carlotta leaned forward, flushing guiltily, moved by an impulse that she did not understand. Aunt Isabel's disapproving face only added to her desire for one free, rebellious moment before entering that world of ultimate conventionality where Mr. Thornton lived and moved and had his being.

"I beg your pardon," she said, in halt-

ing German, "but I heard you speak of Venice. The Hotel Allegra where we go is very good. You could live there" — she paused, for she was not used to lying — "for three francs a day."

They looked at her, wondering and grateful, then poured out their thanks. Suddenly the Frau Doctor gave a little cry. The train had passed Mestre, and beyond the waterways rose the city of the sea, roof, dome, and tower outlined in mellow color against a soft blue sky. The two old faces flushed with guilty joy: if this were sin, ah, it was sweet! A little later, as they came out of the station to the streets of rippling water, two pairs of mitt-clad hands met for one ecstatic moment. Carlotta beckoned to her gondolier, white-clad, red-sashed, and smiling, and the gondola moved out into the green canal.

"Carlotta!" stormed Aunt Isabel, when she saw her companions, "you must be mad! Tell Antonio to put me ashore! I shall jump from the gondola if you persist in taking these creatures with us."

"Hush!" whispered Carlotta, with her finger at her lips. "They are people of very great importance." Then to a conscience that accused her of white lies she retorted, "People as good as they are of the greatest importance, really, in the world."

The runaways leaned luxuriously back in their cushioned seat, lulled by the gentle splashing of the oar. The gondolas gliding by over the pale green water, the Gothic palaces with their marble steps fretted by little waves and with delicate reflections trembling below, made up a dream of beauty from which they feared to waken.

"*Liebchen,*" whispered the Frau Professor, "*ist es möglich?*" and Carlotta watched them, wishing that she too were young. Suddenly her eyes twinkled and a gracious smile broke the thundercloud of Aunt Isabel's face. A well-groomed gentleman was baring his slightly bald crown to the damp air in greeting; his non-committal eyes betrayed a question as they rested on the two rusty figures in the gondola.

"How distinguished Mr. Thornton always is," said Aunt Isabel after he had passed; but Carlotta was in a brown study and said never a word.

"A suite of rooms, please, for these two ladies," Carlotta insisted to the hotel manager, whose customary radiant smile half froze upon his lips when he saw her two companions; Mrs. Isabel Ashton-Stone had indignantly gone up in the "lift." "A suite of rooms, please, for these two ladies, and you are to tell them that it will cost them, with pension, you understand, three francs a day."

"Yes, mademoiselle!" Italian wit is quick to comprehend.

Though it was for the garçon to carry the two queer old-fashioned carpet-bags, and though it was for the manager himself to accompany mademoiselle and her guests to the elaborately carved doorway, it was Carlotta's privilege to usher the two little ladies into the gorgeous apartment where Renaissance ceilings hovered over gilt and plush furniture of something worse than Louis Quinze style. For the Frau Doctor there was an overhanging frescoed Aurora of puffy clouds and rosy cheeks and fluttering draperies; for the Frau Professor, a plump Venus rising from a deep blue sea; for each, an antique bed with high posts of wonderful carving. In the salon which they shared was an enormous chandelier of bad modern glass with fluting of pink and blue and livid yellow; and outside, oh, joy of joys! a stone balcony, with cushioned railing, overlooking the Grand Canal.

"Löttchen!" The Frau Doctor flung herself into the Frau Professor's arms, and there were actual tears of joy on withered cheeks and withered lips.

"*Ja wohl,*" said the manager as he went away, with a knowing look at Carlotta, "*drei franc den Tag.*"

Dinner was served for them in their salon that night, a wonderful procession of dishes and of deft waiters; later, each little lady went to sleep marveling at the

enchanted doors which had swung open to admit her to fairyland. The next morning, however, the Frau Doctor woke to trouble. Dreaming under the rose and gold Aurora, she became aware that the sunshine was brilliant and that it was late in the morning. She slipped to the Frau Professor's doorway, but only an empty bed and silence awaited her there. Ten minutes after, with gray hair flying, yet with hands encased in mitts, she burst into Carlotta's parlor, sobbing, —

"Ach Gott, she is drowned! She has walked into the canal!"

Carlotta failed to find her; the city guards failed to find her; the bell-boys from the hotel failed to find her, and it was nearly noon when the fugitive appeared, having been rowed home in state by a gorgeous gondolier, an alert, clean-shaven young American sitting at her side.

"Are you sure that this is right, Frau Professor?" he asked respectfully, but doubtfully, as he helped her ashore.

"Quite," she smiled up at him, a dimple, forgotten for thirty years, showing in her cheek. "The Hotel Allegra means everything to us because of the association with Byron, and we are most comfortable here for three francs a day."

The puzzled look upon the young man's face changed to frank pleasure when he saw Carlotta, who had come back, flushed, from her long search, and was grasping both hands of the runaway. Breathlessly the Frau Professor told her story to the group of people who had gathered about.

"I stole away to see Saint Mark's by myself at sunrise — *Ach, wie reizend* it would be! I lost my way; it was dreadful, the alleys so narrow, the dirt, the people! I walked for hours, but I found a friend: it is Herr Winfield, one of my husband's pupils," she explained to the Frau Doctor and Carlotta.

The stranger listened quietly: Carlotta looked at him, first with a feeling that she had known a long time ago that face, half-boyish, half-grave, with its clear look of cheek and eye. No, after all it was only the type that was familiar in this strange country, the home type, with its slender, lithe young strength. Presently he slipped to her side.

"I don't understand," he said abruptly. "What — how — Is the Frau Professor in her right mind? Why is she here?"

"Nobody is ever in his or her right mind in Venice," said the girl, the twinkle in his gray eyes kindling an answering twinkle in hers. "The Frau Professor is only a shade madder than the rest of us. She started on a pilgrimage to Rome, but ran away and came here instead."

He looked at her blankly.

"I'll telegraph to Herr Westbruch."

"No, no, no," said Carlotta vehemently. "It is the one moment of beauty and of freedom in all her life. She is perfectly safe: she is under my protection."

He had not meant to laugh, but Carlotta was so small!

"And you?"

"I am under hers," said Carlotta, joining in.

The young man's eyes looked down with great satisfaction at the girl's winsome brown face and trim figure in the pale brown gown; then they traveled to the marble stairway of the Hotel Allegra.

"She must be under some delusion," he muttered doubtfully. "I hate to leave her like this. Three francs a day!"

"It is quite true," said Carlotta, flushing. "A — a special arrangement was made."

"Oh, I say," he burst out suddenly; then he lowered his voice. The Frau Professor was busy explaining it all to the Frau Doctor. "Let me help, won't you? I know her, you see. I've partaken of her seminar coffee many a time, and the Herr Professor and I were great chums. In a way I have a right, don't you think? You don't know me, of course, but I'm a good American citizen, Robert Winfield, at your service."

"Then you must be my cousin Philip's friend, — Philip Stanwood?"

"Phil Stanwood? I should think so!

Ought n't we to shake hands on the strength of that?"

Carlotta drew a bit nearer with a sigh of relief.

"It's a horrid, snobbish, vulgar thing that I am doing," she confessed, "but I could n't help it; nobody could who heard them talking about it, and now I'm scared."

"You've got to let me help," he declared stoutly. "If you don't," he threatened, watching the look of doubt that swept over Carlotta's face and was lost somewhere about the slightly pointed chin, "I'll tell them! You look after them at the hotel: I don't see how to get around that, but I'm responsible for all the shows and the moonlight gondoliering."

Carlotta shook her head, but the sense as of a weight lifted from her shoulders brought a look of relief to her face.

"Do let me! I'm here all by myself and lonely enough. Why, the Frau Professor was like a mother to me," he went on, with a growing sense of his nearness. "Not a word! Now we must have some grand expedition this afternoon."

The Frau Professor accepted gratefully. Yes, he might make arrangements to take them, and Miss Stone would go, of course. It was much cheaper, she whispered thriftily, when there were four. Robert Winfield vanished with a glance of wicked triumph.

The two young strangers wore that afternoon, as they took their charges to the Piazza, the indulgent look that a benevolent aunt and uncle might have worn in taking the children out in the swan boats on the lake. A little cry arose from the Frau Professor.

"Anna, it is Saint Mark's!"

Full sunlight fell upon the façade, and rose window and mosaics burned with splendor hard for the eye to bear. Above, the angel wings and crosses stood bright against the blue, while the dull gold of the fretted portals was touched from shades of bronze to light. Through the central portal they entered the rich shadow of the interior, and hand in hand the two old friends tottered over the uneven mosaic pavement and fell upon their knees before a jeweled shrine. The youngsters followed into the dim splendor of the wonderful spot, and looked at each other with some curious new sense of the beauty before them: wrought gold-work of the Orient with its cunning arabesque and tracery of interwoven lines; brown walls, or green, of polished stone or alabaster, with soft light falling here and there from bronze lamps on the face of a kneeling child or bowed gray head. Robert Winfield stood with bared head in the shadow.

"I wish that I might, too," said Carlotta softly, and he smiled as one who understands.

"Carlotta," said Aunt Isabel that evening, before *table d'hôte*, "Mr. Thornton was here this afternoon and you missed him."

Carlotta said nothing.

"He is coming again to-night, and he has, he confided to me, something special to say to you."

The rebellious look about the girl's mouth deepened; for some reason she felt less resigned than she had been yesterday to being a pawn in Aunt Isabel's hands.

"I am sorry," she said politely; when she was as polite as this the elder lady always scented danger; "I am very sorry, but I have promised to take my little ladies out in a gondola. It is moonlight, you know."

"You must be mad!" cried Mrs. Ashton-Stone. She had not supposed that any further occurrence in connection with these disgraceful protégées could heighten her wrath. "I entreat you, I command you, to be at home this evening. It is most important."

"Are you afraid that, if Mr. Thornton does n't ask me to-night to marry him, he will never ask me?" inquired Carlotta. She enjoyed the next minute immensely: Aunt Isabel always thought you were vulgar if you put into plain words what she was thinking. "You see, I've

promised, and father always told me to keep my promises. If I stay I shall have to ask my friends to stay with me and meet Mr. Thornton."

It was a very bewitching little lady who made her excuses that evening to the caller whom Aunt Isabel was entertaining. He was preoccupied, perhaps repeating to himself the phrases that he had resolved to say, and an air of responsibility hovered over his well-brushed head. It was an engagement with some old friends, very *old* friends, pleaded the girl, smiling at Aunt Isabel out of the filmy gold scarf that she had thrown over her head. He responded with great warmth as he held the door open for her to go out: it was so charming, so conventional a Carlotta that, not knowing how perilous her extreme politeness was, he felt as if all his phrases had been uttered and the answer had been yes.

From the canal of the Giudecca, as the gondola glided over the moonlit water, the little old ladies saw that night a wonderful city of silver gray rising from the waves under a sky which had not forgotten its noonday blue. The very craft of fairyland plied about with moving lights that cast long beams of gold below. From the silence here they passed into the brilliance of the Grand Canal, where a concert was going on, the lanterns of the improvised bridge of boats shining out gayly, the notes of song sounding back from silent palaces, and then their gondola moved on into the narrow canal behind the doge's palace.

> "I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
> A palace and a prison on each hand,"

began the tremulous voice of the Frau Doctor, who had been sitting as in a trance, and the Frau Professor took up the strain:—

> "I saw from out the wave her structures rise
> As from the stroke of an enchanter's wand;"

and, as the two voices went on in unison, even to

> "Where Venice sate in state, throned on her
> hundred isles,"

Robert Winfield slipped to Carlotta's side.

"Is n't this great?" he asked. The girl nodded; something of the elder ladies' vivid enjoyment was quivering in her nerves.

"I feel unequal to my part," he confessed. "I ought to have long hair and a rolling collar, or else a dagger and a cloak. Would I make a good Giaour, do you think?"

"I think," said Carlotta, "from one day's observation, that you would probably do well whatever you undertook."

"Neither one of us fits into their Venice," he said mournfully. "You ought to have ringlets on each side of your face and a rosebud in your hair, and you ought to wear a silly smile, like this."

His grotesque imitation of the smiles of Inez and of Ada was misunderstood, and to the two romantic fugitives a final touch of perfectness was lent the scene by the sight of the two young heads together and the sound of the merry laughter that wakened echoes from the silent walls.

"Löttchen," said the Frau Doctor mysteriously that night as she unhooked her little black silk gown, "it is not for us that the young Herr is so attentive."

"He was most attached to *mein Mann*," maintained the Frau Professor, who was doing her hair up on a hairpin to make it wave.

"But Carlotta is very beautiful," insisted the Frau Doctor.

"Yes," the other admitted, "though I prefer blue eyes and golden hair myself in a young girl."

Now began a carefully ordered life; Robert Winfield had a talent for organization. Deliberately, and with assurance that would have been impertinence in any one else, he attached himself to the fugitives. As soon as breakfast was over he appeared, he said, for orders, but in reality, with a well-made plan for the day. Now it was a visit to the quaint church of San Giorgio degli Schiavoni, where the beautiful youth of Carpaccio

forever fights the dragon in the sunlight-touched brown shadows; now it was the Academy, where the Frau Professor cried in the tones of one who had seen a vision, "Anna, it is Titian's Assumption!" Though the two did not fall upon their knees, their faces were as of those kneeling. The two young people shared, while dimly understanding, the sheer delight that the old ladies took in beauty of color, dim gold and red of quaint early altar pieces, the clear blue of Bellini's Madonna robes, the gorgeous garments of Veronese's men and women, the wonderful twilight hues of blended purple in the far distance of Titian's sunsets; and the perceptions of youth were freshly touched to finer issues. It was a situation which made many practical demands upon Carlotta and the lad, and they met them unflinchingly. Their joy in the forever-changing beauty of sunshine upon golden sails, and the afterglow of sunset in the west, was tinged with an undercurrent of care: it was for them to see that their guests were enjoying it to the full.

By the end of the second day Robert Winfield had told Carlotta the main facts in his career, from boyish adventure, through college, and on to his study of architecture abroad. By the end of the third day they were old friends. His dogged air of assumption that her responsibilities were his responsibilities, his perfectly respectful air of ownership in her troubles fast won her liking. The sincerity of his nature, with its touch of audacity, brought strength to her mood of incipient rebellion. They were soon upon an easy footing, and it was as if all their lives they had been chaperoning little old ladies in Venice.

"I knew that it was going to be fun, but it is twice as much fun doing it with you," Carlotta admitted on the fourth day.

Mrs. Ashton-Stone, angry, had shut herself up with her maid, saying that her nerves were tired and she needed rest. Mr. Thornton Carlotta almost forgot, and, when she remembered, she planned some new expedition to drive the thought from her mind. Once or twice, in turning a watery corner, she met him, and the look of well-bred concealed vexation with which he glanced at her companions was always the same. His air of puzzled gravity checked Carlotta's gay laugh, and she hastily put her hand to her collar or touched her cuffs. The sight of him always made her wonder if anything were wrong about her attire or her hair. On the fifth day, indeed, he called, but Carlotta gave him no chance to speak. When his look became most earnest she went and summoned her two guests to her side, laughingly making them known as Tante Anna and Tante Lotta.

"I was named for Aunt Lotta, you know," she said gravely.

Timidly they stood in their shabby gowns before the perfectly tailored man, and it was hard to tell who was the most embarrassed. It was their one moment of unhappiness in this enchanted world, where every moment meant new rapture. To breakfast luxuriously in bed under smiling Venus and tripping Aurora; to float all day long, somewhere, anywhere, between earth and sky; to come home to long table d'hôte dinners which, from soup on through entrées to the last flavor of dessert, were like some solemn Wagner drama moving majestically to its end, — could dreams of Paradise do more? If it be bliss to count each moment of each day, letting it slip past with regret; to touch one's self fearfully, afraid that the touch may mean awakening, — they knew it to the full, and for the first time in their lives.

The fifth day and the sixth, Aunt Isabel still kept her room. Whether she was really ill or whether this was the last move to make, Carlotta never knew. The four sightseers still worked industriously at Venice, and Mr. Thornton still hovered with puzzled eyes upon the outside of the situation. Then, perhaps because he found a constantly retreating Carlotta more winsome than a Carlotta dragged forward by the compelling hand

of a chaperon, he nerved himself for a final effort. Chance seemed to decree that he should not see the girl alone,—chance, forsooth! There was a surer way to reach her; the royal mail should make known his desire. Thus it happened that an elegant little note came up on Carlotta's breakfast tray on the ninth morning. Carlotta was very silent that day, and Robert Winfield's jests passed unheeded. That letter on the bureau — must she say yes? That sense of resignation to her fate which she had felt during those last days in the Engadine had deserted her, for from the brave eyes looking out of the old, wrinkled faces opposite had come some deep sense of values that accused all her life of lack.

That night she wrote an exquisitely polite note to Mr. Thornton, one that might have served in the *Complete Letter-Writer* as a model of a refusal of an offer of marriage.

II

The little old ladies had grown bold and daring as the days went on. They loved to sit in the piazza, at Florian's, sipping coffee, chatting with their compatriots, and gazing, with eyes that never grew tired, at the many-colored life before them: the loungers at the cafés, the brown-faced sailors in trim suits of white, touched with blue; the endless stream of tourists, English, American, and German; the bare-headed Venetian women going to the cathedral to pray. The innocent air of dissipation with which they came home brought endless amusement to Carlotta.

To-day the two sat at a tiny round table, sipping the coffee and nibbling little cakes, and they fell to discussing Carlotta and the lad. Fate had indeed been good to them in adding to the undying charm of their dream city something that they divined as romance.

"I saw him give her a flower," said the Frau Doctor, nibbling the crumbs.

"What flower?" eagerly asked the Frau Professor, who was versed in the language of leaf and blossom.

"A rose," said the Frau Doctor; "and yet she did not blush, but took it as naturally as if he were her brother."

"Ach, Gott!" sighed the Frau Professor. "There is no real romance longer in the world."

"They act as if they had known each other all their lives," admitted the Frau Doctor mournfully. "There is no flutter, no embarrassment as there ought to be between two young people. They are so practical! Do you think," she whispered eagerly, "there is really anything between them?"

The Frau Professor nodded portentously.

"But I never see him looking at her;" there was misgiving in the Frau Doctor's tone.

"Ah," said the other sagely, "I have seen him *not* looking at her."

One of the subjects of their discourse here sauntered toward them, and they hastily made place for him and spread their little cakes out invitingly as he lifted his hat.

"We were talking of Carlotta," ventured the Frau Professor, bent on plumbing the depth of sentiment that she had seen in the young man's eyes. "She is very charming, do you not think?"

"Most American girls are," he answered shrewdly.

"Ah, but she has something all her own, *so etwas süsses!*"

"Maybe," he said casually. "I've been pretty busy, you know."

The Frau Professor, piqued by his coldness, winked at her friend.

"Others have noticed if you have not," she said mysteriously. "I think from many signs that she has a suitor, one Mr. Thornton."

Even the nonchalance of youth could not keep away the look of anxiety that crawled from Robert Winfield's mouth up to his eyes.

"I suppose we must wish him good luck!" He took out his handkerchief to

pass it across his forehead, perhaps to hide a rising flush, and with it fluttered upon the table a tiny brown bow which had yesterday been worn upon Carlotta's gown. A look of triumph flashed from the Frau Doctor's eyes, and she stepped upon her companion's foot as she started to pick it up. Both pretended not to see the way in which he manœuvred to get it again under pretense of tossing it away.

They had asked for a sign, those foolish old souls, and they had it; yet they looked in vain for another. There were intricate voyages through cool, green, shadowed side canals, under unnumbered beautiful bridges, past sculptured doorways and windows of old palaces which were forever trembling into being, again dissolving in the reflections below, the carven leaves and flowers seeming to grow and to fade in an instant of time, yet they caught but rare hints of the love story in which they longed to have a share. Once or twice, indeed, the Frau Doctor, growing wiser under her companion's keener wit, detected the young man in the act of not looking at Carlotta, but turning his eyes away with an effort that evidently gave him pain; yet that which marked the depth of intimacy between the two, the speechless companionship that needed no words, escaped the elder folk. One shadowed day they came out by the soft-tinted Dogana, with the seminary garden at its side, a sheltered spot of cypresses, acacias, and stone pines. From Santa Maria delle Salute, looking, with its great dome and circling buttresses, like a huge shell cast up by the waves, came the music of the mass that was being chanted there, faint as the perpetual wave-taught melody that comes from the heart of a shell. The little ladies crossed themselves, then fixed their eyes upon the lovers. The stage was set for romance, but the actors would not step upon it. All that they saw was a sinewy youth who picked up a light wrap and threw it round the shoulders of the maiden at his side.

"See here," he said abruptly, "you take such good care of other people that you ought to know how to take care of yourself. This thing is going to wear you all out."

"But it's my responsibility; I undertook it." Carlotta's voice was a bit weary.

"I suppose you know that you are giving them the time of their lives? Lend Aunt Anna and Aunt Lotta to me tomorrow, won't you? I've got my Byron down fine and I want to show it off.

"The mourned, the loved, the lost, too many, yet how few!

Queer, is n't it, how people who have had so much real life can care about that rot?"

Carlotta looked gratefully at him; she was getting used to his way of taking all the responsibility while seeming to take none. What thoughts she had regarding him as they took their charges home she never told; but they evidently added to the indignation with which she received her chaperon's remonstrances that evening. A slow flush crept over her brown cheeks.

"You have no right to speak to me that way," said Carlotta.

"I have every right when I see you entering upon a flirtation, a vulgar flirtation, with a most undesirable young man."

"Stop!" cried Carlotta. "The young man has nothing whatever to do with it."

Mrs. Ashton-Stone looked like a bronze allegorical figure of Scorn.

"He manages to have something to do with most of your expeditions."

"But that is n't because of me," said Carlotta vehemently. "You don't see, — you don't understand motives different from your own. I have been absent-minded, I admit, but it is only because I have been completely absorbed in thinking about those little ladies. And I've never had such a good time in all my life, *never*."

There were tears in Carlotta's eyes.

"Mr. Winton — Winfield — what *is* his name? — is evidently very attractive," sneered the elder lady. "Your father was

just like you. He always had, together with some very fine feelings, a streak of something coarse. He, too, liked low people."

Carlotta swallowed — to her credit be it said — all the remarks that she might have made.

"I am getting so tired of waiting," said Mrs. Ashton-Stone, almost tearfully. "Mr. Thornton was just ready to speak when we left the Engadine. Now we have n't seen him for three days."

"Mr. Thornton will never speak," said Carlotta firmly.

"Why not?" demanded Aunt Isabel.

"Because he has written," returned triumphant Carlotta.

"You have n't refused him?"

"I was very polite," ventured Carlotta.

Mrs. Ashton-Stone fell into an armchair, a crumpled heap of jet and lace and injured womanhood.

"May I ask why?" If words could wither, Carlotta would have become smaller than she was. Instead, her soul seemed to stand erect in her little body.

"Because," said Carlotta, "at last I saw him suddenly as he really is."

"Those dreadful little old women!" moaned Mrs. Ashton-Stone as she left the room. Unlike the British, she knew when to retreat.

The next day Carlotta refused to go with her friends to see the glass-making at Murano. The old ladies, tenderly solicitous, came back with a gift for her, a string of hideous glass beads, yellow and blue. The next day she pleaded headache; the next she frankly protested that she did n't wish to go anywhere. Robert Winfield cornered her at last after a long pursuit.

"I have n't done anything to offend you, have I?" he asked, going, as was his wont, straight to the point. Carlotta shook her head, smiling. With a quick leaping of the heart she was wondering if he could.

"Then why have you cast us off?"

"I have had headaches, and —"

"You are looking particularly well," he observed skeptically. "Do you want to know what they are coaxing for now? They want to go way out to the jumping-off place, Torcello, where the whole show started."

"You will take them?" asked Carlotta eagerly.

"Of course," he nodded. "I don't suppose you would come, too?"

"No-o," hesitated Carlotta. "I don't think I ought."

"It's an all-day jaunt," he suggested. "Tante Lotta and Tante Anna will be deadly tired of me."

"Never!" said the girl. "I should enjoy it immensely, but —"

"It will be a hard day," he suggested artfully. "Perhaps it would make you too tired."

"It is n't that," said Carlotta indignantly. "Don't you know that I never back out of things for such a reason as that?"

"I had supposed so," he admitted.

"I should like every minute of it," confessed the girl.

"Then you are coming," he said with finality, and it was even so. Foolish suspicion and scruple could not live in this vigorous young presence.

It was a perfect day, of cool air touching cool water, and the freshness brought faint rose color to withered cheeks and smooth. Silently they moved away from the city, past the crumbling walls and the beautiful cypresses of San Michele, and, slow stroke by stroke, glided over the shallow blue silvery water toward the north. Gulls hovered above on wide white wings, lighting on narrow sandbanks to search for fish among the iridescent pools. A day of drifting, distant sails, rose-colored or golden-brown; of pale blue of early morning deepening upon sky and sea; of beauty reaching even to the summits of the snow-touched Alps upon the north beyond the distant cypresses and poplars of the far shore. It was noonday when they drew near the silent islands of a silent sea, Torcello,

Mazzorbo, Burano, and glided ghost-wise down the silent canals between stretches of sea lavender, or under trailing vines of grape and of ivy that hung over the faded brick walls.

The little old ladies brightened to keen interest under the desolation here where the leaning tower of Burano hinted of a world falling to decay; where the dry canals of Torcello, the bridge overgrown with weeds, the grassy road, looked as if none had passed that way for countless years. They had a subdued luncheon in the shade of an acacia tree, and then the little ladies lost themselves in the beginnings of Venice, among the dim mosaics, the quaint, decaying capitals of the cathedral with its fragments of carven face and flower.

"I wish you would tell me what's the matter," said Robert Winfield from the shadow of the acacia.

"There is n't anything," protested the girl.

"But you are very different."

"I look very much the same."

Carlotta had caught her own reflection in a stagnant pool of the dry canal.

"Well, you are n't."

"Don't you like change? I do."

"Not in you," he protested.

Inside the cathedral the Frau Professor and the Frau Doctor were studying the Judgment Day in quaint mosaic; outside, Carlotta knew that her judgment day had come.

"It's my blamed (I beg your pardon) sense of assurance, I suppose; but I never doubted, from the time I first set eyes on you, that you were going to care, too."

"Too?" said Carlotta.

"Yes, too. No, it is n't conceit. There are odd minutes, you know, when you seem to see into the heart of things and know all there is to be known; and that was one of them, when I first saw you standing with the little old ladies chattering around you. It seemed then as if you had been waiting there always for me to come, and I had been always coming, only losing my way and making mistakes. I can't tell you all, only, when I saw your face I had the feeling that I had arrived. Very likely heaven is like that: you wake up suddenly and find that you are there, that's all."

Carlotta did not break the intense, sun-stricken stillness of the place. "I wonder," he said wistfully at length, "what you are going to do with me? All that there is of me is at your disposal."

A hint of the old mirth gleamed through the little mist in Carlotta's eyes.

"But," she began softly, and then waited. The two aged ones, who now came out chattering about the mosaics, were surprised by Carlotta's delight in seeing them. They started back, and through the late afternoon came the gracious influence of wide horizon lines, and of free, floating wings, Venice, ever ahead with her bubble-like domes, her curious towers, lying upon the heart of the sea. The blue water flushed to faint purple and rose, and burned at last to gold in the pathway of the setting sun, and all the iridescence of earth and cloud seemed reflected in the young man's face.

To Carlotta's great surprise, Mrs. Ashton-Stone begged to be allowed to join the expedition to San Giovanni e Paolo the next day. She was charming with the little German ladies, most affectionate with Carlotta, and her way with Mr. Robert Winfield was such as no youth of twenty-five could resist. With the rustle of her silken draperies in his ears he walked from stately tomb to stately tomb, and his heart swelled high with hope. Carlotta paced before him, and Carlotta had not said him nay. Here was Carlotta's aunt and guardian about to give what wonderfully sweet consent!

"It is a great relief to know that you have helped amuse my niece during these days when I have been ill. The little German ladies —"

"The little German ladies have been as happy as two children at their first pantomime," said the lad joyously. "We have had no end of a good time watching them."

"I presume so." Mrs. Ashton-Stone was watching him closely. "It has been a great resource to Miss Stone. Matters were rather awkward for her. You must have noticed Mr. Thornton's great interest in her, though perhaps she has concealed her interest in him."

The tomb of Doge Tommaso Mocenigo with its delicate marble carving seemed suddenly to become the tomb of all his hopes and longings, yes, of love itself, as the lad gazed steadily; yet he smiled as he answered,—

"Yes, I had noticed it."

Mrs. Ashton-Stone looked at him with admiration: he had good pluck.

"The matter can have but one outcome, I hope, as do all her friends. They are entirely suited to each other, and Mr. Thornton can give her the position that she wants and deserves."

Fate played into the lady's hands, for, as the two strolled on, they became aware that Mr. Thornton was standing with Carlotta in one of the choir chapels. There was that in Carlotta's downcast face and the man's air of respectful devotion which made Mrs. Stone's heart beat high with hope, though it brought despair to the lad. She hurried him away, her finger on her lips, and it was fifteen minutes later that Carlotta found them wandering about the piazza. The agitation visible in the girl's eyes and mouth brought home with a final sting to Robert Winfield an already overmastering sense that he had been a fool. If Carlotta had cared would she not have written him a word or line to end this hard suspense? Proof as weighty as the massive presence of Mrs. Stone lay on his heart like lead. Carlotta looked wistfully at him, waiting for one more look of quiet understanding, such as they had shared since yesterday, but in vain. He said good-by abruptly, without a word to her as he left his companions at the hotel, then gave some lengthy directions to his gondolier. The Frau Doctor lingered timidly, but he did not see her, and she went almost tearfully upstairs.

"Anna," cried the Frau Professor as the other entered the gorgeous apartment, "I have news."

"I, too," said the Frau Doctor, sighing and wiping her brow with a black-bordered handkerchief.

"*Aber*, mine is more important," insisted the Frau Professor.

"Impossible!" The Frau Professor pricked up her ears; it must be something important indeed to make Anna hold her own in this way.

"I heard that woman," whispered the Frau Professor, "talking to Robert about Carlotta and Mr. Thornton, and she made him misunderstand. I was studying the next tomb and they did not see me."

"Ah, that explains!" The Frau Doctor clasped her hands. "That tells all; and Mr. Thornton was there in the church, spoiling everything. Robert goes away and comes not back. I heard him tell Guido. Guido was sent to the hotel to tell the man that all must be packed. The boy takes the afternoon train; he goes, and we do not see him again." The Frau Doctor was frankly weeping now. Suddenly her face brightened. "*Ach, Himmel*, but it is good news you bring after all! I thought he was going because Carlotta had sent him, as she sent Mr. Thornton, away."

"We must act," said the Frau Professor. "We go at once to his hotel and reveal all."

"Not to the hotel," pleaded the Frau Doctor. "That would be unmaidenly. We go to his train this afternoon and hold him back."

They did so. Trembling at their own audacity, amazed at the price asked for the gondola, they secretly embarked in a quiet spot where no one could see, and stole, the last of a long line of Venetian conspirators, through side canals and around sinister corners, to the railway station. They had still an hour to wait before the train left, and they paced up and down, hand in hand, anxiously scanning the faces of all the voyagers they could

see. He came at last, sitting very erect and looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, the fine manliness of the young face all the more visible for the absence of the boyish color that had been there yesterday.

"Robert," whispered the Frau Professor, as he stepped ashore. He started nervously, then looked with wide-opened eyes. Were the little ladies mad, as he had half suspected all along? The Frau Doctor took his arm; the Frau Professor laid her hand on his shoulder, and they led him away.

"It is all a mistake," said the former. "You go not away."

"It is a misunderstanding," said the latter.

"There is no truth in it. Carlotta herself has told me all."

He looked from one to the other with eyes that vainly begged an explanation.

"Carlotta is not for him!" almost shouted the Frau Professor at last. "It was the second time she sent him away, this morning at San Giovanni."

"She cares not for Mr. Thornton; she cares for you and you only," confided the Frau Doctor, cuddling closer.

As they explained, coaxed, wheedled, the surprise in his face gave way to indignation, and indignation faded before a radiant joy that brought color to the lad's cheeks and light to his eyes. He could not be angry with the two who were thus intruding unbidden into the secret places of his heart, when their solicitude for him betrayed itself in the trembling hands and moistened eyes. They took possession of him, and would not let him go; assured him of Carlotta's undying affection, and would have ordered away the man who brought his trunks if they had but known the necessary Italian. When Robert Winfield refused to go back to his hotel, they urged the Hotel Allegra upon him, assuring him that it was sumptuous and cheap, only three francs a day. With this his hurt pride melted, for the words brought back the whole innocent conspiracy, and the delight he had had with Carlotta through all the summer days. They prevailed at last, though he declined the hospitality of the Hotel Allegra, and they bore him away in triumph; never a doge of the glorious days of Venice came home more proudly with the captives and spoils of war than did they with their prisoner.

They wisely did not try to determine the time and place of the lovers' meeting, but left fate to have its way, and so it happened that the old life was resumed the next morning as if no break had occurred. Mrs. Ashton-Stone was disheartened by the wonted appearance of Robert Winfield, ready to act as escort to whatever part of the enchanted country his friends might choose. Her sudden courtesy to the little German ladies disappeared as suddenly as it had come, for she divined that it was they who had undone all that she had achieved. She left them in disdain, and the four companions fared forth in the old way. Carlotta, as they threaded the streets of water in the cool shadow, where now and then long sprays of woodbine or of clematis trailed against their faces as they skirted garden walls, had no look of reproach for the young man's unkindness of yesterday, which perhaps goes to show that she lacked something of full perfection of feminine nature, as her aunt often assured her. The two little ladies chatted in an intentionally natural manner as they landed at the stone steps of a garden upon the Giudecca, and passed the sculptured lions that guarded the gates.

"Now," said the Frau Professor in an explosive whisper, grasping the hand of her friend, and the two disappeared down a long ilex avenue that led to the lagoon. Their purpose was so evident that man and maid burst into a laugh, and the minute that had threatened to be all pathos was turned to mirth. Together they walked the even garden paths in all the sweetness of tall white lilies, climbing roses, and ripening peach and pear.

"I am told that you started to leave

Venice rather abruptly," said Carlotta. "I should have thought that you would have come to say good-by."

"I've no defense to make, my Lady Doge," he said penitently. "Take me down the fatal stairway and over the Bridge of Sighs. I deserve my sentence, whatever it is."

"It is a secret sentence," said Carlotta serenely, "and must be whispered."

It was.

"And now, my lady," said the victim, taking both hands of the judge within his own, "if you really care, why did you not tell me that day at Torcello? Do you know in what nethermost pit of torture you have kept me since then?"

Carlotta's brown eyes were lighted by soft, inward fire.

"Because I cared so much, after knowing you only two weeks, that I was ashamed. Because I wanted to be sure that it is the better part of me that cares."

"And are you sure?"

Carlotta bowed her head.

"The very inmost heart and soul of me," she said softly.

A cricket chirped in the sparse grass, and all the rest was silence; gulls flew low on great white wings above the garden, then soared high into the blue; the little old ladies, looking under the drooping grapevine that stretched from one mulberry tree to another, saw the lad's tall head bent reverently to Carlotta's, and turned away, their faded eyes dim with happiness.

THE WATER WITCH

BY JOHN FINLEY

Gray, unearthly water-witch
With your supple forkèd switch
Wand'ring o'er my upland field,
What is to your sense revealed
That is hid away from mine,
That my hand cannot divine?

Is it Arethusa, crying,
Still from base Alphæus flying,
That you hear and fain would lead
Forth upon the fragrant mead,
As a gentle sweet-voiced fountain,
At the foot of my lone mountain?

Or the famed Pierian rill,
Migrant from its ancient hill, —
Does it flow with rhythmic beat
Under your slow-shuffling feet,
Till the forest's pulses cry
Through this twig their rapt reply?

Or that other stream of old
Where King Midas, fond of gold,
Bathed and found his body freed
From its gold-creating greed —
Do its hoarded yellow sands
Twitch your empty, callous hands?

. . . . . .

Yesterday an emperor,
Savant, navarch, conqueror,
Tiring of his wave and clod,
Asked for a divining rod,
Not content till he should bring
Waters from the hidden spring,
Till the streams beneath the land
Should obey his least command.

But no man shall govern these
Save who's often on his knees
Where the flowers and grasses grow,
Who has heard the rain and snow
Talking with the parchèd earth
Of the deluge and the dearth;
Save who knows the forest's speech,
Voice of oak and pine and beech,
And amid their shadows dreams, —
He shall hear the silent streams,
He shall see the unseen things,
He shall find the secret springs,
He shall strike in faith the rock,
Though the unbelieving mock,
He shall make a living well
For the thirsty souls who dwell
In the vale of Baca, he
Seer of sky and spring shall be; —
In his hands the out-door God
Puts his true divining-rod.

THE FOREST PHILOSOPHY OF INDIA

BY PAUL ELMER MORE

A TRANSLATION of Deussen's *Philosophy of the Upanishads*[1] will be welcomed by all who have been familiar with this learned work in the original, and who hold it important that more accurate notions of the Orient be disseminated. As an analytic, and to a certain degree constructive, critic of Hindu philosophy, Professor Deussen is easily foremost among Western scholars. He has perceived more clearly than any one else the central position of that philosophy in the long struggle of the human spirit to come to its own; he has traced the development of ideas, from the early guesses of Vedic days down to the stupendous system of Çankara, in a masterly manner. It would be presumptuous in me to assume a knowledge of Indian thought, or of metaphysics generally, comparable to his; and it would be disingenuous to deny that what knowledge I possess is in part derived from the very book I am about to criticise. Nevertheless it seems worth while to look at his vast collection of material in a somewhat different light, at least to shift the emphasis in summing up our final impression of that Forest Philosophy, which, from the age of Alexander to the present, has been the periodic wonder of the world. When he comes to deal with the elaborate superstructure which Bâdarâyana and later (*circa* 750 A. D.) Çankara, the *Doctor Angelicus* of India, raised on the foundation of the Veda, I, for one, can only stand and admire. But it is just a question whether the ability, or, better, the predilection, which fitted him to write the *System des Vedânta*, did not in a measure unfit him to interpret the more naïve and unsystematic stammerings of the Upanishads. It may be a question whether the effect of his work on those earlier treatises is not — despite his own protests to the contrary — to convert into metaphysical dialectics what was at bottom a religious and thoroughly human experience.

The point is fundamental, and calls for insistence. There is a proposition in the *Ethics* of Spinoza (I, xi) to this effect: "God, or substance consisting of infinite attributes, each of which expresses eternal and infinite essence, necessarily exists." Which is as much as to say: The definition which I give of God includes existence, therefore it is absurd for me to deny that He exists. So, briefly, runs the famous ontological argument which in one form or another has wrought a kind of metaphysical insanity. A hundred times it has been exorcised, and a hundred times it has risen like an ill-laid ghost to trouble the brains of men. The great service of Kant professedly was to lay this phantom once for all, and to show that what exists in the reason does not necessarily exist in fact; but his heart failed him. As Heine says, no sooner did he destroy the old phantom of Deism with his critique of pure reason, than with the practical reason as with a magic wand he brought the corpse to life again. One thing is sure: before we can understand, though but dimly, the language of India's sacred books, we must utterly abandon the lying dragoman of German metaphysics. Deussen himself is still bound in these shackles, and, with all his contor-

[1] *The Philosophy of the Upanishads.* By PAUL DEUSSEN. Authorized English translation by Rev. A. S. Geden. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1906. This forms in the original the second volume of Professor Deussen's *Allgemeine Geschichte der Philosophie.* Other works by him dealing with India are: *Das System des Vedânta*, *Die Sûtras des Vedânta*, and *Sechzig Upanishad's des Veda.*

tions, cannot escape that first fatal step: "I *think*, therefore I am." The very name, *forest philosophers*, shows how far they were from the lecture-room. There is in the earlier, and more genuine, Upanishads no articulated body of metaphysics, but rather the almost childlike gropings of the practical mystic to express in language the meaning of his inner life. Much of the older theology, much of the grotesque symbolism, remains, with not a little that is the mere hocus-pocus of magical words. And then, suddenly, out of this verbiage, there strikes up a phrase, a passage, that comes from the seldom-speaking recesses of the heart and carries the unmistakable accent of an ancient and profound national experience.

To grasp the force of these books we must go back to the time of the Vedas and store our memory with those earliest hymns of the Aryan race. There we shall find expressed the confused mythology of a people to whom the spectacle of nature was a divine wonder. More specially their hymns were shot through with the glories and terrors of the sky, — the splendor of the dawn spreading out her white garments over the darkness, the night dressing herself in beauty and gazing upon the earth with innumerable eyes, the clouds rolling out of the cavern of the horizon and huddling away into some far-off retreat, the fearful tumult of the Oriental tempest with its thunderbolts crashing through the curtain of gloom, the wind riding its loud-creaking chariot, and over all the motionless, divine, immeasurable circle of the highest heaven, —

> There in his garment all of gold,
> With jewels decked, sits Varuna,
> And round about him sit his spies.

To the devout Hindu all this was a celestial drama of the gods. The dawn is a bride decked in her glistening marriage robes; wild horsemen ride through the sky; in the shadow of the storm Indra and the demon forever renew their tremendous duel. In the midst of these powers man felt his own supreme littleness. I do not know what the universal origin of sacrifice may be, whether from a desire to propitiate the gods, or to strike a bargain with them, or from some other primeval instinct; but in India in these days it should seem in its purest form to have been an effort of the human being to escape the fragility and isolation of his lot and to connect his life with the overwhelming activities of nature. Only so, indeed, can the symbolism of the ritual be understood. Every step in the sacrifice — the form of the altar, the kindling of the fire, the preparation of the victim, the hymns, the least attitude of the priest — was supposed to be the counterpart of the drama of nature and the gods. More particularly this is made evident by the double office of Agni (*ignis*, fire). It will have been observed that in all the phenomena of the sky the imagination of the Hindu was most impressed by the element of light and fire, whether in the alternations of night and day or in the flaming arrows of the tempest. Agni is the sun, the immortal energy of the gods, the giver of life and abundance, the terrible destroyer; he dwells aloft in the heavens, and is concealed in the vital sap of earthly plants. Here lay the hold of the priest. In the altar flame he not only reproduced the life of the gods, but by the force of analogy controlled the celestial phenomena. "Agni is light, light is Agni;" and again, "The sun is light, light is the sun," chanted the priest at the evening and morning service of the fire; and one of the sacrificial books says more especially, "When the priest in the morning before the rising of the sun makes his offering, he brings the sun to birth, and the sun, filling out his orb of light, rises in radiance. Of a truth he would not rise, should the priest fail to make this offering in the sacrificial fire."[1]

[1] Thoreau, in the fields about Concord, said something very similar: "Day would not dawn if it were not for

> THE INWARD MORNING.
> Packed in my mind lie all the clothes
> Which outward nature wears,
> And in its fashion's hourly change
> It all things else repairs."

We see in this strange symbolism of the sacrifice how gradually the worship and marvel of the world are subdued to the heart of man; it is a slow process of absorption, one might say, corresponding to the growth of introspection and self-knowledge. In this way only can we understand the hold of that prayer which for thousands of years has been in the mouth of every pious Hindu: "*Tat Savitur varenyam*,— May we by meditation win that desired glory of the Sun, of the divine one who shall inspire our prayers!" At first, no doubt, this was nothing more than the customary plea for worldly honor and success, but with time its meaning, or *intention*, changed, and it came to express the hunger of the soul to feel within itself the fullness of the miracle of being. Agni, the material fire, becomes identified with *brahma*, the swelling and aspiration of the heart in prayer; and by a natural transition we pass to *tapas*, the *heat* and glow of devotion by asceticism.

We have thus the three periods of Hindu religion, represented by the early worship of wonder and fear, the symbolic assumption of divine powers in the ritual, and the relinquishing of the symbol for the self-sufficient life of the spirit. Our concern is more specially with this later step.

As the theory and practice of sacrifice became more complex, the tyranny of the Brahmins, or priests who alone could perform the rites, extended itself more and more over all the activities of man; and there sprang up about the ritual a peculiar priestly literature, the Brâhmanas. The world has seen nothing else quite comparable to the awful intricacies of that religion. It permeated life to the minutest recesses; it developed into a monstrous, inconceivable oppression, and yet it had also its beneficent side. It contained the basis of a vast discipline; teaching men to regard their selfish desires and interests as trivial in comparison with those religious acts which pointed, however crudely and viciously, to divine laws. Out of that priestly despotism the race might have come with blunted moral sense, spiritually debased and engrossed in superstition; and such an influence many people would regard as at work in India to-day, forgetting that political and racial subversions hardly permit us to reckon on a continuity of religious forces. Certainly, for a time, and on the more elastic spirits, this discipline induced a powerful reaction, which, as happens when the discipline is genuine, retained what was valuable in the older forms while induing them with new significance.

There had already sprung up under Brahminical rule the regular division of a man's life into three stages, as student, householder, anchorite. From his twelfth to his twenty-fourth year (or for a more indefinite period) the young Brahmin was to dwell in the house of a teacher, serving him in menial offices and storing up in memory the vast body of sacred literature. After this his second duty was to marry and create a family of his own, and thus to carry on the inheritance of religion for himself and for others. But with the consciousness in the Hindu mind of a deep-seated discord between the demands of daily life and the growth in spiritual power, these duties of the householder and representative priest inevitably grew irksome in the end and called for a time of reparation. Hence, when a man's sons were grown and ready to assume the traditional routine, when he beheld his sons' sons about him, he was free to shake off the burden and retire for repose and inner recreation to the sacred places of the wilderness. Later, under the impulse of a doubtful asceticism, a fourth stage separated itself from this period of retreat. When the consummation was foreseen the hermit was to take up his staff and wander straight forward, begging his way, until death brought him release. This fourth regimen never obtained general acceptance; and, indeed, it is not to be supposed that so rigid an appor-

tionment of life as was implied by the three stages became ever a universal practice. It was an ideal always, but an ideal, as both history and literature attest, that was realized by innumerable men and women.

The heart of the matter for us lies in the third period of forest life, which was in part a fulfillment of the priestly discipline, and very early in part also a means of escape from the intolerable religious routine. Nor must we suppose that for most of these eremites existence was excessively harsh or even lonely. A hut thrown up on the banks of some stream or lake, often on the picturesque slope of hill or mountain, gave all the shelter that was needed in that warm climate, and food was abundant and free. Often they dwelt in companies, under the guidance of some authoritative saint; and if we were to look for a comparison in the Western world we should go, not, perhaps, to the stern anchorites of the Thebais, but to the group of holy men who gathered about Port-Royal des Champs in the time of its purest and most untroubled enthusiasm. Only, there is a touch of Oriental richness in these Indian scenes not to be found in the neighborhood of Paris and Versailles. The drama and epic of India are filled with really charming pictures of the life of commingled society and solitude, such as is shown in this speech of an aged sanctified woman to the wife of Râma: —

But now the sun has sunk from sight,
And left the world to holy Night.
Hark! how the leafy thickets sound
With gathering birds that twitter round:
They sought their food by day, and all
Flock homeward when the shadows fall.
See, hither comes the hermit band,
Each with his pitcher in his hand:
Fresh from the bath, their locks are wet,
Their coats of bark are dripping yet.
Here saints their fires of worship tend,
And curling wreaths of smoke ascend:
Borne on the flames they mount above,
Dark as the brown wings of the dove.
The distant trees, though well-nigh bare,
Gloom thickened by the evening air,
And in the faint uncertain light
Shut the horizon from our sight.
The beasts that prowl in darkness rove
On every side about the grove,
And the tame deer, at ease reclined,
Their shelter near the altars find.
The night o'er all the sky is spread,
With lunar stars engarlanded,
And risen in his robes of light
The moon is beautifully bright.
Now to thy lord I bid thee go:
Thy pleasant tale has charmed me so:
One thing alone I needs must pray,
Before me first thyself array:
Here in thy heavenly raiment shine,
And glad, dear love, these eyes of mine.[1]

It was in fact no unusual thing for a man to take his wife, or even his children, with him into the forest; and in general one gets the impression that life among these colonies was more wholesome than in our own monasteries of the Middle Ages. Learned women, whether as inquirers or as disputants, played a sufficient part in that great religious drama; and one of these is celebrated in what is, perhaps, the oldest of the Upanishads.

"Yâjnavalkya had two wives, Maitreyî and Kâtyâyanî. Of these Maitreyî was interested in religious talk, but Kâtyâyanî possessed only woman's knowledge. Now Yâjnavalkya was preparing to enter another stage of life, in the forest.

"'Maitreyî,' said he, 'I am going away from this my house. Come then, let me make a settlement between Kâtyâyanî and thee.'

"Then said Maitreyî, 'My Lord, were this whole earth mine with all its wealth, tell me, should I, or should I not, be made immortal thereby?' — 'Not so,' replied Yâjnavalkya; 'like the life of the rich would thy life be. There is no hope of immortality through wealth.'

"And Maitreyî said, 'What should I do with that which cannot make me im-

[1] The quotations from the *Râmâyana* are from the excellent version by R. T. H. Griffith, which might well be rendered more accessible to English readers. In quoting from the Upanishads I have made my own translation, using Max Müller's as a basis, but with the original text and Deussen's *Sechsig Upanishad's* before my eye.

mortal? What my Lord surely knoweth, that tell thou me.'

"And Yâjnavalkya replied, 'Thou wast indeed dear to me, but now even dearer. Therefore, if it please thee, Lady, I will explain this matter, and do thou mark well what I say.'

"And he said, 'Verily, not for the love of husband is the husband dear; but for love of the Self the husband is dear. Verily, not for the love of wife is the wife dear; but for love of the Self the wife is dear. Verily, not for the love of sons are sons dear; but for love of the Self sons are dear. Verily, not for the love of wealth is wealth dear; but for love of the Self wealth is dear. . . . Verily, not for the love of gods are the gods dear; but for love of the Self the gods are dear.'" . . .

The doctrine is not easy, and it is not surprising that Maitreyî cries out, "Sir, thou hast utterly bewildered me, and I know not what to make of this Self." Yâjnavalkya, we are told, went away into the forest. He was the oracle of many restless souls who were then wandering about in search of the secret knowledge. Of Maitreyî no more is said, but one imagines her going into the woods with her husband and talking with him interminably on these high themes. And one gets here a glimpse of the kind of questions that had come to disturb the religious peace of India. Especially when released from the heavy routine of observances, in the forest where the worshiper was permitted to substitute a mental devotion for all, or at least for the more burdensome part, of the ceremonial, he began to consider more closely the meaning of the elaborate servitude he had undergone, to ask himself what correspondence could be found between the outer and the inner reality, and the value of what he had outgrown. In this fermentation of thought it is natural that the Kshatriyas, or ruling caste, who had always been outside the secret of the ceremonial, should appear on the whole to have been the leaders of the friendly revolt, whereas the priestly caste of Brahmins, whose influence and very existence depended on the physical sacrifice, should have been the learners and followers. And the manner in which the new faith spread is sufficiently clear. Here and there to some lonely thinker the swathing bands of prescription fell away and exposed to his view the innermost core of his spiritual experience. He would give a name to this reality, a kind of catchword which passed from mouth to mouth, and inquirers, hearing the word and half understanding its meaning, would travel to the sage with their questions. It is evident that those who had attained enlightenment expounded their vision only under precautions. If the questioner showed that something in his own life corresponded to the progress of the sage, if it appeared that the exposition of the secret word would be a reality to him, — neither a vain syllogism of the reason nor a pretext for contempt of duty, — then in some metaphor or some quaint dialectic the teacher would lead him to trace back the steps of his own experience until he reached the innermost source of truth. Thus the doctrine was a *rahasyam*, a secret, an *upanishad* (for this is the real meaning of the word), which gradually spread itself among these forest-dwellers. After a while it was written down in books, not without large admixture of outworn mythologies and popular superstitions, and in this form was at last taken up by the more orthodox Brahmins into their ritualistic writings. As a secret doctrine these treatises were called Upanishads; as a portion of the literature designed for the forest life they were Aranyakas (*aranya* = forest); as forming the conclusion of the sacred canon they were the Vedânta, the Veda-End (*Veda* = specifically the early collections of sacrificial hymns, generically the whole religious canon; *anta* = end).

In all this it cannot be too often repeated that a definite moral and spiritual experience is the true basis and reality, that the rationalizing theories come afterwards, that in a certain sense rationalism is a contradiction of what it under-

takes to expound, and flourishes only when the reality has begun to fade away. In our own civilization we know that deism, or rationalism, was fundamentally a denial of the religion it sought to bolster up; and so in India the later syllogistic aphorisms of Bâdarâyana, through which Professor Deussen has approached the Upanishads, indicate the beginning of an inner petrifaction. Perhaps the surest way to avoid this fallacy of the reason would be to eschew the metaphysical path altogether. Instead of starting with a comparison of the transcendental unreality underlying the thought of Kant and Plato and the Vedânta, after the manner of our learned guide, one might look first for the truth of the Upanishads in the vivid consciousness of a dualism in human nature, and one might add — with some temerity, no doubt — that the degree of clearness with which this dualism has been perceived marks the depth of any religion or philosophy. Religion, one would say, was just the acceptance of this cleavage in our nature as a fact, despite the caviling of the intellect, together with a belief that the gulf may be bridged over by some effort of the will, by self-surrender to a power in one sense or another not ourselves. Philosophy is an attempt to explain away this dualism rationally, and literature, in its higher vocation at least, often asserts the same prerogative by virtue of the imagination. But in one way or another, by the fervor of acceptance, by the very vehemence of denial, by the earnestness of the endeavor to escape it, this dualism lies at the bottom of our inner life, and the spiritual history of the human race might be defined as the long writhing and posturing of the soul (I mean something more than the mere intellect,—the whole essential man, indeed) to conceal, or deny, or ridicule, or overcome, this cleft in its nature.

In pure religion this struggle arises most commonly from a conviction of sin. Man feels his own responsibility for the chasm in his nature, and this responsibility he symbolizes in a thousand ways, — in the fable of the fall, in the doctrine of universal depravity, in the terror of fetichism, in propitiatory rites, in the whole structure of mythology, we may say. The story of Gethsemane clothes it in its most beautiful and most tragic garb. It matters little whether we adopt the mythological explanation and say that Jesus actually bore through his divine humiliation the sins of the world, or whether, more rationalistically, we say that he was weighed down with sympathy for the universal curse of evil; those prayers beneath the olive trees in the silence and loneliness of night, that agony and bloody sweat, are witnesses to the consciousness in one great soul of the division in man and of the need to attain to atonement by sacrificing one half of our nature. That acceptance of pain was the *tapas*, or asceticism, of the Indian sages, the inner heat or fire, as the word signifies, which was to burn away the body of despair. It is not fashionable in these days to preach the gospel of suffering, we choose rather the anæsthesia of brotherly love; but still at the bottom of Christianity, rising to the surface with every serious stirring of the religious sense, is this consciousness of sin, and that resurgent cry of the Christ, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death;" with its echo in the mouth of his greatest disciple, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

The inevitable tendency of religion has been to project this dualism of consciousness into the supersensible realm and to create a mythology, the near example for us being the divine drama of the Incarnation or, more picturesquely, the conception of heaven and hell. To those whose inner consciousness has been dulled by the routine of the world some such appeal to the imagination is no doubt indispensable, and it would be well if theology could pause here and not proceed to apologetic theorizing. Practically all the ruinous battles of the Church have been fought over the attempt, inevitably futile in the end, to define this mythology in terms of

the reason. Arianism tried to explain away the seeming — rather, the real — unreason of the dual nature of Christ; Augustine's attack on Pelagianism was for the sake of maintaining the sharp division between Grace and man's fallen will; Luther's justification by faith argued a complete breach between the natural and the redeemed man; the war of Jansenism and Jesuitism, the last stand of pure Christianity, was but a repetition of the dispute between Augustine and Pelagius. Unfortunately, the reason, when once awakened to its powers, finds itself in jeopardy from its own theological creation, and, like another Cronos, devours its offspring. Heaven and hell are swept away; the religious sense, which has become atrophied through dependence on this myth, seems to fail altogether, and we have the state which, with various eddies of revolt, has prevailed since the deistic movement of the eighteenth century, — a blustering denial of man's uneasiness and an organized effort to drown that feeling in social sympathy.

Of the endeavor of philosophy to reconcile this dualism little need be said, because in its purest metaphysical form it contains an element palpably self-destructive. Whereas religion veils the reality of human experience in an eternal allegory, metaphysics would explain this experience away. Religion would escape the dilemma of dualism by sacrificing one of its terms; metaphysics denies the existence of a second term. Hence the endless logomachy of the two schools of philosophy, Protean in their change of forms, but always radically opposed to each other as reason champions one or the other side. For whether the resultant theory is that of Parmenides or of Heraclitus, whether it be realism or nominalism, the pantheism of Spinoza or the deism of Locke, some bubble of neo-Hegelianism or babble of pragmatism, — the process is always the same: it is the reason denying one term of our dual nature and magnifying the other into an hypothesis of universal being. And the answer is always and to either school the same: the facts of experience do not coincide with the demand of reason for unity.

When we turn from religion and philosophy to literature this dualism becomes in the nature of the case more obscure; yet to one who looks closely it will still be found to underlie just those passages of the poets which appeal most insistently to the deeper strata of our sensibilities. It may even be used — though with extreme caution — as a test to discriminate the higher from the lower realm of artistic intuition. Certainly, if one will examine the celestial machinery of two such epics as *Paradise Lost* and the *Æneid*, this difference will fairly strike the eyes. Read Milton's dialogue in heaven which follows the magnificent apostrophe to light: —

To whom the great Creator thus replied:
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed.

Is it not sufficiently evident throughout these passages that the poet's rationalism has prevented him from distinguishing between the mystery of divinity and the mere planning and providing faculties of man? His deity is thus neither completely anthropomorphic nor mystically superhuman, and there is something repellent and illogical in the whole substratum of the poem. Turn then to the lines in the beginning of the *Æneid* from which Milton borrowed his scene: —

Olli subridens hominum sator atque deorum
Voltu, quo cælum tempestatesque serenat,
Oscula libavit natæ, dehinc talia fatur:
Parce metu, Cytherea, *manent inmota tuorum*
Fata tibi: cernes urbem et promissa Lavini
Mœnia, sublimemque feres ad sidera cæli
Magnanimum Æneam; neque me sententia vertit.
Hic tibi — fabor enim, quando hæc te cura remordet,
Longius et *volvens fatorum arcana movebo.* . . .

[The father of men and gods, smiling upon his daughter with that countenance beneath

which sky and weather grow serene, kissed her lightly and thus spoke: Fear not, Cytherea; unmoved remain the fates of those thou lovest. . . . For, since I behold thy anxiety, I will speak at length and unroll before thee the secret things of the fates.]

At first it might appear that Virgil, as he is here even more frankly anthropomorphic than Milton, so moves on a lower plane. But look closer, and the inference is turned quite the other way about. Because Virgil recognizes the great cleft between the divine and the human,—or, if you will, the divine and the natural in the human,—he sees the futility of trying to personify God by segregating from man's nature one such faculty as the reason; he knows that the movers of the world, the *rerum causæ*, can be interpreted to the imagination only through symbols completely human and finite, and his gods are but men with all their passions on a larger scale. Far beyond the gods and their meddling lie, dimly adumbrated, the *inmota fata*, the secret things of destiny. And this deeper intuition affects not only the celestial machinery of the *Æneid*, but its whole texture and language. With all the exaltation of Milton's style it must be admitted that his work contains nothing corresponding to the Latin poet's sudden glimpses into the abyss in such lines as the *Venit summa dies*, or the repeated *Requies ea certa laborum*. With all the luminous beauty spread over Milton's Paradise, there is nothing which quite takes the place of Virgil's *Tacitæ per amica silentia lunæ*, wherein the stillness of that desired rest, the stillness of the unmoved fates, seems almost to be made visible in the nocturnal heavens.

Nor need we turn to these great creations of the imagination and reason to observe the law of dualism. We all of us have felt the painful paradox of mutability; all of us, looking at the world at large and at human activities, have wavered between the conception of endless ungoverned motion as the only reality and the thought of some invisible power sitting motionless at the centre; and then, turning within ourselves, have perceived that this antinomy is caused by, or corresponds to, a like division there. So we are forever driven on by restlessness; yet which of us, now and then, amid this daily storming of desires that run out after ephemeral things, has not said in thought, as Michael Angelo said in fact, "*Beata l'alma, ove non corre tempo;* happy the soul where time no longer courses"? And, piercing still further into consciousness, we resolve that contrast into a warfare between an impetuous personal self-will and that *will to refrain* which is the submission to a deeper self.

Here is no room for pantheism; and no word is apt to give a falser impression of the early Indian philosophy than the term "monism" which is so glibly applied to it. For what in the end is pantheism, or monism? It is either a vague and lax state of reverie, or, if pronounced as a consistent theory of existence, a barren hybrid between religion and philosophy with no correspondence in emotional or rational truth. To say flatly that God is all, and that there is nothing but God, is simply a negation of all we know and feel; it is the *prôton pseudos* of metaphysical religion. Now, it cannot be said too often that the Upanishads are essentially the groping of many minds after the truth, and not a systematized philosophy. Consequently, as each aspect of the truth appears, it is magnified without reference to what has preceded or what may follow, and each text must be interpreted by the drift and consensus of the whole. From the nature of this search and from the goal in view, many passages might seem to express the crudest pantheism; but always, if we look more attentively, the way leads, not into that blind abyss, but quite otherwhere. Because the end to be attained is so high and great, it is said to contain within itself all lesser things: "He who has seen, heard, comprehended, and known the Self, by him is this whole

world known." And a stanza in the same Upanishad begins: —

> This shall a man know in his mind,
> That nothing here is manifold.

Pantheism and monism could not apparently be stated more explicitly; and yet in fact nothing is further from the writer's thought. The conclusion of the stanza points to the correct interpretation: —

> From death to death he ever goes,
> Who sees the world as manifold.

The intention is not to deny the independence of phenomenal existence, but to withdraw the mind from dwelling therein; to contrast in the strongest terms the worldly and the spiritual life, the lower and the higher path: "Out of the unreal lead me to the real; Out of darkness lead me to light; Out of death lead me to deathlessness."

But if the lesson of the Upanishads is incompatible with that false hybrid between religion and philosophy, it is still further removed from a mechanical balancing of soul and body, spirit and matter, such as was later taught by philosophy, the Sânkhya, or by Manichæism, which, in somewhat attenuated form, was infiltered into Christianity through Saint Augustine. Rather this effort to pass from the unreal to the real takes the form of a progressive contemplation of the world and of man himself from an ever higher point of view. The rumor was spread abroad that certain of these eremites of the forest had discovered the secret of the world and of man, and the names of Brahma and Atman ran from mouth to mouth. What is the meaning of these mystic formulæ? Who has heard and can impart the truth? The answer comes almost always in a dialogue which carries the mind of the inquirer upward step by step, ending often, like the dialectic of Plato, in a parable.

"Gârgya, the son of Balâkâ, was a Brahmin, proud of his learning. Said he to Ajâtaçatru, the King of Kâçî, 'Shall I tell you about Brahma?' — 'For such a lesson,' replied Ajâtaçatru, 'I would pay a thousand cows.' . . .

"Gârgya said, 'The person in the sun, him I adore as Brahma.' Ajâtaçatru said, 'Speak not to me of him! I adore him already as the supreme, the head of all beings, the king.' — Verily, whoever adores him thus, becomes supreme, the head of all beings, the king.

"Gârgya said, 'The person in the moon, him I adore as Brahma.' Ajâtaçatru said, 'Speak not to me of him! I adore him already as the great one clad in white raiment, as King Soma' [the sacrificial juice, sacred to the moon]. — Verily, whoever adores him thus, Soma is poured out and poured forth for him day by day, and his food does not fail.

"Gârgya said, 'The person in the lightning, him I adore as Brahma.' Ajâtaçatru said, 'Speak not to me of him! I adore him already as the luminous.' — Verily, whoever adores him thus, becomes luminous, and his children after him become luminous."

So the argument progresses, haltingly indeed, through the conception of Brahma, as ether, space, the reflection in a mirror, life, even death; until in the end all the arrows of the boastful Gârgya are shot and he is reduced to silence. "Then said Ajâtaçatru, 'Thus far only?' — 'Thus far only,' he replied. — 'This does not suffice to know it,' said Ajâtaçatru. — 'Nay, let me come to thee as learner,' said Gârgya. — And Ajâtaçatru answered, 'It is unnatural that a Brahmin should come to a Kshatriyan to learn about Brahma; yet will I teach thee.' So saying, he took him by the hand and arose. And the two came to a man who was asleep."

The process when applied to the inner nature of man is much the same, and the result not different. Yâjnavalkya we have seen preparing to go out into the woods, and discussing with his wife the incomparable value of self-knowledge above all worldly possessions. He is indeed one of the fabulous possessors of the secret, to

whom many traveled for enlightenment, and from whom some departed as wise as they came. One too inquisitive woman, who pressed him with question after question, until only the revelation of Brahma remained, he silenced abruptly: "Do not ask too much, or your head will burst!" Another inquirer, Janaka, King of the Videhas, he would have put off, had he not been bound by a former promise. And so Janaka questions him about the secret: —

"Yâjnavalkya," he said, "what is the light of man?" — "The sun, O King," he replied; "for by the light of the sun he sits and moves about, does his work and returns." — "So it is, O Yâjnavalkya."

"But when the sun has set, O Yâjnavalkya, what is then the light of man?" — "The moon is then his light; for by the light of the moon he sits and moves about, does his work and returns." — "So it is, O Yâjnavalkya."

"But, O Yâjnavalkya, when the sun has set, and the moon has set, what is the light of man?" — "Fire is then his light; for by the light of fire he sits and goes about, does his work and returns." — "So it is, O Yâjnavalkya."

"But, O Yâjnavalkya, when the sun has set, and the moon has set, and the fire has gone out, what is then the light of man?" — "Speech is then his light; for by the light of speech he sits and moves about, does his work and returns. Therefore, O King, when one cannot see one's own hand, yet when a voice is heard, one goes toward it." — "So it is, O Yâjnavalkya."

"But, O Yâjnavalkya, when the sun has set, and the moon has set, and the fire has gone out, and no speech is heard, what is then the light of man?" — "The Self [Atman] is then his light; for by the light of the Self he sits and moves about, does his work and returns."

"What is this Self?"

One feels almost as if an apology were necessary for offering such naïve conversations as examples of a world-famed philosophy; and indeed, only after long reading of these sacred books, when the grotesque and infantile imagery has lost its strangeness to us, do we begin to feel the uplift in this endless seeking after the truth, the sense of expansion and freedom as the mind is carried again and again toward that goal of the infinite Brahma and the infinite Self. The excitement is never quite lost in this pursuit, the surprise never quite dulled when suddenly, in the end, comes the revelation that the infinite we grope after in the world without and within is one and the same, that Brahma and Atman are identical. "In the highest golden sheath there is the Brahma, without passions and without parts. That is pure, that is the light of lights, that is it which they know who know the Self. The sun does not shine there, nor the moon and the stars, nor these lightnings, nor yet this earthly fire." It would be hard to exaggerate the importance of this discovery, made so many years ago in the forests of India, that the eternal and infinite expectation of the soul is not to be sought in submission to an incomprehensible and inhuman force impelling the world, nor yet in obedience to a personal God, but is already within us awaiting revelation, is in fact our very Self of Self. The thought, as it comes down to us from those ancient sages, may sound strange to our ears, yet at bottom it is only what in a small way we each of us feel and know as the refuge from the vexations of daily life. Nay, it increases with the magnitude of our actions. It is the calm of the victorious general as he directs the storm of battle: —

'T was then great Marlbro's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of changing hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd.

It guides the patriot to self-surrender, and above all it is the rapture of the martyr who in death finds his higher life. The

gist of the matter is in the words of Christ, or of the Gnostic who spoke for him to Christianity: "I and my father are one." "And," as Sir Thomas Browne wrote in his grandiloquent manner, "if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exsolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them."

But, whereas in Christianity this present and entire identification of the human soul with God is sporadic and never quite free of theological coloring, in India it is constant and absolute. *Tat tvam asi*, that art thou, is the formula in which it is summed up and reiterated without end. — "That subtle spirit at the heart of all this world, that is the reality, that is the Self, *that art thou.*" And the imagination of these early philosophers exhausts itself in the effort to figure this mystic Brahma, or Atman, in terms of the understanding. We have seen how Ajâtaçatru, to explain the nature of Brahma, at last leads his interlocutor to a man who was asleep; and in the same way Yâjnavalkya, when pressed by Janaka to define the Self, can only point to the state of deep sleep in which the spirit of man transcends this world and all the forms of death. In another Upanishad Indra comes again and again to Prajâpati as a pupil to learn the nature of this Self which even to the gods is a mystery. At last the teacher says: —

"'When a man is in deep sleep and at perfect rest, so that he dreams not, that is the Self, the deathless, the fearless, that is Brahma.' — Then Indra went away satisfied in his heart. But before he had got back to the gods, this difficulty occurred to him: 'Alas, a man in that state has no knowledge of himself; he knows not that I am I, nor does he know anything that exists. He is gone to utter annihilation. I see no profit therein.'

"'So, with fuel in his hand [the regular fee to a teacher], he came once more as a pupil. And Prajâpati said to him, 'O Indra, you went away satisfied in your heart; why now do you come back?'— 'Sir,' he replied, 'in that state a man has no knowledge of himself; he knows not that I am I, nor does he know anything that exists. He is gone to utter annihilation. I see no profit therein.'

"'So it is, Indra,' said Prajâpati; 'now, I will explain the Self to you further, but only through this same state. Live with me other five years.'"

What puzzled Indra may well give a Western reader pause, and, in sooth, Prajâpati does not help matters in his further elucidation. We know the stages by which the mind is brought to the brink of this truth, but at the last there remains the great inevitable leap from reason to unreason. Spinoza, the typical philosopher, sought to bridge that chasm by conceiving from any finite effect an infinite series of finite causes back to the infinite cause. But that is merely to throw dust in the eyes; prolong the series as you will, at the last comes the unavoidable break. And the Hindus recognized fully this impossibility of defining the infinite in finite terms. "He, the Self," cries Yâjnavalkya at the close of one of his discussions with Janaka, "He, the Self, can only be expressed by *no, no!* He is incomprehensible, for he cannot be comprehended; undecaying, for he cannot decay; unattached, for he does not attach himself; he is unfettered, untroubled, unhurt." And then, passing from the insufficiency of metaphysical theory to the reality of religious experience, the teacher adds, "And thou, O Janaka, hast attained unto peace!" We are constantly in danger of being misled by the later use of the term *jnâna* (*gnôsis*, knowledge) to express this attainment of spiritual emancipation. "Knowledge" may be a propædeutic

thereto, but "knowledge" in any ordinary sense of the word the last stage certainly is not; for how, as the books themselves say, can the infinite Knower himself be known? The first step toward a proper understanding of the Hindu forest philosophy must be a tearing down of the whole scaffolding of modern intellectualism. Hume, though for an end of his own, struck at the heart of the matter when he wrote, "What peculiar privilege has this little agitation of the brain, which we call thought, that we must thus make it the model of the universe?"

And none the less must we be on guard against the *Gefühlsphilosophie*, the feeling-philosophy, which forms the Romantic complement to German metaphysics. Nothing could be farther from the virile faith of the ancient Hindus than that vague emotionalism, freed from all reason and morality, of Schleiermacher's religion, which "as a holy music should accompany all the actions of a man." How that *heilige Musik* sang in Schleiermacher's own life may be gathered from his complaisance over the imbecile indecencies of his friend Friedrich Schlegel's *Lucinde*. What it meant to Goethe may be read in that scene where Faust makes his confession of pantheism to Gretchen: "Fill thy heart with this mystery, however great it be; and when thou art wholly blessed in the feeling, call it then what thou wilt, name it Fortune, Heart, Love, God! I have no name therefor! Feeling is all (*Gefühl ist Alles*)." And that feeling? But turn the page and Faust is discovered employing it for the seduction of a simple, trusting girl.[1]

No, the faith of the Vedânta is neither intellectualism nor emotionalism; it springs neither from the *libido sciendi* nor from the *libido sentiendi*. The temptation that came to the forest hermits, strange as it may sound, was rather the lust of power. It was a fixed belief among them that through severe and long-continued asceticism a man by acquiring mas-

[1] It may seem that unnecessary weight is laid on this contrast between the Upanishads and metaphysical Romanticism. But two things must be remembered. In the first place our own "higher" religion to-day, whether we call it Ritschlianism or what not, comes to us in direct descent from Fichte, Schelling, Schleiermacher, and the other Romanticists of Germany who dissolved the philosophy of J. J. Rousseau into a cloud of mystifying words. And in the second place our conception of ancient India, as an element of universal culture, comes to us from the same source. When we read in Novalis the oft-quoted sentence: "Nach Innen geht der geheimnissvolle Weg; in uns oder nirgends ist die Ewigkeit mit ihren Welten, die Vergangenheit und Zukunft;" when we read his mystical couplet:

"Einem gelang es, — er hob den Schleier der Göttin von Sais,
Aber was sah er? — er sah — Wunder des Wunders; sich selbst; " —

it might seem as if the wisdom of Yâjnavalkya were to be caught from the lips of a modern poet. Alas, nothing is more deceptive than the human heart, nothing more elusive than these high words of mysticism! One needs but a little acquaintance with the lives and writings of the Schlegels, *et id genus omne*, to know how far apart India and modern Europe lie. The transcendental *Ich* of Fichte and the Fichtians turns out in practice to be not the *Atman* at all, but a mere mummery of what we know as egotism, an unwholesome exaggeration of the desiring and suffering personality.

"Dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,
Euryale, an sua cuique deus fit dira cupido?"

In a word the whole aim of Romanticism was to magnify the sense of individuality to a state of morbid excess, wherein the finite and infinite should be dissolved together in formless reverie; "Erkennen und Begehren soll nicht zwei in mir sein, sondern Eins," said Schleiermacher, and this union was to be found in emotional self-contemplation. The Vedânta sought through the discipline of knowledge and self-restraint to put away these purely individual desires and emotions altogether, and so to distinguish between the two selves. The disentangling of the genuine Vedânta from its Romantic associations is thus as imperative as it is difficult. Deussen, a professed disciple of Schopenhauer, has not lightened the task. And it must be confessed that the publications of modern Hindus in the Vedânta Society and elsewhere only increase the confusion. We hear the old words, but they have acquired a new emotional coloring. India, also, in more recent years has passed through its period of Romanticism.

tery over himself might attain to supernatural ascendency over the world and the gods; and the stories of these willful saints form the dark side to Indian legendary life. Even Râvana, the personification of evil in the Epic *Râmâyana*, had raised himself to his terrible preeminence by austerities. But, normally, the forest life was only the last stage of a dicipline that was begun with the Brahmin's birth; and the practice of asceticism, if indulged in at all, was for the confirming within him of that *will to refrain* by which, and by which alone, a man may acquire dominion over himself, subduing the lower to the higher nature. Again and again it is said that only he who is tranquil, self-restrained, self-denying, patient, and collected, can enter into the possession of Brahma; and all this is the discipline of *tapas*, by which the obstructions on the path are burned away. We know that path, and the guides of knowledge and self-control that conduct us on the way, but who shall name to us the last step?

"The Self is not found out by study, nor by the understanding, nor by much learning. To whomsoever it listeth, the Self becomes manifest, and to him it belongeth."

To whomsoever it listeth. If we wish to find any parallel in the Western world for this last mystery of faith, we must go back to Saint Augustine's theory of Free Grace or to the attempt of Jansenius to restore that hard doctrine. The discipline and preparation for the divine gift were pretty much the same for Brahmin and for Christian: to both salvation came in the end as an ineffable transition or transformation in which his natural human faculties took no part. Only there was this profound difference. In the Christian this change was effected by the arbitrary beneficence of a being who, as it were, rapt him out of himself. The Hindu, strictly speaking, knew no God, and needed no mythology; emancipation came to him when the illusion of his lower self fell away and left him to his true Self, alone with that alone. Brahma and Atman were one.

Thus the dualism of the Vedânta was in the man himself; discipline and preparation there might be, but in the end it perceived an irreconcilable gulf fixed between the infinite Self and the finite personality. And as the mind dwelt on one of these terms, the other inevitably lost in comparison its reality; the world was divided into the real and the unreal, the true and the false, the blissful and the sorrowful, the known and the unknown. Hence arose that doctrine of Mâyâ, illusion, as applied to the whole realm of phenomenal existence, which has led many to read in the Upanishads a philosophy of monistic pantheism. The true interpretation involves the subtlest and least understood process of Oriental thought. There was not for the Hindu (as there has never been for human intelligence) any means by which the reason could pass from the finite to the infinite and explain one in terms of the other. Our attitude toward the rational relation of these two must always be one of confessed ignorance. Therefore, if one of these states of consciousness is a reality to us, is, so to speak, known (that is, experienced), the other must at that time be an unreality, must be unknown. As we face in one direction, we must turn our back on the other. Thus the very endeavor of the forest philosopher to realize the higher Self within him meant that his lower self and its home in the phenomenal world, became an unreality. He transferred our ignorance of the relation between the infinite and the finite to the finite itself. For him the world existed thus only through ignorance; ignorance was the cause of the world's existence; and as he attained knowledge by putting away ignorance the world ceased for him to exist. Such is the nature of the doctrine of *vidyâ* (knowledge) and *avidyâ* (non-knowledge) which formed the basis of Hindu philosophy. It differs from Western metaphysics in its frank acceptance of the dualism of human experience and

of man's inability to reconcile that dualism through the reason.

In after times the sense of this dualism weighed on the Hindu mind like the oppression of a frightful nightmare, and we not seldom find him sinking into a state of pessimism similar to that which Schopenhauer portrayed to Europe as the essence of the Upanishads. He could not throw off the weariness of ceaseless change and of unresting desires; he was haunted with a vision of the soul passing through innumerable existences, forever whirled about with the wheel of mutation, forever seeking and never finding peace; and from that weltering sea he reached out toward salvation with a kind of pathetic despair: —

O World! I faint in this thy multitude
Of little things and their relentless feud;
No meaning have I found through all my days
In their fantastic maze.

O World! still through the hours of blissful night
The widowed moon her benison of light
Outpoureth, where the sacred river seems
From heaven to bear sweet dreams.

How soon, O World, beside the Gangâ shore,
Through the long silent night shall I implore
The mystic name? how soon in Gangâ's wave
My sin-stained body lave?

But in the books of the older philosophers there is little of this morbid yearning, no touch of fierce pessimism. Indeed, the illusion and mutability of life are seldom mentioned, however they may lie as a background to the brighter picture. The substance of those books is the great and indomitable zest of a strong people groping for the light; and through the seeking and the questioning there breaks now and then the supreme joy of one who has found and knows what he has found. "Brahma is joy and knowledge," said the teacher whose name we have met most frequently in this excursion into the forests of India.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF WALT WHITMAN

BY ELLEN M. CALDER

It was on Sunday the 28th day of December, 1862, that I first saw Walt Whitman in person. We were then living in Washington. As we sat at table, a knock at the door of our room — which served both as dining and sitting room — was answered by my husband, William Douglas O'Connor, with a hearty "Come in," and there stood the man whom Mr. O'Connor afterwards christened "The Good Gray Poet." He was immediately made known to me by name, but I could not have had a moment's doubt, for he looked as his pictures at that time represented him.

He had just returned from the "front," where he had gone to look up his brother George, who was wounded by a spent ball in the battle of Fredericksburg. He had remained some days in camp, and found some of his Brooklyn "boys," and brought with him the names of others whom he wished to see, some of them his friends of the omnibus, horse-car, ferry-boat, and so on, in Brooklyn and New York, soldier boys who were then in hospitals in and around Washington. He thought he might like to remain in Washington perhaps ten days, or two weeks, and had a memorandum of some possible boarding-places that he wanted to see. Mr. O'Connor offered to go out on the search with him; but before they started my husband asked me, aside, if I would not like to have Walt for our guest at table during his stay in Washington,

as there was a vacant hall bedroom on the floor where we were keeping house — in two rooms of the upper story of a house on L Street. I was delighted at the proposal, and hailed the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with the poet. Mr. O'Connor had already made his acquaintance in Boston in 1860, when Thayer and Eldridge were printing Whitman's third edition of *Leaves of Grass*, and O'Connor's *Harrington* at the same time. The landlord was consulted, the room could be rented, and on the return of Walt and William from the inspection of the places visited, they not having proved desirable, the room was engaged, our invitation accepted, and Walt became our most welcome guest for months.

Visiting one sick boy in hospital led to his finding another, there or elsewhere, and soon his occupation was the daily visiting of the soldier "boys," as they nearly all were to him, — not only the Brooklyn boys, but any and all who needed ministrations of any kind. These visits led him to Carver Hospital out on Seventh Street, to Columbia Hospital on Fourteenth Street, and to many others, as we had at that time and later twenty-one hospitals and convalescent camps in and around Washington, full of boys and men sick of fevers, and of all the diseases that are incurred by the hardships and exposures of war, aside from the wounded and those dying of disease and exhaustion caused by wounds. And this was the beginning of Whitman's service in behalf of the stricken, a service in which he found himself enlisted not for weeks, but for months and years. After making visits to many hospitals, and ministering to our soldiers in several of them, Walt largely confined his work to the Armory Square Hospital, — that being the nearest to the boat landing, and where many of the worst cases were necessarily detained, the soldiers being too badly wounded to be carried farther. Soon Dr. Bliss, the surgeon in charge, discovered that here was a man who could be trusted to go about the wards and give an apple, an orange, or tobacco, or whatever, to the patients, as his intuition might prompt him, and not give the wrong thing. Walt told me one day that he found soldiers from the West who had never seen an orange till he carried them to the hospital. And he said the aroma of a lemon held in the hand was often most grateful to a fever patient.

On his way to the front in that search for his brother, Walt had reached Washington almost penniless, having had his pocket picked of all the money which had been gathered together by the family. He was, however, soon able to find Mr. C. W. Eldridge, his former publisher, now clerk to Major L. S. Hapgood of Massachusetts, Paymaster United States Volunteers. When Whitman had made his situation known, Mr. Eldridge and Mr. O'Connor were glad to relieve it at once. I had not met him then, being on a visit in Massachusetts. Serious as the situation was, Mr. Eldridge could not repress the facetious comment that any pickpocket who failed to avail himself of such an opportunity as Walt offered, with his loose baggy trousers, and no suspenders, would have been a disgrace to his profession. Through Major Hapgood Mr. Eldridge secured passes to the front for himself and Whitman. Walt had left his "carpet bag" with my husband, on his way down, wishing to be burdened with as little luggage as possible. Thus I was hoping and almost expecting to see him on his return from the seat of war. I was still, however, somewhat skeptical as to whether he would actually appear, as I had already learned of his elusive disposition, and of his dislike to be bound in any way. We had been promised by our friend Hector Tyndale of Philadelphia that we should meet him in that city, where he had often been looked for, on the strength of his vague assurances.

He was seldom betrayed into making appointments, as I had learned. When I expressed my doubts about his coming to us on his return from camp, — my

husband's answer was, "Yes, he surely will, for there is his carpet bag," which was plainly in evidence.

It was soon after this that Whitman's old friend, William Swinton, who was war correspondent for one of the great New York papers, met him on Pennsylvania Avenue, and asked him where he was to be found in the evening. Being told that he was staying at our house. Swinton said he would come up. Great was his surprise to find Walt actually there. Swinton exclaimed, "Well, Walt, I have known you dozens of years, and made hundreds of appointments with you, but this is the first time that I ever knew you to keep one. I *thought* I saw signs of decay!"

At this time Whitman's fine physique was impressive; measuring, as he said, only a half inch less than six feet in height, and weighing about two hundred pounds, with no ailment but those occasional intense headaches, caused by exposure to the fierce midday sun upon one of the hottest of summer days, after having had his hair cut at the shortest, and strolling along Broadway with head uncovered. He barely escaped sunstroke at the time, and now had to use the protection of an umbrella, as did most persons in our fierce summer weather in Washington.

He told us that the physician also held that the unusual combination which existed in his case, of a rapidly moving brain in a slow-moving, rather lethargic body, was unfavorable. The discrepancy was unfortunate. Even the ability to stop thinking at will, and to make his brain "negative," as he described a gift of his at that time of almost perfect health, did not insure him against these attacks of headache.

Whitman's evenings were usually spent with us at home, and with such friends as came to see us. I wish I had some record of the talks, discussions, arguments, that were nightly indulged in. No notes were taken, for all were engaged more or less in the mêlée, and no one could dream how valuable such notes might have been as future reminders. Dr. Bucke, a later friend and biographer of Whitman, groaned in spirit when he learned that no record had been preserved of anything, for in those early days of intimate acquaintance no subject, whether under the heavens above or in the earth beneath, was ignored. Philosophy, history, religion, literature, — authors, ancient and modern, — language, music, and every possible question as to the conduct of the Civil War, — everything was discussed, and every side was heard.

Soon the friends living in Washington and those visiting the city knew where to find Whitman, and besides the regular, constant group, there were many others who were with us more or less.

The desk which Major Hapgood gave Walt for his daily use was in the Major's own room in the Corcoran Building, and there very often the soldiers who were able to climb up the four flights of stairs — for the office was on the fifth floor — used to call on him for such service as he was always glad to give, — writing letters for one, going to the train to see another properly started on his way home for his furlough, long or short as the case might be, and seeing to it that the funds for the trip were sufficient for all needs.

Soon after Whitman began his work in the hospitals, friends from Massachusetts and elsewhere, who learned of his good offices, sent him money to use according to his own discretion, and this was continued more or less to the end of the war. He earned a little money himself by corresponding for the New York papers.

In the matter of writing letters Walt found plenty of employment, for he soon discovered the fact that it is next to impossible for persons of limited education, unaccustomed to the use of the pen, to write readily, and many soldiers told him that they had not written home since leaving. He found boys, too, — and some of them literally *boys*, for they were under seventeen, — who had run away from home to enter the army, and whose

parents had no knowledge of the whereabouts of their sons. Very often Walt used to remark that he thought "the institution of the father a failure." Mothers were loving, affectionate, indulgent, and sympathetic, but he did not find it so with fathers, and in many cases that came under his own observation undue severity at home had driven the boys to enlist in the army, when not of age.

The consciousness that the Walt Whitman whom I knew so intimately in the sixties is not the man whom later comers are familiar with, has been a large factor in the reluctance which I have hitherto felt in giving these recollections to the world. The man who came to Washington in 1862 was in the vigor of health, and remained in that condition for years. He had a pleasant habit of singing in his room while making his morning toilet, and also of quoting his favorite authors, and bits of poems and verses, when with us in the evening. One verse that he liked to repeat I well remember. It was called "The Greatest Pain."

> A mighty *pain* to love it is,
> And yet a pain that love to miss;
> But of all pains, the greatest pain
> It is to love, but love in vain!

Unlike some of his later admirers, who thought his elocution admirable, we did not flatter him much on his recitations, as he had a somewhat theatrical, artificial manner, and a habit of using his voice as if his throat were stiffened, instead of the clear flexible voice that he used in conversation. Among the plays of Shakespeare, *King Richard the Second* was a great favorite of Whitman's, and he had a copy of it unbound, in pamphlet form, which was well worn from constant reading and use. Scott's *Quentin Durward* was a book that he especially liked, and he gave a copy of it to Mr. O'Connor and told our little Jeannie that she must read it when she was older.

In the innumerable talks and discussions about books, many times Walt said that he wished competent persons would give brief but careful and accurate digests of new books without interjecting any opinions, so that a busy man need not read all of the author, but could get the *gist* of the book, scientific, historical, philosophical, or whatever, — and that the reviewer in every case should be a man who was capable of doing the whole work well, some one who was "up" in that department.

In those early days before Whitman obtained a position in the Interior Department, he spent much time in wandering about Washington and its vicinity; visiting the public buildings and straying into all kinds of out-of-the-way places. The broad avenues and streets had a great charm for him; the Capitol, too, was a never-ending source of pleasure; and with him I explored the older part of Washington, the Navy Yard district, and over the Eastern Branch, into Anacostia. Sometimes we all went after dinner, when the days were longer, into the woods of Georgetown, and spent hours watching the rising moon, and the attractive landscape.

The splendid health and vigor of Walt at this time was refreshing to see. It impressed me in many little ways. As I have said, Mr. O'Connor and I were living in two rooms, and I was doing much of the housework, attending to the breakfast, and so forth. At that time Washington had no general system of water supply or drainage, and a pump at the corner of our street was reputed to be of very pure water and fed from a spring at Rock Creek. To this pump every morning Walt would go for a pitcher of fresh cold water for our table, and he was especially fond of taking a long draught of the same at the pump. I remember how his warm, strong hands impressed me then, as they grasped the pitcher and communicated their genial temperature to the handle of it.

It is a matter of constant and increasing regret that no record was made of the talks of those days when at breakfast we lingered long over Emerson, Wordsworth, Tennyson, or any poet or author who

was suggested at the moment. The talk about Emerson's "Snow Storm" was a memorable one, both Walt and Mr. O'Connor regarding it as one of his most beautiful and finished poems, full of suggestions of home and seclusion. When Whitman first came to us on his return from the seat of war, he was, he said, continually thinking: How would all this have looked to Emerson, — how would he be affected by such scenes, how would he act, feel, seem, under these conditions? Would be keep that calm and sweet exterior?

We lingered long over those pleasant breakfast-table chats, — much past the allotted time, I suspect; for the office rules were not then as strict as they are now. As we saw day after day the punctual Mr. Evans, him of the "meteor beard," go past to his office, it was suggested that O'Connor write a story called, "The Faithful Clerk, A Tale of the Treasury, — Dedicated to the Nine O'Clockers, by a Half-past Tener." Our friend Mr. Evans was one of Walt's admirers, but not a constant visitor at our house. He was dubbed the "Meteor Beard," because of his very long and fiery red beard, which I think had never been either "shaven or shorn." He was English by birth, and was somewhat attracted by Walt and his writings.

The stimulating mental society of a man like Mr. O'Connor was no doubt requisite to the full arousing of Whitman's nature. Here was a man who loved and understood Walt so well that he dared to disagree with him on any and all questions, and whose opposition was couched in no uncertain words. Many a time the mild and pleasant morning breakfast-table chats were continued as heated discussions in the evening, after Walt's return from the hospitals.

As the circle of friends enlarged, and the gatherings were constant, we fell into the habit of immediately taking up certain pet subjects. The discussion upon all topics was always open and ready, and the fun and good-natured banter always free. No subject under the sun was neglected. As new conditions arose there was no lack of material, and the debates were often fierce and furious. Then, too, certain stock subjects were always at hand. We were somewhat divided in our pet beliefs. Free Trade, I recall, was at one time a favorite, and one ingenious guest proposed ballooning as a method of evading the customs. Sometimes the talks and arguments were upon matters of deepest moment, — the war, the freedom of the slave, the Mormon question, the so-called "Free Love" doctrine. The Mormon question was treated with tolerance by one or more of the group, impressed by the great material benefit which had been accomplished, more than by the moral degradation consequent upon the practice of polygamy. The fiercest denunciations that were ever heard from Whitman were against that which was called "Free Love." He gave it no quarter, said that its chief exponent and disciple — Stephen Pearl Andrews — was of the type of Mephistopheles, a man of intellect without heart, and there were no terms too strong in which to express his opinion of its "damnable" teachings and practices.

To the later comers and newer friends of Whitman, who aver that he never raised his voice, and that argument was distasteful to him, I commend the following account given by Laurence Franklin, of the meetings of the famous "Four" Frenchmen, as a not much over-colored picture of some of our gatherings and discussions, which frequently lasted into the small hours of the morning, and during which Walt, with his strong lungs and loud voice, did his full share of the roaring, and by no means as gently as the sucking dove. "The four friends, Flaubert and Edmond de Goncourt as the older members, and Zola and Daudet as the younger ones, remained inseparable from 1872 to 1880, the date of Flaubert's death. Three times a week they dined

together at some tavern or restaurant; and with the first mouthful began the discussion of literature. By midnight the debate had grown so hot that the other habitués of the inn often rushed upstairs in the belief that a murder was being committed."

Not fear of murder, perhaps, but intense curiosity as to *what* on earth was going on, led a policeman to stop and investigate the cause of the clamor one hot Sunday afternoon when we were gathered in the back dooryard, after we had moved into more ample quarters and were near the street. He went on his way smiling when he learned that the exciting topic was the currency question, which was then being discussed in Congress and before the country. Our landlady said that the neighbors were convinced that a furious quarrel was going on.

Notwithstanding Whitman's fondness for coining words, and using many in uncommon fashions, he was, in a way, a great stickler for the correct use of certain words, — one of which was "paraphernalia," which he insisted could be correctly used only in reference to a bride's belongings or trousseau. We had many amusing discussions about words, and the best dictionary for final settlement of any vexed question, whether it should be Webster or Worcester. He used generally to say, "We will see what Booby says," — his pet name for either dictionary; but he did not readily allow either one to *settle* any point.

Many times in the course of our numerous talks the marriage question was discussed. And invariably Whitman upheld the modern theory of marriage as being the true and ideal relation between the sexes. He stanchly and strongly adhered to that. In speaking of marriage the idea which he conveyed was that he did not think it would have been well for him to have formed that closest of ties. He was so fond of his freedom, he so reacted from any restraint, that it seemed that it would have been a mistake if he had ever married. He added, however, "True if I had been caught young, I might have done certain things, or formed certain habits." He often said he "did not envy men their wives, but he did envy them their children." As we were passing along the street one day a little girl said in her smiling way, "I know you." He answered, "I wish I knew you."

The game of "Twenty Questions," as a relaxation after hospital work, was one that sometimes entertained Walt and the rest of us, and the wit and quickness that it brought out were very amusing. A half-dozen of us, playing the game frequently together, became able easily to discover the thing thought of, in much less than the twenty questions. Even so remote and unheard-of a subject as the white beard of Secretary Welles — then Secretary of the Navy — was once the subject of thought.

On one occasion the object was done up in a neat package, and deposited by Walt, as he came into the supper-room, upon the mantel, hinting that it was to be won by the twenty-question method. It took no more than half that number of questions and answers to guess the contents of the package, which proved to be a good-sized, large-type Bible, one member of the family having expressed a desire for such a copy, for frequent use, and having none at hand that answered the want. It was inscribed inside with the names of the giver and the friends to whom given, with the request that it pass on to "Little Jeannie," who, alas! passed out of this life before any one of the company then present.

It was not unusual for the group to watch the old year out and the new year in. On one occasion, when the snow was falling in large flakes, Walt appeared at the door, a veritable Santa Claus, with his thin, shaggy white beard and straggling hair falling below his coat collar; the coat and hat all covered with snow, — for he never used an umbrella, — his cheeks ruddy, and his whole appearance one that any child would have gazed at with wondering eyes. After entering,

and shaking and stamping off the soft snow from his garments, he began to unload his pockets, — those ample pockets on the outside of his coat, where he was so often in the habit of burying his hands as he sauntered down the streets. Out of those capacious receptacles he brought forth a small bottle of Scotch whiskey, a lemon, and some lump sugar, and he said we would welcome in the New Year. Some fresh cold water must be brought in, in a little kettle, — for a very important part of the proceeding was proper attention to the boiling, which must be *à la Delmonico*, — to be removed from the fire at the exact moment of boiling. Into each tumbler was poured the quantity of the liquid that would be required, a careful paring of the rind of the lemon, — not too much, but just enough, — a sufficient quantity of sugar, and last the hot water; and then came the gay and merry discussion of any and every thing under the sun and stars, while the punch so carefully concocted was slowly sipped till the midnight bells pealed out the hour of twelve, and the guests departed, wishing each other all sorts of piquant and jolly good wishes.

It was about this time that, one evening, as Walt was slowly sauntering down Seventh Street, from a visit to Carver Hospital, he was accosted by a policeman and ordered to remove that "false face," his name for a mask. Walt quietly assured him that the only face he wore was his very own, but added, "Do we not all wear 'false faces'?" The incident amused him, but we thought it a very happy Christmas compliment, his being mistaken for Old Santa Claus.

One chilly, cold, disagreeable morning, Walt was sauntering along to his breakfast, to a restaurant kept by a man named Evans, on F Street. Snow had fallen, and the rain followed, and then snow again, which was still falling, till the walks were covered with the mixture of soft snow and rain that makes a combination perfectly described by Whitman's word "*posh.*" Slowly sauntering, with his hands in his ample coat pockets, the wrists bent down, which gave his arms the suggestion of the fins of a fish, he was overtaken by his friend Mr. Eldridge, who took his meals at the same place. After walking a short distance Eldridge said, "Come Walt, let's hurry along to breakfast." "You can hurry along if you want to, but I want to enjoy the morning," was Walt's reply. I think no condition of weather but dust ever disturbed him. That he thoroughly disliked, and he laughingly said that he believed that, after he had taken his bath, and gone out for a stroll, with a fresh, clean shirt, the dust hunted him out, and pursued him. At that time Washington was not paved with asphalt, as it is to-day, and the heavy army wagons ploughed deeply into the mud, which soon became dust; and in those days it was literally true that the streets of Washington were always either mud or dust.

In some of the various experiments of getting his own breakfast, after we had moved, and Walt was no longer with us, he spoke of cooking beefsteak and chops. When asked who washed the dishes, he said he had none to wash. "How then did you manage?" was asked. He ate his steak or chop, he replied, from a "clean chip." Wooden plates had not then been invented. He had no cups and saucers to wash, as his tea was made in a "tin cup," and he put the tea in the tin cup, with cold water, over the gas, and went out for a short stroll while the tea was steeping! This delicious beverage, with "white sugar" and plenty of milk, was taken directly from the vessel in which it was steeped. And this from the same person who gave most minute directions in regard to boiling water for the punch! No fear of tannin disturbed his enjoyment of the decoction.

A friend and near neighbor, who had conceived a great disgust for Walt Whitman because of his writings, who thought him coarse, vulgar, and obscene, was nevertheless much impressed by his daily work among the soldiers. Seeing him

pass her door with his haversack slung across his shoulder, — with oranges, or perhaps apples, tobacco, paper, or whatever he happened to be carrying to his hospital boys, — she said to me one day, "Why did he write those dreadful, shocking things, which so offend the sense of decency which we are all supposed to have?"

To which I replied, "I don't know, but I will ask him." His answer was, "It always pains me to be misunderstood by good women, mothers especially," — whom he regarded as the best of earth; — "but," he added, "*I had to do it.*" Then, enlarging a little, he said that, when a boy, he was struck with the *pretense* of respect which he observed in a class of men such as he used to see congregated at the country grocery store, entertaining themselves with vile, obscene stories and jokes. Upon the approach of a woman, he noticed that there was a sudden change, and that a show of respect was assumed. This made so deep an impression that he felt it was for him, as he expressed it, "to tear off the mask, to lay bare the truth, — to proclaim that all in nature is good and pure." And I have sometimes questioned if he did not use the very coarseness which shocks, to confront the vile in their hypocrisy. But again and again the old question has come up, why did he do it?

No man ever lived who loathed coarseness and vulgarity in speech more than he, and I am witness that on two occasions he reproved men, supposed to be gentlemen, for their license in that respect.

So deep and instinctive was Walt's veneration for the mother that he did not relish any fun at her expense. We had an illustration of this one evening when O'Connor was reading aloud the "Students' Song" in Longfellow's *Hyperion*, and came to the stanza where the "Frau Mamma" is celebrated, as the "leathery Frau Mamma." Walt objected to that, and said, "No, no, — that will not do; the mamma is not to be lightly treated, even in the way of a joke." All through the song, the refrain is "the leathery," and even the Herr Rector is so sung; but it was only at the "mamma" that Walt winced in the least.

In answer to the question so often asked me, "Do you like Mr. Whitman as much as Mr. O'Connor does?" I could always say, "Yes, personally I am as fond of him, but I do not consider that I am a judge of his literary work, and am not competent to say what rank he will take as a writer. I cannot compare him with all the great, not having read all myself. My own first impression after reading the quarto edition of *Leaves of Grass*, recommended by Emerson to the friend who gave it to me, was that the writer must be a pure man, or he would never have dared to speak so plainly of forbidden subjects." In discussing the manner in which this book was written, Whitman said that very much of it was written under great pressure, — pressure from within. He felt that he *must* do it.

When asked, as he sometimes was, why he did that hospital work, which brought him into contact with such painful and horrible revelations, he said again and again, that he loved it, that he should not do it if he did not like it. Humanity in all conditions and exhibitions was profoundly dear to him. A human being was an object of love, and it gratified him that these men and boys loved him, and depended on him, and the consciousness that his sympathy and affection saved a life sometimes, made him deeply happy.

Regarding his own personality Walt said that some persons were as strongly repelled by him as others were attracted to him. Once when I was walking with him down Fifteenth Street, as we turned into Pennsylvania Avenue, a woman passing drew herself far away, as if afraid of contamination by even a touch of his garment. No doubt I looked the astonishment which I felt; and seeing my look, Walt said, "Oh, yes, some persons feel that way towards me, and do not hide it."

In those days of wandering and of taking in all sights and sounds, of which I have spoken, he once went over to Georgetown, where coal barges were being unloaded at the Canal, and he told us that he watched for hours a negro at work, who was naked to the waist, and the play of his muscles, as he loaded and unloaded the buckets of coal, was most fascinating; "No Greek statue could have been more superb," he said.

I have been asked how Walt felt about the war, and if he was affected by it. On one occasion he was persuaded by us to go to see two elderly ladies at whose home Rev. William Henry Channing was living. They had often asked us to bring Whitman, and he and Mr. Channing had a long and warm talk. Mr. Channing's church — Unitarian — was the first one in Washington to be used as a hospital. The burden of Walt's remarks was, — "I say stop this war, this horrible massacre of men." He became excited and walked the floor, as he talked. To all of this Mr. Channing's reply was, "You are sick; the daily contact with these poor maimed and suffering men has made you sick; don't you see that the war cannot be stopped now? Some issue must be made and met." But Walt could only reiterate that thought. This was in the early part of the conflict, as early perhaps as the spring of 1863.

I never again saw Walt in that mood of mind, — however horrible the condition of our men. He saw that the struggle had to go on till some conclusion was reached; and when the end came he felt that the thing was justified, if war ever can be justified.

Once when speaking of the pain of longing for loved ones absent, and perhaps forever separated, he said, "Yes, I have felt and suffered that too, but have outgrown it."

He spoke often of his life in New Orleans. I think that our old market sheds — this was before we had the brick market — and the appearance of things there reminded him of certain conditions in New Orleans. Often we went to market before breakfast to get fruit for our own breakfast, and for him to take to the hospital. On one or two occasions we met Count Gurowski, the Russian refugee, who greatly approved, in his original way, of our errand, and magnified it much, I learned.

In his *Hospital Notes* Whitman has given an interesting account of the paying of the first regiment of colored troops on Mason's Island, near Washington, by Major Hapgood, assisted by his clerk, Mr. Eldridge. Major Hapgood kindly invited Whitman, O'Connor, and me, with our little Jeannie, to witness the historic event. The colored troops had always done themselves credit, and we were often amused by one of the cries of the newspaper boys, who used to shout, after any battle in which the colored men were engaged, "the colored troops fought nobly."

A thousand touching and almost heart-breaking incidents have never been, nor ever can be repeated, but one I well recall that came home very close to us. General Casey's Division had long been stationed out on Fourteenth Street, but the day came when they marched down that street to join the military forces in the field. As the men passed the house where we were then living, on the corner of Fourteenth and L streets, little Jeannie and a friend of hers, of about her age, both stood on chairs waving to the men their little flags. Instantly, on seeing them, the officers half halted and saluted the tiny flags, which spoke of intense loyalty to those men who were, many of them, on the way to their death.

Loyalty to our government was not the invariable rule in Washington at that time. I heard one woman say that she had both a "Secesh" flag and a Union flag in her house, and was ready to wave to whichever army was successful, her argument being that all of her property and that of her family was in Washington, and she "should go with the winning side."

The rush of persons to Washington from North and South was much greater than the accommodations of the city could house comfortably, — for until there was some hope of the North winning in the end, capitalists were very cautious as to expending any money there. This being the case, the clan O'Connor made several moves; not indeed for pleasure, as at least one member of the family had the inborn New England deep-rooted love of a stationary abiding-place; but at the time of which this is written one was fortunate to be able to find any sort of a decent refuge. At last, however, a kind friend in one of his early morning walks stumbled on a small house in process of building, and immediately made report of it. At once the builder was seen; the little house was engaged, and occupied when finished; and there the family remained until Mr. O'Connor's death, something over twenty years.

It was June 30, 1865, that James Harlan, Secretary of the Interior, dismissed Whitman for the offense of having written *Leaves of Grass*, an obscene book, as he styled it. At once Walt came to us to make known the fact. At first O'Connor could not realize the enormity of the proceeding, and Walt said he was surprised at the almost speechless manner in which the news was received; but the longer it was dwelt upon, the more Mr. O'Connor realized the full extent and meaning of it, and nine weeks from that time his vindication of the Good Gray Poet was ready for the printer.

In the mean time, Mr. O'Connor had interested many persons in the transaction. J. Hubley Ashton, whose death has occurred while these pages were being written, was then Assistant Attorney-General. He was an old and warm friend of both Whitman and O'Connor, and now came to Whitman's relief by offering him a position in the Attorney-General's office, which Whitman retained until his failing health obliged him to resign. For some time before the final resignation, he had employed a young man to do his work, and they shared the pay.

Some of the many subjects of debate among us have been mentioned, but when the Fifteenth Amendment came before the Senate, and was up for discussion in 1871, it proved a topic that provoked the most vehement battle, and at that point we separated, — Walt taking the ground that the negroes were wholly unfit for the ballot, and Mr. O'Connor and others believing that the measure was the only one to adopt.

As soon however as the Osgood edition of *Leaves of Grass* was challenged by the Attorney-General of Massachusetts, as being unfit for household reading unless expurgated, all past differences of opinion were forgotten, and Mr. O'Connor, though no longer a well man, came to the rescue with the same energy and devotion that he had given to the cause of his Good Gray Poet in 1865, and the old-time love, now chastened by years and sorrow, and deepened and strengthened too, was reëstablished and continued unabated to the end, — in the death of O'Connor in 1889.

Those of us who knew the Good Gray Poet in his best days of health, who saw him day and night, before and after his watches with his sick and maimed soldier boys, feel that a great privilege was ours. To live with one who was, and could be, as has been said of another, an "incorrigible optimist" in the midst of slaughter and all the horrors of war, a man who felt that after all, the world was pretty good, and men and women not so bad as they were pictured, was uplifting and helpful in those awful days, and all other days, and the last word that must be said of Walt Whitman, was that he was first and last and forever an Optimist. His was an intense and abiding faith in the triumph of right and justice; he felt no doubt as to results, he had absolute confidence that the men and women of "these States," and of all the world, would finally solve the problem of the unification of all races and peoples.

THE SEA-GLIN

BY GEORGE S. WASSON

MANY years ago, when we were schoolboys together in a small suburb of Boston, I looked up to James Atherton as an intrepid navigator sure to be classed with Cook and the best of them. It was well known among us admiring youngsters that Atherton had, in an amazing centreboard punt of his own construction, already compassed the stupendous six-mile stretch of open sea lying between Boston Harbor and Nahant Head. Furthermore, he boldly declared his intention, at no distant day, of letting her go down shore as far as Marblehead, come what might.

To be sure, James Atherton was less than three years older than myself; yet at our tender age, something of the same principle which renders the inch on a man's nose of such consequence, naturally compelled among us younger lads the homage due a personage of so much more experience.

Then too, even at that early date, Atherton had already achieved great local renown through the supposed possession of wondrous mystic powers which the then universally popular contrivance known as *planchette* enabled him to display with most telling effect. I myself, though often undoubtedly awed by Atherton's frequent weird séances held in various darkened kitchens of the neighborhood, could do nothing whatever with *planchette*, and emboldened by broad daylight, at times even ventured to question the supernatural character of its performances.

But with the whole matter of boat-sailing, no one could possibly be more infatuated than I; and to this overruling passion for the water was no doubt due a certain condescending interest which James Atherton soon began to show in my affairs.

While ice still fringed the flooded claypit of a brickyard in the outskirts of our town, I had clandestinely launched a boat in the shape of a wooden sink recently discarded from a neighbor's house. Fired with the ardent desire of ultimately rivaling James Atherton in his most thrilling single-handed voyage to Nahant, I spent a water-soaked, yet blissful, half-holiday paddling about in this new acquisition. On the next day, however, a high wind ruffled the turbid water into miniature billows, and when, figuratively speaking, in mid-ocean, my overloaded craft filled and miserably foundered under my feet, it became literally, and in double sense, a case of *sink* or swim. During the serious illness following this experience, Atherton frequently visited me, and from this period may be said to date the close friendship henceforth giving rise to boating trips on all possible occasions.

Some time after my recovery, there moved into our town, from a small seaport of Maine, the family of Captain Eliphalet Gibbs. Captain Gibbs was said to be in command of a large bark engaged in foreign trade, a fact which, in the estimation of Atherton and myself, was alone no slight recommendation; but when, in addition, we became acquainted with his two exceedingly pretty and winsome daughters, the newcomers were indeed in high favor.

Many most delightful evenings were passed with Inez and Izetta Gibbs in their attractive parlor, — a room even now as vividly before my eyes as though I had left it only yesterday. It was the typical "front-room" of a prosperous Yankee shipmaster, — an unmistakable maritime apartment, once common enough in towns along our seaboard, but nowadays very seldom to be found.

Yet interesting as the strangely carved furniture and the numberless curios from all parts of the world undoubtedly were, to my friend and myself by far the most fascinating object in its contents was an elaborately framed oil painting of the captain's favorite vessel, which, carefully protected by mosquito netting, hung directly over the fantastic array on the marble mantelpiece. In oddly formed text this dashing and most cheerfully tinted work was prominently inscribed, —

"Barque *Two Sisters*, of Damariscotte, Eliphalet P. Gibbs, Master, Entering Havre, August 27, 1855."

Captain Gibbs was once at some pains to explain that the substitution of a final "e" for an "a" in the word Damariscotta was an unfortunate error of the eminent foreign artist, which provokingly enough remained unnoticed until too late for rectification. In our minds however, this trifling mistake only sufficed to give an additional over-sea charm to a masterpiece at which we gazed admiringly by the hour together. And despite the faulty orthography, the captain plainly took great pride in assuring us that each and every rope and spar was in its proper place, the standing-rigging faultlessly "set up" taut as fiddle-strings, and the running gear all perfectly in evidence, even to signal halyards the size of a codline. In fact, Captain Gibbs positively declared that no professional rigger could by any possibility have done a better job at painting.

During the too brief residence of the Gibbs family in the town, Atherton and I frequented the house with a devotion which I have since wondered if good Mrs. Gibbs herself wholly appreciated. Both the girls were musical to a marked degree and both possessed strong, sweet voices. Izetta, with whom Atherton early became especially enamored, also soon developed astonishing gifts in the manipulation of *planchette*, and rarely an evening passed without adding to the already long list of inexplicable wonders in this direction. After such mysterious exercises, it was customary to enjoy an hour of singing, with accompaniment upon the cabinet organ.

Among the girls' songs was a favorite of romantic Izetta's, called "The Pilot's Bride," which Atherton in particular also admired greatly, and soon invariably requested her to sing. The sisters possessed neither written notes nor words of this really fine old sentimental ditty, which we understood had been taught them in early childhood by some relative; but so enraptured did James Atherton at length become over the plaintive melody so often sung for his especial benefit by Izetta Gibbs, that she was induced to write the music for him upon a large sheet of beribboned paper.

From information subsequently furnished me by his younger sister, it would seem that through persistent and ill-timed tooting of "The Pilot's Bride" upon the flageolet, James Atherton soon became for a period actually an object of derision in his family.

But in something over two years after Captain Gibbs moved into the place, he was lost with his vessel in a West Indian hurricane; and greatly to the regret of many friends, the family felt obliged to give up their large house, and to locate some distance inland, where the daughters hoped to be successful in poultry breeding.

Atherton and I were inconsolable over their departure. A fervid correspondence at once ensued, and continued with much regularity on the part of my friend and Izetta Gibbs at least, until her untimely death a few years later. For various reasons, letters between Inez and me gradually grew less frequent, and finally ceased altogether. Not long after this I learned in a roundabout way that she was married, and with her mother had moved to parts unknown.

It seemed indeed a cruel fate which, half a dozen years subsequently, left so thorough-bred a web-foot as James Atherton hopelessly stranded in a large city of the far West. More favored by for-

tune in this respect at least, I had found occupation on our northeastern seaboard, where, happy in the ownership of a small sloop yacht, I was frequently able to gratify a craving for salt water which the course of years by no means lessened. During the decade following, Atherton and I regularly exchanged letters, while, having no family of his own, it became a habit with him to flee east nearly every summer from the scorching plains which he declared the Almighty never intended for human habitation, and cruise with me for a month upon the Northern coast, with all the zest of our earlier years.

My wife, who, by the way, was none other than Atherton's sister, held fast to a pet theory that her brother's bachelorhood was wholly attributable to his early deep affection for Izetta Gibbs; but while then not so well assured of this fact myself, I had long been aware that he was in those days much harder hit than I or any of his friends realized at the time. From talks during his most enjoyable visits, though to a greater extent through letters, I was also aware that Atherton had systematically continued a line of investigation no doubt originally suggested by the now obsolete *planchette*. I knew that he had become greatly interested in psychological studies of one sort and another, and though perhaps not belonging strictly to the rank and file of so-called spiritualists, fully believed himself endowed with what those of this tenet would probably term "unusual mediumistic powers." In long letters, on several occasions, he urged upon me the importance of various undoubted communications he had received from departed friends, as affording most solacing proof positive of life to come.

However, this whole matter of communications was one in which I felt little interest. Certainly my own innate belief in the absolute surety of a future existence was not in the least to be strengthened by physical manifestations of any sort, — in fact, it seemed to me but a form of materialism which asked for such proof. Always incredulous as to the possibility of these much-talked-of messages, I considered time during my old friend's visits much too precious for their useless discussion.

But to proceed towards the main object of this narrative. Some dozen years since, there came a period of business troubles which through several seasons prevented Atherton from making the usual pilgrimage to his native region of fogs and salt sea breezes. After three years of bitter disappointment to us both, however, he at length wrote in the spring, expressing hope of starting east; yet the summer passed, and business ties still held him fast. September and October came and went, with the season continuing uncommonly mild, and encouraged by Atherton's frequent letters, I still kept the Gulnare at her moorings in our sheltered harbor, though knowing well that we now escaped fierce gales and winter weather through grace alone.

At this time Atherton seemed well-nigh desperate. He was starving, actually and literally starving, he said, for the smell of the sea, for the heavenly sound of its swash along the Gulnare's glistening bilges in a fresh breeze, and for the whistle of wind in the rigging. By the salt blood of all our Viking forbears, he adjured me almost daily not to haul the yacht up for the winter, but to hold off, and still hold off a bit longer!

At length, on the 20th of November, a telegram came, saying that he was really on the point of starting; and almost immediately upon his arrival, final preparations were begun for our long deferred cruise to the eastward.

Though still comparatively mild, there was no mistaking the season on the particularly breezy morning of our start. Rain had fallen during the night, but the wind had worked into the northwest, and the weather was fast turning cold. Before launching the yacht's tender to go on board, we were obliged to rid her of ice, into which was frozen a thick matting of dead leaves, — always a portent-

ous mixture, which, in my case, to look upon is enough to induce the thickest flannels. By comparison, a genuine mid-winter snowbank befits the "tropical scenes" embellishing the geographies of our grammar-school days.

Heavy masses of semi-stratified leaden clouds only now and then allowed slants of feeble sunshine to light the gray waters into long stretches of unwonted yellow-green, amidst which the racing white-caps gleamed under the cold northwester in a manner most suggestive of close reefs.

But it is not my intention to inflict in detail a log of our unseasonable cruise, eventful though it proved. Enough to say that, having gone east as far as Machiasport without serious discomfort, thanks to a good fire and plenty of clothing, we had begun to work our little craft homeward again, when, in preparing kindling with a hatchet, I was clumsy enough to cut my left hand quite deeply. The doctor who dressed the wound forbade use of the hand for many days to come, and in this predicament we felt obliged to ship an extra man. After several unsuccessful attempts in other directions, the choice fell upon Captain Daniel Murdock, of Moosabec Reach, a well-seasoned mariner who assured us that he had been master of a coaster "ever since he was the bigness of a draw-bucket."

"Cap'n Dan'l" was a nervous, rather vacuous-faced little man, with watery blue eyes, scanty hair, and straggling chin whiskers which utterly failed to disguise the fact that he had no chin worth mentioning, while an immense flaring-crowned blue yachting cap, apparently several sizes too large, gave him a painfully top-heavy appearance. Before the first week was out, it became evident that, in Cap'n Dan'l's cheerful view, each cloudy day was to be classed as "stormy," while all pleasant days were simply "weather-breeders" of most ominous import. Doubtless this peculiar habit of mind accounted for the fact that in his case an intense desire to enter every good harbor reached was only equaled by an inborn, deep-rooted aversion to leaving it.

As it happened, there was little need to call upon the captain for assistance in handling the craft. He helped get under way, of course, but I chose to manage the cooking, and Atherton could seldom be induced to relinquish the pleasure of steering for any length of time. As a rule, reefs were kept permanently tied in, so that, for the most part, our hired crew was able to divide his time between dismal weather predications and lugubrious recitals illustrating the madness of running by harbors at this season of the year.

Fair and cold — though often somewhat too boisterous -- weather attended us to the westward as far as the Fox Island Thoroughfare. Here anchor was dropped one evening, shortly after a genuine Turnerian sunset, which in its frenzied arrangement of strangely gorgeous colors, Cap'n Dan'l eagerly seized upon at once as presaging an immediate gale of wind "fit to yank all hell out by the roots."

But the next morning seemed to offer a fairly good chance for proceeding across the Western Bay, at least, though Captain Murdock continued his disquieting forecasts with intense earnestness. Entirely apart from the late threatening sunset, he called attention to the startling fact that this was the fateful third morning of heavy white frost on deck; that last night the water was remarkably phosphorescent, or, to use his common expression, it "*fired* for an easterly;" from outside came an ominous boom of the rote; the moon, too, was waning; but most alarming of all was the frightful continuation of fine weather lately experienced, — in the unhappy captain's estimation simply an appalling succession of "weather-breeders" soon to be most dearly reckoned for. In short, though on general principles opposed to leaving harbor at all, on this particular hazy autumnal morning the good man considered such a move as flying in the face of

Providence, and begged so to go on record.

We started with a gentle northerly breeze which, light as it was, still carried the chill of the snow already lying deep in the spruce woods but a few miles back from the coast; and dimmed by gradually thickening haze overhead, at noonday the half-hearted rays of the sun had scarcely begun to affect the thick coating of frost underfoot.

Far up Penobscot Bay, abreast the faint outline of the towering Camden Hills, three or four lumber-loaded schooners, wing-and-wing, were slowly drifting down with the ebb tide. In explanation of such apparent temerity, Cap'n Dan'l stated that these vessels were doubtless the last ones of the season to load in the Penobscot River, and that, fearful of being frozen in for the winter, their masters were forced to take advantage of favoring wind and tide in order to reach the commodious harbor of Rockland. At this time of year, and with a gale of wind unmistakably brewing, not a man of them, the cap'n solemnly declared, would pass through the Mussel-Ridges; much less shape a course out clear of Monhegan that day.

"*Them* fellers," he said significantly, "has learnt a thing or two afore now!"

All day the weather continued to thicken steadily; but though an increasing ground swell white-fringed the shore with tumbling surf, the wind held moderate from the northward, — so moderate indeed, that reaching our favorite anchorage of Townsend was early seen to be improbable. However, there were several intermediate opportunities for finding shelter in a small craft such as ours; and though now convinced that a comfortable haven would no doubt soon be desirable, we still fanned along prettily. Atherton's allotted vacation time was nearly expired, and if we were to lie storm-bound for perhaps several days, so much the more reason for improving the present favorable slant of wind.

Leaving the Mussel-Ridge Channel, Seal Harbor was voted too lonesome; Tennant's Harbor lay wholly open to the northeast, and even Cap'n Dan'l had no hankering for it under present conditions. Herring Gut seemed most likely to bring us up; but when off its entrance, the wind showed signs of taking a fresh hold, and to the utter consternation of Captain Murdock, we decided to keep on through Fisherman's Gap, and make at least a bid for Townsend, even if obliged to compromise with some little nook on dim Pemaquid.

To those unacquainted with this region, it may be said that Fisherman's Gap is an extremely narrow and short passage through a chain of rocky, gull-haunted islands and ledges stretching seaward several miles from the mainland. By use of this contracted channel those familiar with its dangers may materially shorten the route east or west, though strangers and large craft commonly avoid it. Entering the Gap, on one side lies Mistake Island, a low mass of gray rocks supporting only the slightest growth of stunted spruces; opposite is the odd-looking islet known as "Night-Cap," an absolutely bare ledge of deeply fissured granite rising to a height of perhaps twenty-five feet above high-water mark.

North and south range numerous other desolate islands, among which the endless rote of the churning sea is broken only by the gulls' weird cries, or the dismal bleating of a few unfortunate sheep. Many detached shoals and sunken ledges extend in all directions, and of these only such are buoyed as obstruct the immediate entrance to the Gap.

Commonly cruising outside of these dangerous barriers to navigation, it had been several years since Atherton and I last passed through this opening, and on approaching, we were somewhat surprised to notice a tiny dwelling-house upon the extreme apex of the barren rock called "Night-Cap." Captain Daniel Murdock, in profound disgust at having passed the snug harbor of Herring Gut, had, some time previous, turned into his

berth below; and although both of us were anxious to learn if possible who had chosen so extraordinary a dwelling-place, it seemed on the whole best to postpone questioning the poor man until he might be in a happier frame of mind.

For some hours now, the sky had been completely overcast, and from its watery blank of sullen gray, wholly devoid of both form and motion, snow or rain seemed imminent. Atherton at this time was idling with the tiller in a fickle breeze which again threatened to fail us, while I, as steward, off and on dodged below to the cook-room, where a choice fish-smother was in preparation.

Suddenly Atherton called me. "Here's an effect of light and shade for you!" he said. "Talk about sea-glins; you'll never get a better example than this now!"

As soon as possible, I hastened on deck. Away out over the blurry horizon line at sea, occurred a strange lifting of the sombre curtain extending overhead. Next the water glowed a nebulous streak of intensely luminous white, against which, as we slowly drifted past, every detail in the dark and rugged contour of the "Night-Cap" and its lonely little house rose in the immediate foreground with a vividness almost uncanny in its wonderful strength and distinctness.

We stood a few moments, intently watching this most striking effect, when a certain familiar odor admonished me that my smother was burning, and I hurried below once more.

"Great Cæsar! Come up here quick!" cried Atherton again, after the lapse of a few moments. "Come up quick, if you want to hear 'The Pilot's Bride' played on a fiddle!"

Again I hurried through the cabin, but before getting my head out of the companion-way, he exclaimed in a disappointed tone, "You're too late, you're too late; it's all over! He's gone in!"

Atherton seemed noticeably excited by this incident. I had scarcely gone below, he said, when an old fellow, bent and lame, appeared outside the little house on the rock with a violin, and, his every movement showing clear-cut in dark relief against the white glare of the sea-glin, straightway played through the quaint old melody always so dear to us both.

Atherton explained that he should have called me sooner, but that though instantly spell-bound by the glamour of an air at once recognized as intimately associated with the sweetest days of youth, yet strangely enough it was some moments before its name flashed upon him. I was at first disposed to joke him about the matter; but he vehemently insisted that there could be no mistake as to the identity of the tune. The light wind was favorable, and the distance at that point less than a stone's throw, since, narrow as is the Gap at best, when nearly abreast the house a sunken ledge forces passing craft to keep the bold shore of "Night-Cap" close aboard. My friend reiterated that not only was every note perfectly distinguishable, but that owing to our proximity, and the astonishing manner in which all objects were then relieved against the dazzling glow in the east, a lameness and certain other characteristics of the performer were doubly accentuated.

It was agreed that under almost any other circumstances, we would certainly land and have a talk with the man who thus unwittingly called up such fond memories of our early years, Atherton even vowing that he would give fifty dollars down for the chance of hearing the air once more, and learning, if possible, something of its history. Unfortunately, the beautifully written music given him by Izetta Gibbs so many years before had been destroyed in a fire, and despite many attempts to hear it, since the memorable night when we took final leave of the sisters, the haunting strain had never gladdened our ears.

But the day was short, and though but little past three o'clock, there were already signs of approaching darkness.

Since leaving Herring Gut, the uncertain wind had worked into the northeast, and even as we spoke, scattering flakes of snow fluttered slantingly by. There certainly was no time for visiting, if we had any hope of making harbor farther west, and we knew of no safe one in that direction nearer than Pemaquid Point. Attempting to beat back to Herring Gut against the strong flood tide seemed the alternative, and one very little to our liking.

At this juncture, Captain Dan'l Murdock's anxious visage appeared from below. Quickly he raised a warning finger towards the still baleful gleaming astern.

"I s'pose likely you seen that there sea-glin to the east'ard, ain't ye?" he inquired, with forced calmness.

"Git a sea-glin
Ketch a wet skin!

and 'most gin'ally a breeze o' wind hove in! That's what they always told *me*, from the time I was the bigness of a draw-bucket. Maybe you ain't took notice she's all shuttin' in thick-a-snow to loo-'ard, there." Here the captain's righteous indignation burst all restraint. "Might I jest inquire of ye where in hell you fellers cal'late to fetch up to-night, anyways?" he shrieked.

To tell the exact truth, neither of us was at the moment prepared to answer this question. Cap'n Dan'l saw his advantage, and was quick to press it home.

"I been tellin' of ye right along that this 'ere running clean past harbors so free, is ter'ble foolish works," he said. "'T ain't never been called no great trick of mine, not since I was the bigness of a draw-bucket. You never seen no such tormented sea-glin as that there, without there was somethin' to pay consid'ble quick afterwards. Now if you know when you're anyways well off, you'll jest up hellum, and shove this little packet of yourn right in here to loo'ard of the islant, afore ever she shuts in so thick-a-snow you can't see ary hole through a ladder!"

"Yes," said I incredulously, "that would be a nice comfortable berth to ride out a gale of wind in. We might as well jump to it out on the back side of Monhegan!"

"I guess likely you'll have to take and put up with what you can git for a harbor, after comin' this fur, and some lucky to git her, too!" retorted the captain. "I can take and run this bo't chock up into an eel-rut betwixt them islants yonder, where if she doos drag ashore, we'll stand some show to git out of her alive, anyways. The last year ever I went in the old M'ria Foss it shut in thick-a-fog on me one time out here abreast of Metinic, and I kep' off and followed a fisherman clean up into this 'ere little guzzle-hole; that's all the way how I happen to know the least mite about it. It's kind of narrow-contracted, like, so's I never see no sight to git out with my vessel for goin' on four weeks' time, and it lays a grain open to the east'ard; but the bottom is nothin' only blue clay, and I guess likely we can make out to hold her to anchor someways."

But I still demurred. The chart certainly indicated no very inviting shelter among these exposed, forsaken-looking rocks, and as the wind now seemed settled with some force dead astern, I advocated taking the chances of running, rather than risk being caught indefinitely in a desolate spot where it was impossible to procure stores of any kind.

Atherton, on the contrary, was extremely desirous of stopping at all events, and hunting up the musical dweller on Night-Cap. For the sake of an interview with him, he declared himself ready to endure all manner of privations, and even to extend his vacation a week, if necessary. Finding him really so greatly in earnest upon this matter, I of course gave in, though again referring to the question of supplies.

Cap'n Dan'l, however, eagerly overrode all objections on that score.

"Fur's ever that goes," he said, "you hain't need borry no trouble at all. You'll find there's an old reynuck keeps store in there back of them far-trees, or done so

the time I got ketched in the M'ria Foss, anyways. I ain't noways liable to forgit *that*, neither, for he taxed me twelve cents a plug for tobacco jes' same 's I can buy me any God's quantity of anywheres on the main, for ten!"

As to the comparative safety of harbors, it seemed preposterous to argue with so eminent an authority as Captain Murdock. He took the helm at once, and in a short time the Gulnare was at anchor in a curious little slue between several rocky islets lying a small distance south of the Night-Cap. On the largest of these stood a low, weather-beaten building rudely labeled "Store," Behind this rose the usual forlorn growth of stunted spruces, bent and broken, and bleached by fierce salt winds from the sea almost to the grayness of the ledges to which their bare roots clung.

Two or three ancient lapstreak boats of the variety here known as "peapods," coal-tarred and patched to the last degree, were hauled up on the rough shore amidst a clutter of dilapidated lobster-traps. Close alongside our anchorage lay a worn-out dory full of water, attached to a huge lobster-car, from which the long brown kelp writhed and twisted in the strong tide with snaky sinuosity.

Aside from the solitary little dwelling just visible over the ledges on Night-Cap, no sign of possible customers was to be detected. At supper, however, Cap' n Dan'l relieved our minds as to what supported a store in this desolate locality by stating that, during the mackerel season, "draggers," "netters," and sometimes even large "seiners," anchored off here through the frequent dense fog-mulls on this part of the coast. Moreover, from computations based upon close observation during his four weeks' forced sojourn here in the schooner Maria Foss, the captain deemed it only natural that between lobstering, and supplying fishermen with ten-cent plugs of tobacco at twelve cents each, the insatiate storekeeper should have become so "independent rich" by this time as to own several of the islands.

But concerning the fiddling resident of Night-Cap, Captain Murdock could furnish no information whatever. The little house had suddenly appeared there some years before, and that was all he knew of it.

Our anchorage lay open to the eastward much more than was desirable, and directly after our meal, an additional large anchor was carried out ahead, and planted where it would do the most good in the expected northeaster. Having made things snug in this and various other ways, Atherton and I determined on rowing the short distance across to Night-Cap, hoping for at least a few words that evening with the unknown musician in whom we both felt such sudden and peculiar interest.

Landing on a short strip of rough beach between steeply sloping ledges close to the house, we quickly scrambled up and knocked at the door.

There was no response, nor did repeated brisk raps elicit any reply. In slight puffs of cutting wind dry wisps of the rock-weed "banking" about the house rustled faintly from time to time; the outer islands sent in a continuous rumble of the pounding sea, and among the ragged, kelp-grown ledges of Night-Cap itself, the purling undertow surged rhythmically to and fro. We tried the door, but found it locked. The hut, for it was scarcely more, contained but one room, funished with three small curtainless windows, though one of these was partially screened by a newspaper, which in spite of the growing darkness was at length identified as an old copy of the *Damariscotta Weekly Beetle and Wedge*. Through dint of close peering at the other windows we finally were satisfied that the house contained no occupant, and certainly there were no outbuildings in which the owner might be concealed from view. Just outside the door stood a shallow earthen dish, from the ice in which protruded the hard-frozen tail of a fish evidently intended for dog or cat. A rusty axe was fast embedded in a

chopping-block made from the section of a large vessel's mast, and scattered about underfoot near by lay a scant supply of firewood composed entirely of drift-stuff.

At the top of the steep beach, with other useless litter, was to be seen the flattened remains of a large dory; but of serviceable boat there was no sign, and we soon concluded that the dweller in this most forlorn of all little homes had left his bare islet for some purpose since we passed through the Gut on the farther side, over an hour before. As Atherton ironically suggested, possibly he might have rowed across to the store for his evening paper, and incidentally to gather the latest gossip of this pleasant little hamlet by the sea.

We were on the point of leaving, when suddenly from seaward came the muffled, fast augmenting roar of violent wind. In a moment a blinding whirl of stinging snow smote us in the face, and the northeaster struck with such fury that for an instant we both staggered helplessly before it. Guyed to the rock by wire rigging from some wreck, the building tremblingly withstood the shock, yet numbers of shingles torn from its roof and sides rattled sharply down over the jagged ledges into the sea. Hastily we reëmbarked, and sped back to our craft, driven by a howling blast which had already brought Cap'n Dan'l on deck with the fog-horn, in great anxiety for our safety.

He reported that the storekeeper had been out alongside with assurances that his entire stock of confectionery, tobacco, oil, and matches lay at our disposal. Moreover, the man left a cheerful message of minute instructions as to the safest spot for beaching our craft in case she struck adrift during the gale no doubt heralded by the late pronounced sea-glin.

We especially inquired whether the visitor had referred to the present whereabouts of his solitary neighbor, but the captain replied definitely in the negative. He then related with much satisfaction how completely he had balked his caller's curiosity concerning the appearance of a yacht at this season, while allowing him to depart with some misgivings as to our purpose. Plainly, the matter of those twelve-cent plugs still rankled in the soul of Cap'n Dan'l Murdock.

Now when an individual, week in and week out, keeps up the standing, unwavering prediction of a storm, in the natural course of things sooner or later the time is bound to come when his croakings will be verified to some extent. The day of Cap'n Dan'l's triumphant vindication as a weather prophet had undoubtedly arrived. There ensued by all odds the most furious gale ever encountered in all our long boating experience. It struck, too, with such unparalled suddenness, and in so blinding a squall of wind and snow, that, had we kept on, a bad hour of reefing must certainly have been met, and doubtless a desperately hard night of it afterward, if nothing worse. One luckless craft thus caught, and compelled to run hit or miss for the feeble light at Townsend, met with sad disaster through total inability to carry sail or to distinguish any landmarks whatever in so hopeless a combination of overpowering wind, darkness, and driving snow.

As it was, the old Gulnare escaped going ashore only through the excellence of the holding-ground, the unusual size of anchors and roads, and the unremiting attention given her throughout a memorable night of great anxiety and exposure. For nearly two days it was impossible to communicate with the island; but on the second afternoon Atherton and I ventured to attempt the comparatively short distance between us and the store.

The storekeeper, or Principal Inhabitant, as we had dubbed him, proved a ragged, hulking giant in "keg-boots," and lobsterman's "barvel," with a stolid red face covered by many days' grizzly stubble. On our landing, he abandoned the work of shoveling snow from the boats on shore, and after some few remarks upon the severity of the gale, led the way

towards the house, while no less than nine of his progeny viewed our passing, open-mouthed.

Thickly plastered with sticky snow, the wretched nakedness of this one dwelling and its surroundings was somewhat less striking than upon the day of our arrival; yet it unavoidably occurred to us that however "independent rich" the Principal Inhabitant might have waxed in this God-forsaken spot, there was small part of his wealth invested either in the homestead itself, or in the unique "store" which occupied one small room. Into this apartment the proprietor at once conducted us, through the kitchen, where a dejected-looking woman with babe in arms turned a listless eye upon us from the hot cook-stove.

Entering the store, we seated ourselves upon a board between two boxes, opposite the board upon two barrels which constituted the counter, and after acquiring several of the famous twelve-cent plugs as an offering to Cap'n Dan'l, began questioning the man concerning his nearest neighbor.

But upon this subject, or indeed upon any other, he was for some time indisposed to talk, apparently harboring, as Cap'n Dan'l had surmised, a suspicion that we were wily fish-wardens on the hunt for "short" lobsters. Further conversation, however, and a few more judicious purchases, followed up by the liberal use of a certain lubricating fluid from a wicker-covered flask, at length served to limber the tongue of the Principal Inhabitant to a marked degree.

"Old Uncle Sylvane over acrosst here on Night-Cap," he finally began, "accordin' to folks's tell, was always jes' so odd and cur'us acting, like. Seems 's though up in home there on the main where he come from, he 'd went to work and got hisself so ter'ble down on them summer rusticator folks, that one time he up and swore he 'd go some place where he 'd never once set eye on another one of the breed so long's ever he drawed breath!"

"Why, what under the sun did the man have against the summer visitors?" Atherton asked in surprise. "I thought they were what you people down this way counted on, nowadays."

"Oh, wall, I guess likely some doos so, but old Sylvane he was always kind of cranky like, you see, — always and forever cal'lated to be on the off side, someways. One thing, he claimed them rusticators had went to work and h'isted up taxes till nobody else could n't live along of 'em in the same town, — and maybe he wa'n't so fur out of the way there, neither. Anyways, four year ago this last spring, he come in here one day with his old carry-way bo't, — one he picked up over to Townsend there, the time the pogy-factories busted up, you rec'lect, — he come in here and ast me did ever I run afoul of ary rusticator out here yit?

"'By Jim Hill, no!' 's I, 'and ain't noways liable to neither, I guess. What for God's sakes do you cal'late is goin' to fetch them kind chock out here?'

"Wall, he did n't know as he could say about *that;* all is, he allowed there wa'n't no livin' man could say for sure jes' where them rusticators would n't strike to, yit. He says there wa'n't ary place left on the main at this day o' the world where some of 'em had n't lit, and sp'ilt everything for poor folks, chock to the handle, and if I never had none of 'em out here *so* fur, this was jest the very place he 'd love to take and settle right down for the rest-part of his stoppin' 'round. He wanted I should take and give him a quit-claim on Night-Cap right away off, but I wa'n't noways anxious to sell her, so finally he come under writin's to pay me three dollar a year for the use of her.

"Inside of a week's time after that, we had a couple days' fresh nor'wester, blowin' like a man right direct offn the main, you know, and along about four o'clock in the afternoon the secont day, I see this 'ere bo't headin' in dead afore it, with every mite of wind she could stiver under, and still, she never appeared to git ahead no great sight, neither, that is, not

same's you'd nachally think she'd ought to went. Pretty quick I twigged this 'ere great big cur'us lookin' thing a-follerin' in her wake, much as two hunnerd yard astern.

"'By Jim Hill,' thinks I, 'what's broke loose now?' I took and run chock out on them high laidges to the nor'rard, where I could see good and plain, and come to find out, if 't wa'n't old Uncle Sylvane in his old carry-way bo't, big as life, with his house in tow of him."

"In a scow, or on a raft, of course you mean," I said.

"Not a mite of it," the man replied. "She was one of them little old smoke-houses he'd got holt of in there to Gibbs's Cove, and seems's though he'd went to work and dumped her ker-plunk overboard at high-water slack early that morning', — took this 'ere fresh nor'-wester right plumb in the stern, with the full strength of the ebb to boot, and come out here nice as a pin. We turned to and hauled her in onto the beach there to Night-Cap fur's ever she'd float at high-water that night, and she laid there made fast to them laidges for goin' on a month's time. Sylvane he stopped aboard his bo't right here, till one time there was a big seiner dropped in to lay out a fog-mull, and then Sylvane he jest takes and goes right out aboard and raises a crowd to come ashore along of him and twitch that house of hisn clean up atop of them rocks in no time, and plant her jest where she sets to-day."

"Well, well, that's one way to move, sure enough," said Atherton. "You say though, that he came from Gibbs' Cove. Just where is that?"

"Why, Gibbs's Cove lays right in here on the main, anigh abreast of us. B'longs to the town of Dam'riscotty, by good rights; anyways that's where all them Covers goes to heave votes town-meetin' day. She makes up in back of Pemaquid a consid'ble piece, the Cove doos. Sylvane he was one of them Cove Gibbses hisself, you know. By Jim Hill! but you come to git chock up in there that fur, and you'll find 'most everything that goes on two legs is one of them Gibbses. Lord, there's Gibbs's Corner, and Gibbs's Crick, and Gibbs's Mounting, and I don't dasst to say what ain't Gibbs. They're thicker'n spatters, and I guess likely always has been that way since the time Columbus landed to Plymouth."

"Well, but about this old man Gibbs out here," Atherton continued, with fast-increasing interest. "I'm anxious to learn all I can of him just now. He must have some little property, or people to help him. An old man such as he never could earn a living out here, could he?"

"Wall no, I dunno as he could, winter-times; not take it all crippled-up so bad. You ain't cal'latin' to git holt of the building, be you though?" the man asked with sudden suspicion.

"No, no! nothing of the sort!" Atherton protested. "I merely want to find out about the old chap. I'm not sure but that I knew some of his people years ago, you see."

"Oho, that's it?" said the storekeeper. "Wall, there's folks enough of hisn scattered round in there to the Cove. I used to hear say that Sylvane had a little something put by, and I would n't wonder if he had n't. He never raised no family, and I'm knowing to it for a fact that he went fust mate of the old bark Two Sisters, along of his brother, Cap'n 'Life Gibbs, fourteen year to a stretch. After they was all cast away, the time Cap'n 'Life was drownded, Sylvane he come back home here for a spell, and bimeby bought him a little freighter that he run to Portland for years and years. I guess likely he must had a dollar or two in his stockin', fast enough. Anyways, he seldom ever lifted a hand out here, without it was to cut him up a stick of wood, but the heft of the time he'd 'most always jest set there and fiddle to hisself all soul alone, by the hour to a lick. Jim Hill! but he was a master old feller to take and make a fiddle talk right out, now I tell ye what. For that matter though, every one of them Gibbses always was chock-a-

block full of music, but seems 's if Sylvane in pertik'ler had the fiddle right down fine. He 'd pick him up consid'ble loose change every once in a little while a-fiddlin' to them big 'times' they have in the Temp'rance Hall there to the Cove, and quite a few folks has even come clean out here coaxin' of him to go in home and fiddle for 'em same 's he used to.

"But you see he 'd growed to feel kind of streaked, like, this last year or two. I seen myself that last winter took it out of him scand'lous, and come to take it this fall, seems 's though he 'd aged up ter'ble quick, all to once, like. I know along about the fust of the month somewheres, he says to me one day he guessed likely he 'd have to go back in there to the Cove again, and put up along of some folks. He says to me that time like this, 's he, 'I 'm gittin' so 's I ain't the fust speck of good,' 's he; 'I 'm all crippled-up and disenabled jes' same 's a plaguey old main-sheet block with the sheave all broke down inside of her. I think 's some likely,' 's he, 'that prob'ly I *could* make out to live till springtime again, someways or 'nother, but there, you!' 's he, 'here 't is the fall o' the year, and comin' on cold weather pretty quick now, — I ain't got the currage, — I guess I full better go back in home there and git all through while she holds good and mod'rate, like.'

"Seems 's though the poor old soul wa'n't so very fur out in his cal'lations, neither. I had a few lobsters to run in there to the Cove not but a short spell afterwards, and so I give him and his cat passage in aboard of me, with the old carry-way bo't and the heft of his dunnage in tow. Now take it that day you folks come in here to anchor, I seen plain as could be we was in for an extry heavy breeze o' wind. I had me a gang of bran'-new traps sot off here a piece to the s'uth-'ard, and thinks I, in room of leaving them traps be, to chaw to bits soon 's ever the sea commences to run anyways deep, I best git a move onto me, and fetch 'em in. Them oak boughten traps stand me nigh a dollar apiece, ye see, with my time hove in. Wall sir, coming back along, about noontime, Enos Gibbs run acrosst my bow, right handy-to, in his spreet-s'l jigger. Enos he 'd come out of the Cove early in the morning to try the polluck off here, and was givin' it to her in home again, — 't was all hermed up thick for snow down to loo'ard then, you rec'lect.

"'Joe Tom!' he hollers (that 's me), 'did you hear tell yit about Uncle Sylvane?' 's he.

"'No,' 's I. 'What 's up?'

"'Wall,' 's he, 'he 's got through there to father's, and we give him his funeral a week ago this very day!' "

WOOD–WIND

BY CLARENCE URMY

Hither, Wood-wind, lend thy lips
Where this mountain brooklet slips
Under alder, buck-eye, bay,
Oaken bough and willow spray;
Lend thy lips, and let the tone
Be like fairy bugles blown,
Fairy bugles blown afar
In the Land of Evening Star.

Hither, Wood-wind, touch thy tongue
To the flutes with garlands hung;
There are notes that only thou
Canst awake from branch and bough,
Notes that Pan with piping sweet
Charms Terpsichore's light feet,
Or the softer notes that dwell
Deep in Orpheus' golden shell.

Hither, Wood-wind, horns are here,
Elfin horns to woodmen dear,
Hanging at the ivory door
Of each spreading sycamore;
Breathe upon these alder boughs
And thy gentle strains shall rouse
Dreams that in hushed valleys dwell,
Crowned with wreaths of asphodel.

Hither, Wood-wind, thou dost know
Haunt of pebbly piccolo,
And the cave of clarionet
In the reeds with ripples wet;
There are diapason stops
In the sky-tipped redwood tops,
Blow thereon and we shall hear
Music of a primal year!

Welcome, Wood-wind, at our call;
Or was it the waterfall
Or a falling leaf's low cry
That didst bid thee wander by?
Breathe and blow and drive away
All the care and fret of day,
While the pine trees' soft bassoon
Murmurs magic to the moon.

OUR MEN OF THE MIDI

BY E. N. VALLANDIGHAM

Our Southern whites present the only instance in the history of the world of a people mainly English by blood and tradition, who have dwelt continuously for six or eight generations below the 39th parallel. They are essentially a people of what the French call the Midi, and these interrelated facts of race and residence have been too little considered in the examination of their history and the prognostication of their future. Not elsewhere the world over have Englishmen dwelt continuously in large numbers under semi-tropical conditions for so much as three generations. The whites in Australia present the nearest parallel in this regard to our own Southern whites, but the white population of Australia has been considerable for only two generations, and large for hardly more than fifty years; and much of the increase up to very recent times came from immigration. It is fair to say then that only a small part of the whites in Australia are a people dwelling for more than two generations under semi-tropical conditions. They are an English people of the Midi in the making.

The total population of the British North American mainland in 1688, it is estimated, was 200,000. By 1700, it is believed to have grown to 1,850,000, in which latter estimate are probably included about 100,000 whites in the Canadas. Much of this growth came from natural increase, especially in the South, where a considerable part of the gain from immigration must be set down to the importation of African slaves. The first census, that of 1790, showed a population of nearly 4,000,000, almost equally divided between the North and South. Of rather more than 750,000 colored persons enumerated in that census by far the larger part were in the Southern States. As late as 1860 there were only a little more than 226,000 negroes in the North out of more than 4,440,000 in the whole country. Toward the end of the eighteenth century slavery had probably begun to check white immigration to the South; and again, immigration was not large for the whole country during the first forty years under the Federal Constitution.

The number of white immigrants to reach the South after the opening of the nineteenth century must have been comparatively small save in the region immediately bordering upon Mason and Dixon's Line. From about the middle of the eighteenth century, indeed, the increase in the white population of the older Southern States must have been largely the natural increase in the native population of English descent. There was much intercolonial immigration, but the newer South drew upon Virginia and the Carolinas rather than upon the North. Some thousands of French Huguenots settled in the South between 1670 and the end of the seventeenth century; but these immigrants included many French of the Midi, so that the newcomers tended to intensify characteristics already developing in the native population under climatic influences. About the middle of the eighteenth century there was a movement of Scotch and Scotch-Irish immigration to the South, and nothing in the social history of that region is more instructive than the effect of new conditions, climatic and otherwise, upon these sturdy and impenetrable Protestants. After the Jacobite risings of 1715 and 1745 there was an immigration of Irish and Highland Scotch to America, and part of these immigrants reached the South.

It may be said then that for almost two centuries, or six generations, the Southern whites have been essentially a semi-tropical people by residence, birth, and ancestry; and that not a few of those who have come to the South since the close of the seventeenth century are descended on one side or the other from earlier immigrants; so that many of the Southern whites are of a race for nearly three centuries exposed to semi-tropical conditions. These people are in large part what we loosely call Anglo-Saxons; for whatever Celtic blood may have come to them from France, from Ireland, and from the Highlands of Scotland, has been in large measure mixed with purely English strains. There is, of course, a large unmixed French element in Louisiana, and a Spanish element not intimately mixed with English in Florida and Texas, besides a German element in Louisiana, in Maryland, in Kentucky, and perhaps elsewhere; while there has been within two decades some Italian immigration to parts of the South. When all these foreign strains have been taken into account, however, the fact remains that between Mason and Dixon's Line and the Gulf of Mexico there is a larger population of approximately pure English stock than anywhere else on earth outside of Great Britain.

We must bear in mind also, when we think of the Southern white as an Englishman of the Midi, that he and his ancestors have not been merely winter residents here for, say, two-and-a-half centuries, but have steadily made the region their home at all seasons. Englishmen have dwelt under tropical and semi-tropical conditions in India and elsewhere for a century and a half, but merely as a garrison, military and civil; for adaptable as the Englishman is, he has steadily refused to make India his permanent home. The Southerner's loyalty to the soil in all seasons seems to have been even more marked in earlier generations than to-day. Even now, however, from the Potomac to the Gulf, we find the Southern white for the most part either living in his accustomed winter home all summer long, or seeking only such relief as the seashore or the mountains of his own latitude afford. Finally, for more than a century and a quarter the people thus subjected to climatic conditions new to the race have been self-dependent, in no measure politically subordinated to the mother country, and singularly free in the matter of local self-government, so that they have developed without serious pressure from their brethren in Europe and America living under different climatic conditions. At the same time, they have preserved the common traditions of the race, and read its common literature.

What should we expect of an Englishman, in his own person and through six or eight ancestral generations subjected to conditions such as the race never before knew? We think we know the English character pretty well. It varies, of course, and within a pretty wide range. There are madly impulsive Englishmen; but the race is phlegmatic rather than the reverse, cool, self-contained, sturdy in maintenance of opinion, steady but not fiery in courage, moderate in love, prone to marry late rather than early, not excitable, distinguished by the occurrence of rarely imaginative individuals, but on the whole prosiac and negligent of the fine arts, and commonly sincere in the ordinary relations of life, however hypocritical in some of its conventions.

The Southern European, on the other hand, is apt to be excitable, fiery in his courage, ardent in love, imaginative, fond of pleasure and sensitive to the fine arts, somewhat effusive in his social relations, almost indecently frank in some matters that English conventional hypocrisy passes by in silence. When we think of these two and of our own Southerner, we easily realize that he is essentially an Englishman of the Midi. His semi-tropical climate has burned into him some of the qualities that we associate with the Southern European, but

he has retained also many of his own racial characteristics. He is both fire and snow. He is ardent in love; but he at least equals the Englishman at home in jealous regard for the purity of his women and surpasses him — or any other man — in his romantic devotion to the other sex. His courage has the fire of the Southern European, and the steadiness of the Englishman. He is soft of speech, and amiability itself at ordinary times, but roused to instant anger at the slightest suspicion of an assault upon his honor. Perhaps his most charming characteristic is his delightfully unsuspicious outlook upon the world, his consequent readiness to accept a new acquaintance for what he seems to be, and his open-handed hospitality. In this latter relation he shows the fascinating politeness of the European of the Midi, along with the essential sincerity of the Englishman in every-day social relations. You cannot altogether trust the social effusiveness of the Southern European; you rarely meet with such effusiveness in the Englishman; but if our Southerner invites you to his house after the second casual meeting, be sure that the invitation is given in good faith.

Physically, also, the Southerner is an Englishman of the Midi. He retains the relatively tall stature of his race; but he is apt to be dark and slender, rather than fair and large. He has cared less for systematic athletics than the Englishman at home, but having been mainly a dweller in the country, he has lived much in the open air, and has been handy with weapons, fond of horse and dog. There may have been a suspicion up to the middle of the last century that the Southerners were suffering some physical deterioriation because of the climate to which they and their ancestors had been so long exposed; but the civil war seems abundantly to have demonstrated not only their courage and dash, but as well their endurance of all kinds.

These considerations of the physical and temperamental effects of the Southern climate upon the English race naturally raise the question whether the Southern white has retained the fine qualities of his English ancestors and superimposed upon them the fire and charm of the Southern European; whether he has suffered no serious loss of intellectual and spiritual effectiveness through the climatic conditions to which he has been subjected. It is hardly to be denied that the Southern youth suffered morally from his contact with an enslaved race, and continues to suffer morally from contact with the same race in a state of freedom. Doubtless each race has gained some good of the other; but they have also done much mutual ill. The South and the Southerner will long bear the marks of the evil institution that they so long cherished.

Every Northerner who is familiar with the South will at once recall squalid Southern villages and slovenly Southern farms as possibly proving the evil effects of an enervating climate upon the civic and domestic ideals of the whites. Schouler, the historian, intimates that the White House and its grounds had fallen into something like shabbiness under a long succession of Southern Presidents, remarking that upon the accession of John Quincy Adams the President's official residence took on the air of a neat New England homestead. The Southerner, indeed, often submits with apparent unconcern to slovenly surroundings such as would not be tolerated by an equally well placed Englishman, and the contrast between rural conditions in much of the South and in the greater part of New England is notoriously to the advantage of the latter. It would be hard to say how much of Southern slovenliness is due to climatic influence upon the ideals of the whites, and how much to traditions going back to the inefficiency of slave labor. Something also is to be set down to the poverty that immediately followed the war, when the pillaged South was almost perforce content to give all its energies to merely

living; when families saw handsome old homesteads fall into ruins, and were meanwhile too poor either to repair them or to rebuild upon a smaller scale. Southern indifference to meticulous neatness, however, antedates the war. The story of the Virginian whose excuse for not mending his fences was that he found it cheaper to station little negroes at the gaps, is perhaps apocryphal, but it has some value as an economic indicator.

Intellectually and spiritually, however, the Southerner seems to have suffered not so much by reason of climatic conditions as by reason of his partial isolation, brought upon him in large measure by slavery. The institution to which the Southerner tenaciously clung after it had ceased to be economically profitable — if, indeed, such it ever was — separated him from the great stream of national life; and the race problem left in the train of slavery has sufficed in some measure to perpetuate his isolation. The wen of slavery had grown to be nearly as big as the civic body upon which it was bred, and amputation not only proved almost fatal, but also brought its own enduring evils. The Union is now perhaps politically intact; but it has never been quite intellectually, spiritually, and socially such. The South remains in some measure provincial, and the Southerner, even when intellectually alert, finds it hard not to share the conditions with which he is surrounded. Because the South has escaped some of the worst aspects of Northern commercialism, the Southerner is apt to rejoice in his own provincialism. At the same time the South has shown the supersensitiveness to outside criticism characteristic of an isolated people, and has often responded to such criticism with a heat of provincial patriotic rage such as the Southern European could not excel. Thus things Southern have rarely appeared to the Southerner in their true proportions and relations. In matters of taste, also, the South has remained provincial or archaic. Even now much of the South is in the midst of that "architectural reign of terror" which made hideous the mid-quarters of the last century, but which happily the North seems at length about to emerge from. Again, the South has much of the time abstained from the highest endeavor in the fine arts, in mechanical invention, and in most other fields save those of politics and war.

During the first forty years under the Constitution, for the greater part of which period slavery was only growing its thews, the Union was perhaps nearer intact, not only in form but in spirit, than at any time during the next sixty years. The isolation of the South was less marked during those first forty years than later, and it was precisely then that she contributed her largest share in men and measures to our political progress. Unfortunately for all of us, that region came passionately to the defense of slavery about the time when the protective tariff system began to extend and threatened to be permanent. The South then made the tactical and politico-economic mistake of assuming that protection was good perhaps for one section, but certainly bad for another; whereas it was merely good for a privileged few in any section, and always bad for most of us everywhere. Thus the opposition of the South to the protective system became another source of isolation, another means of excluding her from participation in the stream of national development and from full sympathy with national ideals. In spite of occasional academic arguments for free trade as a universal good, the South by her own neglect was made to appear as selfishly arrayed against a system advocated as a national blessing.

At the same time the necessity that the South felt of fighting for slavery and against protection perpetuated her race of brilliant public men, and made her in politics at least the equal of the North. But after 1832 only one permanently resident Southerner was elected to the

presidency. In the only other field of endeavor to which the South has unreservedly given herself, the military field, she has proved also of equal validity with the North, and in both these fields her distinction has often been won by individuals who were typically Englishmen of the Midi.

A few concrete illustrations will serve to enforce the contention of the immediately foregoing paragraph. Let us glance rapidly at some of the men who have conferred distinction upon the South in politics or in war. Washington, to be sure, was mainly an Englishman rather than a man of the Midi. What is true of him is almost equally true of several of his Southern contemporaries. Jefferson had marked traits of the Midi, and so had John Randolph of Roanoke. Calhoun seems almost a dual personality; he was intense and passionate in spirit, but coldly logical in his mental processes, and as conscientious as the sternest Puritan. His paternal family, indeed, came late to the South, though he inherited upon one side old Southern blood. But there is a large group of less conspicuous South Carolinians who signally illustrate the effect of semi-tropical conditions upon the people of that state. Hayne, Rhett, Brooks, Pickens, and others will occur to many, and the temperament of the Midi in an exaggerated form seems to belong to at least one conspicuous South Carolinian of to-day. Henry Clay was typically a man of the Midi, pleasure-loving, eloquent, sympathetic, charming in his personal relations, fiery yet steady in courage, sensitive upon points of honor,—a shining and romantic figure, in the presence of which Puritan virtue as exemplified by John Quincy Adams at his early morning prayers seems a little cold and pale.

Coming farther down, we find in Lincoln marked traits of race, with others that may have been climatic, for he and his had long been men of the Midi. Stonewall Jackson, too, was, so to speak, mingled Covenanter and Provençal, with the Covenanter element in far larger proportion. Lee is perhaps the most conspicuous example that the South has furnished of an almost perfect blend of the Englishman and the man of the Midi. He had the dash and fire of the South with the steady coolness of the Englishman, the social warmth of the Midi with the domestic sincerity of his race. His English military biographer seems occasionally almost aghast at Lee's apparent rashness even when it was vindicated by success. Beauregard, in character, as in aspect, seems an unmistakable Franco-American of the Midi, and three or four other conspicuous Confederate commanders exhibited traits which may well be set down to climatic influence. It is hard to believe that the amazing exploits of Mosby and other partisan leaders of the border were not in some degree due to the fact that they and their bands were essentially guerrillas of the Midi.

Among the Southern public men of the mid-century period and earlier, the Breckenridges illustrate that union of logic and passion which marks some other Scotchmen of the Midi. Foote of Mississippi brought to the defense of the Union through many bitter years the same fire that some of his fellows of the Midi showed in their advocacy of secession. As to Jefferson Davis, he was a Southerner of English blood whose racial characteristics seem to have been peculiarly resistant to climatic influences. When he shall cease to be the scapegoat of half a nation, and New England shall regard the Confederate President dispassionately, she may well find in him something very like a Puritan of the South.[1]

It seems probable then that our Englishman of the Midi has gained more than he has lost by his six or eight generations in a sub-tropical climate. The Yankee's energy, persistence, temperance,

[1] The present occupant of the White House seems to have inherited a share of temperament from his ancestors of our Midi.

thrift, and ingenuity have helped to make the people of New England perhaps the richest community in the world; yet they occupy as inhospitable a soil probably as that of any like area with an equal population. Furthermore, New England's material contribution to our national wealth is but a small part of her total benefaction to mankind. When all this has been acknowledged, however, and as well the steel-like faithfulness of the New England character, one must confess to missing in the Yankee a certain warmth and color which make the Southerner appear as almost of a different race. Falstaff, it will be recalled, could not warm to that "sober-blooded boy," Prince John of Lancaster, and reflecting upon John's abstinence from wine, he was led to his famous soliloquy in praise of sack. "So that skill in the weapon," he reflects, "is nothing without sack;" and the very valor of Prince Hal himself he ascribes to the same agency, saying, "For the cold blood he did naturally inherit from his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded and tilled, with excellent endeavor of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris, that he has become very hot and valiant."

What sack did for Prince Hal, the semi-tropical suns below the 39th parallel seem in some measure to have done for the Englishman of the South, so that he has added to the qualities of his race some at least of those that give force and charm to the European of the Midi. Doubtless he has the defects of his acquired qualities; but he is really a new thing in the history of the human race, and, as such, an interesting product, with a possible future that gives matter for speculation.

What is likely to be the future of this man? It seems, so far as one may judge from the past, that he needs only to break the bonds of isolation, and rid himself of his provincialism, in order to enter into every field of endeavor in friendly competition with his brother of the North for the promotion of national progress. Plainly the old cause of isolation continues in a slightly new form. The South worked through at least two generations of our national life with one hand tied by reason of slavery. Slave labor was uneconomic, in part because the slave labored without hope; and hopeless free labor is likely to be little more effective.

Is the South determined to reduce its laboring population to hopelessness, or will our Man of the Midi solve the race problem rightly and so burst the bonds of his own isolation and emerge into the open? In spite of recent apparently discouraging events there are signs that he will answer successfully this Sphinx's riddle of the Occident. Pessimism as to the negro is, indeed, the loudest note now heard from the South, and the colored race has not in years had fewer sanguine friends at the North; but it frequently happens that an evil condition is upon the mend just at the moment when we have our eyes so riveted upon its ill aspects that we fail to note the signs of coming improvement. It is not impossible that such is now the case with the problem of the South; and nothing is so likely to soften Southern public opinion as the knowledge that the North recognizes our national problem as peculiarly a Southern problem, and watches the course of events below Mason and Dixon's Line in a spirit of broad human sympathy, and not in a spirit of mere arrogant criticism. After all, the Southern white, however he may underestimate the remote possibilities of the negro race, knows better than his Northern critic its immediate condition and capacity; and there is still a deep-seated Southern affection for the negro that will respond to intelligent Northern sentiment.

Patience, patience and charity, then, is surely the counsel that should be addressed to North as well as South, and alike to both races. A gradual diffusion of the colored race, an increase of the whites by immigration and by excess of births until that race shall be everywhere

in a substantial majority, and the accompanying material and moral improvement of the negroes (a thing easier of accomplishment when they shall be no longer densely massed in special areas), will give the problem a very different look from that threatening and disheartening one which it now seems to wear.

With this immediately threatening pressure of the race problem relieved, and men's minds freed for turning to other things, who shall say what our men of the Midi in coming generations may not accomplish in fields of endeavor that they now neglect or cultivate but feebly? It will be worth much to the Southern white to be drawn into the full stream of national life, to feel himself and his section one with the rest of the Union, not alone politically, but intellectually and spiritually.

With improved economic conditions at home and a less threatening race problem the South will perhaps be no longer subject to that ruinous drain of her energetic and ambitious youth to the cities of the North; and, on the other hand, the South will receive an increasing immigration of young men from the North and West eager to share in her rich but ill-developed natural opportunities.

Finally, if the boast that the Anglo-Saxon race is peculiarly gifted in the realms of politics and the higher imagination be justified, our Man of the Midi has a great future; for not only is he almost pure Anglo-Saxon, but his race has been warmed by the generous sack of his own semi-tropical sunshine; he is a blend of reason and passion new to the world of endeavor and service.

THE APPLE TREE

BY CANDACE WHEELER

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When from the orchard row he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors.
A world of blossoms for the bee
. . . . . .
We plant with the apple tree.

I HAVE wholly lost my heart to an apple tree, — and it has come about in winter, when the great tribe and kindred of apple trees are stretching their branches under frosty skies, with roots buried in frozen ground and dead, dead, dead to all the impulses of life. They are as unconscious of the honey of summer as if no experience of it had ever vivified their past. There they stand, with feet under the chilled stillness of crystals of snow, their blue shadows thrown upon its glittering whiteness, — a network of beauty lying along the sloping hillside, under the etching of brown branches which form the aisles of orchard vistas.

I remember such pictures as a part of the winter experiences of childhood, and I knew then, as I know now, that apple trees in winter were good to look at, — that such pictures might rank themselves with the blossom glories of May, or the wonder-bounties of September. So — I reflect to myself — there are three periods in every year of the apple tree's life when it is breathlessly beautiful, — once when it stands alone, or in a flock, sheltering its wondrous shadow, blue as a summer sky, on breadths of glittering snow; and once in Maytime, when it stands in a cloud of tinted-winged, perfume-breathing, heart-warming beauty; and once again in the autumn, when it offers to the earth, and the sun, and its lovers, and to the covetous man-soul of

every age and description, its final guerdon of the year in full-globed fruit.

These visions of the season enlarge themselves and fill my shut-in inclosure of space, my little city-room, — called up by a dish of apples standing upon the sideboard, each one a perfect sphere holding the years' experience and the final result of them. As I take one in my hand, I am more intimately conscious of the fruity perfume which has faintly pervaded the room, and I fall to wondering how it has escaped the close-grained skin, or whether it is the skin itself which is odorous. I wonder at its color, at the elastic ivory of its material, at the perfect protection it gives to the packed atoms of fruit; its efficacy of protection beyond that of any other fruit, beyond the thick velvety skin of the peach, or the thin transparent cover which binds the juicy particles of the cherry. I remember how it still protects its sphere of apple atoms when it has fallen from the tree and lies for weeks upon the greedy ground, or barreled for months in the cellar, or transported across the sea; through all these changes, the polished tinted skin quietly holds its charge almost beyond reason or expectation, and prolongs our autumn-fruit-riches into the depths of winter. It is an envelope finer and firmer than that which holds the human sweetness of a baby, a polished and painted surface thinner than silk and close enough to defy the crowding destructive elements which threaten.

Where did the apple find, or how did it manufacture, the envelope in which it packs its accumulation of flavored sweets? Where did it collect the mingled hues with which it is dyed, — for in it are the yellow of sunbeams, the green of forest and earth, the crimson of daybreak and evening, a color kneaded through its substance, — "dyed in the grain," "sunfast and waterfast," and holding it unspoiled through the days of its being.

If I ignore the barrier of skin, and slash across the central mystery of seed, I come upon a core of star-shaped plates of colorless enamel, ten of them folded together in pairs of five, each pair holding in its casket a brown jewel of a pointed seed. We cut ruthlessly across this guarded privacy and scatter its treasures, not even realizing that they hold the mystery of life within them. It is true, the instinct of growth lies in the woody fibre, but thought, aspiration, the reaching out of the germ of life toward outward and final development, lies within the seed.

If you cut a twig of the tree and plant it in the ground, the instinct of growth and race survives and pushes it straightway into the world in the shape of a baby tree, a slim youngling, standing in sight of its mother tree, inwardly a perfect reproduction of traits, qualities and gifts; a true child, without variation of flavor, or shape, or quality of either of the myriads of separate particles which make up its composition. It has no thought, no initiative. It grows according to the inevitable law of its kind. But if you take one of the little brown jewels of the apple's centre of life and bury it in the ground, *it thinks* while the process of germination goes on and all the wonderful and miraculous play of life-atoms expands; the primal experimental thought of creation is at work within it, and it is an individual, it is not a race-thought, which animates it.

Perhaps the germ aspires wisely toward perfection, or progresses ignorantly toward deterioration, — but generally when the experimental, creative thought has grown and perfected its fruit, it surprises us with some added value of flavor, some modification of a crudeness, even some finer symmetry of curve and shape, or enlargement of size or added measure of juice or deepening of blush or painting of color. Verily, the little jewel of a seed has been busy with its experiments and plans, as it lay swelling in earth's moisture, resolving what it would be. Perhaps it remembered some stirring of love or admiration toward individuals of its garden or orchard neighbors, some thrills of joy in the beauty of shape or

skin, or waft of fragrance from a neighbor apple tree worthy of admiration.

It is conceivable, in view of results, that all these efforts and memories are consciously or unconsciously held in the ivory germ closed in its polished seed cover, and treasured in the flower-shaped casket of its core. Growers of fruits know what the apple tree is capable of in fibre and fruit and seed, even when they have no time to speculate upon the how, and why, and wherefore; we can fancy that as a rule they wander in a maze of bewilderment among familiar miracles.

But sometimes, one more egotistic of man-power than the rest undertakes to guide and direct the hidden mysteries of vegetable action, and his energy accomplishes unheard-of things.

It was a sacrilegious thought, to eliminate the core of the apple, the very seat of its germinal life; but misdirected man-intelligence has attempted and in a few unhonored instances succeeded. One poor bewildered fruit I have seen, having — in an effort to follow both the guiding of nature and powerful human suggestion — removed its seed from its rightful centre only to have it reassert its right of existence on the very surface and outside of the fruit. It was provocative of tears, to see this poor misguided specimen trying to perfect its seed in open daylight instead of the fruitful darkness and holy privacy of its centre.

But sometimes man and nature work together in beautiful harmony of effort, and give us fruits of paradise, Eve-blessed and Adam-tended. The long search of the apple-seed for perfection, from the sour and contracted crab of the thicket to the varied and magnificent growths of the well-tended orchard, makes an enviable record; even when the wild apple dropped its unnoticed fruit to the ground, the seed within it must have had glimmerings of progressive excellence until it finally started on its varied journey toward species and perfection.

We think with wondering admiration of the Spitzenberg, beginning its upward journey in the orcharded plains of the Esopus, and under the high blue summits of the Catskills, and being inspired by the rarity of mountain air, until it absorbed its rare, winelike quality into its very flesh, and flavored it with spice-like odors of mountain flowers and painted it with the glow of crimson sunsets,— earning and wearing the name of *Spitz Bergen* with pride as well as content.

And when the "King Apple" first perfected its fruit, think you its name was more than a bare acknowledgment of well-earned, seedling effort? or was the christening of the Seek-no-further more than a just testimony to qualities weighed and chosen and considered in the very heart of the seed, and acquired by persistent thought during patient growth? Whenever I look at the more and more constant and greater perfection of these kings of fruit, I am impressed with the forward march of progress in the aspiration of the apple.

Dear apple trees! So ethereally beautiful in the days of your blossoming, and so satisfyingly bounteous in your days of fruitage, your song of life is a pæan which fills and enriches mortal life. It is but one of the ways in which nature teaches all her manifestations to minister to the something above herself,— to the higher, — to that which may grow to imagined perfection.

Emerson calls the apple our "national fruit," and it has good title to the name, both as a wilding and as a tamed and chosen companion of man. From north to south and from east to west it spreads its roots and rears its trunk. The pioneer, when he selects his newly-chosen home, plants seeds from the old home-orchard around the newly-reared walls of his cabin; the great landowner beautifies his acres and enhances their value with rare and choice selections of trees; and each tree has a family receipt for flavor which it implicitly follows,— each species keeping inviolate the virtue of mixture. We can imagine a gossipy Seek-no-further trying to extract from a youth-

ful Spitzenberg the secret of its spicy acid, but it would remain forever untold. Each one gathers its own store of flavors and mixes them with unvarying skill and always with the same result.

Peaches and pears and oranges and limes have the peach or pear or orange or lime flavor, but who shall tell the flavor of an apple whose family is unknown to us? It may be honey-sweet or lemon-sour, or it may taste of pines or strawberries and smell of all the flowers that blow. It is that one of "the social fruits in which nature has deposited every possible flavor; whole zones of climates she has concentrated into apples."

It begins its life as a fruit some April day, a mere dot of rose color wrapped in furry green on the surface of a rough gray bough; and as it gradually unfolds itself into flower shape, it and its myriad of kindred widen and broaden into clouds of tender and transcendent beauty.

Under an apple tree in full bloom, the infinite gradation of pearl and gray and rose, transparent as the blue of heaven, there is a beauty as heavenly and tender as if one stood within the shadow of angelic wings.

Invisible perfume steals in unnoticeable spirals from every half-closed bud and perfect flower. Even the floating shell-curved flower-leaves dropped from the small green fingers of infant font-cups fall downward in a little encompassing cloud of fragrance.

The fragrance is fanned and stirred into eddies of sweetness by filmy wings upbearing the insect intelligences which are impelled from hives and wild-bee homes to find it in the very heart and source of apple-bough perfume.

The birth hour of the fruit is a cup of joy; but when this is past and the mosaic of the wonder-blossoms falls in bits of veined beauty to the ground, we leave the tree to nurse the babies of its race through summer days, and to feed the infant fruit with the clarified juices of earth gathered by exploring rootlets.

While it clings with tenacious hold to the bough, the wind and sun are bringing it essences from widespread fields where flowers are awake in the sun, and from the green shadows of forests where tree blossoms drowse in the stillness, and the apple waxes and globes itself through days and nights of nature's tendence until its days of fulfillment, when the "full-juiced apple, waxing overmellow, falls in a silent autumn night." Falls, or we gather and appropriate it, half unconscious that it holds sunlight and starlight and all the moods of summer in its little sphere of strange and thrilling substances.

In the great new orchards of Colorado and Washington our familiar friend and old-time neighbor takes on a different character. The apple trees are as symmetrical as statues, and not relying upon hereditary respectability, and ignoring the Lady Clara Vere de Vere claims of long descent, they exhibit a willingness to adopt new ideas and methods, which is essentially Western. They accept the obligation of their surroundings and become experimental and progressive. Standing in the new young orchards, in long perspective of diminishing lines and in speckless uniforms of bark and leaf, they remind one of a grand parade of pupils from countless military schools. The knobby, rheumatic trunks and lichen-covered branches we know so well on Eastern farms are missing. These are educated youths preparing for professional careers. Their perfected fruit will be gathered with scientific precision according to tested rule, barreled into paper seclusion, and sent to every country in the world which can indulge in American luxuries.

There is a curious difference between these great swelling globes of juicy fruit-flesh and their unsophisticated rural kindred from the hill-farms of the East: they are wrapped in the same polished and tinted skins, but their substance is more open and juicy; it lacks the crisp conservatism of the half-wild, wholly uneducated, abundantly trusted apple of our

old home farms. Their very names are new, but they are God's and Nature's good gift as truly as are their long-descended relations, and play their part in the enrichment of mankind as honestly. In the spring they flood the sunny prairie-land with a measureless foam of blossom, and in autumn they yield to pickers and packers an incalculable harvest of topaz and ruby globes, as precious and profitable as the gold of their neighboring mountains.

It is a lesson in the sensitiveness of the species to surroundings, to compare the apple tree grown in the deep loam of a Western prairie with that of its Eastern kindred. In the bleak mountain orchards of the Catskills I have seen ancient apple trees whose boles were turned in climbing folds as regular as the carven legs of an antique mahogany table; row after row of fluted trunks telling forever of the winter winds and biting frosts which twisted them so sorely in the pliable days of their youth. The sap veins which vitalize them follow the curved and circling lines, unhesitatingly doing their spring and summer food-carrying over a long and crooked road as cheerfully and effectively as if it were straight and young. But wherever we may find them, — crowded in thick-set hedges within sight of the salty seas, or springing between the rocks of mountain clearings, or standing in well-ordered orchards of Eastern or Western plains, — they are everywhere and always a preëminent gift and blessing.

ALCHEMY

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON

Out of the songs of frailest birds,
  Out of the winds that veer,
My soul has winnowed deathless words
  Of faith and hope and cheer!

Out of the passing stars of night,
  And waning suns of day,
My soul has woven robes of light
  That shall not fade away!

Out of the lowering clouds above,
  And out of storm and stress,
My soul has gathered dews of love,
  And golden happiness!

Out of its travail like the sea,
  Out of the breath of dust,
My soul has shaped Infinity,
  And made itself august!

MR. RHODES'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

BY BERNADOTTE PERRIN

"FAILURE makes us the vassals of an arrogant people," runs the appeal to the people by the last Confederate Congress, March 21, 1865. "Failure will compel us to drink the cup of humiliation even to the bitter dregs of having the history of our struggle written by New England historians." Mr. Rhodes is not a New Englander, indeed, but he is the next thing to it, — a product of the Western Reserve, — and he has written "something very near to what time will prove to be the accepted story of the nation's great struggle for self-preservation." This includes, of course, the struggle of the Southern States for independence, which has here been treated, by the acknowledgment of a Southern critic, as fairly and judicially as any American can now treat it. This acknowledgment was made on the appearance of the fifth volume, which concludes the story of the Civil War. If the same Southern critic should pronounce judgment on the whole work, now that its history of the Reconstruction period is complete in the sixth and seventh volumes, he would surely be forced to modify, if not to recall, his assertion that "a sympathetic treatment of both sides is naturally impossible at present."

For though in his first two volumes, describing the agitations of the slavery question which led up to war, Mr. Rhodes is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Webster as to be a strong nationalist, in the last two volumes, describing "the pitiless years of reconstruction," he is no less thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Lincoln, so that his sympathies are unreservedly and warmly with the oppressed South; and in the three intermediate volumes, describing the Civil War, he is a model of rigorous impartiality. No Southerner could depict with a tenderer touch the heroic sacrifices and the appalling sufferings in the Lost Cause, none do finer justice to its brave soldiers and great leaders. "These with other circumstances show that men both at the North and the South were frequently better than their words. More than once each side was seemingly on the brink of retaliatory executions which would have been followed by stern reprisals. From such shedding of blood and its bitter memories we were spared by the caution and humanity of Abraham Lincoln, General Lee, and Jefferson Davis." A history of the struggle of the South written in the spirit of Lincoln, by one who holds that the evolution of the character of Lincoln was one of the main compensations for the fearful losses of the war on both sides, can never add to the bitterness of any "cup of humiliation."

I

Mr. Rhodes has devoted nineteen of the best years of his life to this monumental work. From the beginning to the end he has "envisaged" — to use a rather too frequent word of his own — his subject in its entirety, and in its impressive dramatic unity. His sense of proportion is artistic, as well as his perspective. In one particular only has his initial purpose been modified. The original *terminus ad quem* which he set for his work was the return of the Democratic party to power by the election of Cleveland to the presidency in 1884. For this, on most convincing grounds, he has substituted the final restoration of Home Rule at the South after the election of Hayes in 1877. "The withdrawal of the United States troops from South Carolina and Louisi-

ana, following upon the tacit consent of the North to the overthrow of the other Southern carpet-bag-negro governments by the educated and property-holding people of the several states, was proof that the Reconstruction of the South, based on universal negro suffrage, was a failure and that, on the whole, the North was content that the South should work out the negro problem in her own way, subject to the three constitutional amendments, which embodied the results of the Civil War; and subject, also, to the public opinion of the enlightened world."

This distinct terminal point accepted, the great drama has for prologue the events leading up to the compromise measures of 1850; for complication of the action, the upsetting of this compromise and the triumph of a sectional party, 1850–1860; for catastrophe, the Civil War, 1861–1865; and for exodus and close, the period of Reconstruction, 1865–1877. Mr. Rhodes devotes two volumes to prologue and complication; three volumes to the catastrophe, which Mommsen called "the mightiest struggle and most glorious victory as yet recorded in human annals;" and two volumes to the exodus and close. "My subject has been varied and important, my materials superabundant; and, while conscious of my limitations, I have endeavored throughout this history of the great conflict to maintain such standards of research and judgment as should elicit the utmost of truth."

Specialists in this field of history are practically unanimous in their testimony that Mr. Rhodes has maintained the very highest "standards of research and judgment." His collation of published material, official and other, is abundant and almost exhaustive, while his special privileges in the way of access to invaluable unpublished material, and friendly intercourse with able and competent witnesses, have been rare. Of patient, tireless industry there is evidence at all points, and winning frankness where superabundance of material has proved overwhelming. "The material" — for discussion of the treatment on both sides of prisoners of war — "is enormous, and a year were none too much for an exact and comprehensive study of it. The desire to complete the task I laid out for myself in the first page of this work, the endeavor to compass what Carlyle terms 'the indispensablest beauty in knowing how to get done,' have prevented me from giving more than a part of that time to the subject, and I shall therefore state with diffidence the conclusions at which I have arrived."

Aside from the almost unexampled impartiality of judgment which the work displays throughout, its most striking characteristics to the lay reader will be found in its subordination of the literary to the judicial element, — its freedom, that is, from rhetoric; in its marvelous pen-portraits of the prominent actors in the drama; and in its apparently unconscious, and therefore all the more artistic contrasts of light and shade. Mr. Rhodes manages well the long pause at a dramatic point, — a supreme moment, as, for instance, when, after the account of Lincoln's election, we are held in suspended expectation of the loosing of the dogs of war by the long twelfth chapter on the state of society in America during the decade of 1850–1860. Behind the gloom and disappointment at the North in consequence of McClellan's failures, the form of the great conqueror, Grant, is made to loom like a portent. Amid the vague uncertainties which mark Lee's earlier career, the reader is made to await eagerly the unfolding of that genius which should make men of North and South alike "look upon him as the English of our day regard Washington." And when "the great captain of the rebellion" had been compelled to do what he would rather have died a thousand deaths than do, and the North was rejoicing with an exuberant joy, as it had never rejoiced before, — " nor did it during the remainder of the century on any occasion show such an exuberance of gladness," — the art is consummate with which the

"horror and deep mourning" which was to follow Lincoln's death is made to cast its shadow before. So, too, it is just after we have been led to realize the great magnanimity of Lincoln, and his peculiar fitness to secure the compromises which must accompany any readjustment of the relations between North and South, that we are brought to Johnson. "Under Lincoln Reconstruction would have been a model of statecraft which would have added to his great fame. Of all men in public life it is difficult to conceive of one so ill-fitted for this delicate work as was Andrew Johnson." Of course such artistic contrasts are made possible only by that "knowledge of the end," which Mr. Rhodes well knows to be "one of the most dangerous pitfalls which beset the writers of history;" but knowledge which results merely in the most effective grouping of events, and not in partisan judgment upon them, needs no elimination.

From beginning to end of the work, from Calhoun, Clay, and Webster, to Hayes, Lamar, and Tilden, the great actors in the drama are made to live and breathe before us by the writer's wonderful power of portraiture. Almost everywhere in these portraits there is what the painter calls "modeling," and that of a high order. For us too the world seems "lonesome" without Daniel Webster, though we know his failings well. In all of us, when Lee finally decided to serve Virginia rather than the national government, "censure's voice upon the action of such a noble soul is hushed." All of us feel as it were the loss of a right arm when Stonewall Jackson and Reynolds die. Exceeding keen is the analysis of such complex and impulsive characters as General Sherman or Alexander H. Stephens. Remorseless though charitable is the exposure of weakness in McClellan or Frémont. The varying weaknesses and greatnesses of Seward and Chase are clearly differentiated, — there is no blurring in the strokes. But most clearly of course, because most minutely portrayed, the features of the great leaders stand out before us, Lincoln and Davis, Grant and Lee. Lincoln bore the sorrows of the whole nation, and his soul expanded under the strain and agony; Davis bore the sorrows of a revolution, and his soul, unlike that of Lee, contracted under the strain of defeat and failure. After the minor issue of the war, that of slavery, has been decided, and the nobler major issue, that of independence and disunion, remains to be decided, none can fail to admire that indomitable hopefulness which made him, in spite of constant debility, "next to Lee the strongest individual influence in time of distress." And yet, compared with Lincoln, he is but a bitter partisan. "I spoke always of two countries," he said, after the Hampton Roads Conference. "Mr. Lincoln spoke of a common country. I can have no common country with the Yankees. My life is bound up with the Confederacy. . . . With the Confederacy I will live or die. Thank God I represent a people too proud to eat the leek or bow the neck to mortal man." And yet Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston, with rare civic virtue, surrendered when the cause was lost. And Grant received Lee's surrender with a magnanimity which we are called upon by the historian to remember, and do gladly remember, amid the scandals of his presidential administrations. But we cannot linger among these admirable portraits, — a national gallery. Through them, more than through any other feature of the work, "we breathe the atmosphere of the period itself, and share the doubts, the fears, and the deep solicitude of the actors in it."

"Without a touch of rhetoric," writes an English reviewer of Mr. Rhodes's work. This is in the main true. That snare of the historian, ancient and modern, the temptation to lay less stress on what is told than on how it is told, Mr. Rhodes has avoided to a really wonderful degree. It is true that no period of our history has such dramatic unity or such dramatic intensity as the period he has chosen to portray. He has only to let

events speak for themselves in the simplest way, and he is sure of the attention and interest of his reader. But it is nevertheless a great virtue in a historian to do this, — to hide himself and his style behind his material rather than to impress them on it, and Mr. Rhodes has apparently chosen for his model Gardiner's history of the English Civil War. The best thing to be said about Mr. Rhodes's literary style is that one seldom notices it at all. It is like the garments of a really well dressed man or woman, which attract no attention. In the main it is simple, straightforward, and unaffected, though not without a rugged vigor all its own. At very rare intervals the writer seems to say to himself, "Go to! I will be ornate a bit," and the result is something stilted or involved. To one who knows the probable beverage of a Southern Senator when stumping Kansas in 1854, it seems far-fetched to speak of a speech of his as "made under the influence of the invisible spirit of wine." But such minor blemishes are all the more noticeable for their rarity. Akin to them are the more frequent quotations for literary adornment which have the air of being lugged in by force, as when Tacitus and Thucydides are cited apropos of Sherman's "War is Hell," or the eleventh Æneid to rebuke the Democrats who, in 1863, believed that peace was possible without recognition of the Confederacy. On the other hand, such quotations are often admirably managed, as that from Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, when the tolling of the bells announced the death of Lincoln:

> "Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
> As it were doomsday."

And no one questions for an instant the appropriation into the text, entire, of Walt Whitman's "O Captain! my Captain!"

Like Lincoln, Mr. Rhodes often uses with apparent unconsciousness and without quotation marks whole phrases of King James's Bible or of Shakespeare. On the death of a slave, "it was the loss of money that was bewailed, and not of the light which no Promethean heat can relume." When Theodore Parker preached his sermon on the death of Webster, "the preacher appeared to wish the good which Webster did interred with his bones and the evil to live after him." When Seward saw the rising flood of enthusiasm for Frémont in 1856, "the reflection must have come to him that he, instead of one who only began to labor in the vineyard at the eleventh hour, might have been the embodiment of this magnificent enthusiasm." Even so unconsciously did Lincoln write to Sherman of the great success at Savannah, "It brings those who sat in darkness to see a great light;" and who can forget the efficacy of his "A house divided against itself cannot stand"?

This suggests also Mr. Rhodes's rare gift for citation from authorities of every sort, — reports, speeches, letters, debates, — so that the gist of matters is often given to the reader in the form of a smooth mosaic of original sources. Nor does his own style lack charm and lucidity. Often it rises to impressiveness, and issues in finalities of statement, many of which will live on in the citations of his successors. "Nor, if we suppose the Puritan to have settled Virginia and the Cavalier Massachusetts, is it inconceivable that, while the question would have remained the same, the Puritan should have fought for slavery and the Cavalier for liberty," — a sentence which illustrates much besides the writer's style. "Manifestly superior as had been the advantages of Davis in family, breeding, training, and experience, he fell far below Lincoln as a compeller of men," — a judgment from which few will dissent, and which few could state more effectively. His study of the commercial intercourse between the South and the North during the war, so debasing to the participants on both sides, brings him to the conclusion that it was of greater advantage to the Confederacy than to the Union. "For the South it was a necessary evil; for the North it was an evil and not a necessary one." In

contrast to such qualities of dignity, clarity, and epigrammatic force, it is only very seldom that the reader is obliged to note the purely rhetorical quality, as when it is said that Buchanan's policy "was guided by the thought of after me the deluge, and must be classed among the wrecks with which the vacillation of irresolute men has strewn the coasts of time."

Now that the Macmillans have taken over the publication of these volumes, there is little left to be desired in the matter of typography except a unification of spelling. If not "simplified," it should at least be consistent. The "u in honour" is conspicuous by its absence in the first three volumes, and by its presence in the last four, so that we have "coloured man" in the narrative of Mr. Rhodes, and "colored man" in the citation from Governor Orr which immediately follows.

II

"After all," says Professor Gildersleeve,[1] our academic Southerner in our Peloponnesian War, "the slavery question belongs ultimately to the sphere of economics. The humanitarian spirit, set free by the French Revolution, was at work in the Southern States as in the Northern States, but it was hampered by economic considerations." The economic considerations of the South led to the fatal repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the aggressive Kansas-Nebraska act. The humanitarian spirit of the North led to the formation of the Republican party and the protestant election of Lincoln. The North, following Lincoln, rejected the Crittenden Compromise, and thus fulfilled Sumner's prophecy on the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska act: "It annuls all past compromises with slavery, and makes all future compromises impossible." The South, following Calhoun rather than Clay, rejected the Seward Compromise and attempted to break the Union; the North, following Webster and Lincoln, attempted to save the Union, and war was on.

[1] *Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1897.

Mr. Rhodes does the fullest justice to the economic changes at the South which led there to the obscuration of its humanitarian objections to human slavery. He is not in sympathy with the earlier and more extreme Abolitionists. His characterization of the institution of slavery at the South is as just and impartial as can be given by one who believes in the moral wrong of slavery. But in this moral wrong, with Lincoln, he firmly and unequivocally believes. As to compromises with slavery, he stands with Webster and Clay, though he recognizes, with our necessary "knowledge of the end," that all compromise must in the end have been futile. For the "gloomy fanaticism" of John Brown he has little tolerance, or for his thought that "there was no way of destroying slavery except by killing slave-holders;" but he does not withhold his glowing tribute to the calm and heroic death of "the old terrifier," who was sustained at the last by an unfaltering faith that he was to be a vicarious sacrifice for the sins and to the good of many.

Most gratifying to fair-minded men is Mr. Rhodes's ample recognition of the grievances of the South in the tariff measures forced upon it by the North. An old-line Abolitionist has been heard to inveigh against the iniquity of the present tariff system with much of the moral indignation which once flamed against the institution of slavery. Nor is Mr. Rhodes in the least blind to the crimes and misdemeanors of anti-slavery agitators. With Spring, the historian of Kansas, he confesses it difficult to determine "which faction surpassed the other in misdeeds." The sectional character of the Republican party is freely admitted, and the coarse political chicanery of the Chicago convention of 1860 is not glossed over. When he tells how the Lincoln managers hired a Chicago man to lead their tumult, "whose shout could be heard above the howling

of the most violent tempest on Lake Michigan," the friends of the Father of History long to remind him of that night scene on the Danube when the spent army of Darius comes back from its aimless wanderings in Scythia to find its bridge apparently gone. "Now there was in the army of Darius a certain man, an Egyptian, who had a louder voice than any man in the world. This person was bid by Darius to stand at the water's edge, and call Histiæus the Milesian. The fellow did as he was bid, and Histiæus, hearing him at the very first summons, brought the fleet to assist in conveying the army across, and once more made good the bridge." But, with all its faults and excesses, the Republican party nevertheless stood for high moral principle. "Never in our history, and probably never in the history of the world, had a more pure, more disinterested, and more intelligent body of men banded together for a noble political object than those who now (1856) enrolled themselves under the Republican banner." Nor is the ethical gulf which separated North from South bridged over in the least. The South, in 1859, was agitating the repeal of laws prohibiting the African slave trade; the North was eager for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. And the conclusion of the whole matter of the great drama's prologue and complication is couched in these most significant and weighty words: "The meaning of the election [of Lincoln] was that the great and powerful North declared slavery an evil, and insisted that it should not be extended; that while the institution would be sacredly respected where it existed, the conduct of the national government must revert to the policy of the fathers and confine slavery within bounds. . . . The persistent and emphatic statement by the opposition that the Republicans were the radical party had fixed that idea in the public mind; but in truth they represented the noblest conservatism. They simply advocated a return to the policy of Washington, Jefferson, and Madison."

III

"'The war between the States,' which a good many Southerners prefer, is both bookish and inexact. 'Civil war' is an utter misnomer," says Professor Gildersleeve. "'War of the rebellion,' which begs the very question at issue, has become the official designation of the struggle, but has found no acceptance with the vanquished." The last statement must be matter for charitable regret on the part of most Northern men, aware as they are that, "while hardly a man at the North assented to the constitutional right of secession, all acknowledged the right of revolution," and rebellion and revolution are synonymous terms. Our war of 1861–65 was called a rebellion merely to avoid confusion with our war of 1775–83, which we had become accustomed to call a revolution. However, for better or worse, Mr. Rhodes, with most English writers, calls our war of 1861–65 the Civil War, nor can we think it an "utter misnomer." For, in his neat parallels between the Peloponnesian war of 431–404 B. C. and our war of 1861–65 A. D., Professor Gildersleeve omits one important point of difference. "The Peloponnesian war," he says, "like our war, was a war between two leagues, a Northern Union and a Southern Confederacy. The Northern Union, represented by Athens, was a naval power. The Southern Confederacy, under the leadership of Sparta, was a land power. The Athenians represented the progressive element, the Spartans the conservative. The Athenians believed in a strong centralized government. The Lacedæmonians professed greater regard for autonomy." But the all-important point of difference is that the Southern Confederacy of Sparta had never been constitutional part and parcel of the Northern Union represented by Athens, a union cemented by mutual sacrifice and blood. When some of the parties to such a constitutional union try to break the union by force of arms, and other parties to it

try to maintain the union by force of arms, the war is surely a civil war. But enough about names for the war; the colossal fact mocks at any and every name.

The military student will perhaps be disappointed in the military side of Mr. Rhodes's history of the Civil War, not for many shortcomings in the details that are given, but for the lack of detail. But the general reader will be thankful that campaigns and battles are described only in their larger outlines, and that the political and social sides of the great struggle are given the greater prominence. This is true even for the first three years of the war, from which time on Mr. Rhodes professes and prefers to treat military affairs "only in a general way." On both sides, before Grant and Lee learned their art of war and forged their way to undisputed leadership, presidents and cabinets directed the game, and the warfare was political rather than scientific. "It was not till after both Gettysburg and Vicksburg," wrote General Sherman, "that the war professionally began." Naturally the opening battle is given a larger share of description than the more important ones which follow it, but be the detail fuller or more meagre, the great outlines of the struggle are never obscured. We are grateful, in view of this saving fact, for any striking though strictly unessential detail with which we are indulged, like Lew Wallace's description of General C. F. Smith's charge at Fort Donelson; and are reconciled to the slighting of favorite episodes, like the struggle for Round Top at Gettysburg, or the battle "above the clouds" at Chattanooga. In lieu of such omissions we gain the more difficult and instructive tracings of the fluctuations of popular opinion about the war in England, in the Northern, and in the Southern States. Especially luminous where most is bright, is the elaborate Chapter XXII, on English sentiment towards our Civil War in 1862 and 1863, with its encomiums on that prince of diplomats, Charles Francis Adams. From Bull Run to Appomattox Court House the great story is so told that surviving participants in the struggle and their descendants on both sides can read it with mutual pride and sorrow. There are great shadows and high lights on both sides of the picture. The commercial malignity of Butler and Jacob Thompson contrast with the calm magnanimity of Lincoln and Lee. There are draft and conscription riots on both sides, on both sides a gradual passage from prevailing simplicity and frugality of life to ostentatious luxury and corruption. The fever of speculation rages on both sides among such as will speculate in the issues of life and death. Bounty jumpers and boughten substitutes on both sides lower the tone of army life and work. But on both sides there is deep religious zeal. "Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God," runs the greatest of presidential inaugurals, "and each invokes His aid against the other." Of how many men on how many fields can it be truly said, "No man died on that field with more glory than he; yet many died, and there was much glory!" North and South alike could say with Pericles, "Our youth have been taken off, as if Spring were taken out of the year." "In many of our dwellings," cried Mrs. Stowe, "the very light of our lives has gone out." "It wrings the heart at a distance of more than thirty years," says Professor Gildersleeve, "to think of those who have fallen, and love still maintains passionately that they were the best. At any rate they were among the best, and both sides are feeling the loss to this day, not only in the men themselves, but in the sons that should have been born to them."

Mr. Rhodes passes from the world's anguish at the death of Lincoln, and from the details of the end of the war, to two patiently laborious chapters on Society at the North and South, which supplement most desirably his Chapter XII, on American Society in the decade of 1850–1860, and bring to view clearly the changes which accompanied and followed the greatest of revolutions. Those readers

who have followed him thus far will experience a sense of relief and implicit confidence as he brings his "even mind" to bear on the vexed question of the treatment by both sides of prisoners of war. Here has too often been a renewed parting of the ways for old foes who were on the point of becoming friends again. But, all things considered, passion and hate and desire for vengeance all cast aside, there is no escape from the verdict of our righteous judge: "If we add to one side of the account the refusal to exchange the prisoners and the greater resources, and to the other the distress of the Confederacy, the balance struck will not be far from even." "There was no intention on either side to maltreat the prisoners."

IV

The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

If ever the hope be realized that Northerner and Southerner alike may come to regard this monumental history as on the whole, within human limitations, the most impartial attainable, the result will be due more than all else to the last two volumes and their story of the Reconstruction of the Union. Now it is the South which saves the nation. The congressional plan of Reconstruction on the basis of universal negro suffrage, the result of Johnson's failure to win the support of Congress in his adoption of the plan of Lincoln, was a crime. "No law so unjust [as the Stevens Reconstruction Acts], so direful in its results, had passed the American Congress since the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854." "Douglas' repeal of the Missouri Compromise . . . precipitated the Civil War; Stevens' Reconstruction Acts . . . were an attack on civilization." "It was indeed strange that, within two years of that benevolent, mercy-compelling second inaugural of Lincoln's, legislation so harsh should have been enacted." "Arrogance passes from the South in 1860 to the North in 1865."

There were faults and provocations on both sides, of course. But Lincoln had kindly pointed out the safe middle way in his letter to the newly elected governor of Louisiana. "You are about to have a convention, which, among other things, will probably define the elective franchise. I barely suggest for your private consideration, whether some of the colored people may not be let in, — as, for instance, the very intelligent, and those who have fought gallantly in our ranks. They would probably help, in some trying time to come, to keep the jewel of liberty within the family of freedom." And as early as 1863, science in the person of Agassiz had warned against extreme courses. "Let us beware," he said, "of granting too much to the negro race in the beginning, lest it become necessary hereafter to deprive them of some of the privileges which they may use to their own and our detriment." But the humanitarian sentiments of the North were artfully played upon by powerful politicians to further their partisan ends, and the Republican party of the North took into its own incompetent hands the solution of a problem which should have been left to the best men of the South. The best men of the South and North were at one. "Now that the Southern people were rid of the incubus of slavery, their moral standards were the same as those of the North; and they felt that they were amenable to the public opinion of the enlightened world." "The proper remedy for the disturbances which existed was to place the burden of responsibility upon the Southern people who," as Governor Andrew urged, "'had fought, toiled, endured and persevered with a courage, a unanimity and a persistency not outdone by any people in any revolution. Why not,' he pleaded, 'try the natural leaders of opinion in the South? They are the most hopeful sub-

jects to deal with in the very nature of the case.'" But it was Sumner and not Andrew who carried Northern opinion with him, and the scheme of reconstruction finally adopted "pandered to the ignorant negroes, the knavish white natives, and the vulturous adventurers who flocked from the North; and these neutralized the work of honest Republicans who were officers of State." "Sumner lent his great influence to a policy of injustice to a prostrate foe, to a policy at variance with the political philosophy of Burke and the teaching of modern science, contrary to the spirit of Lincoln's second inaugural and to his every pronouncement on reconstruction." And so, instead of tolerance and patience and compromise, there was crime on both sides. "Without justifying any of the crimes committed to overthrow reconstruction, it is eminently proper that the historian who writes for future generations should point out the crime concealed in the so-called congressional plan itself." The Republicans had thrown away the opportunity to build up at the South a party of old-line Whigs and Union men, and built up instead a corrupt party, which thrust upon the world the spectacle of a society turned bottom side up, the pictures of which affect one like nightmares.

But slowly the better sense of the North awoke to its folly and withdrew support from its radical politicians. Slowly then did the better elements at the South bring order out of chaos, acting on Benjamin H. Hill's maxim that "a black man who cannot be bought is better than a white man who can." The effect of the long agony of Reconstruction was to unite all respectable men at the South in one party, but not the Republican party, as the Lincoln-Johnson plan would in all likelihood have done. And the negro lost what had been too suddenly bestowed upon him. "He had a brief period of mastery and indulgence during which his mental and moral education was deplorable and his worst passions were catered to. Finally . . . he has been set back to the point where he should have started" — and would have started if Lincoln had lived — "directly after emancipation. He is trying to learn the lesson of life with the work made doubly hard by the Saturnalia he has passed through." Very significant, then, and wholly in the spirit of Lincoln, was Professor Hannis Taylor's plea, in his oration at Johns Hopkins University on Washington's last birthday, that suffrage be given the negroes "as they become qualified by education or property or both."

The nation owes the South a debt that can never be paid, for its measureless forbearance and restraint under the outrages of the long Reconstruction period. The North postponed amnesty for the sake of negro suffrage; the South endured negro suffrage and postponed a second rebellion for the sake of amnesty. And after amnesty had come, a Lamar could pronounce his chivalrous eulogy over Sumner, and say in closing, "Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we lament today could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable discord in tones which should reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory, 'My countrymen, *know* one another and you will *love* one another.'" The South was greater in defeat than the North in victory.

The long strife is over, and even its echoes grow faint. A reunited country — reunited in spirit as well as in form — adjusts herself to meet new questions and bear new burdens. Great social and political problems press upon us for solution. To describe these problems and discuss their solution in a History of the United States since 1877, Mr. Rhodes assures us that he is trying to prepare himself. May he bring to the new task, along with new powers and acquisitions, also the old powers of sane and impartial judgment which make the history already written in truth a national treasure.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE ANSWERS OF TIME

If your weekly paper brings you a column of riddles and rebuses, there is no law against laying it aside till the next issue brings you the answers, and then swallowing your problems and their solution together. Solutions always make a stiff dose easier to swallow. In a world where most of the problems can be answered only through the slow working out of events, this hebdomadal relief may prove uncommonly grateful.

Something akin to it is found in looking at the raw materials of history in a period that has passed. The intervening years have supplied the answers to questions which were puzzles indeed to contemporary observers, or, not infrequently, were answered in terms quite opposite to those which the slow hand of history has written down as the truth.

Several illustrations of this phenomenon are found in a recently published collection of letters[1] from members of that band of northern enthusiasts — social and educational missionaries — who set themselves the task of caring for the negroes left to their own devices by the fleeing of their masters from the Sea Islands of South Carolina soon after the outbreak of the Civil War. The "Port Royal Experiment" is no new theme of reminiscence and record; but henceforth the student of it, and of all the early attempts to guide and instruct the freedmen, must reckon with this admirably arranged presentation of the immediate impressions of an intelligent company of pioneers in the work. The reviewers will point out its merits. Here it is enough to notice a point or two in which events and expectations did not tally.

Take, for example, the estimate which these early friends of the negro placed upon his fighting capacity. From different pages, all bearing the date of 1862, the following bits are taken: "The thing they dread is being made to fight. . . . I don't believe you could make soldiers of these men at all — they are afraid, and they know it. . . . In short, I don't regard the blacks as of any account in a military light, for they are not a military race, and have not sufficient intelligence to act in concert in any way where firmness of purpose is required. . . . I tell them there is little chance of such a thing [a return to slavery], but a strong probability that there will be a long, bloody war, and that they ought to prepare to do their share of the fighting. I can't get one man to come up and drill yet. They say they would like to have guns to shoot with, but are afraid of being sent off into the 'big fight,' though willing to fight any one who comes onto this island to molest them."

Over against these expectations must be set the events of Fort Wagner, in the following year and only a little farther up the coast, and of all the fields from which "the colored troops fought nobly" was so frequent a message as to become a byword.

Through the "far glasses" of the present day another racial observation bears even a stranger aspect. In one of the earliest letters, the writer remarks of the negroes: "Dirty and ragged they all were, but certainly no more so than poor Irish, and it seemed to me not so dirty." Several months later another writer says: "I will only remark at present that I find the nigs rather more agreeable, on the whole, than I expected; that they are much to be preferred to the Irish." And these are

[1] *Letters from Port Royal.* Written at the time of the Civil War. Edited by Elizabeth Ware Pearson. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co. 1906.

by no means the only observations of the kind.

If there were now an American community of negroes just emerging from slavery, what visitor would think of comparing them with our Irish fellow-citizens? Such a possibility has been left far behind. Since its day the possibility of a similar comparison between backward negroes and Italian laborers has come and nearly gone. Perhaps our Slavic immigration has provided the material for present comparisons. Certainly there is food for thought in the change that has come since the Irish, as an element in the population, could lend themselves to the illustration of discouraging negro conditions. If the Southern plantation negro has not made quite a corresponding advance since 1862 — well, there is yet another occasion for sober reflection.

From the negroes themselves comes a pathetic illustration both of what the name of Lincoln meant to them and of their inability to separate him as a person from the thing for which he stood. "The death of Lincoln," said one of the letter-writers in 1865, "was an awful blow to the negroes here. One would say, 'Uncle Sam is dead, is n't he?' Another, 'The Government is dead, is n't it? You have got to go North and Secesh come back, have n't you? We going to be slaves again?' They could not comprehend the matter at all — how Lincoln could die and the Government still live. It made them very quiet for a few days."

There were wiser men than these poor Sea Island blacks who found it hard to say with Garfield, "God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives." The Port Royal "missionaries" themselves must, with all their enthusiasm, have had their grave misgivings — if not for the stability of the Union, then for the permanence of any good results from all their generous service. Only a strangely penetrating eye of faith could have enabled them to foresee such institutions as Hampton and Tuskegee.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson has lately written of the events which the Jamestown festival is celebrating, "A scant fragment of pitiful ruin and a few cracked gravestones are all that remain of Jamestown, where English dominion in America was first set up. But we do not need the material form of that old life to preserve the memory of the gallant thing that was done in Virginia by the men who founded the Old Dominion." Every experiment that seems to fail may have its visible pathos in material remains and a still more poignant inner pathos in the personal annals of the men and women who have given their lives to it. But Jamestown and Port Royal — each in its own degree — are emblems of the ultimate triumph of the pioneer spirit. They are, moreover, true teachers of the lesson of waiting for the forces which make history to do their appointed work.

Lay your puzzle-column by for at least a week.

MUSIC VERSUS DIGESTION

GLADSTONE chewed his food thirty-two times (I think it was thirty-two) and the remarkable Mr. Fletcher chews his many times more. But it is n't on record that either man has required a musical accompaniment to the act of mastication. On the contrary, I am personally convinced that music at meals is a crime against nature no less than against art; and the glass of hot milk I now have to force down my throat before retiring, and the pills I forget to remember to take during the day, and the stern injunction against fried foods and sweet desserts, are a direct result of that barbaric adjunct to our modern life, the café orchestra. Pick up any newspaper and read the advertisements under the classified head of "Places to eat," — and following the name of the hotel or café in every case you find the words, "Music," or "Genuine Hungarian orchestra," or "Pizzicato's Gypsy band." "Places not to eat" should be their classification. Yet what are you to do? The trail of the fiddler is

over them all, and it is either a case of good food with bad music at a hotel, or bad food and no music at a quick lunch or boarding-house; and in either case the end is indigestion. Modern life may cater to the appetite, but it ignores the stomach.

It will be observed, I fear, that I speak as a bachelor, or at best as one of those waifs of domesticity, those poor blighted blossoms of conjugal dreams, a married man or woman who lives in a hotel. Well, I am a bachelor, though I hasten to add that it is not my fault; so please, Gentle Reader, lend me your ears a little longer and do not depart from my page at this point, with the words of Mr. Hennessey to the lonely Dooley on your lips: "I'll lave ye to pay the rale bachelor's tax." I *have* to eat in restaurants and cafés, or starve. My married friends cannot be always inviting me to their groaning boards. I cannot expect to dine every evening in somebody else's four by six flat, with a steam radiator roasting my back and a charming view of the air-shaft out of the dining-room window. Hence it is that by the stress of fate nightly I swallow oysters at a two-step, munch a roast to the doleful strains of an andante, and eat a caramel custard or chocolate ice cream to the dulcet delights of "Dearie." Sometimes this programme is varied. I have often spooned up my soup to waltz time, and carved a steak while "Waiting at the Church" appropriately symbolized my vexation at the delay of the waiter in bringing the table sauce. But perhaps the most thrilling experience is to eat a mutton chop to the Toreador song from *Carmen*. That even rivals eating squash pie and cheese to Liszt's "Second Hungarian Rhapsody." There are two gastro-harmonic combinations I have not yet met with, however, but which I live in hopes of meeting, as a climax to my musical career. One is to eat roast goose to the vorspiel of *Parsifal*, the other to find honey and the dance of Salome from the Strauss opera in happy conjunction. Somehow I could take a grim sort of satisfaction in the irony of these combinations. But I am still waiting.

Instead, my usual gastronomic accompaniment, I must confess, is the latest "song hit" from the Broadway musical comedies, or a coon song, or a mechanically rhythmic and cheaply melodious dance. If the tempo is rapid I, in common with everybody else in the café, eat too fast, chewing and gulping in time to the band. If the tempo is slow a lugubrious sensation occurs that makes swallowing difficult, and the act of digestion almost painful. This is not mere idle fancy. It is a fundamental law of psychology that all stimuli to the organism are followed by motor reactions. Now, rhythm and harmony — even such rhythm and harmony as hotel orchestras supply — are particularly "exciting" auditory stimuli, to speak by the text book, and are followed not only by their own direct motor reactions but by the motor reactions from the emotions which they induce: muscular tension in the feet and legs, heightened pulse, short breathing, feelings of gloom and sadness, with a consequent "let down" of the system, may all result. And in each and every case the attention of the organism is diverted from the real work at hand, which is to look after the food that is being put into the stomach. It is the digestion that suffers every time. This would be equally true if the band played Mozart instead of "The Belle of Mayfair." In fact, you can sometimes ignore "The Belle of Mayfair," but you would have to listen to Mozart.

And on other than physiological grounds music at meals is quite as objectionable. It is loud, insistent, coming at stated intervals. No sooner, in a blessed lull, have you got the conversation turned into pleasant lanes and jogging nicely along, than — biff, scrape, clash, twang, and you are inundated by the Congo on its way to the sea or whelmed in the beautiful blue Danube. Some fool at the table invariably hums the words of the tune, which are invariably inane, and all further talk on the topic at hand is at an end.

In fact, any talk at all is at an end till the band comes to a stop through exhaustion. It is most vexing as you are leaning across the table over a neglected dessert to meet a fair face that is leaning toward yours, as words of import are perhaps about to pass those ruby lips, to have suddenly flung at you in shape of a tune, "Why do they call me a Gibson girl, a Gibson girl, a Gibson girl?" Your soul is black with curses as you sit back, those silly words dancing to the sillier tune in your head in spite of all your will power, the golden moment passed, the situation all to be worked up to again, if, indeed, it can ever be worked up to again. The best that can be said for music at meals is that it may sometimes be a last resort of those shallow-brained hotel butterflies who have nothing in themselves to talk about. All the rest is bad — is a prostitution of a noble art, a hindrance to conversation and true conviviality, an enemy of the stomach, and an ally of dyspepsia.

It is very pleasant to read in old romance how the master of the thane's hall rose in his place at the banquet and cried with a flourish, "What, ho! Let the minstrels strike!" But the forced habitué of the modern hotel restaurant reads a sad evolutionary beginning into the tale, and prays that the modern minstrels may strike, indeed, by vote of the Musical Union.

TRAVEL

THE curious few who linger over dictionaries have been amused at finding travel one with travail, so far has the sting of the word been drawn by time. While the one road of men into the world has remained labor, the many roads over the world have been paved with ease. In armchairs and beds, by land or sea, we were there and we are here. There is no pain of passage. The old traveler settled his estate and asked for prayers in church; the new traveler takes his affairs abroad and traffics as he goes. When there is no interruption, when upon a thought I am elsewhere, remaining myself the same, what is left of travel?

And while we have made travel ease, we have made it a superfluity. Will not the telephone serve my business? Then let me step into my closet to talk a thousand miles. As for the old "grand tour," most men can see Venice as well by limelight as by moonlight. Cathedrals lie on parlor tables; and Praxiteles is brought to a boarding-house. Shall the ring of tourists gaping about a guide in the Louvre see more in her of Melos than the student with his penny print? For the elect few there may be with a picture its proper music of race, its language, its literature. One of the widest travelers of my acquaintance had seen France better, ay, and heard it, in his own house, than ever he could when at last he walked the soil. We that so well may travel may often as well stay at home.

For distance is but relative. The next county was as distant to our forefathers as now our antipodes. And there is more in this. At the age of four I thought the next village as far away as now I find Alaska. Was that earlier journey any the less travel? Surely I saw as many marvels; I was opened as much to the unknown. Nor has travel ever been measured by distance. "I have travelled," said Thoreau, "a good deal in Concord." He also was a traveler who wrote that *Journey about my Room*. We shall have travel so long as we have travelers.

And so long shall we have travelers' tales. The whole world is ventilated by the Associated Press. The daily report from Abyssinia is enhanced by Sunday's photographs. But wherever Mandeville goes, or Marco Polo, whether to Persia or the pole, on elephant or automobile or on his two feet, there will be travelers' tales, because there is a traveler. It is an Ancient Mariner that we cannot choose but hear. It is Daniel Defoe that will hold us, whether from London to Land's End or from London to the well-charted isle of Juan Fernandez. It is that charming person who called himself Mande-

ville. There is a traveler's tale wherever there is a man with the wit to travel.

Travel has never meant, nor can it mean now, anything less than escape from the commonplace. Routine of shop or of sleeping-car, that alone is travel which ventures beyond this into parts unknown. And as breach of custom will always demand an effort of individuality, so travel must still have travail. Without courage to try the unknown, without weariness of the unpaved road, I could never have had the traveler's joy of discovering what this new world hid for me. Listen. It is only ten miles from Quebec; but I discovered it. It is in a country store kept by a *habitant;* but of country stores you may after all know as little as of *habitants.* I who discovered it tell you that, crossing the road from the pink parsonage at twilight, I mounted four steps into a dark room. When I asked for supper and bed — But this is not a traveler's tale; it is an essay on travel. And its moral is that travel must still be had on the old terms.

POETRY OF THE ATLAS

I DISCOVERED a new kind of poetry one evening not very long ago, and, in doing so, gave myself a curious mental "turn" which I shall not soon forget. I had been to a concert in the afternoon, a concert so beautiful that I had been lifted to the topmost peaks of being. It is not so ordinary a thing to climb or be carried so high that the full wonder of stout Cortez should fail me. I was determined not to come down, but to finish the day up there. I ate a frugal supper, with care; then, hardly looking to right or left, I drew *King Lear* from the bookcase and sat down by the lamp.

Shakespeare kept me on my peak, but (a confession) he did not satisfy me. My soul had had enough of reception, it wanted action now, something wherewith to exercise its new-found joy and vision. I found myself reading slower and slower, with frequent pauses of vacancy, and at last I closed the book altogether and glanced at the clock. One may be never so mortally tired, but one cannot court sleep with any success at half-past eight in the evening. What in the world was I going to do? Restlessness grew upon me. I should be over the edge of the precipice in another moment.

I know there is some one (who is it?) who says you must never let any great impulse pass without bodying it in some noble deed, such as speaking kindly to your aunt. But I have no aunt. Moralists should consider these hampering possibilities. There was absolutely not one duty at my hand. And heaven defend us from the barren pride and self-complacency of a manufactured duty! I suppose we have all of us mental odd jobs — that rank with the darning of stockings in the material world — lying around waiting for our convenient performance. I had had the locating of the scenes of the Russian and Japanese War on hand since February, 1904. It was now August, 1905, and the Peace Conference was in progress. It really seemed time to be about this geographical task. Very well, I would do it this evening. Mysterious psychological moment of the doing of odd jobs!

I got out the Atlas and propped it wide on the two arms of my chair. I did not know exactly to which page to turn, for my knowledge of geography resembles that of Charles Lamb as set forth in *The Old and the New Schoolmaster,* or again that of a good friend of mine who burst forth, musing, at the dinner table the other day, "Where *is* Indiana?" So I selected the map of the world and plunged into it headforemost. I began quietly enough in the islands of Japan. Over the Chinese Empire I roamed, vaguely inquiring; but, finding small sustenance of interest there, (I had promptly forgotten the Japanese War in larger investigations), I wandered down into the countries bordering the Arabian Sea. So that was where Persia came in. How very interesting! I had thought it was more remote — Persia — beyond all reach. And Tur-

key a part of Europe; could it be? It appeared so at least, joining on there to Austria, with Italy a stone's throw away. Austria, Italy — daylight countries, tangible, part of the everyday present. But Turkey — withdrawn in mists of surmise, unknowable, distant far, far, far. I could not associate them. The closeness of Africa startled me too. The desert, the Garden of Allah, so near? One could go there from Italy without first setting sail for the moon?

This wonder and mild bewilderment of my investigating mind formed, however, but the first stage of my great experience. They served to introduce me, immerse me; then gradually came the trance. I realized nothing at the time, — of course, or the thing could not have happened, — but I know now, looking back, that I was quite lost to all sense of my actual surroundings, that the map, as a map, dissolved before me, and I was turned loose in the universe, carried off, swept away to strange unknown lands with the speed of an Ariel.

I made instinctively for the north. I love wildness and loneliness and desolation, I love the weird half-lights of Arctic nights, I love cold and storm and wind-tumult. I was there in an instant, at Spitzbergen, out in the midst of the gray heaving sea. I had stopped at Iceland on the way, mindful of Pierre Loti, but Spitzbergen lured me; I could not stay, the wind drave hard behind. It was so glorious up there. I cannot set it forth. The wide gray reach of the tossing water, the scud of the ragged clouds, the cold gleam of the eternal snow. Then the clouds broke and a pale sunlight came flying, sweeping across the waste, touching the ice into strange blue lights, dancing, keen, prismatic. But they closed again, those rushing clouds, and all was gray and stern again, a sea of desolation.

I waited, looking, wondering, until the loneliness weighed too heavy on me for longer endurance, then moved away to the west, across Greenland, across Baffin's Bay, to North America. It was wilderness still that I desired, but a wilderness of earth now rather than of sea. I took my way to the chain of mountains running up through the continent, "the great backbone," in poetical parlance (but I don't care for anatomy). I have never seen such mountains as those. Great gorges and chasms, high toppling crags, snow summits, dizzy heights. They were quite inaccessible, but I went leaping in and out among them. I exulted on peaks which commanded the world, I stood awe-struck and silent in dark fierce depths of forest solitude. I met wild beasts and they did not care (nor did I, which is more to the point)! I sprang up the beds of rushing torrents, cliff after cliff; this is the way to do the thing, ye cautious Valkyrie of Broadway. I sang too; oh, I sang! It was the fullest, most perfect experience of wild freedom which I have ever known in my life. The earth, what a wonderful mother! How can people stay in one place all their lives, nor journey to see these great regions? I at least was wiser, I had come, I —

The library clock struck ten.

I leaned back after my first startled glance around the familiar room, and shut my eyes. Where was I? Who was I? Where had I been? I opened my eyes and looked at the map. Only a book full of circles and lines, only paper and ink.

I got up as soon as I was able, and went out of doors, abroad on the earth, under the starry skies. The universe seemed strangely alive, potent, vibrating through all its spaces. Here, as much as anywhere after all, I shared the life of the whole. I was a free earth-child. I turned my face toward the north and heard the distant washing of those gray seas. I looked toward the west, and there they were, those mighty piling hills. Not distant, unthinkable any more, but a very present integral part of the meadow beneath my feet. For that one hour I dominated the earth so completely that I lost heed of her various tones, and heard only the blended harmony, the unique song that she sends through space to the stars.

THE PASSING OF THE OLD LADY

It is hard to persuade modern enthusiasts that innovations are not necessarily improvements, and that many inventions of to-day supplant things of yesterday which were inherently better worth preserving. Among other lost arts must be reluctantly mentioned that of growing old. It has been succeeded by something far less lovely, the trick of remaining young. The Old Lady seems to have passed, — or is it possible that she has only temporarily withdrawn for a nice little old-fashioned nap in her easy-chair, while her modern substitute is chasing a golf ball over the links, counting up her gains at the bridge-table, or putting a girdle round the earth in an automobile? May it be that when the present-day young woman of seventy-five dies from over-athleticism, or from exposing herself to a draft in a low-necked gown, the dear little old lady of a past era will awake, pick up the dropped stitches of her knitting, rub her spectacles, and resume her interrupted sway? Certainly it is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

To-day the most flattering tribute we hear paid to a woman in the seventies is the exclamation, "How young she looks!" And it is pitifully true that she looks much younger than she has any right to look. Her figure is always erect, often slender, and generally clad according to the latest dictum from the French court of fashion. Her coiffure is much the same as that of her twenty-year-old granddaughter, and she appears cushioned with Pompadour puffs or billowy with Marcel waves, according to her frivolous fancy. A jaunty hat perches coquettishly on her curls, and the young lady of threescore years and ten is ready to compete with two younger generations in their activities social, philanthropic, educational, and worldly.

Of course this false dawn of youth accompanies the inevitable swing of the pendulum forward from the custom of a past day, when old age was assumed in early maturity. Our grandmothers took to caps, false teeth, and knitting before they were forty, and more than half of their allotted years were spent preparing for death instead of enjoying life. Common sense forbid that we should return to so unnnatural a cutting short of youth!

A spirit can never be too young for its body, and fresh sympathies are not incompatible with ripeness of years. But in the older generation to-day the quiet serenity of life's afternoon is conspicuously lacking, the inevitable result occurs, and we find young people growing up devoid of a sense of respect and of humility.

We blame our girls and boys for their self-confidence, their rudeness, their sense of equality with all, but it seems only fair to look for the cause, of which their complacency is merely the effect. The truth is, there is nothing in human intercourse to-day to call forth the old-fashioned virtue of reverence, formerly bred in the bones of the young. Till the genuine old lady, now obsolete, returns to dethrone the present pretender, till we can see her passing peaceful days in the large leisure of quiet home-staying, — always ready to lend a sympathetic ear or to share the wisdom of an experienced heart, — we shall look in vain for respect and modesty in the young.

The other day a girl of eighteen spoke enthusiastically of her grandmother as "a bully fellow," and the painful point of the incident is that the elderly relative was pleased with the compliment. We do not wish the pendulum to swing back with the full strength of its present impetus, but may not some cunning artificer, skilled in the adjustment of weights and balances, arise and regulate the clock of time and teach the old that in defying age they are corrupting youth?

The old lady must be born again; she cannot be made from existing material, for in this age of doubt and uncertainties one fact shows clear: the New Woman can never grow into the Old Lady.

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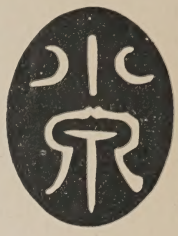

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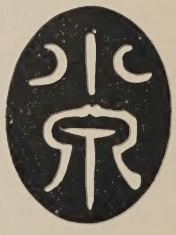

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by

EDWARD M. SHEPARD

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THE FEBRUARY ATLANTIC

The February Atlantic will be rich in both important and entertaining articles. Among the papers will be The Future of the Democratic Party, by Edward M. Shepard, The American Consul and American Trade, by John Ball Osborne, Southern Cotton Mills, by Mary A. Bacon, Evangeline and the Real Acadians, by Archibald MacMechan, Shakespeare of Warwickshire, by Theodore T. Munger, The Study of National Culture, by Kuno Francke, The Accursed Annual, by Agnes Repplier, and Lafcadio Hearn, by Ferris Greenslet.

Among the stories will be The Voyage of the Brig "December," by George S. Wasson, and Angelo and Angela, by Grace H. Bagley.

Not the least interesting portion of the number will be that devoted to three serial features. May Sinclair's strong novel, The Helpmate, will go into its second installment, and Mrs. Wharton's Motor Flight through France will be concluded. The number will likewise contain the first installment of General Morris Schaff's valuable and delightful reminiscences, The Spirit of Old West Point.

SOME OPINIONS OF THE ATLANTIC

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Contributors to the January Atlantic

Serial Features

The appearance of *The Divine Fire* early in 1905 won for **May Sinclair** instantaneous recognition as one of the ablest novelists of the day. The unusual success of this work, which met at the same time with so wide a popularity and with such an enthusiastic reception from discerning critics, has warranted the publication in this country of two earlier novels from her pen, *Superseded* and *Audrey Craven*. For the last two years, Miss Sinclair has devoted herself to the writing of *The Helpmate*, and its publication, representing as it does the maturing genius of its author, is indubitably a literary event of the first importance.

Edith Wharton, whose newest novel, *The Fruit of the Tree*, begins this month its serial publication elsewhere, has achieved a distinguished reputation not only in the field of fiction, but in that of descriptive and critical writing as well. Her volumes upon *Italian Villas and their Gardens* are at once brilliant examples of her literary art and authoritative works of reference. "A Motor Flight through France" will be completed in the March issue of the Atlantic.

The Articles

James A. LeRoy is at present American Consul at Durango, Mexico. For two years he was with the Philippine Commission at Manila, serving during the larger part of that time as secretary to Commissioner D. C. Worcester. In 1905 he accompanied the Taft party to the Philippines. Among the other papers which have appeared in the Atlantic dealing with conditions in the Philippine Islands have been "Japan and the Philippines," by A. M. Knapp, June, 1899; "Two Philippine Sketches," by H. P. Whitmarsh, September, 1900; "The Economic Future of the Philippines," by C. A. Conant, March, 1902; "The Educational Problem in the Philippines," by F. W. Atkinson, March, 1902; "Race Prejudice in the Philippines," by James A. LeRoy, July, 1902; "A Letter from the Philippines," by Arthur Stanley Riggs, August, 1903; "Road Building among the Moros," by Major R. L. Bullard, December, 1903; "The United States in the Philippines," by Alleyne Ireland, November, 1904; "Our Spanish Inheritance in the Philippines," by James A. LeRoy, March, 1905; "Preparing our Moros for Government," by R. L. Bullard. Mr. LeRoy's present paper adds to this long symposium an interesting and very timely contribution.

Francis C. Lowell is a Justice of the United States Circuit Court, and a publicist and writer of the first distinction. To the Atlantic for September, 1900, he contributed an article upon "The American Boss," and to the number for January, 1906, one upon "American Diplomacy."

E. A. Ross, who has recently been appointed Professor of Sociology in the University of Wisconsin, is a well-known writer upon economic

Contributors to the January Atlantic

topics. With his present article upon "The Criminaloid," he appears for the third time in the Atlantic. "New Varieties of Sin," which was published in May, 1905, and "The Grading of Sinners," in July, 1906, will be remembered both for the timeliness of the author's message and for the earnestness with which it was delivered.

Charles M. Harger, whose previous essays in the Atlantic, "The Kansas of To-day," "The Country Store," and "The Lodge," have attracted much favorable attention, is the editor of The Daily Reflector, Abilene, Kansas, and is also the head of the Department of Journalism in Kansas University.

Arthur Stanwood Pier is best known as a successful writer of fiction. His latest book, *Harding of St. Timothy's*, is a spirited story of life in a boys' school. In the Atlantic, his most recent appearance was as the author of the entertaining story, "Up Above the World so High," published in July, 1906.

Stories and Poems

No stories recently published in the Atlantic have met with greater success than those by **S. Carleton,** a resident of Halifax, Nova Scotia. "The Lame Priest," "The Sound of the Axe," "The Frenchwoman's Son," and "The Whale" will be vividly recalled.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell has appeared frequently in the Atlantic as the author of literary essays and sketches in a variety of fields. A series of three papers upon Hans Breitmann, which appeared early in 1905, are the most recent.

Mary Heaton Vorse is one of the most successful of present day story writers. Two delightful out-of-door tales have been her earlier contributions to this magazine, "The Adventures of a Yachtsman's Wife" (August, 1905), and "Some Further Adventures" (August, 1906).

Richard Watson Gilder is the editor of The Century Magazine, and a distinguished figure in contemporary American poetry.

T. Sturge Moore is one of the most promising of the younger British poets. Recently published collections of his work, *The Centaur's Booty*, *The Gazelles*, and *The Route of the Amazons* have been most favorably received by the critics.

"The Tyrant" is **Charlotte Wilson's** first signed contribution to the magazine.

The review of "The New Novels" in this number is the fourth that **Mary Moss** has contributed to the magazine. A successful novel, *The Poet and the Parish*, has recently been published by Miss Moss; and in the Atlantic for September, 1906, she offered a sympathetic and illuminating study of Thomas Hardy.

W. A. Gill is an English literary journalist who, with "The Nude in Autobiography," makes his first contribution to this magazine.

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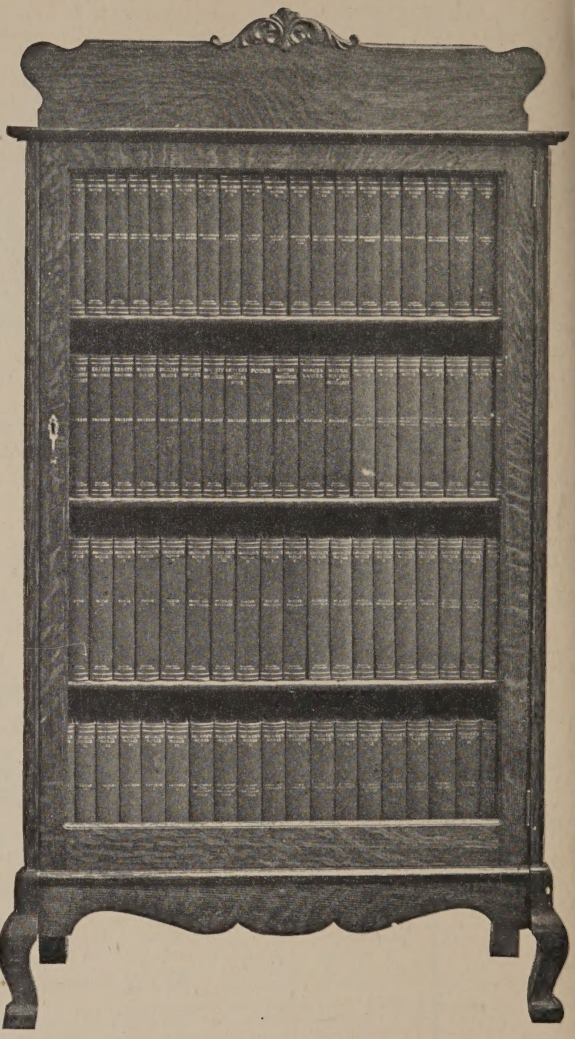

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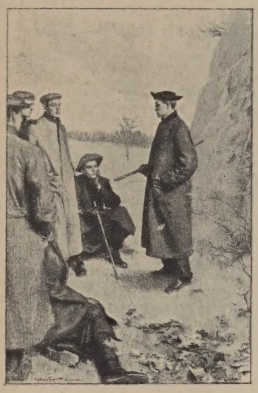

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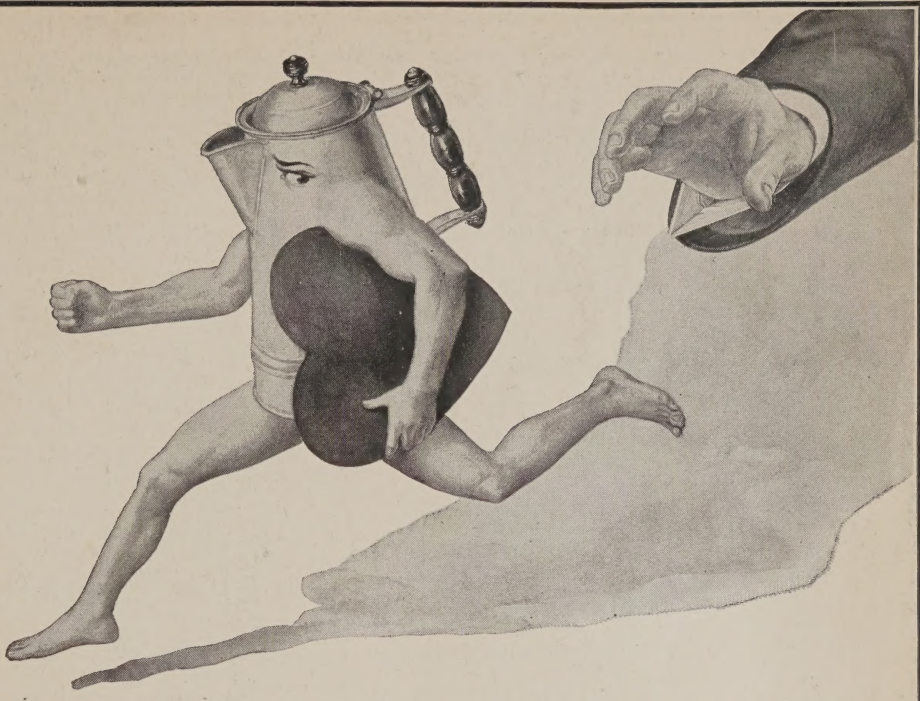

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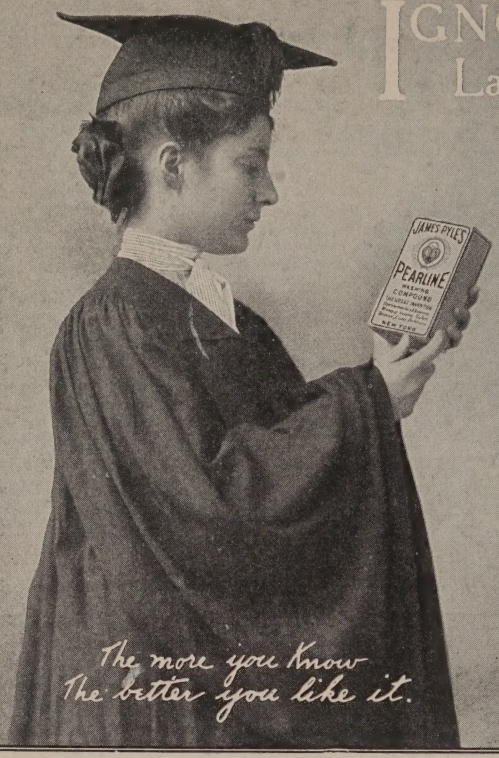

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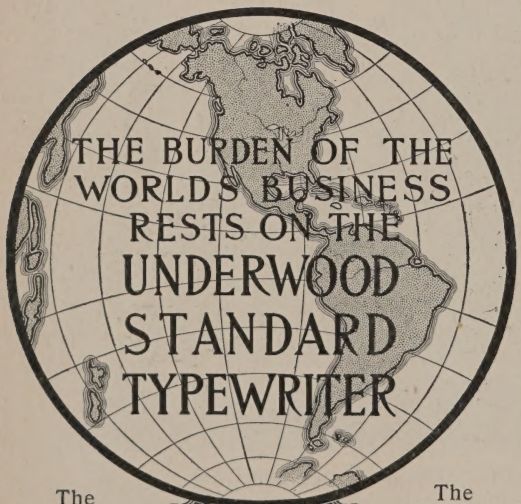

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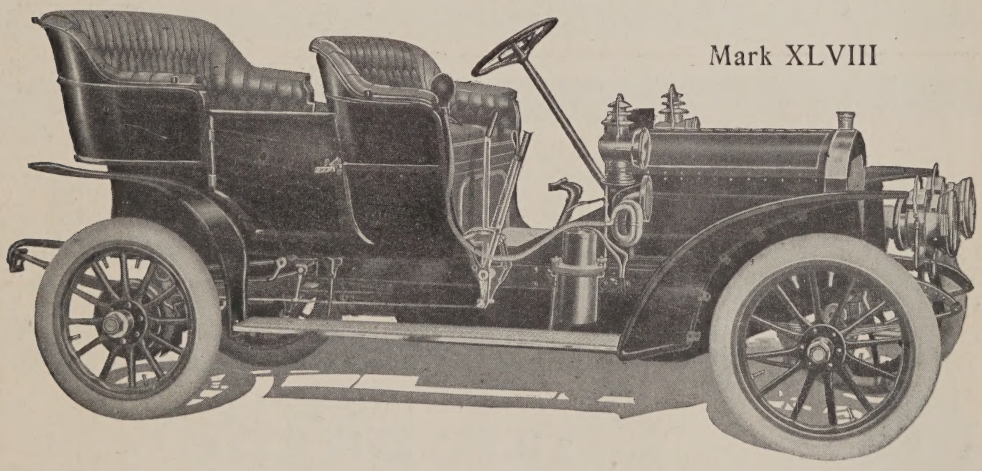

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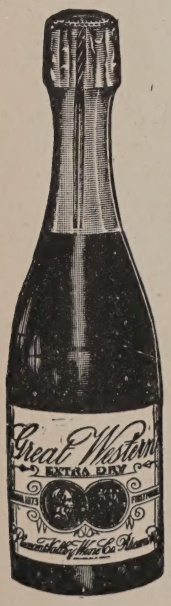

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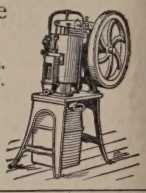

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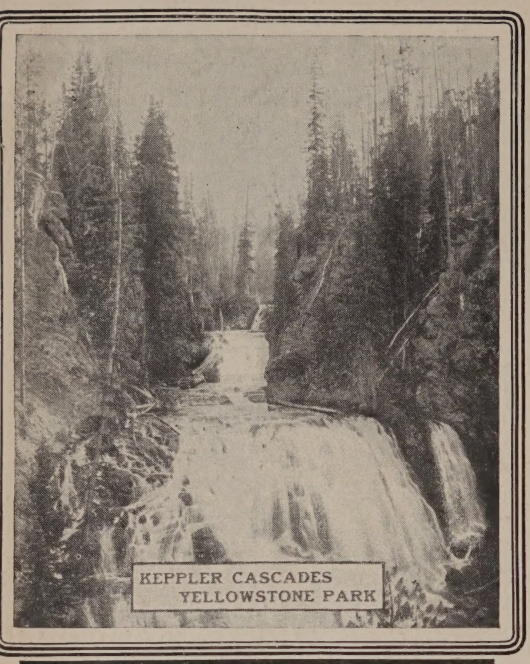

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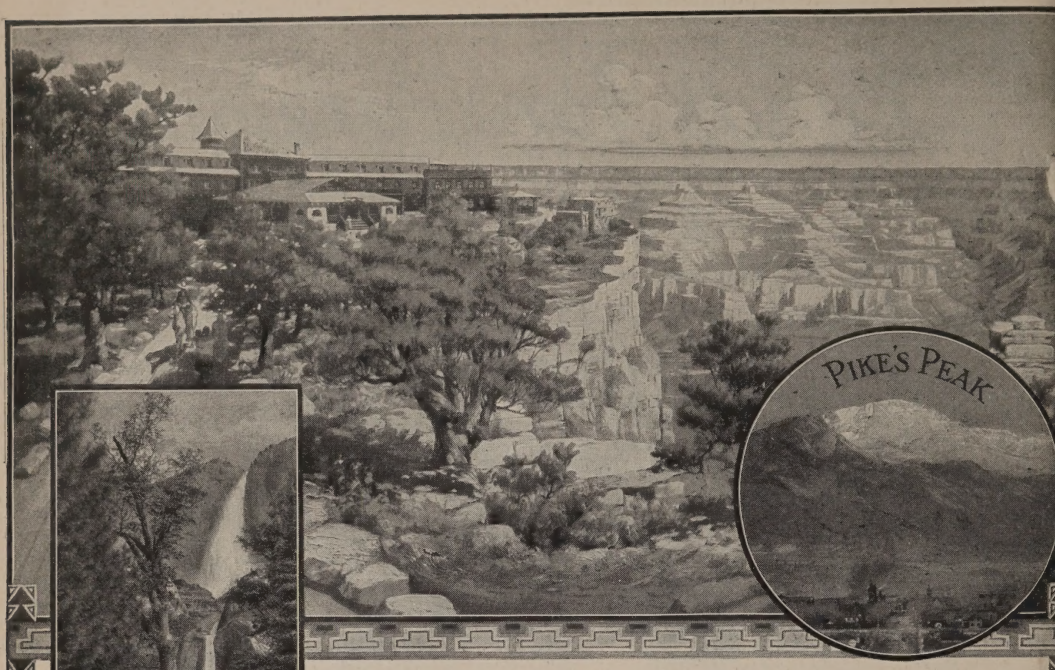

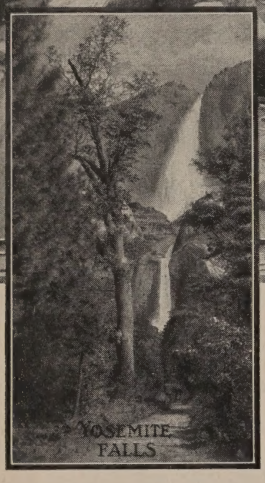

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Principal Physician of the Hospital of San Giovanni Calibrita (del Fatebene Fratelli) in Rome, Member of the Academy of Medicine of Rome, etc., etc.

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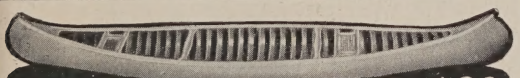

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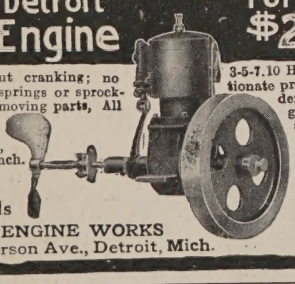

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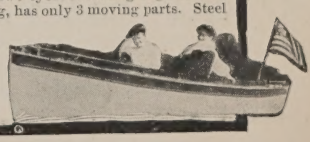

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